

# BANNER - LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### GOOD-BYE.

[The following poem was given through the organism of my wife, Hattie H. Lines, whilst in the trance condition, and is one of the many the invisibles have given through her instrumentality. Farmersville, N. Y.]

L. L. LINES.]

Good-bye! How much that little word—  
Though it's repeated oft—  
Conveys, when from some lips 'tis heard  
That lisp it low and soft.

Some loving one, with gushing heart,  
And with a tearful eye,  
Imprints a kiss before he parts,  
Yet stays to say, "Good-bye!"

Good-bye! That sacred word is breathed  
By lips that little feel—  
How much around some heart it's wreathed,  
And 'pon it placed its seal.

A tender chord within the soul  
Is touched, and with a sigh,  
With trembling lips, and heart that's full,  
It echoes back "Good-bye!"

Good-bye! Those happy hours are past,  
And friends are called to part;  
The precious moments gliding fast,  
But bind them heart to heart.

The deepest fountains now are stirred;  
The sad look of the eye  
Reveals emotions more than words,  
And gently speaks, "Good-bye!"

Good-bye! still vibrates on my ear,  
Though long 'tis since 'twas heard,  
Yet now again I seem to hear  
That dear and loved old word.

And to my mind again it brings  
Fond memories with a sigh  
Of other days and other things,  
When last 'twas breathed—"Good-bye!"

For the Banner of Light.

## HEIDELBERG TALES.

NUMBER THREE.

BY H. BRACE NORVILLE.

### ABDALLAH.

For weeks the caravan of Sheikh Yusuf ben Musa had been sweeping across the desert, on its long journey from Mourzouk to Timbuctoo. At all times this is a terrible journey. The sun glared with a destroying brightness from a molten sky upon the desert, strown with hot stones and sand and the calcined bones of pilgrims who had fainted on their way. No rain ever falls on the burning earth; no cooling cloud covers the brazen heaven. Birds never sing; brooks never ripple; flowers and herbs never greet the burning and bloodshot eye of the wanderer. It is the home of silence and death, where no living or moving thing is seen, except the foul hyena gorging his ghoul-like banquet, the prowling band of Juarick robbers, scouting their prey from afar off, the fearful pillars of sand moving in stately squadrons across the plain, or the poison-cloud of the smoon.

The caravan of Sheikh Yusuf ben Musa had encountered more than ordinary hardships and dangers in its march. Again and again had the terrible khamsin hurled its deluges of scorching sand and poison vapor across their path. The wells from which they were accustomed to drink had been dried and filled up, and the eighth day was now drawing to its meridian, since they had filled their water-skins at the brackish wells of Ajah. Of the two hundred and twenty camels which, nineteen days before, had started out from Mourzouk, more than fifty had already perished. Their riders, though all were yet alive, could endure this terrible march but little longer. Blinded, staggering in their saddles, shrunken, parched, perishing with thirst, they rode on in silence, like ghilling spectres or the speechless souls of hell.

But, as the day passed, some subtle intuition seemed to infuse new life into the shrunken and perishing camels. Their glazed eyes grew bright; their lagging paces quickened; drooping heads were lifted erect, and they took long, deep, frequent inspirations, as if snuffing the water which every one knew could not be far off.

This sense of hope and security appeared soon to be communicated from the animals to the men. Even the wan face of Abdallah, the Sheikh's little negro slave, seemed, also, to brighten, though it might look as if he had little life to hope for. He was, indeed, a pitiful sight, as, wrapped in his ragged turban and faded, scanty garments, he jogged along behind his stern, reticent, grim, old master. His emaciated little body, scorched and sunburned, was also covered with sores and bruises, tokens of the kicks and cuffs he had received from half the Arabs of the caravan. But his mind had been little occupied with present scenes for the past few hours. He saw nothing of the torrid horrors around him; he felt no pangs of thirst or weariness; wrapped in a vague, misty trance, his soul was back among the green vales of Houssa, at the home of his father, the negro king. He was going down to the springs in the cool evening, with troops of laughing and chattering maidens, each bearing a water-jar upon her shoulder; he saw the warriors, armed with bow and arrow, returning from victory; he remembered the council of conjurers and wise men who pronounced his horoscope as one of adventure, travel to distant countries, and wisdom far above that of his race. Then came the memory of the midnight surprise and massacre; his capture and the years of servitude and starvation. From such reveries as these, he was awakened by the sudden and secret sense of approaching relief, which, as

has been stated, was flowing in a magnetic current through the entire caravan.

This feeling seemed to intensify; till, at length, one of the loaded camels, spurning all control, sprang out of the train and rushed madly off to the southward, as straight as the pigeon flies. This is the frequent habit of these animals on similar occasions. The sight at once aroused the statuesque old Sheikh to life. Turning to the little negro he said:

"Oh, Abdallah, my son, follow yonder camel till you overtake it, and then return to our train and follow us to our camp. We sleep to-night by the wells of El Zurek."

Abdallah started off in pursuit of the runaway. The dromedary which he rode was swift and powerful, but he was unable to overtake the other so long as it kept onward. Hour after hour the wild chase continued; but at last the stray camel, in its swift flight, dwindle to a mere speck and disappeared on the southern horizon. But almost at the same instant a new and most welcome object appeared in its stead. The feathered fronds of a group of palm trees glimmered against the coppery sky. The oasis grew and brightened on the sight as Abdallah approached; and finally, just as the sun went down, his dromedary, covered with foam, his nostrils glowing like clotted blood, was dashing at an uncontrollable speed down to the rippling stream which wended up amid a glorious oasis; and man and beast were soon drinking in new life from the cool waters. The lost camel was quietly grazing among the green herbages; the palm trees lifted their gorgeous plumes a hundred feet above, laden with the rich and drooping clusters; mimosa and acacias cast a grateful shade upon the velvety sward. All things invited to refreshment and repose. Abdallah at once saw the uselessness of endeavoring to overtake the caravan that night. Happy in the Eden around him, but prostrated with an utter, delicious exhaustion, he unloaded the camels and turned them loose to graze and rest; then made a delightful supper of the rich fruit, and sank upon the earth to repose. All was silent but the low rustle and ripple of the leaves and waters, and an occasional snort or stamp from the grazing camels. Couched beneath a spreading mimosa, little Abdallah was soon far away in dreamland.

His spirit was revelling in visions of unhampered beauty and repose; again the same old mocking picture of childhood joys under the sunny skies of home passed before him. For hours his soul had wandered through ever-opening vistas of delight, when suddenly the atmosphere seemed to darken; a shapeless, threatening cloud was before his eyes, and a terrible voice shouted in his ear: "Up! awake! death is at hand!"

Palpitating with an overwhelming terror he sprang to his feet and stared through the darkness around him. The moon had sunk in the west, and the wearied camels had lain down to sleep. The stars shone peacefully above him; still the foliage rustled and the water murmured; there were no signs of danger in heaven or on the earth; gradually his agony of fear passed away. For an hour he slowly paced up and down among the trees, and at last sank down trustfully to sleep again.

But this time his slumber was of short duration. Again the shapeless Terror came sweeping through his happy dreams; the cloud unfolded, and two human forms were standing above him. One seemed an Arab sage, of wonderful benignity and wisdom. His white beard swept his breast, and his eyes shone with the sweet radiance of love and knowledge. His right hand grasped a scroll, mystically inscribed, and with his left he held that of a naked, gigantic negro king, who seemed to act under his direction, and whose right hand almost touched the brow of the sleeper. Scarcely had these figures appeared in full view, when the negro shouted, in the same terrible voice, "Awake! awake for thy life!"

Paralyzed with terror, with sweat streaming from every pore, Abdallah's spirit again rushed back to exterior consciousness. The vision had disappeared, but some cold, slimy object was slipping across his naked limbs. With a thrill of awe, he recognized the black serpent, the *feth* of his tribe, whose cold, glassy eyes glared into his with their traditional expression of warning. He hesitated no longer, but at once commenced asending the mimosa that towered over his head, as a measure of precaution against the attacks of wild beasts or robbing robbers, the only dangers which he could imagine to be impending in that secluded spot. With the leathern saddle-girth in his hand, he lashed himself to a convenient seat among the branches, and sat waiting in vague expectancy.

Suddenly the camels, which were lying side by side, not many paces distant, sprang up simultaneously, and rushed to the tree where Abdallah was ensconced, uttering almost human screams of terror, and stretching their heads upward toward him, as if imploring him to save them from the terrible danger that impended. Almost at the same instant, an enormous black-maned lion sprang from an adjoining covert, with a terrible roar. It leaped full upon the shoulders of the runaway camel, crushed it to the earth, seized it by the throat, and commenced to drink its blood. The mate of the victim instantly disappeared among the trees. Abdallah sat in safety, and contemplated the fate from which a divine hand, under whose guidance he had been translated from the degradation of Pagan savagery to a higher life under brighter skies.

HEALTH AND STUDY.—If by gaining knowledge we destroy our health, we labor for a thing that will be useless in our hands; and if, by harassing our bodies, though with a design to render ourselves more useful, we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good which we might have done with a meaning talent, while God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitution can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbors of all that help which, in a state of health, with moderate knowledge, we might be able to perform. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold and silver and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.

A lady of experience contends that a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect; a kiss on the cheek, that the donor is impressed with the beauty of the kissed one; but a kiss imprinted on the lips shows love. There are other kinds of kisses which are supposed to denote love. But in these times the "poetry of affections" generally lies in the pocket.

around. The sun shone brightly, and birds were singing in full concert. A portion of the camel's body still lay upon the bloody grass, but the lion was nowhere to be seen. The coast was apparently clear, and our wanderer was preparing to descend from his tree, when suddenly he was impressed with an impulse to ascend the tree higher for a wider view, before trifling appearances too implicitly. He clambered to the topmost branches, and thence gazing around, beheld in the thickets, scarcely thirty paces distant, the great lion! He lay quietly, watching his coveted human prey through sleepy, half-shut eyelids.

Thankful for this second deliverance, Abdallah abandoned all thoughts of immediate escape, and once more lashed himself to his perch. Hours passed, and still no change; the monster still watched and waited. The sun wheeled up toward its meridian. Hunger, thirst, burning heat, began to resume their sway over the wanderer; from around and around came no token of rescue.

Nevertheless, God sent his angel of deliverance at last, though its form was thoroughly disguised at first. At noon, Abdallah heard another lion roaring, far to the westward. The terrible voice grew nearer and louder, and finally the beast came stalking through the trees, sniffing the air with uplifted nostrils, as if scenting the blood of the recent feast. It was younger and smaller than the first one, with a scanty mane of tawny yellow. Headless of danger, it rushed up to the half-eaten carcass, but had hardly coincided devouring it, when the original proprietor, with a howl of rage, sprang forth from the thicket, and the two instantly grappled in deadly embrace. For fifteen minutes these fearful creatures rolled over and over, in a mist of dust, blood and foam, uttering terrible cries, with the sound of tearing tendons and crushing bones. The older animal, however, stiffened with years and completely gorged with flesh, was no match for his nimble antagonist, who at length arose completely victorious. He carefully licked his many wounds, drank at the fountain, and then, seizing the mangled body for which he had fought, marched proudly away, and disappeared over the rim of the desert, in the direction whence he came, leaving his gigantic assailant stiff in death.

The way of escape was at last open, but Abdallah had no intention of returning to the caravan. He knew that he was on the southern verge of the desert, and that his native valleys and plains were not far off. After brief refreshment, he set forth to find them.

As he passed out of the oasis, he noticed where the sand was piled in singular drifts around an almost circular cavity between two huge granite rocks. Climbing to the top of this mound, what was his astonishment to find his lost camel lying alive and unharmed at the bottom of the opening! It had taken refuge there when its mate was first attacked, and had not since dared to leave its hiding-place. It was with the utmost difficulty that he induced it to rise and follow him back to the fountain. Allowing it an hour to drink and pasture, he replaced his saddle, and rode southward like the wind for life and liberty. League after league sunk below the northern horizon. The desert began to lose its sterile aspect. Palm-groves and fountains were more frequently passed. Alone came ranges of rocky hills, and then wide plains, covered with thorny shrubs and brambles. At last a green, beautiful valley opened to the southeast, at whose strangely familiar features his heart beat wildly. Was this his native vale? Was yonder village of red huts his birthplace? Were the almost naked negroes thronging around him, speaking a language long dimmed but well remembered, the kinsmen and friends of his youth?

Abdallah was at home!

Weeks of tranquil rest and comfort followed. But this was not to be his final abiding place. God had other experiences in store for him. The kidnapper became his angel, as the red lion had been. A month after Abdallah's return, the village was surrounded by a hostile tribe at midnight, and set on fire. The infants and helpless aged were killed, and the able-bodied men and women sold as slaves. Bleeding and unconscious, he lay in the mud, with his hands bound behind his back, and his feet in fetters. They had cut off his nose and ears, and were dragging him to the market-place, when a negro, who had been captured with him, and who had been his comrade in the caravan, sprang forward and struck the blow which put an end to his misery.

He died in Jamaica, in the year 1844, almost a century old, having been for nearly fifty years a freeman. He was well educated, refined and intelligent, and the remarkable clairvoyant and prophetic powers of "Ole Dollar," as he was generally called, are still the theme of many a wonderful story. In the above adventure, as related by himself, he fully recognized a divine hand, under whose guidance he had been translated from the degradation of Pagan savagery to a higher life in the New World.

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Then they were led onward, in front of a lofty tribunal, when the mysteries, or laws, were read to them. These were written on two stones cemented together. Then they were led before another tribunal, more lofty and imposing than the other. Above it was a zone, on which was painted the twelve signs of the zodiac; on its front was a blazing sun, on either side of which was a winged globe. The intense light from beneath revealed the priest seated in an ivory chair, his dark mantle embroidered with gold, and a silver crown on his temples. All else was blackness and profoundest gloom. The awe-struck initiates could see nothing but the form of the priest glittering in the terrible darkness. As they paused before him, he asked them a series of questions referring to the conduct of their lives. When they were answered, he waved them onward into the profound gloom.

As they advanced a terrific blast extinguished their dim torches; the darkness became stifling; the trembling worshipers were blinded with lightning, that seemed to kiss through the void. The crash of thunders deafened their ears; the earth swayed and quaked under their feet, and from its bowels ascended the most frightful howlings and moans, as of myriads of lost souls writhing in the agony of scorching flames. Out of the darkness leaped spectres of gigantic and awful outline. Sometimes these shades threatened to destroy the pale and trembling worshiper; at others they mockingly laughed and derided, and the vaulted rocks echoed their demoniac merriment.

### Written for the Banner of Light. THE ELEUSIAN MYSTERIES.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

You have read in old histories of the Eleusian mysteries. By their singular magnificence and imposing grandeur, they far eclipsed all others of the world, and ancient writers take delight in extolling, and with false learning gathering clouds around them. From them Catholicism acquired its mass, its fasting, its feasting, and most of the machinery whereby it wielded such terrible influence over the ignorant and credulous. Such traps impose on the vulgar by awaking their imagination and inspiring awe, and are essential in a savage age.

