

BANNER LIGHT.



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THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

No infallible history of this material globe of ours has been written: of its formation, its evolution; of minerals, vegetables and animals. Each age deducing from collected facts the most consistent theory or history it is able, hands it forward to the next, which, in turn, with added knowledge and new facts, detects errors, limitations; these it discards, building up the most complete history it is able, passing it forward to the next generation. Thus the history of our earth is being perfected.

Is there not also a natural history of the spirit-world, which we may learn? Is not the spirit-world subject to the same law of formation and evolution as the material one? We can but believe so.

Within the material body of the earth is the spirit, the working force or power, of which the outward material is but the manifestation or phenomenon. If, therefore, while we study the history of the material earth; we are but learning of the manifestation of the spirit-world, may we not also learn the natural history of this spirit-world?

God has given us an unquenchable desire for knowledge of the spirit-world; will he not feed and satisfy that desire? We can but believe that when we have emancipated ourselves from the bondage of old Church theologies and dogmas—which has made him accused who sought knowledge outside of Church or Bible—we shall discover sources and faculties through which we may learn the history of the spirit-world, that it will become as real to us as the rocks, trees, and men around us are now.

We propose to state here, as simply as we can, some thoughts of the spirit-world, awakened by consideration of the formation and evolution of this material earth, which is but the sensible appearance of the more real spirit-world.

We hear the term spirit-world much used. We shall use it often, though preferring another which better conveys the idea. Use has half taught people of the idea or substance poorly expressed by the term spirit-world, so we will employ it, defining it as well as we can. All bodies are of the spirit; from the grossest, most tangible, to the most refined and subtle, all are but sensible manifestations of the within spirit. The outermost body of things, animals and men, which we feel and see, we call the earthly, material one. Within these bodies are others, invisible to our physical eyes, just as real and perfect in form. This is popularly called the spirit-world. What we know as death, is simply the dropping off of this outer body, the grosser manifestation of the spirit, leaving the spirit-body the outermost manifestation of the spirit. Just as if an individual's clothes were his earthly body, his skin his spirit-body. In this life he lives clothed with clothes. Death comes stripping off his clothes, leaving him naked, free.

Such is the spirit-body. Within the spirit-body is another, more perfect still. This comes outermost, when in the spirit-world we drop off rather eliminate the spirit-body, passing to a higher sphere.

Touch, taste, smell, hearing and seeing, are senses belonging to this material world of ours. They are experiences of our active relationship to others still dwelling in like material bodies. These same senses, more perfect in kind, belong to spirit-bodies. In the spirit-world, touch, taste, &c., are the experiences of individuals in active relationship in spirit-bodies. Sickness, sleep, narcotics, death, eliminate more or less our material bodies, permitting us to come into active relation, through our spirit-bodies, with others in spirit-bodies. This is an entrance into the spirit-world. From this condition come many dreams, visions, &c. Some men and women, through constitution, or use, cast off partially their material bodies—thus, even in this life, developing the spiritual senses, or experience the senses of the spirit-body in this life.

Such people live in the two worlds, communing with spirits and mortals, affected by the sounds and sights of the spirit-world, as well as this. Rosencruc, Swedenborg and Blake, are representatives of this class. There is no miracle in all this.

In the physical body, hands, feet, ears, eyes, every organ, is an outward instrument, or manifestation, representing some inward want or desire of the spirit, just as, more exteriorly, a man's house, constructed after his own idea, represents his idea of fitness, of beauty, and his bodily needs. Our bodies are but instruments, houses, through which and in which we work. Our hands are organs constructed by our spirits to satisfy some want, through which to manifest some love. The little rock crystal of the primitive earth had desires, and prayed for better things, even as man does. The spirit poorly manifesting itself as crystal, was unsatisfied, longed to put forth a more perfect form. This was the God spirit seeking to evolve the perfect form. A half million years of desiring and striving, at length the spirit of the crystal has prayed and worked itself up to the body or manifestation of a vegetable, just as the pioneer settler builds first a log hut—this is the best he can do under the circumstances—yet longing all the time for a more convenient, comfortable and beautiful home. Twenty years of desiring and striving, and he prays himself out of his log hut into a beautiful two-story house. So the God spirit within all forms, is continually praying and working itself from lower forms into higher.

The creeping saurian of the carboniferous period, dragging himself through the mud and slime, vaguely felt his body to be imperfect, not quite answering his spirit's desires. As he looked upward from the tepid pool, perchance he saw a pterodactyl in awkward flight above, and his saurian prayer was, Give me a better body, lift me from this filthy life, give me the power of

flight. God answered the saurian's prayer by giving his children more perfect bodies, with new desires, new manifestations of power. They, too, prayed for better bodies, to answer new wants. A hundred thousand years this praying and striving run through the generations descending from our primitive saurian. The result is, some of these later children are sporting in the woods today, climbing the mountain sides in the form of squirrels and wild deer.

A hundred thousand years ago an earth worm desired and worked for better things. That desire and working continued through half a million generations of our worm's descendants, results today in evolving the bodies of frogs and lizards. This seems to be the method of the Infinite Spirit evolving the perfect form.

Human bodies are the latest, most perfect manifestation of our earth-spirit in individual forms. In the spirit-world, the manifestation is more complete in spirit-bodies; still our earth-spirit, (as an individual of the universal spirit) prays and works on, in every rock, tree, insect, animal and man, of this earth.

A thousand centuries hence there will be a people on this earth having bodies, compared with which, ours are but as dogs, or monkeys. These more perfect bodies the evolution of the earth-spirit during succeeding centuries.

As spiritual desires in the individual, or races, unfold, the spirit evolves an organ, or organism, to answer these new desires or wants. This appears to be natural in the physical world. Does not the same law obtain in the "spiritual world" of bodies? So also in the realm of thoughts, ideas. Do we crave more truth, more knowledge, quickly God answers our praying, giving us more and better than we ask.

Does a people pray for a new revelation, to answer new spiritual needs, straightway comes God's prophet and seer, to proclaim and reveal that which the people hungered for. Does a people or school hunger and thirst for more knowledge of the starry worlds, which course far above each moment of time, unseen by day, revealed in all their glory by night, to such a people, a Galileo, a Newton, a Herschel, is born. These men are organs, instruments, which the united spirit of the people put forth, to lay hold of the planets and stars. Does a people seek and pray for the more perfect in painting and music; an Angelo, a Beethoven, is born to them; each a new prophet of art to feed their hungry people.

The individuals, Angelo and Beethoven, are only organs which the world's spirit develops, to give form and voice to the great beauty and song, which has been welling up within, unexpressed, until such men were evolved through which to manifest it.