These mysteries were established about fourteen centuries before Christ, and such was their hold on the popular mind, that for eighteen hundred years they were celebrated, and were only abolished by the severity of the bigoted Theodore the Great. He would not have the old faith linger otherwise than in the Church. During all that period, the mysteries were held in superstitious reverence. If any one revealed the secrets intrusted at initiation, the vengeance of the gods fell on his head, and it was deemed unsafe to dwell in the same house with such a wretch, whom, if the gods spared, was ignominiously put to death. The stigma of non-observance was far greater than that attending the infidelity at present. It was a weighty charge brought against Socrates, that he neglected the worship of the gods.

Every five years all Athens assembled at Eleusis, in Attica, to celebrate those solemnities. The vast concourse gathered on the plains, around a splendid temple erected over a cavern, in which, at an earlier day, the rites were first held. This cave was excavated into a labyrinth of passages, in which the novitiates could be led through darkness, until bewildered, and overcome with terror and fatigue. This temple was of the pure Doric architecture, its endless colonnades chiseled from snowy marble, without spot or stain. It stood on a swell of ground, and could be seen, rising in crystal beauty, by all the mighty multitude. Over its front was a colossal head of Jupiter, calm, benevolent, all powerful. On either side a statue of Ceres smiled on the passing worshiper.

All the effect produced by grandeur of architecture, or beauty of form, was lavishly bestowed. Persons of both sexes, and without regard to age, were initiated. They had first to enter the lesser mysteries of Agra on a previous year; then, at the expiration of which, subject themselves to a rigid system of purification. For nine days they bathed, and fasted, keeping themselves uncontaminated by the world. Then they presented themselves before the temple of the greater mystery. Athens has assembled; old men and young, husband and wife, and prattling babe. Athens has taken herself to the field for a time, to indulge in communion with Nature and the divine spirits, whom she believes govern the world. Those who await initiation—the indoctrination into their subtle wisdom—have crowns of flowers, and offer sacrifice and prayers. Under their feet they wear the skin of some animal offered to Jupiter. Then they offered a sow to Ceres, in thankfulness for the influence for good she exerts.

They were then prepared to enter the presence of the gods, having overcome the sin of the body. Night settles over the mountains of the most beautiful spot on earth. They silently repose, overlooked by the brilliant stars. A multitude of fires glimmer over the plain, but the people have gone to the temple. They are assisting the uninitiated in their first lessons. With crowns of myrtle, these were led into the temple. At the door was a fount of holy water, in which they washed. Above this, in a recess, sat a priest. With a calm, low, but terrible voice, he asked the candidates one by one the following questions, all of which they must answer in the affirmative, or be at once expelled: "Have you passed the mystery of Agra? Are you pure and spotless from the world? Are you free from crime?" Then, in an impressive tone, he chanted, "He who enters must be pure, or the gods will destroy him. He who passes this portal, goes into a shadow, from which only the just return. Oh, weak, thoughtless and improvident mortal, daring to penetrate the realm of the gods, aspire to truth and perfection, and strive to discard the flesh and the world."

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Then others would spring up, like a body of flame, and as instantly disappear. Then a thousand would arise out of the blackness, and with a sound of a whistling rush toward the intruders. As they came near they vanished, and the place was left in night, and from afar came the most dismal and terrifying walls.

Such were the sufferings of those who were untrue to the mysteries, by revealing the secrets thereof, revented, of those who were unjust and evil on earth, and who disregarded the rights of their fellow-men.

No one, not even the stoutest-hearted soldier, imbued with superstition as they were, could endure the terrible ordeal. They sank, stiffened, on the marble floor, and stared vacantly at the horrible forms of men, the flying dragons and scorpions, the huge and ravenous beasts and birds of prey, which winged hissing above them. Their hair stood upright, the cold perspiration beaded on their rigid foreheads. Their guide assumed the form of a demon, and they arose and mechanically followed through long and winding passages, and labyrinthine mazes. Hoarse voices shouted and shrieked behind them, to seize and destroy the outcasts—to drag them with vulture beaks into the abyss of fire. The hissing of myriads smote the ear; their very touch could be felt by the initiate, too frightened to escape, when in an instant light broke in a glittering flood of silence over the scene. They stood in a magnificent hall, lighted from an azure dome

## Children's Department.

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

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

(Lucy Hunt.)

(Original.)

## VIRGINIA PERKINS.

## CHAPTER V.

## New Acquaintances.

There rested on Timmy's heart a great trouble; she felt the burden of a concealed wrong. She longed to lay her head in her mother's lap, and tell her all that had passed. As she looked at the stars that sent their light down to her, as tenderly as loving eyes, she wondered about that far-off place where there is no sorrow or trouble; for Millie had told her much about a golden city, where there was no pain or weeping, but only a continual joy. For some reason Timmy did not feel like telling Millie her troubles; perhaps she was too much ashamed of the part she had taken. Her father was at home but little these days, and when he came he took but little notice of her. She felt the want of some friend to whom she was so dear that she was sure of being forgiven, and yet so wise as to tell her what she ought to do.

The stars kept coming out, one by one, and the soft sunset light kept fading; but still Timmy sat very still, looking many years older than in the morning, for many thoughts pressed upon her. Her love for Hugh was so strong that she could not think ill of him, and it seemed to her as if his great eyes were looking at her, measuring every thought, and drawing her away from all the noble ones. For this reason she did not go into the kitchen and ask Millie to sit down with her, and tell her about the golden city, or the beautiful lands where good men lived, and no wicked ones, and where all the children wore pink dresses, and had curling hair, for Millie imagined such a place, and often described it to Timmy.

Presently the whippowills came near the house with their melancholy call, and as they broke the silence, it seemed to Timmy that some one was calling her away from goodness and peace. No other sound was heard; the very air seemed still. All at once there came faint sound from afar, as of some one in distress. It grew louder and louder until screams were clearly heard. Timmy was nervous before, but this made her tremble so that she could not move. What was it? Whence did it come? She sat very still, and clenched her hands tightly together, not daring to speak. After a time they died away, and Timmy tried to think that it was the whippowill in the forest, answering those that she heard nearer. Just as she was thinking, they broke out again, louder than before. They seemed afar off, but there was a great anguish in them that made them as distinct to the heart as if they had been near. Timmy almost fainted with fright; and had not Millie come to her, she would have had a spasm of terror.

"Oh Millie! what is that sound?" said she.

"Honey! it sounds great ways off. Come, child, let Millie undress you;" and she tried to divert Timmy's mind.

"But what is it, Millie? I won't go till you tell me. Is it somebody crying?"

"Come, darlin';" said Millie; "it be nothin' you can help. Dere, honey, don't listen any more, but go and hear da angel sing."

"But, Millie," said Timmy, "I told you I would not go till you told me; and you must do as I say. Hugh says you must."

An expression of pain passed over Millie's face; but it was followed by one of stern coldness.

"Millie wanted to save you from thinking about oder folks' trouble," said she; "but if you say she must tell, she will. Massa Barron's niggers, deh bein' whipped; like enuf deyhe dyin' soon; deh not de fust time, of dey be. Millie knows many things. Once dere war just such a screachin', 'an' do nex' mornin' ole Jim war lyin' all stiff an' cold. But he went straight to de Lord Jesus, for ole Jim war a Christian."

Timmy did not hear the last of Millie's speech; for she had really fainted from the excitement added to the fatigue of the day. Millie took her tenderly in her arms, and carried her to her room, and bathed her face in water, and patted her back, and breathed in her face, and at last Timmy opened her eyes, and insisted that she was quite well, and wished to go directly to sleep. The truth was, she wanted to get rid of Millie's presence, for in that trance-like sleep she seemed to have had a great revelation, and to have become almost a woman.

When she knew by Millie's hard breathing that she was sleeping soundly, she rose quietly, and dressed herself, and went down stairs. No fear came to her now, for it seemed to her as if some one was close by her, leading her steps.

The moon was up, and in its brightness everything was distinct. How beautifully the hedge of cedar looked, with its dark shadows cast far into the road. How soft and silvery the light fell on the sassafras leaves; and how each blade of grass quivered and gleamed, as if learning beautiful lessons of love.

Timmy traced every step that she had gone with Hugh. She thought she followed in his very track, and perhaps she thought some gleams of moonlight, as they struck the pebbles, were the light of his footsteps. She went on fearlessly, thinking only one thought, although that thought spread itself all over her brain, and filled all its wishes and expectations.

This thought was, that she had done a great wrong, and somebody was suffering for it. She was very sure that some one had spoken to her as she lay asleep, and she was quite sure she was not now alone. She did not think of being afraid, but looked carefully for every path that she had trodden with Hugh. The moon seemed to shine purposely for her, it was so very bright; and the whippowills seemed to sing for her, so plainly did they speak to her, to tell her she was not alone.

At last she reached the forest. There she stopped for the first time, for its shadows seemed darkness to her; but soon the gleams looked like beckoning hands to her, and she took the path without a fear. When she reached the little stream where Hugh had helped her across, a thought of him made her very grave. Would Hugh be pleased with what she was doing? And what was she going to do? She really did not know. She only knew that something seemed guiding her little feet. She jumped across the stream, and came to the place of the supper. Here again it seemed as if something like Hugh made her afraid, and to wish to turn back; but there was something else, stronger than her thought of him, that urged her forward. She followed the path by the cornfield, till she came to some little log cabins. From one of these, she heard groans and sobs. As if a hand was leading her, she went up to the door and entered. The moonlight streamed through the open door, and revealed a man lying on some straw, and a woman kneeling by his side.

"De Lord be very near to ye, Jo, an' keep ye

from forgettin' that he be dat, an' den de pains won't be nothin' to bear," said the woman.

"Many crept in softly, and no one saw her, until she stood within the cabin in the moonlight."

"Dere he be, now, in de form of de holy chile," said the woman.

The sufferer raised his head and lifted his eyes to heaven.

"Oh, bress him forever an' eber," said he. "Now, eole Jo die, he be sure ob de kingdom."

Timmy walked up close to him. "It's me," said she; "I came over to tell you, that we—no—I, was so bad as to let folks think that you stole the fish and the eggs; and I wanted to comfort you." And Timmy laid her soft hand on the dark cheek of Jo.

"Oh, lora," said the woman, "who'd a tort dat? I'll start it was de angel, sure. An' if you come all dis way to tell dat, you mus be like de heavenly ones. My Jo, da be Massa Perkins's Timmy. I know her by de shiny hair, for I see her wid Millie."

Jo seemed to forget all his pains, for he groaned no more, and sat upright on his straw.

"Bress her," said he. "It's like de comin' ob de Lord, anyway, an' it takes all de ache out ob de bones."

"But who come wid ye honey," said Ann, Jo's wife.

"Do'n't ask dat," said Jo, "she don't know; but sure de Lord led her."

Timmy sat very still in the soft light of the cabin, and when Jo said, "let us pray," and lifted his hands to the beautiful light that came in at the door, Timmy thought she was never so happy. It seemed to her as if there was no darkness in all the world, and her little heart seemed to her like a crystal through which the light of Jo's faith and love shone. But she could see that he suffered, and when his long prayer was ended, she insisted on seeing his back. Ann remonstrated, but the child would not be refused, and she opened the gaping wounds, still bleeding.

Timmy was only a child, but in that moment she became a woman. Great resolves entered her pure soul. She determined to do right to the poor and afflicted, in spite of Hugh, or any that she loved. The sight of Jo's wounds, from his master's lash, made her feel all the wrong that Hugh had done, and she felt quite sure that she could make him wish to do right by telling him what she had seen.

Timmy did not see the hand that led her to poor Jo's cabin, but she felt in her heart a strong influence that pointed her to the good and true. Neither did Ann or Jo see any angel in the soft moonlight; but they felt a beautiful presence, which made them strong and patient to endure.

Jo struck up a sweet, melancholy song, about Resurrection Day, and as Timmy heard it and the notes of the whippowill mingling with it, she fell fast asleep. Ann took her in her strong arms as she would have taken a tired lamb, and carried her through the forest to her home. She knew well the way to gain an entrance to Millie's room, and she had only to let the dog smell of Timmy's apron to quiet his barking, so that no one should be awakened. She climbed up the steps to the low roof of the kitchen, and saw Millie just rubbing her eyes in dreamy wonder.

"What dat you sleepin' dare for," said Ann. "Come long; here's de white dove flown away from de nest, and wants to come back again."

Millie jumped up hastily and lifted Timmy gently into the little window and put her in her bed, without saying a word. When she saw Timmy was not awakened, she went back to Ann. They sat down together on the floor, drawing close to each other, and in whispers quite unintelligible to any one but themselves, talked of Timmy's adventures, of their sufferings and fears, and of a better future to come.

And Timmy slept sweetly, and awoke in the morning light, with a sense as of a strange dream on her mind. She shook her hair from her brow and rubbed her eyes, and looked about the room. At last the memory of Jo's cabin, and all that had passed in it, came to her. She felt as if she possessed a great secret, and had become very wise. She seemed, to herself, as old as Hugh, and she was quite sure that she should be able to tell him how very wrong he had done.

Just as she was going to her window to see whether the sky was bright and clear, she heard Estelle's voice, insisting upon coming up stairs. She came with a rush, as if a little gale of wind had arisen suddenly, and burst into the room, saying:

"Oh, Virginia, I've come all the way over to bring you these roses, and you'll let me kiss you, won't you. Oh, what a cunning room, and what pretty white curtains. Hugh said he was coming to bring you the roses, so I got up early and picked them all, and brought them myself. Won't he be angry? ha, ha! I wish I could see him, and you won't tell that I brought them, will you, for I want to tell him myself, to see him draw down his eyes, and scowl and shake his hand, and then he'll call me all sorts of names; but you look so sorry, does it make you feel badly?"

"Is Hugh very bad?" said Timmy, faintly.

Estelle's eyes flashed, and then she drooped them, and sighed. It was a child's sigh, but it had great deal of feeling in it.

"Let's go down stairs," said she. "I saw a splendid butterfly on the oleander as I came up; we'll catch it and you may give it to Hugh, to pay for the roses."

Again Timmy thought to put the question about Hugh, but Estelle looked so very heartless, as she spoke of the roses, that she said not a word.

"Did you love me very much, when I was lying on the ground and Hugh hurt me? Noot loves me but pa. If you'd love me, I'd bring you roses every day, and give you my ducks and my little ducklings, and my kittens, and my great dog, and all my things."

Such an eager look came into Estelle's eyes as she said this, that Timmy thought she felt them come toward her.

"I think I love everybody. Mamma said I must. Of course, I love you; but if you didn't like to plague folks, I should love you better," said Timmy.

"I don't plague anybody but Hugh; I shan't plague you ever, because you kissed me, and I won't tell anything you don't want me to," said Estelle, eagerly.

Timmy looked tenderly with her soft eyes to Estelle, and she wished she wanted to kiss her, but she felt afraid of her, and was wishing all the time that she would go. The love that Estelle longed for was not in her own heart, and so she could not make others give to her what she wished to possess.

[To be continued in our next.]

Boot-black boy to returned soldier: "Black your boots, sir? make 'em shine!" Looking at his unpolished "gunboats" in a contemptuous way, the war-worn veteran replied, "Well, I don't care if you do; fall in promptly, though." The urchin gazed a moment at the soldier, and then, turning to a comrade near by, shouted out: "I say, Bill, lend us a hand, won't yer? I've got an army contract."

## Original Essays.

## THE WAY OF THE ANCIENT WORD.

NUMBER THREE.

BY C. B. P.

There was an ancient sect called the Christians of St. John. M. Chardin says of them that "they came originally from Chaldeia, and were the ancient disciples of Zoroaster, many of whose opinions are maintained by them." As the God of Israel came by the way of the East, as per Ezekiel, there also may have been the source of St. John's astrological Apocalypse—the word of God being presented according to the movements of the heavens. It is claimed for St. John that he had been initiated into the ancient Masonic mysteries. His disciples in the far East still sacrifice the Ram or Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. The cherubim beast of the Revelator, of Ezekiel, Daniel, and earlier Hebrews, find their parallel in the religious insignia of Assyria, Persia and Egypt, as in the sphinx, the winged bulls and lions of Minerva, the Grecian chimera and griffin being modeled on the same north-eastern fables. From the same combination of astro-physiologies, the wise men from the East proclaimed him who was born king of the Jews, whose star stood over where the young child was. From out the creations of these old astronomies was educated the later Word in anthropological aspect—the esoteric or secret things which belong to God, and hidden from the foundation of the world, personified and revealed to the initiated according to the measure of each degree, and with unfeasted souls as beheld in vision or trance, have come down to us as the Lords, the Gods, the Goddesses and the Angels. Tens of thousands of these starry saints went before the Lord, or Sun, and "rest not day or night, saying, holy, holy, holy, Lord, God Almighty, which was and is and is to come."

That the Lord and the Sun are often one and the same in ancient Scripture, is seen in this aspect of God's appearing "as an embodiment with clouds, which serve him as a chariot, and cast a pall before his dreadful majesty," as per Calmet. Says R. Stuart Poole: "We have no reason for supposing that the Hebrews had attained, either by discovery or by the instruction of foreigners, even in individual cases, to a high knowledge of mathematics or accuracy of chronological computation at any period of their history. In these particulars it is probable that they were always far below the Egyptians and Chaldeans. But there is sufficient evidence that they were not inattentive observers of the heavens in the allusions to stars and constellations as well known objects. We may, therefore, expect in the case of the Hebrews that whenever observation could take the place of computation, it would be employed, and that its accuracy would not be of more than a moderate degree. If, for instance, new moon were to be observed at any town, it would be known within two days when it might be seen, and one of the clearest sighted men of the place would ascend to an eminence to look for it. This would be done throughout a period of centuries, without any close average for computation being obtained, since the observations could not be kept on record. So also, the rising of stars, and of the time of the equinoxes."

This, from an *Orthodox Biblical Dictionary*, is rather a broad swinging of God's Word from the moorings of the church. There are other writers in the same dictionary who still more broadly flank the Word under the fifth rib, leaving many parts out in the cold with the claim of sacred infallibility, presenting only a wonderful alacrity of sinking. When the Word may thus be harassed to the flanks of the old astrologers, the spirit-seers, star-gazers and monthly prognosticators, there would appear to be room for all to go in and out and find pasture without bitterness of sees as to who could best divine in the name of the Lord. If God's Word of old time is past all surgery, we need not make the rents worse by damning each other, because the "gaps" being so great that they will neither yield by the first intention nor bear to be sowed, as were the skins which the Lord God of Israel sowed for the clothing of Adam and Eve. Besides, there is good Scripture for not sowing new to old cloth, lest the rent be made worse.

When the "watchful dragon" of the Hesperides promised Eve some very fine apples if she would leave the bright rosy morning of Eden to shine in the Garden of Italy—to leave the Euphrates for the Mediterranean Sea—and when she hesitated whether to become a "wandering star, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever," it may be that in this doubtful estate she composed the original psalm in Mother Goose of "where shall I wander?"—up stairs, down stairs, etc., and sang it in accompaniment to the harp and organ of Jubal.

Alas! that Eve, or Venus, as she rose from the Eastern Sea and went "up stairs" to become "the lady of the house" in my Lady Aurora's chamber, should decline and fail to appear in the evening gloaming. Thus by not holding to her first estate, the star-gazer John berates her as "the whore of Babylon"—a term not quite synonymous to ears polite. John might justify himself in the necessity of maintaining the unities of the drama, and that after the cherubim Perseus had driven her from the sunny Euphrates to make her bed in hell with Job and the Egyptian Typhon, he might denounce her in a word, often Biblically emphatic, for bringing death into the world and all our woe, and thus bringing Adam to grief by a sole issue from a "fair defeat of nature," as per Milton.

The deceptive shift of our theologians to anoint the Sabbath day into a particular odor of sanctity is thus disposed of by Poole: "The mention together of Sabbath and new moon proves nothing but that the two observances were similar, the one closing the week, the other commencing the month. The week, whether a portion of seven days or a quarter of the month, was of common use in antiquity." But the division was not Egyptian, but probably Chaldean or patriarchal. "The new moon was kept as a sacred festival," hence to "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy," was equivalent to remember the new moon and keep it holy, for the "precious things" it brought forth.

The Paulist blew up the trumpet in the new moon, as a statue for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob. Poole supposes that the moon days and Sabbath days were not of an astronomical character; but this appears at variance with what he had already said, that the Jews "were not inattentive observers of the heavens." How then could their moons and Sabbath be otherwise than according to the pattern on the Mount, where the God of Israel had his trestle-board or tripod in the paved work of a sapphire-stone, as it were, the heavens in his brightness? Daniel, as chief of the magicians and monthly prognosticators, declares that "the heavens do rule;" nor was John slow in calling their spirits from the vanity deep—the Saurians, Megal

therians, and the many headed monster, *bellus multorum capitum*—the which being freely interpreted, is the bellowing bull of Bashan, who among the sons of God went up and down, and to and fro the earth, besides being transmarine, and full of eyes before and behind.

As one of the twelve brethren or Signs of the Zodiac, old Taurus had a coat of many colors. The sun and moon and eleven stars (constellations) made obeisance to him as the Leader-up of the more ancient celestial hosts. The Cup, or starry basin whereby Joseph divined, could have its Word read only by the initiated, or the wise to understand and parable, whether a star or the holy spirit was the angel of the God of heaven, whose "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge, as the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork, with neither speech nor voice," except in personification, or when the spirit took a medium.

Says Pliny: "The manner of divining by the Word, was to throw little plates of gold or silver, or some precious stones into it, when the spirit of God was consulted. He answered in several ways, sometimes by articulate sounds, sometimes he made the characters in the Goblet appear upon the superficies of the water, and formed his answer by the order in which they stood. Sometimes he traced the image of the person on whose account he was interrogated." Compare this mode of seeking the Lord with that of knowing his Word by Urim, Thummim and Teraphim—by Lot, Tephilim, and Ephod, and we may see how parallel was the familiar Lord of Jewry with his brethren on Heathen ground; and that when the witches and wizards were put out of the land, or the Lord's priests slain at Nob, the Lord could answer neither by Urim, by Thummim, not by dream; and the Word had been utterly lost, but for its preservation through the medium of Endor. But for this, what a gap had been in the Word—what a hiatus maxime had not Samuel returned from hell, to make appearance doubly sure, though he peeped about and muttered, and did not like to be disquieted, or brought up from the horrible pit and miry clay—having not yet shed the cloudy wrath of the Lord against Saul. When Dives was unfeasted and went to hell, he would have gladly received a drop of water from the upper springs to cool his parched tongue, as he had found the nether springs, to a great degree, sulphurated, and he wished to

political and spiritual centre of the world. And Isaiah predicts that when the Lord comes to plead with all flesh by fire and by the sword, the Gentile nation will bring all the Hebrews that are sojourning among them." (Pog. Rel. Id., Vol. II.) And that noted and popular Jewish writer, Philo, speaks of "the latter days, when the Lord's chosen people will be gathered, together from the four winds of heaven, and all nations come and pay voluntary honor to their moral superiority, and receive from them rich streams of knowledge." ("Moral superiority," indeed, when the Rev. Mr. Hibbard says, "They were, perhaps, by nature, the most morally inferior nation on earth."

And both Philo and the early Christian writers name Jerusalem as the seat and centre of the forthcoming Millennial paradise. This Jewish author seems to have entertained the same disparaging views of other nations that is manifested by the prophet Eridas, in his second book, in the exclamation, "Oh Lord, thou madest the world for our sakes!" As for the other people which, also, came of Adam, thou hast said that they are nothing, but be like unto spittle." (Strange, indeed, that "the other people" should be "mere spittle" compared with the Jews, when we have the clearest proof that some of them were much further advanced in knowledge and civilization than "the Lord's chosen people," who were actually indebted to them for all "streams of knowledge" which they possessed, even to the very tools of husbandry which they used.)

The boastful, opinionated, egotistical pretensions of the Jews are set forth by that new standard authority, "The New American Cyclopaedia," in the declaration that they believed "they would rule over all the nations under a royal Messiah." "And all the writings of the early Christians clearly evince this idea, and the conviction expressed by Tacitus and Suetonius that those who should come out of Judea should possess the world." (Vol. II, page 605.) Thus it is shown by the Scriptures and by historical authorities, that both the Jews and the primitive Christians cherished the egotistical persuasion that they will in "the last day" witness the triumph of their religious doctrines and the sway of religious empire over "all the nations of the earth." And we have the facts carefully registered in history disclosing the proof that a similar conviction had long previously possessed the minds of the worshippers under the Oriental systems. Several citations of this character have already been incidentally presented in previous historical quotations. The text has been cited from the Buddhist Bible which prophetically declares that the Divine Millennial Messenger "will cause justice and truth to reign everywhere, and will subject the whole universe to the religion of the Brahmins," and "will destroy barbarians and thieves and re-establish righteousness," &c.

And it is further declared in the same "Holy Book" that "joy and gladness, peace and prosperity, shall flow as a river, and all the saints (of the Buddhist faith) enjoy the most consummate delight, and the whole world be brought to the religion of the Vedas." And we find the anticipation several times expressed in the Perso-Chaldean Bible, "The Five Volumes," that their God-Saviour, or Divine Messiah, Tien, "the Holy Son of Heaven," will come to reign in his kingdom, and that he will be heralded and proclaimed as "the Lord of the Universe," and will extend his empire over all the earth, and the final and solemn era be thus inaugurated, which will, in accordance with the prophetic text already quoted, "Bring all the world to the worship of Zoroaster, and thus establish universal peace and happiness." And the Divine Redeemer, Maitre of Ceylon, is also to appear and "establish a new order of things" and give his own religion the pre-eminence—so over his devout disciples. The "Great Prophet" (Mahomet) likewise is to descend from heaven in the hour of final judgment, and establish "the only true religion" (that of the Koran,) as well as demonstrate "the vanity" of all other systems of faith and worship. So announces their Holy Oracle in the most solemn, prophetic strains.

We will conclude this branch of our historical exposition by a citation from history, furnishing the strongest corroborative proof of the foregoing detail: "In most nations," says "The Progress of Religious Ideas," "a belief prevailed that the return of the Golden Age would be brought about by the advent of a Just and Holy One, by whose agency all discord, moral and physical, would be harmonized, and the world restored to order. Hindus believed such a person would appear to them, and bring all nations under the guidance of the Brahmans. The Chinese expected a Holy One would appear on their sacred mountain, and bring all the world to the subjugation of the Chinese empire. Persians believed that such a Deliverer was waiting to be summoned to their land of light, and that when he appeared he would convert the whole world to the religion of Zoroaster." (Vol. II, page 163.) Which one of the several rival religions named above, including that of Christianity, is to prove triumphant and supersede all others in the era of the installation of the Millennium, I shall leave to the conjecture of the reader.

Harveysburg, Ohio.

## GOLD.

BY WARREN CHASE.

"Gold is the God the Yahoos adore;

There no man's criminal unless he's poor."

Cotton is no longer king, but gold continues to be God, or at least worshipped in this great city of Gotham, where law is religion and popularity is morality. Gold ornaments the bodies which God and Nature failed to perfect, and gold must finish. Gold will purchase human bodies, with or without souls, for an hour or a lifetime, for dissection or slow torture. Males and females are both in the market, and bartered with and for in the shambles, and gold, or its depreciated representative, is the idol to or for which the happiness, purity or virtue is sold.

Gold decorates and ornaments our richest garments and the trappings and trimmings of animals and carriages, but is seldom seen on the skirts of the poor, though often on the necks and fingers. Gold pens and pencils make money of the words and figures that cheat and instruct us. Good and ill are strangely mixed in this labor of the gold god, and it is hard to tell when he (or she) is gilt or guilty; but society, we know, is always both gilt and guilty.

We have "golden gloss" for the hair, to cheat somebody with false appearances of gold in name and color—it is not like Ring's Ambrosia, which will restore your hair to its natural color.) We have gold and guilt in the names, firms and lettering of signs at the doorways of the shops and offices, but most of them are to catch, not to give gold—gold in the windows of the brokers inviting more, as like attracts like, and the hair of the dog will cure his bite.

I have not seen any gold in the pavements of New York yet; suppose I shall have to go to the New Jerusalem city to see that, where they do not have such heavy wheels to crush it, for it would not stand the hard tires and heavy loads of our cities, and I should think the iron chariots of the other gods would break the pavements of

gold, and the Jews would carry it off to bank with, if they retain their earthly dispositions and habits.

We have golden syrup to sweeten our food and nourish our bodies, and golden dishes to hold our food and drink—at least the very rich do and the poor do not, as the latter are criminals on this God's calendar, and not entitled to benefit of clergy nor display of carriages at funerals with mock mourners. We have golden names to several kinds of intoxicating drinks, to induce the weak-minded to imbibe and make less than human depravity manifest in their actions, and we disgrace the beasts by calling them "beastly drunk;" when the beasts do not get drunk at all—golden ale, golden beer and golden brandy, as if the attraction was not strong enough without drawing in love and devotion for this God to aid in dissipation.

We bury the guilty dead in gilt-trimmed coffins, and the honest poor in plain boards, and thus let the god have the bodies, if not the souls, of his worshippers. We have "golden gem" tobacco, to feed and encourage the most filthy habit of civilized society; and to "bring in" this love of gold again, encourage chewing and smoking a filthy and poisonous weed, that makes a beast, in neatness, of a man; or worse than some beasts, for cats, at least, are neater than tobacco chewers for they will hide their filth if they can. But gold is the God of the rich, the popular and the fashionable, and covers a multitude of sins, and pardons every crime, even treason and total depravity.

I passed by Grace Church the other day—probably the most *gilt*, if not guilty, in the city—it snowed and rained both; the Church was in session, and ten rich, *gilt* carriages, with drivers, human drivers, sitting on the outside in the storm, were standing before the church. The carriages were empty, for the gilt-trimmed occupants had gone into the church to worship their god, and pay their respects to the Jewish God, as there is a fair understanding and perfect harmony between the worshippers of the Jewish Jehovah God and the god of the God, in this city.