A Judas, a Nero, an Arnold, a Jeff Davis, are organs which our earth spirit developed to express some desire, feed some want. Why should we curse our hands because they cannot grasp the stars which the eye beholds? Both organs are from the same spirit. Why should we curse such men as Judas or Nero? The same earth spirit evolved them, and Jesus and Paul.

Man has ever prayed and to-day is praying for knowledge of, for a vision of the spirit-world. This universal prayer of mankind has evolved, in almost every age, an organ to minister to this want. Rosencruc, Behmen, Swedenborg and Blake, were such organs—sort of spiritual eyes and ears to see, and hear, the spirit-world, for the rest of mankind. Through such our visions of spirit-life have mainly come.

Such visions and revelations come to people in the measure they desire, and work for them. For the earnest desire for vision, knowledge of the spirit-world, absorbing all other desires, in the man or woman, is the culminating of the desire of mankind, dedicating them to vision and prophecy. Few of us are, in the eyes and ears of the earth, individual; for there are hands, feet, a thousand useful organs as the eye, to make up the organism. Those composing the eye can alone see direct the vibrations of the spirit-world. Others must receive second hand. Though the vision of the earth-spirit may not have control enough in us to locate us in the eye, yet desire may have fitted us to stand in the membranes, or bordering the optic nerve, so that the vision vibration which affects those first circumstances in the earth eye, thrills also through us in a lesser degree. Standing thus in the earth's body, we must speak of the spirit-world as thinkers, rather than seers.

Whence came the spirit-world? What is its formation and relation to our earth? What the life there? What the primitive earth of ours? We will confine ourselves here to the revelations of geology. This earth was once a revolving globe, of a liquid, lava-like substance; or the earth-spirit manifested itself in one apparently homogeneous, liquid globe. No atmosphere then, no trees, no insects, or men; yet all that appears on this earth to-day, all the forms in which the earth-spirit manifests itself, were incipient in the primitive lava globe. We were there. Our spirits a part of the world-spirit; our bodies manifestations of it. To-day the earth-spirit manifests itself in our human bodies—in the beautiful body which we call nature. Once it was but a molten sea, rolling and seething, where now are our homes, beautiful fields and meadows. We, then, spirit and body, were in this sea. Then this great earth-spirit longed and prayed for a more perfect body; worked to manifest herself in a complete body than a lava globe. A million years of desire and work has evolved the present form of our earth. How much more perfect the body of today, than that of a million years ago. The history of this evolution is written in all forms around, in hieroglyphics secret from him who prays not to know her growth, simple to him who finds her key.

The evolutions of the earth forms we will divide into three periods for simplicity: mineral, vegetable and animal, and so on.

On the surface of the primitive molten globe, by evaporation and condensation, a thin, rocky crust

began to form, in places rising and falling, cracking and dissolving, as it floated on this molten sea. A formation like steam, evolved in this process of condensation, rising, and above this mass, surrounding it with an impetuous cloud, through which a single ray of sunlight could hardly pierce. Here and there, rock basins, are formed. The overcharged, sparse atmosphere falls the vapor in the form of water, which, falling through the ravines, collecting in basins, form rivers and lakes. As times the rock crust reading beneath the waters with seething and roaring, are swallowed up; condensation going on, the earth crust becomes more continuous and firm, the atmosphere less dense, increasing in bulk. Still the heaving mass beneath bursts forth in the form of volcanoes. This was the earth-spirit struggling to evolve a more perfect form.

All men, all God's creatures and things, of this present earth, in this globe, at such a period, working, even as now, for better things, more perfect conditions. We talked in the roar of the volcanoes. We laughed in the howling of the earthquake. We sang in the seethings of the boiling sea. Our individual spirits might have met then a moment in the crater of a volcano; the next moment the swelling mass fell below upheaved us, casting us out upon the rocky surface, to meet next again in human forms. Not one has the remembrance of such days. 'Tis lost or locked up as the memory of our babyhood, yet like that, is treasured somewhere, at least it has entered into our life's experience of joy and sorrow, making up the sum total of the evolution of life.

Where was the spirit-world then? Slowly forming, even as the earth-sphere. Our atmosphere is the substantial stratum, of the upper and outer surface of which is the locality which we name the spirit-world. Just as this stratum of earth crust is the locality of our material life, the sphere of the spirit-world was formed from the spirit, or inner body, of our earth-sphere. In other words, our earth crust, passing through that stage we call dying, evolved a spirit and body which, ascending, formed the sphere of the spirit-world.

The earth-spirit, at this period, manifested itself in rocky forms; no higher had it evolved. Heat, cold, which are states of evolution, dissolved these rocky bodies. The spirit within the individualizing spirit—clothed in a shell, as we called gases, forming atmosphere. The spirits in rocks eliminating their rocky bodies, took form as gases. Such an atmosphere is the stratum of the spirit-world, whereon, and in, plants and animals should dwell in spirit-forms, just as first they live on the earth crust, or stratum.

Such was the mineral period of the material and spiritual world; the rocky crust, the earth-stratum on its surface; the highest, material, mineral life around, above it; the atmosphere, the spirit-stratum on its surface, the highest, spiritual, mineral life. No higher than this had the earth-spirit evolved. But she paused not here.

Still the earth-spirit prayed and worked for higher forms, more perfect manifestations than rocks. Ten thousand years pass. Through all these centuries the earth-spirit has been evolving new forms. This higher was the vegetable kingdom; the seas are covered with varieties of algae and floating sea-weeds; by the river-sides grow the dense, impenetrable reeds; on the plains of older ground spring up the rank grasses; in the lowlands gigantic ferns and conifers; everywhere an abundant vegetation. The grosser part of these vegetable forms is drawn from the earth-mould; the finer from the atmosphere. This is the material plane of vegetable life. What of the spiritual plane or world just above?

Change, growth and decay are constant in this material plane of vegetable life. This growth and decay is the earth-spirit eliminating old forms, seeking to evolve new and better. When the individualized spirit in the tree casts off the grosser form at the change we call death, coming forth in finer form, does it remain here? By no means. In its more perfect form it ascends to the surface of the spirit-sphere, which is the outer surface of our atmosphere, there to live on, evolving a still higher form.

The spirit in the body of sea-weeds, reeds, grasses and trees, through elimination of the earthly body, (which state we call decay, resulting in death,) is freed and fitted to ascend, in spiritual body, to the spirit-world, already evolved from the material plane. Just as the material plane progresses, so does the spiritual.