We have golden pills, and other drugs and medicines in gilt coatings and in gilt boxes and bottles, to cure us when sick; but I suppose these medicines only cure the worshippers of gold, as few others take them. Thus we have golden medicines for the sick; golden food for the well; golden drinks for the tippler; golden gems for the filthy tobacco eater; golden prayers for the rich worshiper; golden coffins for the guilty; golden garments for the proud; golden signs for the cheaters; golden everything for everybody that has gold to purchase with and exhibit. It would be well for the people if it could be taken out of the merchandise and coined into money, to drive the dirty rags out of the market, where they are used as change, and depreciated as representatives of coin. They have become so plenty and so cheap, that if not checked soon, a man will need as large a load to purchase a coat or a barrel of flour, as the ancients did of Lycurgus's currency.

I wish Mr. Gold would discharge as large a part of his shimplaster army, as United States has of his soldiers, and let the regular currency, like the regular army, have the field for a time; it might "from many a blunder free us, and foolish notion."

Gold is not much of a war God; he has retired during our war, and kept his currency head mostly out of sight, and seemed to hide more and more during the war; or rather, fled to other countries, where, I learn; he has held high carnival in currency channels. But in his gilt and guilty face and phase, he has not skulked or abjured the popular gaze or channels of traffic. But as currency, he was not needed, while greenbacks would buy politics, guns, churches and drivers as well; and in the shamblies shimplasters would buy stocks, drinks and cigars, wine and women, papers and ruffus, &c.

New York, Dec. 14, 1865.

## CIRCLE HYMN.

[I have observed that in circles of Spiritualists we often sing old revival tunes, but with no very appropriate words. I have composed some hymns for those tunes, and we have sometimes sung the following in the tune of "This is the Jubilee." FREDERICK ROBINSON.

Marblehead, Mass., 1865.]

That glorious time at last appears,  
As proved in every way,  
Foretold by prophet, sage and seers—  
This is the judgment day.

The angels, stooping from above,  
The joys of heaven portray,  
And tell us of a Father's love—  
This is the judgment day.

They now appear and talk with men,  
And prove what Scriptures say,  
That all shall live in heaven again—  
This is the judgment day.

The hireling priesthoods of the earth  
No longer shall betray  
Every science at its birth—  
This is the judgment day.

The reign of falsehood in the world  
Then surely must decay,  
And truth's broad banner be unfurled—  
This is the judgment day.

And hoary wrongs of ancient time'  
Shall all be swept away,  
And poverty, the cause of crime—  
This is the judgment day.

An angry God, an awful hell,  
And Superstition's sway,  
No longer on the earth shall dwell—  
This is the judgment day.

Then wisdom, goodness, truth and love  
Upon the earth shall stay  
And fit mankind for heaven above—  
This is the judgment day.

And all shall come to heaven at last,  
However wrong they may  
Have lived and acted in the past—  
This is the judgment day.

Then death no more the heart shall rend  
With horror and dismay;  
It comes to heaven the soul to send—  
This is the judgment day.

O! Grave, where is thy victory now,  
Since hell hath lost its sway?  
And Death assumes an angel's brow—  
This is the judgment day.

It is difficult to unite tranquillity in accepting and energy in using the facts of life, but it is not impossible; if it be, it is impossible to be happy.

Paris and London whilst players are making a match of one hundred rubbers for twenty-five thousand dollars.

Colorado is ready to take her place among the States as the thirty-seventh in the Union.

## Spirit-Messager.

Marseilles, France, Oct. 1, 1863.

DEAR BANNER—While tarrying a few weeks in this ancient but very enterprising and pleasant city of some three hundred thousand inhabitants, my mind has reverted oftentimes to your "City of Nations"—and especially have I thought of and longed to see a copy of your truly valuable and interesting journal.

Since I left Paris, some three months since, I have not seen a number, nor, in fact, a single English or American periodical; still there has not been a lack of matter, nor subjects upon which to bestow my thoughts.

*Spiritism*—for this word is universally used in France, and I prefer it to *Spiritualism*—is ripe here, as it is throughout the kingdom, and there are quite a number of periodicals devoted to the subject, and the amount of spirit literature is considerable, and to be found in all the bookstores.

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I chanced a few days since—if indeed chance is to say in one of the windows, a little weekly, entitled, "L'Union Spiritiste," published at Bordeaux, by Mons. Auguste Bez, in which I found two very instructing spirit-communications from very notable Americans—one from your much lamented President Lincoln, the other from J. Wilkes Booth.

Thinking that a translation of the same might interest your readers, I have put myself to the task, and herewith send you the former, and, if desired, will send you the latter, which is very remarkable.

It may seem strange, indeed, especially to skeptics, that our spirit-friends should come to France to give utterance to their views and wishes; and the question may arise, How is it that one, unacquainted with the French tongue, should so soon after the exchange of conditions, be enabled to use the language—for it cannot be supposed for a moment, that the change in the form of existence does, *ipso facto*, impart such kind of knowledge? It must, therefore, be understood that Mr. Lincoln spoke by proxy.

But what should attract him to Bordeaux? Let me inform the reader that Mr. Lincoln's name is almost as familiar to the people of France, as is that of Napoleon III. You will see his likeness posted in the windows of many of the shops and bookstores throughout the Kingdom. While at Lyons, the great silk manufactory of the globe, a short time since, I was shown a beautiful lingerie woven in silk, and which are made in quantities and distributed throughout the globe.

Of the communication, whether characteristic of the imputed author, and whether worthy of him, each must judge for himself. To me it is very striking, especially when I remember that it was transmitted through a French medium, and, probably, by a French spirit; and being somewhat prophetic, is worthy of preservation. Hence, I send it to you, and hope that it may be welcomed by an insertion in the Banner.

J. M. STERLING.

The editor of the S. W. prefaces the publication thus:

"We are greatly obliged to our spirit brother, M. Rul, for the two following communications, which, to the merit of actuality, is joined the still greater one of profound and useful instruction."

EVOCATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MEDIUM, M. RUL.

Bordeaux, 3d May, 1863.

SPIRIT.—I am here.

QUES.—Have you been at Washington?

S.—Yes.

Q.—What think you of the actual state of affairs in the United States of America?

S.—Soon the chants of peace will succeed the clamors of fraternal war; soon the people of the United States, forming but a single family, will be occupied in repairing the disasters of this horrible war, that had nearly separated the Union which our forefathers had, with so much labor, and from such discordant elements, succeeded in forming. But the designs of God will be accomplished; and, after having avenged in blood and ruin the crimes of the past, I repeat, the American people will live as brethren. Soon this agitation caused by my violent death will be calmed, and all the efforts of young America will be in developing the powers which embryonically still live. You have witnessed the efforts which have been made to subdue the rebellion—trust in the protection of the Lord has alone kept me from doubt or discouragement. He has given me the necessary ability to accomplish this mighty task, so that I have not succumbed to it, and I have had the happiness, in leaving the earth, to see that my efforts to quell the revolt were likely to be crowned with the success which I have always hoped.

Thank God for having given me the ability that I needed, and I have always in thinking that he who succeeds me at the head of the Government, will not fall in the trust committed to him.

Q.—What is your opinion relative to the emancipation of the slaves?

S.—In a few years the soil of the United States will no longer be contaminated with the leprosy of slavery. It will require some years ere this sin can be entirely extirpated; for the passions of men, being injured in their material interests, will interpose obstacles to the realization of this project, which will be one of the glories of the nineteenth century. Behold, and admire the wisdom of the Eternal! See how everything in the world is harmonizing itself, and seeking to become free from the taint of barbarism. Spiritualism, in coming to remind men of earth of those words of the divine Messiah, "You are all brethren, love one another," has implanted in the hearts of Americans the first germs of charity and fraternity.

But prejudices of color, of caste, passions overexcited by long possession, would not readily yield to the messages of the ministers of the Lord. The hour appointed by Providence had come; and since the Gospel had not suffice to enlighten my countrymen upon their duties as Christians, it was needful that blood, fire, desolation, death, all the disasters of war, come to remind them of the grandeur of immutable truths hitherto disregarded. This great and terrible lesson has been given to them, and soon Americans, better enlightened through sufferings which they have endured, will lend an attentive ear to spirit-messages; and upon the surface of that land thus devoted, during four years to the horrors of civil war, you may soon hear only cries of joy. After having laid down arms of destruction, the people will take up instruments of remunerative labor, and binding themselves together, as do the members of one family which the storm has for a moment separated, they will all address to the Eternal, prayers of love and gratitude.

You ask what will be the future of the United States. A young land full of strength, energy and confidence in himself, wander, he deserts the light of charity, which should always guide him, to obey only his ambition and pride. He falls and wounds himself, but he striveth rather himself, and thinks of him who holds in his hands the destiny of all his children. He collects himself, he calls to mind the duties which he has violated, and takes the firm resolution no more to disobey. The Divine protection comes to bless his labors; and this man, in the bosom of prosperity, will remember the destitute, and far from self-gratification, by reason of success, will attribute all to the goodness of God.

Such will be the American people. Prosperity, intelligence, the art of peace, philosophy, morality, all will progress in America, for Spiritualism will be the brilliant star which will guide them; this Gospel will be the blessed book which the people will peruse each hour of the day. Hence, to draw the instructions which Christ bequeathed to us, and henceforth full of faith and hope, of charity and humility, after having so long been a spectacle of pride and vanity, will become glorious without fanaticism, tolerant toward all the Americans will realize the symbol of fraternity united to order, in its most humanitarian development.

Everything progresses throughout the world; the earth is preparing for its transformation, and I say it to you in truth, that in a few years America will occupy the first rank among the nations.

of the earth, becoming the most sincerely religious people of the globe.

Thank you, spirit-brother, for your good words; and since you are convinced of spirit-communion of your spirit. Persevere, forget not that there is not one upon the earth but can assist the progress of the blessed doctrine of Spiritualism. Persevere in your efforts to improve yourself, better the good seeds, and be assured that one day all the good will find themselves in better worlds together awaiting the return of the Eternal.

HE WHO WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## HEART LEAVES.

NO. ELEVEN.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

## HOPE.

A wayworn pilgrim sat him down beside The highway, where, for weary days and weeks, He had contended with the hall and sleep, And piercing cold of winter's dreary hours,

Followed by summer's scorching beams—with thorns,

And steep hillside, where jagged rocks still tore

His hands and feet, till all the way where he

Strained to climb was marked with blood.

In spite of these, all those, he'd struggled on;

**Notes from Brooklyn, N. Y.—Warren Chase—Mrs. Emma Jay Bullene—W. P. Anderson, the Spirit-Artist.**

We are unexpectedly favored with the presence among us of that noble, pioneer, Warren Chase, and we can secure his services for the last two Sundays in this month; but there is an urgent call for him from Newark, N. J., and I feel that we ought to let him go. We can hear some of the best speakers in our ranks by going across the river to New York, while at Newark they are less favored. Beside, we ought to be neighborly, now that our friends, formerly of the "kingdom of Camden and Amboy," are safely within the pale of the Union; and Newark did her full share in this work of redemption.

We have secured the services of Nettie Colburn from the middle of January, and hope to be enabled to keep her among us for several weeks.

Mrs. Bullene continues her labors in New York with marked success, and the most gratifying results. As a public speaker Mrs. Bullene has few equals. Her bearing is dignified and commanding; manners and gestures easy and graceful; voice clear and pleasant; articulation and pronunciation almost faultless. Her magnetism is of a very high order; and some of her discourses, treating of subjects which involve a subtle and intricate scientific analysis, are handled with such ease and skill as to excite most lively interest among the learned and wise ones in our midst.

Of the musical part of the exercise with which Mrs. Bullene concludes each discourse, I cannot speak favorably. It is far from being in keeping with the other efforts of this gifted lady, and I hope she will pardon the freedom with which I speak of it.

I have lately met, for the first time, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Anderson, the spirit-artists, and I feel so much interest in them, by reason of some things I have learned concerning their trials and struggles in "getting on" along life's rugged way, that I would like to say something about them in the Banner.

The nature of their work is too well known even to need any detailed description from me at this late day in their unselfish career. I say in "*their work*," for it may not be generally known that Mrs. Anderson must sit with her husband, else he can do nothing. This is a peculiar, and, I think, rare kind of mediumship. Mrs. Anderson may be in the same room with her husband, or in an adjoining room, or traveling in the cars, or located a hundred miles away, yet they will go into the train state both at the same instant, and return to consciousness at the same moment. Such perfect harmonizing and blending of two souls into one, to me is a great marvel. It is not only while at their work, but ever and always the same. Each seems to live for and in the other, and each to be a *necessity* to the other.

Mrs. Anderson is the most *spiritual* in appearance of any mortal I have ever seen. She seems like a connecting link between the visible and the invisible world; so ethereal, so transparent, one almost expects to hear her say, as spirits often do when leaving the medium they have controlled, "I am going now."

This condition is much more apparent now, by reason of a long and severe sickness she has suffered from the past summer. May the good Father preserve to us this sweet "pet" and pure "spirit in the form," to bless and cheer us on life's thorny road for many years yet to come.

Mr. Anderson has earned money enough to make himself comfortable, and ought not to be in the condition he now finds himself, being unfit for labor by a temporary illness.

Your readers will, no doubt, hardly credit what I am compelled to say, that there are many cases where persons have received pictures from Mr. Anderson, and on the most frivolous excuses either neglect or utterly refuse to pay for them. In St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Portland, Me., there are cases where parties have taken pictures, but decline to pay for them, because they do not look like the person they were intended to represent. But Mr. Anderson has *positive evidence* that such is not the case. In St. Louis, at the close of a lecture by Bro. A. B. Whiting, a public statement was made that this picture I allude to is an excellent likeness of the one it is intended to represent, and the work was cited as evidence of "spirit-power." From all the places above-named, Mr. Anderson has had orders for other pictures, because they had seen (giving the name of one where pay had been refused) because it was not a good likeness, and they were so much pleased with it, as a *likeness*, that they wanted one similar, &c.

Now, friends, this is all wrong. You are doing a gross injustice to a kind, amiable, consulting, truthful soul. You cannot know how much you cause this good man to suffer. Be just, and do right, and do it now, or you certainly will bitterly regret the great wrong you have done.

For the future Mr. Anderson has adopted a rule, that persons ordering pictures must pay one-half in advance when the order is given. For this advance he will furnish a sketch, which will enable them to judge whether the picture will suit them or not. His prices are somewhat less than heretofore, being now from thirty dollars and upwards, according to size and finish. Post-office address, 2521, New York City.

W. B. B.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 13, 1865.

#### Mrs. Whittle's Lectures in Cincinnati: Dr. Newton.

I feel strongly inclined to tell you that we have evident signs of refreshing from the Divine Presence, as they sometimes say in the Churches. I have just returned from Metropolitan Hall, where, as was previously announced, Mrs. Nelly Whittle would discourse from a subject selected by a committee of skeptics. Accordingly every seat was filled, and almost every available spot for standing room was occupied. The committee were composed of merchants, who have never attended our meetings, except within the past two or three Sundays.