This, then, was the condition of the earth during the early vegetative period of evolution—an earth-crust and an atmosphere—the earth-crust, the material world; the atmosphere, the spirit-world; on the material plane, springing from it, nourished therein, the kingdom of vegetables, sea-weeds, grasses, trees, &c.; above, on the outer surface of the atmosphere, the plane of the spirit-world, weeds, grasses, trees, &c., in spirit-bodies which, once having appeared in material bodies on the plain below, through death having cast them off, ascended to the spirit-plane of life, in spirit-bodies nourished and grown on the spirit-plane; just as in material bodies they once appeared on the material plane of ours.

Only one step higher has the earth-spirit evolved: the animal kingdom, the highest, latest evolution; the human body, the most complete of all. Our spirits manifest themselves, work through these human organisms not forever. Our spirits struggle for higher manifestations through evolution. Dissolution comes to our bodies, and our individual spirits, freed from them, ascend to the spirit-world, in spirit-bodies finding their home; finding there grasses, trees, insects, birds and animals gone before us, even as we found they had come before us to this earth-plane, when our spirits took form in human, material bodies.

First is evolved, in material forms, the mineral; next, the vegetable; last, the animal. The like order obtains in the spirit-world; each lower a foundation for the next higher. Slowly the earth-spirit, having form now in this material, visible kingdom of life, is being translated to the spirit-

world, leaving the old body behind. This great resurrection, or evolution of spirit from the material sphere to the spirit-world, is going on all around us night and day, and we hardly heed it. If, like old Elijah's servant, we could have our spiritual eyes opened one day, even one hour, we should behold a living world, where now is only night and death.

Suppose with spiritual eyes we behold this resurrection going on around us, in the streets, houses and fields. Beneath the earth-crust whereon we live, the molten matter is slowly being evolved into crystal rock bodies by the indwelling spirit, new additions to the under surface of the earth material stratum making good the waste from the upper surface. On this outer surface, rains, heat, frosts, &c., are slowly dissolving the rocks. We see ascending from each decaying rock, from the crumbling body of the dead tree and grass, sublimated forms passing upward in atmosphere. From the dying trees, grasses, flowers, as individuals, we see ascending their individual spirits, clothed in the spirit-form, journeying to the spirit-sphere just overhead.

One day we behold the million of insects sporting in the sunshine. Night comes with its frosts; in the morning their little dead bodies in myriads cover the ground. The little spirits, in new forms, in joyous hosts, passed to the spirit-world while no man watched. Next day man awakes; but the hum of insects which filled his ears yesterday, is heard no more; to-day they sport and sing in the spirit-world. One day the bird sings on earth; next day in the spirit-world, his earth-form cast off, laying dead and cold in the woods.

We see the farmer gathering his grain and vegetables. He fills his barn and cellar only with dead bodies; the individualizing spirits have flown to the spirit-world. We see the bodies of animals with our material eyes. Death comes to them; with spiritual eyes we see the individual spirit ascending in spirit-form from each one.

The old house dog is found dead and cold some morning. The dog is not dead; he has only cast off the old organism, evolving a new. With spiritual eyes, while the household slept, we saw his spirit ascending in the new form. Some day death comes to the master of the house. His spirit, too, ascends to the spirit-world. What joy is his when he finds there the good old world, the dear old home, only more beautiful and perfect. Old trees which in sorrow he saw die while on earth, now wave their unbranched branches for him in the spirit-world, whispering their welcome. Birds he heard with joy below, now sing sweet welcome for him in the spirit-home. The old house dog whose death he mourned below, now comes bounding to meet him; long he waited and watched for the coming of his master. Man, passing to the spirit-world, finds the same dear old world gone before him, for his joy and his labor. Such is the evolution going on all around us.

As I tread upon the grass in the fields, I wonder whether next year my foot will press the same growing in the spirit-world. As I pass beneath the branches of the elms and pines and giant oaks, I wonder whether they will pass to the spirit-world before me, and I find them there when I go hence. As the crows fly over the fields, visible from my window this summer day, I wonder whether they or I shall pass to the spirit-world ere spring comes again. This is no dream. The old, barbarous theology and philosophy have so darkened our vision that we see only night and death where is day and life. We grope, buried beneath our Bibles and superstitions, half hoping, feebly believing that we shall live somewhere, somehow, again, when death dissolves these bodies; but this great world of vegetables and animals we look upon, through our theology and science, as spiritless. "Death comes; this is the end." Light comes little by little; through the gray dawn we begin to see all forms as but manifestations of the infinite spirit; all death but evolutions of new forms.

What of life in this spirit-world? Every individual spirit in the spirit-world of tree, flower, animal or man is clothed with a body just as here. This spiritual body holds precisely the same relation to the spirit sphere as does the material body to the material sphere.

Our bodies are grown and supported through these vegetable and animal bodies around. We eat and drink that we may preserve our hands and feet, our physical organism, which would otherwise dissolve. The same method obtains in the spirit-world. In the spirit-world vegetables consume the spirit forms of rocks, of crystals. Animals grow and sustain their bodies from the spirit forms of vegetables, just as here. Man's primary work, then, in the spirit-world, is to support his body. Food is needed, shelter is needed, for in the spirit-world there are atmospheric changes which affect spirit bodies just as our atmospheric changes affect material bodies. Rest is needed, for the spirit body gets exhausted even as the material one, and needs rest for the restoration of spirit forces. Labor men must in the spirit-world—less than here, however—to provide for the needs of our spirit bodies, so that it becomes a joy and blessing, not a drudgery, as too often here, but a work of thanksgiving.

All the senses and faculties we have here are of the spirit, and are carried to the spirit-world to be perfected there. The sense of touch is as distinct in the spirit body as in the material; so of taste, smell. The ear catches the vibrations of the spirit-world atmosphere as clearly as our ears this atmosphere of earth. The eye is as sensible to the impressions of spirit forms as ours to material ones. The farmer may cultivate his field and garden there as here, finding added joy in his labors. The mechanic is at home in his work there, as here. The painter discovers there new forms of beauty to trace, new visions, new powers to work. The astronomer still beholds, in more perfect vision, through more powerful telescopes, the starry worlds above, and seeks knowledge thereof. The geologist finds there rocks, alluvium, rivers and seas, wherein to learn of the workings of

the earth spirit, and through her of the infinite. The musician discovers harmonies of sound there only dreamed of here—instruments so perfect, that could mortals hear them their spirits would in ecstasy rend off the mortal form, and rise to dwell in such a world of harmony. The scholar finds new fields of thought, and hungry men and women eager to receive his highest revelation; so that each spirit, when it passes to the spirit-world, finds new powers, new opportunities to pursue its favorite work, so imperfectly wrought here.