The subject, "What is the difference between Christianity and Spiritualism?" was explained in an earnest and eloquent manner, and which engaged the rapt attention of that large audience for over an hour and a half. The lecturer explained the true mission of Christ, which is the same religion to-day that the true Spiritualist accepts; the facts, the evidences of truth, discarding theories and beliefs. She laid open to the inspection of every mind desirous to know the truth, the errors of creeds, forms and ceremonies. She contrasted the Church and the religion of the present time, with that which Christ, as a human being, with a divine nature, came to establish, and which had become perverted by sectarian theories and dogmas. She said that the Church was the Mother of Spiritualism; that she had become old, and was feeble and tottering, and was calling on her children to hold her up and sustain her from falling; that her garments were worn, and were not suited to the present style of religion the world was seeking to adopt.

The lecture was fraught throughout with grand and sublime truths, which was felt in its logical force by every true Spiritualist and progressed

mind in the audience. At the close, a number of questions from the audience were answered with a readiness and aptness seldom or rarely equalled. The awakening angel has come, and a spirit of investigation is abroad, by the manifest interest every where exhibited, and the respectful inquiries made in reference to the evidences of its truth.

On last Sunday, the 3d, the subject of the lecture in the morning, given by Mrs. Whittle, was, "What Constitutes a Spiritualist?" Oh, how I wished that every Spiritualist throughout the length and breadth of the land, could have heard it, and receive the "truth in their hearts." The discourse for the evening was the "Advantages of Infidelity," which was received and appreciated by the audience. We are sending out our aspirations for a better condition of true and pure religious feeling in Cincinnati.

I have learned, with much satisfaction, that a growing interest on the subject of Spiritualism is rapidly on the increase in the city of Louisville since E. V. Wilson inaugurated an association there. A. B. Whiting has just completed his engagement there. The audiences were increasing in numbers, respectability and earnest attention. "May the truth run and be glorified."

Our mutual friend, J. R. Newton, greeted many of his former friends and acquaintances at Metropolitan Hall, last Sunday morning. After the lecture he accompanied me into the western part of the city, to see a lady who had been stricken down to her bed several months ago, first with hemorrhage of the lungs, and then to an apparent settled disease of the lungs. She had not left her chamber since the day of her first illness. Mr. Newton applied his magnetic power; we left and went a considerable distance into the southern part of the city, to visit another patient, after which I parted from my friend, he to take the boat for Louisville, while I returned to my home. To my astonishment I found the lady above referred to at my house, and we had the pleasure of her company at dinner. She left her sick chamber, came down two flights of stairs, and though weak, walked two squares to my house. She has been gradually improving ever since, and strong hopes are entertained of her final restoration to health. Thus the cause is gaining strength and permanency.

DANIEL H. SILAFFER.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 10, 1865.

#### A new Lecturer in the Field—Put Him in the Front, and Make Him Work.

Editor of *Banner of Light*:

My friend, A. J. Foss, the writer of the following letter, was a few years since one of the leading Baptist ministers of New Hampshire. No man better understood the theology of the Calvinistic Baptists, and its hurtful influence on the character and destiny of man. For some twenty years he has given his entire life to the anti-slavery cause. Few men are better posted up, as to the needs of the age, than he, or better known as a reformer, and a man of indomitable energy, and influence among the people. From Cape Cod to the Mississippi, he is familiar with the masses. No man has worked more earnestly, devotedly and honestly in the cause of human progress than has ANDREW J. FOSS, MANCHESTER, N. H., (his post-office address.)

Read his letter, and if you set fit to publish it, do so; just as it is. If the congregations of Spiritualists wish to secure the services of an able, experienced, and efficient lecturer, they would never, I think, have cause to regret having called upon him. A letter just received, dated Dec. 10th, says:

"I have three lectures on Spiritualism, which I have been giving in this city. *The first* on the evidences of the truth of Spiritualism. *The second* is on the philosophy and antiquity of Spiritualism. *The third* is on its adaptability to the needs of soul and body, for time and eternity. Besides these there is a vast field, which you and I, to a small extent, have been accustomed to explore—the whole '*Living Present*'—who can wait for texts? And he must be dull, indeed, who cannot perceive from them, My friend! the fields are wide. Oh, that there were more to thrust in the sickle, and gather great arms full of golden sheaves!"

I hope that societies of Spiritualists will show A. J. Foss "the wicket gate at the head of the way," and place him where, as a dauntless warrior for God and humanity, he wishes to be, "in front of the battle;" where he, being a *large* man, will be a conspicuous mark for the enemy's sharpshooters.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Cape Ann, Dec. 14, 1865.

MY DEAR HENRY—The spirit moveth me today to write you a few lines. Peace be with thy spirit!

What a terrible battle is raging, and will rage, till this Nation shall do justice. I do not know what Johnson will do, or what Congress will do, or try to do. But God will pull their linchpins and take off their wheels, till as a necessity they will be glad to fall to the conqueror.

I am entirely assured that the negro will have all the rights of an American citizen. I do not believe "the South is victorious," or will be; but the negro will be the conqueror.

But the great battle that is being fought has other issues than the rights of the colored man. That part of the field is nearly won. But the great conflict, one that will last for years, and one that affects, in the highest degree, human interests, is the *theological war*—war with the monstrous ideas with which "an unholy religion" has flooded, and is flooding the world.

You know well, my dear friend, that I have felt, and I assure you that more than ever I do feel, the deepest interest in the contest. I long to be in the front of this great battle.

Now, my belief is, that the Spiritualists are doing more than all others—vastly more—to inform and save the world. Spiritualism is "the stone cut from the mountain without hands," that is now smiting and breaking in pieces the great theological image, that has so long bewitched and besotted mankind. I love Spiritualism:

1. Because with all my heart I believe it is true.

2. Because it is philosophical, reasonable; appealing to the intellect, and only challenging before evidence.

3. It meets and supplies the wants of our nature; a longing of the soul for immortality.

4. Its effects are purifying and enabling. It gives us the best conceptions of God, a future life, of the duties that grow out of the relations of life, and of all by which we are allied to the infinite.

5. It abolishes death, and brings life and immortality to light.

Oh, Henry! what a glorious faith is this! It is the glorious sun, rising and scattering the long, cold, feet night of ignorance and superstition, and filling the earth with light, truth and love.

Dear Henry! I want to be preaching this blessed truth to the world. How shall I get at it? If once the way was opened, I feel that I could go ahead. But how to get started, is the question.

Henry! can you show me "the Wicket Gate" that stands at the head of the way? I have seen in the Liberator something of your journeys and teachings, and have rejoiced greatly in your work.

May all the angels bless you, and keep you in your sphere very many years longer.

Yours as ever, A. J. Foss.

Manchester, N. H., Nov. 23, 1865.

Henry C. Wright.

#### Messages Verified.

In the *Banner of Light* of Dec. 9th, you publish communications from William Rowe and Frank Ramsey. Allow me to inform your readers that I have investigated the truthfulness of their statements, and find them correct in all particulars.

This Paper is issued to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Booksellers 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; &c., 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. Subscribers should renew before the time is out, as it will prevent losing any numbers, and save us labor.

**Banner of Light.**

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1865.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,

ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITTE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Banner of Light Western Department.

Our friends in the West will doubtless be pleased to learn that we intend establishing a Branch Office in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 1st of January, 1866. We have accordingly made arrangements with Mr. J. M. PEERLESS, the well known & talented spiritual lecturer and writer, to act as our agent.

Mr. P. will have assigned to him, for his exclusive use each week, two columns of the *BANNER*, for the publication of matters of local interest. He will also receive subscriptions, communications and advertisements, and transact any other business for us appertaining to the paper.

In thus expanding our business, we are aware that we are taking on additional responsibilities and incurring great financial liabilities; yet we have full faith to believe that ALL the old supporters and friends of the *BANNER* will sustain us, as heretofore, in our efforts to continue it a first-class paper, an honor to the glorious cause we advocate, a befitting channel through which the angel-world may communicate to those in the mundane sphere.

#### The Humanity of Divinity.

The effect of the new spiritual awakening in New York manifests itself, as we took occasion to state last week, among the Swedenborgians, and now among the Rationalists. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham very recently discoursed to his congregation on "Aspirations after God," affirming it to be his belief that men did not seek God as a being of whom they strove to entertain some fit conception, but as a being answering in the fullest possible degree to their ideas of humanity.

In other words, it is not *divinity*, but *humanity*, that receives man's worship and adoration. He enforced his position with many pertinent illustrations, every one of them drawn from the great treasure-house to which Spiritualists regularly apply for whatever they want to strengthen, to comfort, or to inspire them.

Mr. Frothingham shows that the early fathers of the Church have declared, over and over again, that no idea, nor conception, nor consciousness of God could be had save through Christ, who was his true Interpreter. We style men divine, said he, because they are so completely human; the more human, the more divine. In proportion as they became human, they grew lovable. The best men were Jesusites, after their kind. They awoke in us an affection which was reverence. Every soul that reaches out after a higher and better conception of God, seeks to realize it in the humanity of Christ. It is his complete and perfect humanity that constitutes his divinity.

We cannot go beyond humanity, says Mr. Frothingham, and in fact we did not seek to, whatever we might think about something still higher. If we are not satisfied with humanity as we find it, it is not the fault of humanity, but of an incomplete development of it. The soul craves humanity in its purest and noblest forms; and, laying these demands nothing beyond. Men and women—not airy ideals and imaginations—are the magnets that draw us and will ever hold us. Men and women as they might be, and as they would be, realized to us all ideals, made our lives round and harmonious, left us nothing to desire, no longing unfulfilled, lifted earth to heaven, and were the loftiest aspirations of the human soul. This is precisely the same doctrine inculcated with such force and eloquence by Henry C. Wright, in his last *Essay*. And it is that which we are all to recognize in full, before the human race is lifted up and developed according to the design of the Creator and Father.

Rev. Robert Colby, of Chicago—a Unitarian preacher well known to at least Mr. Parker's congregation in Boston—comes straight to the same conclusions, in detailing his lasting impressions of Jesus. The veil was suddenly lifted for him, and he says he saw and felt and knew Jesus in the perfectness of his humanity. "The dark shadow"—says he—"that had always fallen between his life and mine began to lift, I cannot tell how, but they did begin to lift, little by little, until, one dark November night, happening into a church you all know of in Philadelphia, the veil seemed to be, not partly lifted, but taken away; and I saw for the first time the dearest face, saw one, of all I can think of now in heaven; and I went tramping up the dark road to my home so full of what I had seen, that when one came to me soon after and said, 'I hear you have given up the *divinity of Christ*,' I said, all of a tremble—for I know not what was to be the end of it—I do not know what to say about giving up his divinity, but this I know, that I have taken up his *humanity*! And so blessed is it, that this humanity makes him beyond all measure more divine than he ever seemed before."

These are significant confessions, made by their very humility and receptivity. They bring theology directly over upon the ground of the Spiritualist. We have never given up the leading idea of humanity in religion. It is just that which draws the two worlds together, making intercommunion necessary and therefore possible. Nothing more divine can be really known and felt by mortal spirit, than what it finds and loves in the noblest attributes of the human character. We are lifted up to what is divine by the cords of humanity which have been kindly let down to us. We behold divine attributes in the perfect traits of humanity. By accustoming ourselves to love and crave after and continually seek what is lovely, and true, and exalted, and pure, in human character, we insensibly, but not the less effectually, become in love with the divine. This is the real schooling for our spiritual parts. We are not expected to reach out and upward, blind and low as we are in this earthly lot, and comprehend even a fragment of the Almighty; but his attributes are to be seen all around us in what is pure and best in the gifts of aspiring humanity.

#### The Christian Spiritualist.

The report of Rev. John Pierpont's speech in the National Convention at Philadelphia, which we were only able to supply to the readers of the *Banner* week before last, merits more than the mere space given to it in its reproduction. Mr. Pierpont stood up and declared for what he happily termed and effectively defended as Christian Spiritualism. He took the ground that the teaching and the life of Jesus were in no sense traversed and thwarted by the revelations of the Religion of Spiritualism, but, rather, that they were *supplemented* by it, made plainer and more impressive, and brought closer and profounder relations with the individual soul. Spiritualism, in other words, according to his view, only illustrates, illuminates and makes practical matter of Christianity.

His speech was admirably distinct upon a point which is the leading one in every Spiritualist's faith. That is the fact, not generally discussed with much fulness by those Christians who are not yet ready to adopt Spiritualism, that Christianity, after all, gives but *little* real light upon the whereof of spirit after passing out of the fleshly tabernacle into the realms not seen by mortal eyes. The "revelations" of Christianity are

## New Publications.

COUNTRY LOVE & CITY FLIRTATION; or Ten Chapters from the Story of a Life. Reduced to Rhyme for Convenience sake, by H. T. Sperry. With Illustrations by Augustus Hoppe. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

We can say no more of this humorous, pretty, pathetic, sentimental, rollicking, dainty book, with its pleasant illustrations, rattling verses, and fine conceits, its crackling jokes, its airy criticism on people and things, its naive dissertations on human life in a nutshell, and its directness of style which fairly pokes you in the ribs—than that it is quite all we have set down to be in the interjectional clause above, and deserves the wide sale for holiday purposes which it will receive.

THE PRINCE OF KASINA. A West Indian Story. By the author of "In the Tropics." With an Editorial introduction by Richard P. Kimball, author of "Was He Successful?" "Uncertainties," and "St. Leger." New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

This book never would have been edited by Mr. Kimball, had he not been convinced of its merit; and that is good praise for the book itself. It is styled by some readers quite as fascinating as the Arabian Nights, and in some respects as extraordinary. The tales of West Indian life are really fairy in their character, and rival those of the famed Eastern story tellers. The whole affair is of a very high order, and extremely fascinating.

WINIFRED BERTRAM, and the World she lived in. By the author of the "Schonberg Family," "Diary of Kitty Trevlyan," &c. New York: M. W. Doud. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

The tens of thousands of readers, old and young, male and female, who have perused with so much delight the previous works of this talented, penetrating, and truly sympathetic writer, will have the present and latest volume, if it can be had, at any price. These books are established in homes all over the land. They have exerted a very wide influence, and will continue to do so. The volume in hand has more of the character of a pure story, or novel, than its predecessors, and it will be liked none the less on that account. It is handsomely printed and bound, and mechanically as well as interiorly attractive in a very high degree.

The same house in New York, and the same house in Boston, have published and have for sale a very pretty little square volume entitled "The Song without Words" or "leaves from a very old book." The author is the author also of the previous volume. We need say no more. It is a series of prose sketches, of a religious character, adapted to the wants and capacities of children. Both this and the other book will be sure of a large sale and a wide reading.

POEMS AND BALLADS. By A. P. McCombs. Baltimore: Printed by John W. Woods. For sale at this office.

The author of this modest volume of verses fears he has committed a fault in offering them to the public, but we think that public will both pardon and praise him. He is a well known contributor to the Banner columns, having sent many a little poem which has been prized by our readers. The contents of this neat work are varied enough, out of which everybody can readily select what he wants for his own comfort, entertainment, or stimulus.

Theodore Tilton, of the New York Independent, contributes a very pretty, simple, yet unique brochure to the holiday series of books, written and illustrated for a baby-child, but most happily done for that purpose. The little ones may learn all about the fly that buzzes in the house, from this pretty exposition in tinkling rhyme. Mr. Tilton's autograph accompanies the affair.