As the spirit-world is to our earth sphere, so is spirit life to our earth life. Suppose we embody our idea after the manner of Swedenborg, revising his descriptions of the spirit-life, making him our mouthpiece. Says Swedenborg to us, "One day I laid myself upon my couch in a sort of dreamy mood, when suddenly it seemed as if I was crawling out of my body, putting it off as I would my clothes. I soon found myself floating above it. There it lay below me, an old shell out of which I had just crawled. Upward I arose, how far, I could not tell. At length I came to the surface of a new country. Like Paul, who once was caught up to the spirit-world, I, too, saw things unutterable by human tongue. I found all my senses more perfect. Soon gathered around me dear old friends, who had passed from earth life before. The atmosphere was like earth's, only with an intoxication strangely invigorating. I stood upon real ground. Overhead floated real clouds. It was like old Mother Earth, only inexpressibly more beautiful. I stood gazing around, as a child full of wonder, speechless with delight. On all sides extended the undulating plains and fields, beautiful with waving grains, with grasses, trees and flowers. On the one side, a river winding through the valley, its surface dotted with white sails. I could just hear the strains of distant music, as it came trembling across the waters and fields. Just before us a little village. Thither we went. The houses were cottages, with gardens around, fields extending back. I saw people in the gardens; some gathering fruit, others training vines over the doors and windows. These people smilingly greeted us as we passed. What filled me with wonder was, that I saw no old men and women; all appeared young. I questioned a spirit as to where the old folks were. He, smiling, said, 'People are young or old here, according to the measure of their wisdom and love.' He pointed to a spirit, and said, 'There is one of our oldest women'; and I saw, as appeared to me, a beautiful maiden, her countenance radiant with love, earnest in truth. This, then, was old age; no silvered locks, no lined forms, no wrinkled brow, only youth and beauty. Strange old age! Old in truth and love—not in body, only in spirit growth. We entered some of the cottages. In one room we found a table spread with flowers, fruits and vegetables—the spirit's simple repast. In some rooms we found the inmates reading, or practicing music; in others, writing, painting, &c. Everywhere appeared joyous life and beauty. Each labored in that which gave his spirit delight, and his body vigor.

We passed from this village over into another; birds sang in the trees; insects sported in the air around us; animals were in the fields and on the hillsides. Soon we came to a village, which seemed more like earth. The atmosphere was dense; the sunlight dimmer; the people looked unhappy; as they worked in the fields they seemed wearied. We heard little music; many harsh words. The animals were cross, and quarrelling. Their gardens grew rank with weeds. I questioned concerning these, and learned that they were the thieves, the selfish and drunkards, the ignorant and vile, who had come up from earth, here dwelling together, like some packing like. From the other village came each day the wisest, the most loving, to teach these of truth and purity, step by step guiding them upward to the better life."

Thus Swedenborg describes the spirit-life—not as a dream, but as a reality. Our spirit-eyes are curtains now with these organs of flesh; we see not the spirit-world and life. Could we but drop off these bodies, put away these curtains before our spirit-eyes, the spirit-world would be seen all around us. In our atmosphere we should behold forms of grace and beauty now unseen, yet not less real than our material world of things.

What is earth-life, then, but a stage of the spirit's evolution. We, men, women and children, have evolved our present bodies, answering as sort of spirit-houses while on this earth. We labor to feed and clothe them, that we may preserve them sound, useful. What is death? How the Christian world has trembled and hid its face before the awful Church death—only darkness, doubt and woe! To-day dawns a new death—not death more, only birth transition. We lay aside these bodies, shut up the windows, close the doors of these bodies which have been our earth-houses, and in spirit-bodies pass to spirit-life, finding there the world of minerals, of grasses, flowers, trees; of clouds and rivers; of insects, animals, and man gone before us, they first having evolved the spirit-body.

W. A. C.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says: "If you have a boat that leaks badly, and it is in a strong current, or if you are towing it up stream, all you have to do to keep it dry is this: Bore a hole through the bottom and insert a piece of tin or iron half round through the hole, letting it extend a few inches below the bottom of the boat, and all the water will run out without any labor. I think a ship at sea could be kept afloat if you could keep her going four miles per hour."

A report of a most remarkable discovery comes to us from Italy. An Italian savant is said to have discovered a process by which sounds may be transmitted by an electrical process any distance, so that two persons—one in Rome and the other in Paris—may converse together, recognizing the sound of each other's voices.

Written for the Banner of Light. LINES, DEDICATED TO CHARLES A. HAYDEN. BY F. C. OGDONNE.

Truth's youthful champion in the cause of Progress. Go upward, ever upward on thy way; Excelsior be thy motto; take the banner, And bear it bravely toward the glorious day...

Children's Department.

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

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

VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER VI. The Two Influences.

No one but Milly called Virginia by her pet name, for she was twelve years old and had grown tall, and on her face came the lights and shadows of many thoughts. Hugh was sixteen, and as tall as a man, and he felt very wise, and as if he never need learn anything more.

"Tina is a darling," he sang, "and she will go with me. Oh, Virginia, we will have so nice a time, and be back so soon. I can't go alone, and I must go, for I am determined to see the night; why, did you know the crows have a regular caucus, and make speeches and reason, and then the leaders see which can get the most members to vote for them."

rent was growing every moment stronger, and they began to float very rapidly downward. If Hugh had been alone, he would have trusted himself in the water; but Virginia to care for, he felt that he must keep the log.

While the old Hebrews would have no "Lady of the house," or Goddess in the heavens, they had their El-Bethel—God of the house of God, to whom Jacob vowed his vow to serve the Lord if God would furnish him with cold pieces, and raiment to put on, he being sans potage and sans colotte; and Micah Levite showed by Teraphim that "before the Lord is your way wherein you go."

ange in those days, and Calmet informs us that "the Praepitium, or Fore-chamber of Christ, is worshipped with Latris by the Romanists at Calcutta, about twenty miles from Rome. It shows a miraculous difference when it is touched by virgins, and by married women. But though it is still at Calcutta, yet it is carried about at Podium with great veneration upon the feast of Ascension."

To Correspondents.

MARY, SPRINGFIELD, O.—You have a kind heart, I am sure, to write me so loving a letter. I hope all the soft cats and frowsome kittens return your kindness, by many soft purrs.

Original Essays.

THE WAY OF THE ANCIENT WORD.

NUMBER THREE CONCLUDED.

In the early Egyptian religion was taught, says Poole, "the great doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and future rewards and punishments."

SPIRITUALISM IN SICKNESS, SORROW, AT FUNERALS, IN HOME-CIRCLES.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

THEOLOGY, as represented by the Churches and clergy of Christendom, is one of the most formidable obstacles to the freedom and growth of the human intellect. It is also one of the most unnatural and inhuman outrages that was ever perpetrated on the domestic and social sympathies and affection that bind human beings together in their home and social relations.

der it loving, calm, forgiving; and heroic as it is leaving the body to enter into the grand realities of the interior life, the transient lecturer is seldom found. Under the present system of lecturing, and of sustaining and propagating Spiritualism, it is not possible that visits to the sick and suffering can be made to any great extent.

Funerals! Here, too, what great advantages Spiritualism has over the popular theology! When the hearts of bereaved friends are tenderly alive to sympathy, and words of hope and cheer respecting the disembodied loved ones, Spiritualism points to the certainty of eternal life and progress, opening to all, even the most ignorant and misdirected, opportunities for growth in knowledge and goodness. For twelve years have I spoken on many, very many such occasions, to show the contrast between the future that is opened by Spiritualism and the popular theology. How much more natural, rational, and ennobling is the prospect held out by the former than is that which is held out by the latter?

Spiritualism has declared a war of ideas against the popular theology. Its teachers must enter into the homes of the people, to plant there the seeds of the coming kingdom of love, hope and certainty. We have a truer, wiser, more natural and divine religion—one better adapted to take away hell and give heaven than that which is taught by the Church and clergy. Let our lecturers and teachers be in earnest to convert the world to this truer and nobler faith. Thousands and tens of thousands are waiting and watching eagerly to hear Spiritualism presented as a *spirit* and a *principle*—as a religion to live by, both in soul and in body. Viewing it, as I do, as a religion peculiarly adapted to purify, ennoble, and perfect man or woman in all living relations, I can only say of it, as one of old said of Christ, "For me to live in Spiritualism; for me to die is Spiritualism." Whether I live or die, Spiritualism shall be benefited by it.

Taunton, Mass., Dec. 11, 1865.

MEDIUMSHIP.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

Although the clouds of discouragement have at times lowered darkly over spiritual mediums, their intuitions ever point to future relief and perhaps equitable reward. Through their organizations angels are offering to the starving soul the bread of spiritual life. Their philosophy embraces all facts of the past, present and the future, allowing for the limitless revelations of ages yet to come. Spiritual science is as much amenable to law and conditions as in the physical. Dwarfed as it has been through ages by the mysteries of theology, it is now springing up fresh and new, in spite of growing weeds and uncongenial soils.

Man sees no mystery so great as that which within himself, and in his own soul must the solution be found. If his mind has the power to perceive independently of the external organs of the senses, to know it has power to exist separately from the body, and to perceive the presence of other spiritual existences, having a gift to discern things distant, what is to hinder its knowing that spirits and spirit-land are not so far off as is usually imagined? The more unselfish and spiritually-minded, truthful and Christ-like the mediums, the more liberalizing and spiritualizing will their influences—now so powerfully at work every where—be found on the side of eternal progression; and their united efforts will bear humanity onward and upward to a much higher position in the scale of advancement than it has ever yet occupied. Spiritualism is indeed the metamorphosis of nature; in every stage of its development increasing the spirit of divine life in the soul, as it progresses up to a higher state of perfection.

Accordingly as mediumship is used will it elevate or debase mankind; open their minds to a wide field of usefulness, or sink them deeper in their belief in an ease-bestowing heaven or a revengeful hell. The divine that is in man cannot be lost, and the inspired medium will cast off old forms that have oppressed the soul, and seek the elevation of the race without regard to color or caste.

Mediumship serves to strip the spirit world of its hitherto inscrutable mysteries, whose prospective realities, without fanaticism, claim our aspirations. Spiritual phenomena belong to the great army of facts against which argument is powerless, and only entire ignorance or imbecility can deny their onward march. Mediumship has the power of expanding and becoming more potent the more it is exercised in harmony with its development.

The healing medium will gain strength by manipulating for the cure of disease; if done in love and kindness, good spirits are ready to supply the *mesmerine* or fluid necessary to its demands. The clairvoyant will gain more light from practice—as the interior vision will become clearer from being more exercised than the outward; and thus the seer progresses into higher and more glorious visions and ecstasies.

So, with each spiritual gift, truth must go forward. And if mediums will not exert their powers it is not generally forced upon them to do so; others will be found, willing to devote time to its requirements and duties. It is often mentioned that these gifts are bestowed upon the good and the bad alike. So are the blessings of the sun's rays, air and health. Surely God is no respecter of persons. An organization may be fitted for mediumship, and its possessor not live up to the standard we suppose should be requisite for beings chosen by the spirits to propagate the sublime teachings of immortal life. It may be necessary to use such organizations in cases where spirits are yet near our earth, and even for those more progressed.

In daily life we are obliged to transact business with those whom we meet, who have no affinity with us whatever. It is desirable that all mediums should live pure, harmonious lives, for the purer the channels the more spiritual and holy the streams flowing forth to elevate humanity.

In proportion to the developed accuracy of the interior powers of mediums, shall be the richness and the glory of the manifested light, in auroral tints of prophecy, bearing the treasures of by-gone years to lay them at the feet of the new, auspicious age, partaking of Egypt's magic science and of Chaldean's stary wisdom; revelations written by the finger of Deity and incorporated in every instinct of the human mind. The light of Spiritualism will dispel darkness and drive bigotry, superstition and idolatry into oblivion.

Mediumship prepares the mind for an influx of spiritual light, stirs the deep feelings of the souls of men, awakens the latent faculties which lie dormant, to enable them to work for the benefit of their fellow men. A deep and solemn responsibility should be felt by every one who stands as a medium to develop new truths and to fulfill the commands of the great Master Builder.

Spiritualists, above all others, should observe how utterly impotent and futile is all opposition to the progress of their faith; mightily have been its strides. Fearlessly marching forth into a world of hostile powers, it has not only put bigotry and sensualism with their joined forces, under its

feet, and is still sweeping on scattering blessings over America and Europe. Mediums are multiplying, who fearlessly encounter the frowns and scourgings of unbelievers. And all who raise their hands in defence of the work of the spirits, will be rewarded according to their sincerity, truth and honesty.