WORK AND WIN; or Noddy Newman on a Cruise. A Story for Young People. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is one of the Woodville Stories, by the popular O. O., whom all boys and girls are beginning to know so well. Its purpose is to delineate the progress of a boy whose education has been neglected, and whose moral attributes were of the lowest order, to the development of a high moral and religious principle in the heart. The story is as exciting as instructive, and will be in extensive demand.

The Magazines are out in good time for the new year. The Atlantic leads off with an attractive table of contents, numbering as contributors Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe, Mitchell, Gall Hamilton, Longfellow and others of hardly less pre-eminence. The articles are all excellent. Hawthorne's diary extracts are curious evidences of the character of the man, and well worth reading.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS offers, as usual, a full instalment of fresh matter for the young people, all good and telling. Mrs. Stowe's story about the hen that hatched ducks will please everybody who reads it, young and old. It is a pretty fancy, well worked up. Mrs. Child furnishes a good contribution. The Magazine sustains its reputation handsomely, and more than that.

Deacon & Peterson, of Philadelphia, begin the third volume of the Lady's Friend. It has proved a very popular Magazine, and the number for January, 1866, is a fine one. The fashion plates and illustrations are profuse. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for the New Year, abounds with the good things he knows how to collect from his own exhaustless store. It has all the favorite, peculiarities of the Philadelphia monthly publications. A. Williams & Co. have it for sale.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY is a new candidate for popular favor. It has a remarkable variety of short, fresh, and readable papers, and will make a mark at once if conducted in this style. For sale by Williams & Co.

BRANCHES OF PALM READY TO-DAY.—We take great pleasure in announcing to our readers that Mrs. Adams's new book, "Branches of Palm," is now on our counter. No more beautiful gift can be chosen than this elegant volume. We shall speak of it more freely in our next. Copies will be sent by mail, securely enveloped and postpaid.

A Register for Lecturers and Mediums.

As a matter of information and convenience to all parties, we have procured a blank book in which to register the names of lecturers, mediums and friends in the spiritual ranks who visit our office from various parts of the country. Mediums residing in this city and vicinity are particularly requested to register their names, or send us their address and place of mediumship.

A register is also kept at our Office, 274 Canal street, New York, for the above-named purpose, to which the attention of mediums in that locality is called.

## Silver and other Weddings.

A beautiful social usage has of late years been so thoroughly "run into the ground," that it has finally been questioned in all seriousness that it would not be better to discontinue it altogether. The custom of celebrating with fit ceremonies and expressive gifts the quarter and half century anniversary of one's wedding day, has deteriorated so much by being fairly mobbed with presents, while the delicate aroma of a precious and appropriate friendship is hardly thought of, that it is becoming a matter of outright disgust to not a few, who are unwilling to think it of any value after it has parted with the only true expression which gave it attractiveness. We have read a scorching series of reflections on this subject in the Round Table, in which the writer deals with the tendency to vulgarize this sacred memorial observance by repeating it every five years. He properly asks why the thing cannot be pushed still further, and be made to yield a crop of housekeeping conveniences every three years, two years, and one year, so as, in fact, to help a married man to his annual stock of groceries, coal, clothing, furniture, and spending money. There is timely sense in the inquiry.

## Slavery Abolished by the Constitution.

The certificate which has been issued from the State Department, declaring that slavery is constitutionally abolished throughout the United States, the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States having duly ratified the Amendment proposed by Congress, excites universal joy and gratitude. Human servitude will no longer be tolerated where our flag floats in the air. The institution is pronounced dead by the slave States themselves.

The Legislative ratifications of Alabama, Georgia and North Carolina are counted in with those of New York, Michigan, Maine, Massachusetts, and the rest, which gives to this act a national, impressive and prominent character. Henceforth slavery will not enter, as an element, into American politics. It is a subject put entirely out of reach. No man walks American soil but he is free. The chains have fallen off. The era of genuine freedom is now begun. We are all to work together now for the improvement and elevation of man, let his color be what it may. The suffrage question is another question; this one of freedom is paramount to all, and may be considered as settled for all time.

## Personal.

J. S. Loveland will speak in Foxboro' the first Sunday in January. He will give an exposition of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Hon. Thomas Corwin, ex-Governor of Ohio, U. S. Senator and late Minister to Mexico, died in Washington, D. C., on the 18th of Dec.

Mrs. Harriet E. Prescott, the authoress, was married to Richard S. Spofford, Jr., Esq., of Newburyport, last week.

Leopold, King of the Belgians, is dead. So stated in the late foreign news. He was seventy-five years of age.

Senior Badiali, the admired baritone, died recently at Bologna, at the age of sixty-six.

Warren Chase speaks in Washington, D. C., during the month of January.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Scott Daniels is expected to speak in Boston before she goes South.

## Manifestations through Mrs. Chamberlain.

The venerable Seth Whitmore, writing from Lockport, N. Y., concerning the musical circles held there recently by Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, says:

"Mrs. Chamberlain is holding circles for the present at her rooms, 128 Washington street. Those wishing to attend should at once avail themselves of the opportunity, as we learn it is her intention soon to visit New York and Washington. Mrs. Chamberlain is one of the many mediums, who, in the arrangements of the beautiful and perfect laws of nature, are calculated to satisfy the minds of the previously unreflecting souls, and teach them that invisible existences, or our friends in the spirit-world, can, and do, in some instances, perform music on various instruments, and move bodies of any form, or description."

## A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

For three months from date, Dec. 16th, 1865, we will send to the address of any person who will furnish us three new subscribers to the Banner of Light, accompanied with the money (\$8) one copy of either of the following popular works, viz: "Dealings with the Dead," by Dr. P. B. Randolph; "The Wildfire Club," by Emma Hardinge; "Blossoms of our Spring," by Emma and Hudson Tuttie; "Whatever is, is right," by A. B. Child, M. D., or the Second Volume of "Arcana of Nature."

For four subscribers, with \$12 accompanying, we will send to one address, one copy of Andrew Jackson Davis's "Morning Lectures."

The above named are all valuable books, bound in good style.

## A Sweet Present.

Our farmer friend, Chancery Barnes, of Hammon, N. J., is entitled to much credit for rememiring the "poor printer," by sending us a barrel of nice sweet potatoes!

## CRIME IN BOSTON.—It was stated at a meeting of the "Social Science Association," held in this city recently, that from fifteen to eighteen hundred children were annually sent to prison in this city for crime. The Hon. Edwin Wright said that in the years 1862 and 1863 there were brought to the city prison each year fifteen hundred children, under the age of fourteen years; and he asserted that there were now five thousand children in this city treading the paths of crime. He said further, that there were four thousand children in Boston of a proper age to attend school, who did not attend school at all. This is a dark picture of the "Hub," but exhibits a field for home missionary work in which much good can be accomplished. There is need of half-a-dozen Children's Lyceums here.

The First Spiritual Society of Charlestown, under the management of A. H. Richardson, had a social hop at Washington Hall on Friday evening, the 16th inst. The hall is one of the best in the vicinity. The company was respectable in size and enjoyed themselves finely, as well they might. This Society is doing itself great credit in the progress of their Lyceum, and the earnestness with which they labor for success.

In this city several instances of bold robberies of ladies within a few days are related. Pick-pockets and other articles have been taken from their hands, waterfalls cut from their heads, and it is stated that one young lady, the possessor of beautiful natural curls, had one side of her head clipped in a crowd a few evenings since.

We presume that many of our friends have forgotten that there is a Spiritual Conference at 104 Hanover street, on Wednesday evening of each week. This is to remind them of the fact, and invite those so disposed to attend.

A Register for Lecturers and Mediums.

As a matter of information and convenience to all parties, we have procured a blank book in which to register the names of lecturers, mediums and friends in the spiritual ranks who visit our office from various parts of the country. Mediums residing in this city and vicinity are particularly requested to register their names, or send us their address and place of mediumship.

A register is also kept at our Office, 274 Canal street, New York, for the above-named purpose, to which the attention of mediums in that locality is called.

## ALL SORTS OF PAPER.

We have received the first number of a weekly paper, called the "Abingdon Progress," published in Abingdon, Illinois. One of our old and esteemed correspondents, Henry Strong, and E. E. Chesney, are the editors and proprietors. Success to everything *Progressive*!

Digby thinks that the late split in the "Fenian Congress" betokens the birth of a new ten, viz: PATRIOTISM!

Seven pious missionaries (says the Congregationalist,) sailed from Boston recently for West Africa, and twenty-nine thousand gallons of liquid fire in the shape of rum made a part of the vessel's cargo. Comment is unnecessary.

A profound observer remarks: "I have often observed at public entertainments, that, when there is anything to be seen, and everybody wants particularly to see it, everybody immediately stands up and effectually prevents anybody from seeing anything."

We knew a boy who said he liked "a good rainy day—too rainy to go to school, and just rainy enough to go a-fishing."

Little Jimmie, only about three years old, was standing on the steps of his father's store, smoking a cigar. A gentleman passing, asked him, with surprise—"Why, Jimmie!—when did you learn to smoke?" "Oh," says the child very coolly, taking his cigar between his fingers, "when I was a little feller."

Business and domesticity are too often antagonistic. "What are you going to do now?" said a gentleman to his friend, who recently failed in business. "I believe I will go home and get acquainted with my family," was the reply.

Brigham Young has expended one hundred thousand dollars upon his theatre at Salt Lake City. He hires a few good actors, but most of them are volunteers. His profits are said to be fifty thousand dollars per year.

It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness not to know when we have got it; that is, not content with a reasonable and possible measure of it.

A young lady who was asked by her friends whether it were really true that she was engaged to a certain gentleman, replied to each one innocently: "Not as yet!"

The more idle a rumor is, the busier it generally is.

There is often but a slight separation between a woman's love and her hate. Her keen teeth are very near to her sweet lips.

It does not follow that, because we have taken a perilous step, we ought to retreat it. She wasn't a wise old woman who crossed a bridge, and, on being told that it was labeled "dangerous," turned and recrossed it in haste.

True poets seem as old as the stars, with the blossoms of youth bursting from their hearts forever, and filling the world with perfume.

A few wholesome cases of resistance with pistols to the garrotes, and a general resolution to hang the first burglar caught in the act, have come to lessen crime in St. Louis.

The salaries of the teachers in our public schools have been raised ten per cent.

The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the beat which teaches everything else and not that.

The birds of every kind disappeared from Constantinople while the cholera was raging there.

Kansas is to have a State University, to be located at Lawrence. It has an endowment of 40,000 acres of land and \$15,000 as an initiatory investment, and its prospects are said to be very encouraging.

There is at present living in Sweden a young man aged nineteen, who is nine feet five inches in height; at eight years of age he was five feet four inches.

As the moon, whether visible or invisible, has power over the tides of the ocean, so the face of the loved ones, whether present or absent, controls the tide of the soul.

Virtue springs from industry rather than religion. We care not how plump a man is; let him "loat" for a week, and he will feel the devil in him bigger than a woodchuck.

Before you buy "foreign perfumes," ask the dealers to show you their European invoices. They can't do it. Reason why: Importations have ceased under the present tariff. The articles are counterfeits. Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus," a finer extract than Paris ever produced, now reigns supreme in this market. Sold everywhere.

**Still Alive and Awake.**

The usual Quarterly Convention of Vermont Spiritualists, and others engaged in the work of reform, will be held the first Saturday and Sunday in January, 1866, at Bridgewater, Vt. A cordial invitation is extended to all, and we hope that a real interest in the good cause will induce a general attendance from both in and out of the State, all coming with a determination to have a good and profitable time.

Mr. Simonds, Mrs. Norton and Miss Nutt are engaged, and many other speakers expected. The Union Cornet Band will be present to assist in the musical part of the ceremony. Board, as heretofore, free at private houses.

Austen E. Simonds, Ezra J. Robinson, George Raymond, Charles Walker, Summer Gordon, Horace Cox, Charles Babcock, Nathan Lamb, G. W. Tolpoff.

## Business Matters.

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

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

HEALING AND DEVELOPING MEDIUM.—Mrs. H. B. Gillette, Healing and Developing Medium, can be found at the Banner of Light Building, Room No. 3, 128 Washington street, every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 5 P. M.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—We call the special attention of those who communicate with us by letter, particularly subscribers, to the necessity of writing the name of the town, county and State in which they reside, or where they wish the paper sent, as we are often put to great inconvenience by the omission of name of State, and often the town. A little care will be of service to both.

MEDIUMS LOCATED IN NEW YORK CITY.—We are requested by J. B. Loomis, conductor of our New York Branch, to invite all mediums in that city to send their address to him at 274 Canal street, as he is daily receiving inquiries for mediums and their whereabouts. Strangers visiting New York very naturally call on him for information in regard to all spiritual matters, and it will be of great service to him to have a list of all mediums in the city.

INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM.

EMANCIPATION FROM MENTAL AND PHYSICAL BONDAGE.

BY CHARLES R. WOODRUFF, M. D., author of "Legal Protection," etc. This little book of one hundred and eighteen pages is the earnest testimony of one who has been a slave to mental and physical bondage, as well as, too, from the servitude under which the body of man labors. If it shall assist even one truth seeking mind in taking another step forward into the light, we will have answered a good purpose.

Price 50 cents. For sale at this office.

June 4.

## Special Notices.

FRESH, NATURAL FLOWERS. Put up in boxes sending 300 or 400 miles, perfectly. Telegraph or write us, or instruct your expressman.

HARRIS & CHAPIN, 130 Tremont street.

## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per desire, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

## The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs,) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Mrs. CONANT gives no private sittings, and receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p.m.

## Invocation.

Spirit of all Goodness, Soul of all forms of Life,

and of every thought, forever and forever are our souls conscious of thy presence. Whether we tread the earth or heavenly spheres, thou art with us.

Not a dewdrop sparkles in the morning sun but tells us of thee. Not a mountain rears its head, till earth and sky are one, but what tells man its story of thy grandeur and power. Not a wave breaks upon the shore but sings its song of thee. Not a flower blooms but, in its own sweet language, talks of thee. There is sought, from the rolling worlds peopling space, to the smallest grain of sand beneath the human foot, but speaks of thee. All teaches man of thee. All are forever chanting hymns of praise to thee. Yet deeper and beyond all this, is the consciousness man has within himself, that divine element making humanity and divinity one. Eternal Spirit, may we so impress these minds encased in human forms with their nearness and oneness with thee, that they shall no longer question, what is God? and where is God? but shall know thou art with them; that they are in thy presence; that their life is thine also; that because all things praise thee, the soul praises thee, and sings its song of joy forever, whether it is in the midst of sorrow or in gladness. Therefore it rejoices that there is no hell that can shut it out from thy presence; no night that can entirely obscure thy light, for thou art, oh Eternal Spirit, all powerful, all loving; thou art our Father. So we have ever praised thee. So we praise thee to-day. So we will ever praise thee in all that is to come. Amen.

Nov. 6.

## Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have inquiries from correspondents or the audience, we will answer them.