THE CONTRAST.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Yesterday, for the first time in many years, I attended the religious services of the Catholic Church. It was the feast of the Immaculate Conception; and in the hour-long and tedious sermon inflicted on the congregation, they were told repeatedly and with marked emphasis, that their eternal salvation depended upon their acceptance of the new church dogma, coined by Papal authority in 1853, namely, that of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, as well as of that of her Divine Son. If the spiritual truth that underlies these misconceptions of a great principle, were understood and explained to the people, what treasures of household harmony, and what fullness of wisdom would be possessed by all! The elevation of woman to a Divine Maternity is, by the Church, reserved as the prerogative of one, when it should be the inheritance of all.

A great writer has said that "every woman becomes a Madonna beside the cradle of her first-born child." And immaculate conceptions, that is, a designed and desired maternity, should be the portion of every child born into the world. Love and Purity should preside as guardian-angels over the unborn, and the true mother ever be the virgin in soul. All pure-minded, aspirational, humanity-loving women can be the mothers of Saviours to the race; and all true and honorable men stand as the representatives of the creative and protective Divinity to their offspring.

The contrast between ever ascending and advancing progress and stagnant conservatism is most evident to those who occasionally take a peep into the strongholds of superstition, the Churches—I mean the Catholic—and those standstill Orthodox places, where the gospel of an all-sweeping love and a progressive growth is never uttered. Did I not listen yesterday, in silent amusement, to a tirade against the blasphemy of denying the now dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and a eulogy upon the present Pope? Did not the white-robed priest give fervent thanks that the cause of Republican freedom failed in Italy? Was not the old threadbare threat of damnation for unbelief hurled at my head? And how comfortably my progressive friend who was with me, and myself received it all! How great the contrast between the dominion of fear and the religion of love! What a difference in the intellectual developments of the brains between the blindly led and bigoted, and the hopeful, reasoning believers! If the Divine Maternity were an accepted, universal fact, for earthly uses, in place of a religious absurdity and a physiological impossibility, all men would reverence all women, and render unto them not the unmeaning homage of gallantry, but the heart and soul-service of a reverential love. And the different eras of woman's life would be blessed, and home would equal the fabled Paradise.

It behooves us to embody the divine ideals vouchsafed to us, and in accepting Truth and rejecting Error, to render ourselves worthy of our holy parentage and God-like mission, as Sons and Daughters of our Father and Mother-Deity.

Lasalle, Ill., Dec. 11, 1865.

The New Year.

Friends and neighbors, all who have arrived to years of discretion; without any preamble of what might be said of the new year, as it is at hand, let us enter it with becoming zeal to make it one of propitious events, a new era in our lives. Let us, as a basis for this purpose, study ourselves. Let us live daily in earnest and prayerful attention to the social and happy interests of humanity as children of a kindred family. Let us lay aside selfishness, prejudice, bigotry and superstition in our different capacities, and whatever tends to create discord amongst friends. Let us follow the example of him who, when on earth, went about doing good; who taught that "the merciful should obtain mercy;" and who said that "the pure in heart should see God;" of him whose sympathy and compassion extended to the ignorant and the erring, the high and the low, of every grade and nation; who taught us to say in our petitions, "Our Father," implying a connecting link of the whole creation, each in its own species, order and degree; of him who took the infirmities of the weak, and who could carry charity even to the cross, cast its mantle over the sins of his executioners and pray for their forgiveness, knowing that a "wall of thick darkness" covered their minds.

Let us not, then, judge the erring harshly, believing that all possess, in common with ourselves, the same propensities, in degree, and all are measurably tempted. Let us remember that we have nothing of which we may boast in refraining from sins that others have committed if we are not tempted like them. Our measure of firmness may be greater than theirs, or they may have been tempted measurably beyond us. Circumstances may have been or may be different. Reverse them, and many times we might have erred sooner than those we too often condemn. "I would not do this and so," says one. "I would do different," says another. How do you know, my brother, my sister? Have you ever been placed in like circumstances, with like surroundings? If you have, perhaps your measure of temptation was a little less than that of those whom you condemn. Let us not omit, then, any opportunity to console the downcast and sinful who may come within our sphere of action, pointing them to the high hope of happiness, through the Christ principle of virtue and love. Let us teach them to look abroad on the face of nature, to meditate; for there is, in its grandeur and beauty, inspiration to fill the soul with reverence, beneficence and love. Let us teach them to look on themselves as forming a part of the grand whole, and raise their souls above the sordid influence of vice. Let us each labor in our own sphere, according to its length and breadth, as conditions and circumstances require, that the influence of each may encircle the whole in one harmonious chain. Let us live so that we shall see beauty in every leaf, and inspiration shall enter in through every pore, and let that inspiration cause an outflow to purify the atmosphere around us, that all may imperceptibly drink in its purifying influence.

In teaching, let us not teach in language above the capacity or understanding, but in language that all comprehend, the language of the heart, made manifest in the little incidents of life, which speaks silently, in deeds as well as in vocal accents, of sympathy and love. Let each contribute according to their ability, finding no fault with or condemning one another.

When the "Great Creator" formed man, he breathed into him the breath of life; thus he became a living soul. Let us, then, look within ourselves as the highest expression of himself, and find there that divine spark, and let its vivifying influence do its perfect work.

Augusta, Me., Dec. 11, 1865.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Once I deemed this lowly earth an Eden— Men and women angels were to me, And the holiest attributes of being Shined in forms that I've immortally: Love was crowned and deified in the greatness Of divinity, and soul-completeness.

But I grew in the life-sadening knowledge Of the strife and evil in the world; Fate's pure sunlight, dimmed by phantom shadows, From their thrones of state mine idols hurled; Crown and sceptre broken at my feet, Bitter-salt the draught that once was sweet.

Desert sands and burning skies above me, Here and there, a calumngren spot of rest; Oceans heaving with the diapason Of the tempest surging in my breast; Death of Friendship—thorful all the flowers, Cull'd by prayerful hands in Springtime bowers.

Then my soul grew in life-cheering knowledge, And Experience wore in angel's guise; And my heart quaffed honey-draughts of sweetness, Recognizing spirits in disguise, That, commissioned of the One above, Taught my soul the blessedness of love.

From the desert-waates of life I gathered Treasures that are priceless unto me, Rescued gems from Ocean's stormy bosom, Crowned and sceptred life imperially; Seeming shadow, chilling doubt and fear Nevermore my trusting heart can sear.

Smiled the soul in pity for the folly And the ignorance that, warping good, Cast the clouding veil of gloom and sorrow Over Discipline not understood. Not in vain reached forth the prayerful hands, For the token-flowers of Better Lands.

In the place of childish, blind believing, Came a truer insight; in the place Of the idols false and frail I worshipped, All the pure ideals of the race, Beckoned from the soul-illumined shrine, Of the Love and Wisdom all divine.

From the past all garnered are the chambers Of the inmost, self-sanctuary; Wealth and Power, self-conquering Might obtained, Forever there triumphant victory, Tributary at my resting feet, Good and ill in sacred ways meet.

And the Present, by the gates of Morning, Keopeth watch in waiting for the dawn; Praying wordlessly, with heart uplifted, That earth's haunting demons be withdrawn, Through the long and wintry dark of night, Watching for the breaking of the light;

For the Millennial Future of the world; For the fulfillment of the promise given; For the descent of Angels visible, The faithful soul's ascension into heaven; Waiting for Time's rich, ripened banison, The hallowed meed of earth's redemption won.

Lasalle, Ill., Nov. 13, 1865.

Kansas.

A few of us have organized a Society in this region, whose aims and principles are embodied in a Constitution, a copy of which we enclose for publication in the Banner. Perhaps some of your readers would like to assist us in trying to establish a higher order of society. We have selected a beautiful location on Spring River, near the mouth of Centre Creek, in perhaps as fine a country as there is in the West. Land is very cheap, and can be secured in large bodies. It is a great, natural, fruit-growing country, lying contiguous to Missouri, where there is plenty of fruit already growing and can be obtained at low rates. There is timber enough for all practical purposes. There is, also, a good water site on Spring River for turning machinery, close by us.

We invite all persons who feel an interest in our movement to come and join us, or else settle near us and become our neighbors. If they do not feel disposed to join us after they come, there is plenty of wild land for them to occupy and improve around us. We hope to have quite a number of reformatory minds settle here, in the spring early, and to make this locality famous as a harmonious home. Reformers, come and assist us in this great work. Let us show to the world the superiority of our faith by our works.

The following is the CONSTITUTION OF THE PROGRESSIVE FRATERNITY.

We, the undersigned, believing the present form of society to be imperfect, and to have a tendency to make men selfish; and desiring to establish a more comfortable and harmonious home, where we can act upon the principle of fraternal love; where will be no rich and no poor, but all stand upon the basis of equality; where we can have better advantages for the cultivation of our moral, intellectual and social natures, do hereby agree to establish the following Constitution for our government.

ART. 1. The name of this Society shall be THE PROGRESSIVE FRATERNITY, as expressive of our desire to progress from ignorance to wisdom, and from selfishness to brotherly love.

ART. 2. The fundamental principle of this Society shall be that of fraternal love for all and all for each, and from each according to their ability, and to each according to their wants.

ART. 3. The laws and regulations of this Society shall be established by the wisdom of the majority of the members of the Fraternity.

ART. 4. No person shall be a voting member of this Society who has not attained the age of eighteen years.

ART. 5. Members of both sexes shall have the same social, political and educational privileges, and shall be equal in every particular.

ART. 6. All members will be expected to labor as many hours each day as the wisdom of the Society may deem necessary, except Sunday, which shall be devoted to rest, recreation and improvement.

ART. 7. All members of this Society having capital and property, must turn it over to the Society for its use, as soon as practicable.

ART. 8. Married members will deposit their capital separately in their own names, so that if they leave the Society alone they can take their capital with them.

ART. 9. Any member of this Society can withdraw at any time, and claim the amount of capital (without interest) furnished by such member, with one-half of the net profits of the Society, in proportion to the number of members and the time said member served the Society.

ART. 10. Each voting member shall be entitled to the sum of three dollars per month for incidental expenses, to take effect the 1st of November, 1866.

ART. 11. The domain, instrumental implements, live stock and capital of the Society shall be held as common property, and each member will be expected to care for the property as his own.

ART. 12. A President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a board of five Trustees shall be elected annually.

ART. 13. It shall be the duty of the President to make suggestions for the improvement of the Society, to see that all members perform their duties faithfully, to report delinquents, preside at all meetings of the Society, and preserve order.

ART. 14. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to

take care of the Constitution and books of the Society, to keep a list of its proceedings faithfully, and to attend to the business correspondence of the Society.

ART. 15. The Society binds itself to furnish food, shelter, clothing and educational advantages to all, and each person is bound to operate for the general welfare of the Society.

ART. 16. We propose to conduct ourselves in a becoming and appropriate manner; to use no profane or vulgar language; to abstain from the use of intoxicating drink, as a beverage; to live in such a manner as will best conduce to our spiritual development.

ART. 17. We believe that reason and nature are the only true guides to happiness; that happiness consists in the legitimate gratification of all the faculties and elements of our nature; that what is called evil is nothing more than misdirected action; that the world is gradually growing better and wiser; that the time is coming when we will live in a better state of society; when we shall recognize each other as a great family of brothers and sisters, having a common Father and Mother, a common origin and a common destiny; that the dual relation of the sexes accords with the law of nature, and leads to harmony and happiness; and that, at some future time, every man and woman will be saved from ignorance and misdirection, and reap the reward of a righteous and well-ordered life; that it is probable that the spirits of those who once lived on earth can return and impart their wisdom unto us.

ART. 18. This Constitution may be changed or amended by a vote of two-thirds of the Society, at a meeting called for the purpose, after which change or amendment any member can leave the Society upon the terms herein specified.

ART. 19. All families and single persons shall, as soon as practicable, have separate rooms for their exclusive use.

ART. 20. We agree to do all in our power to exalt and perfect the Government in which we live.

ART. 21. The capital of deceased members, dying without will, shall be faithfully transmitted to their legal heirs.

ART. 22. Any vacancy occurring in the offices of this Society shall be filled, immediately, by an election held for that purpose, after due notice.

F. P. THOMAS, Sec'y. W. NICELY, Pres. Harmonia, Cherokee Co., Kansas, 1865.

Singular Clairvoyant Manifestation.

The Western papers are republishing the following singular narrative, which first appeared in the Peoria (Ill.) Transcript, and the editor says the facts in the case can be fully substantiated:

Some time ago, a farmer living near El Paso had a daughter about ten years old. While playing with her one day the animal crept and bit her on the arm. The cat, acting queerly, was killed. Several days passed, and the wound in the little girl's arm healed. One day, while at the table, she attempted to drink some water, and was seized with convulsions, giving unmistakable signs of the hydrophobia. Her father came to this city and procured some medicine for her from a physician. Returning home, he found his daughter lying on a lounge, evidently in great pain, not having been able to swallow anything since her first convulsion. As soon as she saw her father she climbed into his arms with the exclamation: "Father, I must have it!"

Her father, thinking her mind was wandering, attempted to quiet her; but she still insisted that she had seen her little sister, and that Mary had said if she took a teaspoonful of nitric acid and swallowed it she would get well. Her father told her to lie down, and he would fix the medicine that he got from town. She presently got up again, exclaiming: "Father, Mary says I must take the acid now if I want to get well; do give it to me."