Ques.—By L. E., of Brooklyn, N. Y.: The laws of physical life we partly understand. Wholesome food, air and exercise, ordinarily give health. Neglect of these soon brings pain and sickness. Fire burns, water drowns, gravitation is inexorable. Violate any of these, knowingly or ignorantly, no matter, certain inevitable consequences follow, and no amount of penitence, of sorrow or prayer, can alter one iota. If this is the key by which to interpret moral law, that is, the law of mind—and I take it, that's the question I want answered at your circle is, what did Christ mean when he taught us to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us?" In other words, what is the function of forgiveness? How are we forgiven for violation of the laws of mind? I can understand recuperation and restoration, as the body is recuperated and restored; but forgiveness from God I do not see clear.

Ans.—The Lord's Prayer, so-called, was educated from the old code of Egyptian prayers, from which the followers of Jesus had not entirely broken away. The Spirit of Wisdom and Spirit of Truth that manifested itself through this man, well knew with whom it was dealing. They asked, "Lord, teach us how to pray?" If he had taught them in any other way they would not have received his teachings. So he taught them after the fashion of the old Egyptian mythology. Their condition demanded it, yours does not. There is the difference.

Ques.—We are told that physical manifestations are made by dark spirits, or those nearest to our plane. Frank, a correspondent of the Banner, wishes to know:

1st Q.—Whether bright spirits also attend these circles?

A.—What are we to understand by the terms dark and bright? Supposing that he means good and bad, we will answer accordingly. Whatever tends to unfold mind, tends to good, is necessarily an absolute, perfect necessity. Then if it is, would it not be an angel of the highest angels in the spheres to descend to come again to earth to aid all mortals in the spheres of material life? We are told, if we would be free and happy ourselves, we must ever labor to make others so. For so long as one soul suffers, in all God's vast universe, you never will be perfectly happy. So if you would know happiness or heaven yourselves, you must labor to make others happy. All spirits who are interested in such manifestations are often found mingling in your physical manifestations, trying to do whatever they can toward furthering, toward unfolding your reason in physical matters. You may say it is undignified to tip a table, or produce a sound or spiritual rap. Some say it is undignified to tell the soil. So it is to the ignorant mind; but to the wise man it is divine. We feel it is divine to labor in all the great workshop of life. Every department of spiritual labor is honorable, manual labor is honorable. You, here on this plane, have need of both. In our life we have need of only one. Your spirit friends labor with you, through you, and for you; and we do not consider we are degrading ourselves to do it, either.

2d Q.—Do they assist, or take any part in these manifestations?

A.—That has been answered.

Q.—By S. Kirk, of Pennsylvania: What is the philosophy of the eye of a mortal becoming developed so as to see the shadow-like forms of spirits, when perhaps a short time before they could see no such object?

A.—The philosophy is the soul; that is, the indwelling soul is able to look through material objects, discerning its own counterpart in the material world.

Q.—If greater works than those which attended Christ were to be done by his successors, who were or are those successors? and what works can be done greater than he did?

A.—Greater works than he did are performed every day now. Distance lends enchantment to the scene. The works that Jesus did are in every way inferior to the works that are being done in your midst to-day. You cannot see it, cannot

realize it, because the dust of the ages is in your eyes.

2d Q.—When the body is unconsciously entranced, is it tangible to touch?

A.—Sensitive it should be. Yes, certainly; animal life remains, and if it remains, all the animal functions are being properly performed. There is no suspension of the animal functions, there is only a suspension of the indwelling intelligence. That, for the time being, is overruled by some other intelligence. In some instances, the intelligent part wanders away, and often makes itself intelligent in distant lands.

Q.—This touch is only sensible to the spirit controlling?

A.—That is all, certainly. Nov. 6.

## Major-General John Sedgwick.

Since so many of my brave boys have left the way, I could not forego the pleasure of inhabiting once more a physical body. I have been told much concerning this return of the spirit; but I am free to confess, I had no belief in it before my exit from earth, although I used to wish I could believe in Spiritualism, for it seemed to be a beautiful philosophy, one so full of comfort, so full of all the soul needs to make it yield up its loved ones willingly to death.

I often regretted I was not a member of the spiritualistic ranks, but was not. I am glad to return, because I know now I can return. I am glad, also, because I hope, by some chance means, to approach my friends and convince them I can return; that I do live; that I am just the same, with the exception of the loss of my body; that I am interested in their welfare; and sometimes sad when they are sad, and happy when they are happy.

In looking back on the condition—warlike condition—of our country, the scenes it has been led to pass through for the past four years, I can but wonder that I did not see when on earth that its most powerful friends were on the spirit side, those who were most interested, most patriotic, were beyond the pale; but I, like thousands of others living on the earth, could not see this. They could not understand that their spirit-friends were working, that they were aiding, were standing by us, even in battle. No, no, they could not believe it, could not understand it; nor could I myself, then.

I have dear friends that I am sincerely attached to. I want them to know this thing is true; that though dead, I am alive; that though my own voice is silenced, yet I can return and speak through the vocal organs of another.

If I could impress my friends with the truth of Spiritualism, I believe I should be the happiest man in existence, and I don't think I ever shall be happy until I can.

When I learned that my friend, General Grant, had succeeded in leading his army on to victory, that the Capital of the Confederacy was ours, or rather yours, I felt then I was happy, that my spirit had gained a new power, that I was gloriously happy. But when I was told we could come back, I felt I should be perfectly happy if it was really true that spirits could return. And so that happiness, that pleasure sank away into insignificance before the rising necessity of return.

I was only sick somewhere near six or seven days, am not sure which, think, however, it was seven days, in all, not over that, that I was confined by my bed.

I want Maggio to know that is the reason why I did not come earlier. Now it will be easier, and if she can manage to find some good place where I can come to her, I shall be so happy.

My love to her mother and all our friends.

[Do you want the paper sent to Maggio?] No, sir;

she has been in the habit of getting the paper. I think I can—[Impress her?] Yes, sir; if I don't I'll come and tell you. Nov. 6.

never having been mustered out. Good-bye, sir; a fair wind to you, when you sail to this shore. Nov. 6.

## Alice Jones.

I told Maggie Christy—she is still alive here on the earth—if these things were true, I would certainly come back. We were both members of the ballet troupe, at Wallack's Theatre, New York, at the time of my death, which took place two years ago this coming winter.

No one on the earth knows how hard I have labored to fulfill my promise; but the processes through which we are obliged to pass, in order to come to this place, are very hard, and many are not able to get through without relinquishing their purpose.

I died of ulcerated sore-throat and lung fever, I suppose. Maggie told me what the doctor said, that I couldn't live; and while she was wildly sobbing because I was going to leave her, she extorted the promise from me, that if the Spiritualists were right I would come back and tell her so. I suppose Maggie has long since concluded that Spiritualism is all a humbug, because I have not come back; but I thought I had better come, even now, than not at all.

I want her to know that I, Alice Jones, am still alive, I love her just as well, and all I can do for her, I will.

I boarded with her mother. Her mother was sickly, and between us both we supported the mother.

Maggio has searched the paper through and through, for a long time, but recently she has given up the search, and thinks Spiritualism cannot be true, because she knew I was persevering, and I would come if it was true.

I was in my seventeenth year. My own parents died when I was very young, and I was placed for a time in a charitable institution for infants. So my early days were passed, not under the kind care of a mother. After awhile, I was set free, as I called it, sent out into the world to take care of myself, to earn a living. Sometimes I found it very hard to, sometimes it was quite easy. Early in the fall of the winter in which I died, I secured a situation for myself and Maggie at the theatre, to act as ballet girls. We got very small pay, but during the day Maggie had learned to make lace sleeves and collars for a firm on Broadway, and I learned of her, so we could work part of the day on those things, and fit ourselves the rest of the day for our parts in the evening, taking out the time for rehearsals.

I was only sick somewhere near six or seven days, am not sure which, think, however, it was seven days, in all, not over that, that I was confined by my bed.

I want Maggio to know that is the reason why I did not come earlier. Now it will be easier, and if she can manage to find some good place where I can come to her, I shall be so happy.

My love to her mother and all our friends. [Do you want the paper sent to Maggio?] No, sir; she has been in the habit of getting the paper. I think I can—[Impress her?] Yes, sir; if I don't I'll come and tell you. Nov. 6.

## Levi Jarrett.

Levi Jarrett, from Mobile city, son of Levi Jarrett, eleven years old. I was sick sixteen days. I have a sister in the spirit-land. She died before I was born. That was all the children my parents had, myself and my sister.

My father is an Infidel—an Athiest, I should say—do not believe in anything but the body. My grandfather said I should come back and teach him his first lesson of spiritual things. My grandfather's name was Burke, Alexander Burke. He was from Kentucky. He was a Presbyterian—my mother's father. He said I ought to come back and convince my father that there's some other place besides this, where folks live after their bodies are dead. I'm going. [Say all you want to.] I only wanted to let them know I could come. [You want your parents to find you a medium and let you speak.] I do, sir. [Tell them to get you a medium, and you will convince them what you said here is true.] Yes, sir.

Nov. 6.

## Invocation.

And there shall be no night there, no land of mourning. Bright home of the spirit, we shall

everlastingly portray thy glories to these weary earth-worn mortals. But human eyes cannot see, human ears cannot hear, human senses cannot understand the things that belong to the soul. So we will wait patiently until their spirits shall be resurrected from these bodies, and they, too, are free. Then, oh, then, may we take them by the hand; may we lead them where pure waters flow, where skies are blue and the sun ever shines. Our Father and our Mother, we bring thee the desires and hopes of the children. They are numerous. Some ask for one blessing, some for another. One wants more faith, one more hope, one more light. One asks that the veil be rent in twain, that the glories of the celestial spheres be opened to them. All are seeking for heaven and happiness in their own particular way, and through their own being all are worshiping thee. So, oh Father, Splift, as thy children have need for these things, we know they will receive them. As they seek for hope, for faith, for peace and truth, for all those things that make the soul grow great and good, we know thou will give them. We know, even as the sun sheds its glories upon the earth, so thou will shed thy glory upon thy children. Oh Light of our souls, baptize us anew with thy power. Hold us closer in thy loving arms and lead us on, forever on, through eternity; and forever we will praise thee as our Father and our Life. Nov. 7.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, have you questions? If you have we will consider them.

Ques.—Why do we not have more manifestations from Solomon, Christ, Paul, or even the great men of later times?

A.—Names mean nothing. They are but names given to forms, and have nothing to do with the spirit. It is possible that a Solomon, a Christ, a Plato, a Socrates or a Confucius may be perpetually manifesting in your midst; and, as you do not recognize their influence, you have doubts as to their power of life. Why? Simply because you know them not. You only know their names. These names appeal to your humanity, not to your divinity.

Learn to deal more with the spirit and less with the letter or name, then you will learn to discover between these different influences.

Q.—Would not such manifestations, if they were such as we should expect from such men, exert greater influences than those we have?

A.—It is very possible that a Solomon, with the wisdom of his time, might not be able to meet the demands of the present age. He lived in an age when not much intelligence was required.

Q.—It is greater works than those which attended Christ were to be done by his successors, who were or are those successors? and what works can be done greater than he did?

A.—Greater works than he did are performed every day now. Distance lends enchantment to the scene. The works that Jesus did are in every way inferior to the works that are being done in your midst to-day. You cannot see it, cannot

realize it, because the dust of the ages is in your eyes.

Q.—When the body is unconsciously entranced, is it tangible to touch?

A.—Sensitive it should be. Yes, certainly; animal life remains, and if it remains, all the animal functions are being properly performed. There is no suspension of the animal functions, there is only a suspension of the indwelling intelligence.

Q.—How long have you been in the spirit-world?

A.—I have not been in the spirit-world.

Q.—Are you in the spirit-world?

A.—I am.

Q.—What are you doing?

A.—I am writing.

Q.—Did Noah's flood take place?

A.—No, certainly not. The science of Geology tells you, in plain terms, you are mistaken so far as that is concerned.

Q.—Was not a portion of the Eastern country at one time overflowed?

A.—By the Nile, yes, but not the whole world, by any means. On the contrary, only a small portion of it. Certain portions of the earth are constantly being submerged, deluged, overflowed, lost, as it were, so far as the earth is concerned. But there never was, and, in our opinion, there never will be a general flood. That is against the nature of the earth.

Q.—And all the inhabitants of the earth, excepting eight, were not destroyed?

A.—We think not. That is a story that will do very well for the unenlightened to believe, but to those who have seen the light of the present age it is worthless.

Nov. 7.

## Frederick Shurtze.

There has been much said about me since I went away that I don't like, because it is not true; may be if it was I would n't like it better, but 't is not true, and 't is that brings me here to say 't is not true.

I lived in New Orleans most of the time since I came to this country. Before this war I was pretty well off—that is to say, I had a few thousand dollars that I made by my trade, was a confectioner. But after the war I somehow lost my trade. It kept failing off for three or four years, and then with it I lost most of the money I had made. At the time of my death I had no business, but some folks say that in all I put in fifteen thousand dollars, and, as I took it out when I went out of business, and died very suddenly, then nobody knows where the money is.

Now they're troubling themselves a great deal about the money. I hadn't the money. I had three or four thousand dollars when I died. Perhaps there was fourteen or fifteen thousand besides that, and they are now making a great fuss about it, and making the biggest fuss with my wife. You see it is like this: I had two wives. One time the first wife died after I had been married little over one year. I have one son by that wife. He says to this wife that is living on the earth: "Where is the money what my father leaves?" He is mistaken; I not have so much as he thinks. He says if anybody knows where the money is I left, and he's going to law. A pretty way to do—to go to law about the little I left. Why, two or three years in law would eat up the whole and half as much more.



## Pearls.

And quoted odes, and elegies five words long,  
That on the stretched forehead of all time  
Sparkle forever."

## UP HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.  
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
From noon to night, my friend.

But there for the night a resting place?

A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin,  
May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot hide that sun.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labor you shall find the sun.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Ye beds for all who come.—*[Miss Rossetti.]*

The nearer we live to the law of right in the heart, the more tender our conscience and the more true our lives, the greater is the protective power about us.—*Rev. J. R. Ferguson.*

## LITTLE THINGS.

The flower is small that decks the field,  
The bee is small that hones the flower;  
But flower and bee alike may yield  
Food for thoughtful hour.

Essence and attributes of each  
For ends profound combine;

And all they are, and all they teach,  
Springs from the mind divine.

Patience and cheerfulness adorn the ruins of fortunes, as ivy does those castles and temples.

## MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

Life is but a fleeting dream,  
Care destroys the zest of it;  
Sift it glibly like a stream—  
Mind you make the best of it!

Talk not of your weary woes,  
Troubles, or the rest of it;  
If we have but brief repose,  
Let us make the best of it.

A man lives in the life of a nation as a bud or branch in the life of a tree.

## ANGRY WORDS.

Angry words are lightly spoken,  
In a rash and thoughtless hour;  
Brightest links of life are broken  
By their deep, insidious power.

Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,  
Never before by anger stirred,  
Oft are rent poor human feeling,  
By a single angry word.

Birds are the poor man's music, flowers the poor man's poetry.

## The Lecture Room.

## Andrew Jackson Davis on Education.

## A Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Spiritualistic Sunday School in St. Louis.—A Novel System for the Religious Instruction of Children.—*Friend Days*  
not so bad as they are supposed to be.

[We give below a sketch of Mr. Davis's lecture at Mercantile Library Hall, on Sunday morning. Much of the detail relating to the organization, and proceedings of his proposed Sunday School we omit.—*St. Louis Democrat, Dec. 10th.]*

We hold, first, that the universe is the product of Divine Intelligence—perfect in attributes, harmonious in parts and purposes, and essentially unchangeable.

We hold, secondly, that the human mind is a finite embodiment of the infinite; and that, by much and diligent searching, man can perceive and comprehend much of the nature and operations of the Infinite.

Such comprehension is wisdom. It differs from knowledge, inasmuch as substance differs from shadow. Wisdom is akin to the intelligence that lives in the life of things; while knowledge recognizes the shape, locality, color, and uses of things, without discerning their ultimate purpose and divine significance. Knowledge is external; wisdom, internal. The intellectual faculties delight in perception and comprehension of "things," while the innermost parts of the mind, its spirit's intuitions, delight in the fellowship and infinite depth of eternal "principles."

Now, the question arises, Where is true Education? It consists, we reply, in wisdom. But it is true also, that no man's education is "complete" unless his mind is stored with facts, with knowledge of things, as part of the principles that constitute wisdom.

Memory is an essential of knowledge, as a house is necessary to furniture, or as canvas to the lights and shadows of a picture. Without memory—which is a "recording angel" in the mind's sanctuary—ordinary intelligence is impossible. As the world goes, the fact of memory is paramount to the talent of large reasoning power. The man of tact is successful in ordinary worldly enterprises, while the man of talent alone will fail; but the latter is victorious in parts and places where the former is defeated and despised.

Inasmuch as memory is an essential to the acquisition of and progression in knowledge, and inasmuch as knowledge of things is more valuable and in greatest demand as the world is now constituted, so we observe that all popular systems of education are based on the faculty of memory, as though the sum and essentials of a man's mind consisted in what his senses can grasp and his memory retain.

If man's mental organization were a casket merely—a vessel for containing ethereal impressions—then there would be matchless wisdom in the plan of education adopted by the public and other schools of the day. The possibilities of growth in spirit, independent of memory, are now universally discarded. Hence, the popular institutions of "learning" are, for the most part, under the control of mechanically-minded men—men who plot and plot like dray horses through a muddy road, in the vain endeavor to "elute" the young under their charge in the evil and crooked ways of memory.

We, the friends of the Harmonial Philosophy, start upon a wholly different plan. While we admit the value of a "practical education" in facts and the uses of things, and although we perceive and avail ourselves of the "blessings" of knowledge to be derived from the study of books and of external Nature, yet we start with a great, deep, infinite conviction, congenial to whatever heathenism in the human soul, that it is our duty, as much as it is our glorious privilege, to "know the works of God," to unfold in that wisdom which can discern

—The promise of to-morrow, to-day:

which comprehendeth the lengthening sweep of immutable principles in the universe of matter and mind; and which, veiling beyond the material night of ministerial shadow, and beyond the enveloping clouds of a seemingly engulfing fate, calmly planteth its feet upon the life-laws of the Divine Intelligence, and steadily advanceth through "ways of pleasantness," and walketh harmoniously in "paths of peace."

Memory, at best, holds but the reflections of shadows. The spirit, which is the great immortal Man, is composed of the life-essences of the perfect Soul, which, in common language, is called "God."

All true education, therefore, is unfoldment. The inner life unrills, flower-like, beneath the sun of intellect. Inductively we begin with the mind of the young, begin with the physical sense, as the natural method of reaching and developing the inner life. Henceforth the method is deductive (i.e., intuitive and feminine) from the heart, quaternarily. Both methods are finally harmonized, and thus the mind of youth is balanced—first, by the acquisition of knowledge inductively from

without inwardly, which depends on memory for its permanency and value; and secondly, by the development of wisdom deductively from within, in accordance with the life-laws of the Divine Intelligence.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum is such an institution. Its methods are, primarily, in the realm of external and physical exercises and attractions. The attractiveness of a thing to a child consists in its physical properties and attributes. In the schoolroom, the taste of fruit and other food, the smell of flowers. It would be folly to attempt to interest either children or adults in unnatural things. Dry, indeed, is the path of "learning" to most children. Consequently the world, an civilized society, is filled with persons of little book-knowledge—persons whose early years were spent in activities out of the schoolhouse—with "education neglected," simply because the schoolhouse, under the jurisdiction of the mechanical and arbitrary schoolmaster, was a place of unnatural confinement to both mind and body, as dreadful to little children as is the temple of error to the angels of God.

The mind does not more need—does not more imperatively demand—education at first than the body. The body and its senses first call loudest for true education. The baby-heart is eager than the "learned" college professor. It calls unto God in the midst of the "garden." The etern al Father and Mother whisper, saying, "Beloved! the singing birds, the streams with their many voices, the trees of sweetest fruit, the flowers of finest fragrance; behold these, my child, and go forth out of the cradle and out of the house—go on the full run away from the steady step of thy father and mother; scamper from the schoolroom who teacheth under the tree of evil; run, skip, sing, be as happy as thou art free in the fields of nature, which is boundlessly expanded in the universe without them."

Hearing and *heeding* this Divine voice, thousands of children "play truant" when sent to the wrongly-constituted school. They will deceive their "doting parents"; will tell a big story to escape detection; will play the hypocrite to perfection—all to obey the voice of God, which is stronger in the bone and blood of a child than is the fear of parents or the lash of the whipping professor of learning. Children will, like adults, go without asking to places attractive to them, which may be most in accordance with their physical and sensuous necessities; and it is the climax of philosophical absurdity, as it is the stupidest exercise of parental authority, to set up barriers against the Divine law that impels to such a course. Instead of quarreling with your children for playing *truant*, better reconstruct your systems of education, and begin with the young as Nature begins with them—in the realm of the senses, with their bodies gradually reaching their affections and innocent life.

Congratulate yourselves, Spiritualists of St. Louis! Open your hearts to utterance of grateful thanks, because the inhabitants of the Summerland have reached forth their strong arms to sustain you in the effort to inaugurate a more just, rational and attractive school for the culture and perfection of the young in your midst. The Children's Lyceum is *progressive*, in every true sense of the word. It begins with the senses and deepens inwardly to the soul. It begins with the perceptions of the head and continues into the intuitions of the heart. It begins with amusement and ends with the unfolding of wisdom. It gains access to the dweller within the temple by kindly and beautiful offices performed in love of their own child-life. Badges with significant colors, corresponding to the color of the station target for each group, will be worn by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious stones, all visible things, have colors or badges significant of their places and purposes in nature.)

The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before they begin to think, the ideals of progress. The plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may read," and, without constraint, all may acquire habits of *order*, the art of correct thinking, the freedom of truth, and make progress in whatsoever by Christianity and by good people generally is deemed wise, good and effective unto salvation from error and other sources of misery to mankind.

(Hereafter the Children's Progressive Lyceum of St. Louis, organized by Mr. Davis on yesterday, will hold its sessions every Sunday afternoon in the Small Hall of the Mercantile Library, at two o'clock. Adults and children of every faith are cordially invited to attend and take part in the exercises. It is understood that Mr. Davis, during his stay in the city, will deliver lectures every Sunday morning and evening, and assist in conducting the Children's Lyceum. The meetings and the school are free to all.)

**The Work of Spiritualism.**  
I am very much pleased with the Banner of Light, as an advocate of Spiritualism, and a chronicler of the doings and sayings of Spiritualists. I believe that Spiritualism is destined to occupy a great part of the thought and study of intellectual minds; and that it will be a mighty instrument in breaking the chains of superstition imposed on mankind by creeds and dogmas.

I believe that Spiritualism has the germ within it to become a great spiritual power; that its true platform is broad enough to receive multitudes from every system, or religious faith existing on this planet. But Spiritualism must become consolidated, to enable it to stand, become organized; or, rather, combination of organizations working in harmony, for the good of mankind. In both spiritual and temporal things, heaven is happiness, and we might have this, even on earth. This is a good world to live in, if we would live well in it. There is everything for our happiness in this world, as we are at present constituted; but man's selfishness destroys the happiness that might be universal. We ought to act on the spiritual and social principle, in place of the selfish, social motive, as at present. It is this last motive, or principle, in which trade and commerce is carried on. The earth is the source of all material wealth, but it is labor that brings it out; therefore labor ought to be first protected. The true value of anything is just the amount of labor it takes to produce it.

Hoping that Spiritualism will tend to reform abuses of every kind, and bring mankind more and more in harmony with each other, and that your excellent paper will ever continue an advocate of every reform that tends to the harmony and happiness of mankind, is the earnest prayer of your correspondent,

JAMES EDSON,  
Passaic, N. J., Dec. 3, 1865.

## Cleveland, Ohio.

I forward you a few lines in relation to the cause of Spiritualism in this place. We have just parted with Miss Emma Houston, whose labors in the spiritual field have been long highly appreciated, and were so by us. The month she has resided with us has seemed much too brief; for, without drawing unfavorable comparisons, we may pronounce her efforts unsurpassed, or rather the controlling influence which prompted her to pour forth such holy and divine inspiration. Each sentence seemed fraught with potency, winning the soul from its errors into a more pure and holy train of thought and action. In all her appeals to humanity, there was embodied a deep-toned sympathy, that carried the mind captive in admiration of her powers of oratory.

We feel that the cause of Spiritualism is prospering here. We have a fine hall, and our morning and evening meetings are numerous and respectively attended.

One prominent feature of progress is the effort now making to establish Children's Lyceum, for qualifying the rising generation to succeed those who are passing on to the summer land. Oh, may this righteous effort be crowned with success, and the cause of Spiritualism—which is the cause of humanity—be duly sustained by those who are maturing for that Godlike purpose. The prospect is encouraging, and the workers are numerous and devoted.

JAMES LAWRENCE,  
Lawrence, Mass.

**Mr. Hill's Mediocrity, &c.**  
I would say that we have been greatly edified and strengthened in our faith in the truth that our dear friends, who have passed to the summerland, do come and speak to us words of comfort and cheer, by a visit of a few weeks from Mrs. Anna E. Hill, of Whitesboro, Oneida Co., N. Y. She is a fair inspirational speaker and medium,

but her best powers are exhibited in psychometrical readings, in which few surpass her. We esteem her as a most truthful and sincere woman, yielding herself to the control of her spirit-guides, in a sense of duty, and her own enjoyment. Remuneration for her services will be moderate.

Mediums traveling West on the N. Y. C. R. R. should stop at Fulton Depot, take the stage for this place, where they will find a hearty welcome by a few friends of the cause, and some inquirers.

L. D. NICKERSON.

Gloversville, N. Y., Dec. 8, 1865.

## A Society Organized at Port Huron, Mich.

The cause of Spiritualism in our city is in a healthy condition. We have recently organized under the name of "The Spiritualists' Society of Port Huron." Mr. J. Newall was chosen President; Mr. A. Saph, Vice President; Mr. J. H. White, Treasurer; S. D. Pace, Secretary, and Mrs. N. Hamilton, Assistant Secretary, for the ensuing year. We have instituted a series of religious, which promise to be very popular; rather anti-Orthodox, to be sure, but very the less beneficial, inasmuch as they contribute to our enjoyment in furnishing good, healthy exercise for both body and mind. The funds in our treasury are thus increased every week. We are enabled to engage and pay lecturers from a distance.

I would suggest to spiritual societies elsewhere who have not already adopted it, the feasibility of this plan for raising funds. I suggest dancing, because it is a healthy exercise. These parties should not be continued later than twelve o'clock, when no refreshments would be needed, and none expected. No fault could reasonably be found with societies conducted in this manner.

Mrs. Emma Martin, of Birmingham, Mich., is now fulfilling an engagement with us. She is a medium possessed of rare gifts. Her subjects for lectures are invariably given by the audience. The themes are eloquently handled by her controlling spirit, who purports to be Robert Burns. Her lectures are principally given in rhyme, and so far as I am able to judge, the style is very much after the manner of the Scottish bard. She is an excellent test medium, and is very readily controlled in circles by different spirits, to general satisfaction. I freely recommend her to Spiritualist societies everywhere.

DR. S. D. PACE.

The Banner Free Circles, &c.

I see by the Banner that you are not forgotten us of Chicago, although the R. P. Journal is doing a fine work. I am more particularly interested in the Banner Free Circles just now, and I wish to make a proposition to the long list of speakers and mediums whom names consume a column and a half of the Banner—being one myself—to try and see if we cannot do something to help those circles—yours, mine, everybody's.

My plan is: let every speaker whose name is in the Banner, give a trifl every week to the circle fund—let it be five, ten, or twenty-five cents in a week. I find in the last one hundred and twelve names. Now if each one will give five cents, it will amount to five dollars and sixty cents each week—a snug little sum—why, it will almost keep the circle room warm during the cold months, and what a trifl for us to give. Enclosed is my name; and I hope the others will do likewise. I am sure they would, if they had ever been in the Circle Room, and witnessed those satisfactory scenes of Mrs. Conant. How I do esteem her! What is the priest to the Catholic, is she to hundreds of poor people who never could otherwise hear of our faith, and of the existence of their friends in the spirit-home.

Mrs. Currier is laboring with us yet, and in January, I understand, we have Charles A. Hayden. God speed the cause; it is prospering everywhere. Send out the Banner; it is the reformer.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 7, 1865.

## Spiritualism in Worcester.

I propose no apology for saying a few words in reference to our cause in this place. At the present time it is decidedly a forward movement. Men and women of thought and of soul aspiration crowd Horticultural Hall, as attentive listeners to the profound teachings of a living, breathing, vitalizing spiritual philosophy, among the advocates of which none have lectured with a more marked success than our very highly esteemed brother, J. M. Peebles, who has been with us for the past two Sabbaths—for, far too short a period. Our brother seems to have the happy faculty of striking out upon the right plane of thought in its adaptation to the wants of this inquiring age of progress, combining and embracing in his discourses the practical, the sentimental, the ideal and the philosophical, which are the inheritance of common humanity to possess and to understand. Our hearts' best "God speed" will attend our good brother in his field of labor, dispelling eternal truth to honest, seeking souls, and welcome the day that shall bring him again into our midst to make a much longer stay.

SHELDON C. MOSES.

Worcester, Mass., Dec. 11, 1865.

## That Prolific Cow.

In No. 12 of the Banner of Light I read the following item:

"Walton's Journal tells of a cow in Granbury, Vt., whose product in butter during ten months was sold for two hundred and seven dollars. What State can boast of a cow?"

We have a cow down here in the oil regions from which we have sold milk within the last ten months for more money than the *Crafty* cow's butter brought, besides using all the milk we have in a good sized family. S. W. Plumer, Venango Co., Penn., Dec. 9, 1865.

A Grateful Acknowledgment.

To EDITOR OF THE BANNER—Having suffered very much for ten years with an ovarian tumor, and having tried several medical physicians in four of our States—Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan and Pennsylvania—without relief, as a last resource I applied to Dr. J. H. Rutley. My tumor, larger than a patient's palm, is completely removed, and my general health well established by the Doctor's remarkable healing powers.

I can be referred to at Harbor Creek P. O., Erie Co., Pa.

MRS. L. E. IRISH.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—MELROSE.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings on Sundays, at 2 P.M. and 7 P.M. Free. Speakers engaged:—F. L. W. Hills, April