On his refusing, she again lay down on the lounge. Presently she got up a third time, crying: "Father, I must have it; Mary says I must, and that I must have a tooth pulled. I must be bled in my mouth."

Her father told her to keep still. In a short time she screamed out that her tooth hurt her. After an interval of half a minute she cried out again, and soon after ran up to her father, crying: "Mary says I must have my tooth pulled," at the same moment the tooth—a sound one—dropped out on the floor. The little girl says, "See, father, that is the tooth that hurt me."

On being asked how she obtained the tooth from the physician, she said she had obtained it from the physician, and approaching the lounge, told her that she must also take this. She at first positively refused, saying that Mary said if she did, it would kill her. But on her father urging her, she replied that if he commanded her to drink it, she would do so, but she could never forgive him for it would kill her. Finally, after much persuasion, she took the medicine. She remained quiet for a few moments, and then standing up, said: "I am dying, father; Mary says I will soon be with her."

She called the neighbors round her, many of whom were present to witness the extraordinary number, and bade them all good-bye.

"Kiss me, mother," she says. "I am dying." Turning to her father, she bade him good-bye, and then added, "Mary says I must forgive you, father, before I die. I do forgive you. You did it all for me."

She then asked to be laid on the lounge, and crossing her arms in front of her, breathed her last in a few minutes.

The truth of this statement is vouched for by many reliable witnesses. Our informant last week saw and talked with the father, who related the circumstances to him, and said the tears coursed down the old man's face during the recital. It has driven his wife almost distracted, and the sight of the farm and house has become so drearful to him that he has now sold out, and is about to remove further West. We believe these facts can be fully substantiated.

Jugglers on Spiritual Manifestations.

I have heard some other wise sensible people state that the manifestations made through the Davenport and Edly Boys were perfectly simulated by the prestidigitators. I went to see Robert Heller a few weeks ago, one of the best of them; he brought forward his cabinet, and called for a committee. Having often led the Davenport Boys, I went forward to do the same service for his "boy." At the outset, Mr. Heller gave us to the truth but about ten feet of hard twisted hemp rope, so hard, that a close knot could not be made with it, and that was all the rope he allowed us; being about one-tenth that the Boys furnished, while their rope was pliable. We tied him as well as we could with the rope, closed the doors and then examined the cabinet, which we found as unlike their "cabinet" as any two things can be. The Heller cabinet has but two doors, shutting with *spring fasteners*, and so loosely, that the exertions of the boy to unclose himself frequently open the doors. It is also made of *pasteboard*, with wooden frames, and has in its rear a door large enough to let a horse in or out.

It will be remembered of the Davenports that the middle door was *two sliding bolts*, and you can bind both boys ever so tightly, and the instant the door is shut *both bolts are slid from the inside*. This is the inventor's, is one of the best tests the boys give, (the cabinet cannot be opened except from the inside), and one that Mr. Heller does not pretend to imitate. However, his boy, after wriggling and squirming some five minutes, could not get undone, and Mr. Heller, quietly remarked to us, that he could get no manifestations from the boy till we untied him, which I did. Now, mark how some people *investigate*. I untied the boy, and threw the rope all loose into the cabinet and closed the doors, while Mr. Heller was telling the audience that I was making the knots tighter.

This was done in plain view of the whole of them, yet they all believed him, and did not see me.

His next performance was still more absurd. He opened the door to show us how the boy could "tie himself up;" and such trying! The rope was twisted around his thighs several times, and the light of the rope went over his wrists; all he had to do was to depress them two inches, and the whole hand would come out without fraying the skin. I told Mr. Heller that was "very foolish."

His next trick was worse still. He held up a big black board for the spirits to write on, and while it is thus held, another boy or man gets in the back door, thus four hands and two faces are easily shown through two apertures. Then he puts up the board again and both get out; one to go round the hall, the other to stand on the tressels in the rear, and show his hands through both apertures for a little while, then close the back door and stand there while the first boy, having gone around, comes into the back of the hall, very much out of breath with running against time, which closed the séance, as well it might.

From what I had heard, I did suppose that anything genuine could be counterfeited. But as Mr. Heller is the best of his class, I now think that such manifestations as the Davenport Boys give cannot be counterfeited—even into a semblance—except to those people who do not use all their senses—and brains too, while they are about it.

St. Louis, Dec. 15, 1865.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DREAMINGS.

BY SUSIE E. BARRER.

I'm dreaming, as I'm sliding, Sitting all alone, 'Neath the forest shadows, On a moss-grown stone; Dreaming of the dear ones, Dear ones loved and lost; Of the mystic river, 'River they have crossed; And I hear the murmur, Murmur of their flight, Of those gliding waters, Waters dark though bright, See I angel watchers, Watchers robed in light; In their hands they're bearing, Bearing flowers fair, To place upon my bosom, And twine within my hair, And with eager longings, Longings wild and deep, I vainly strive to reach them, And awaken from my sleep.

Warwick, Mass., 1865.

A Trip to Connecticut.

Sunday, Dec. 10th, I lectured to excellent but not large audiences in Newark, N. J., but awakened an interest that calls me back there all the unengaged Sundays I have for December. On the 11th I received notice that the friends at Albany had failed to secure a hall for me on the 17th, and the same day engaged to lecture in Bridgeport, Conn., where I found very intelligent and highly interested audiences in attendance at both lectures; most of them have often been interested and instructed by the lectures of Mrs. Middlebrook, who speaks for them again in February. The greatest lack I saw there was a Lyceum and regular meetings; it seems that they are strong enough for both. Early Monday morning Mr. Beckwith—father of the late and eloquent Mattie Beckwith—now moved out of the field by the road of marriage, as I learn—came for me to attend the funeral of a young man, a Mr. Parker, of New Haven, who, I learned, was a good medium, but, alas! greatly afflicted, from which he died suddenly, at the age and beloved parents, of whose 469 children he was the sixth one; and will be for the summer-land, leaving only one daughter in this sphere with the aged and blessed couple, who stand like oaks in the forest of Spiritualism, and feed the seeds and ridicule of the ignorant and wicked and are not moved thereby. As the funeral was to be on Wednesday, I took the interim to visit the community and new office of the Circular, at Wallingford, Conn., where I enjoyed a very pleasant and highly interesting visit in kind reception and efforts to show me the advantages of a system of social and religious life that ignores rum, tobacco, tea, coffee, pork, swearing, quarreling, wrangling, gossiping, backbiting, lying, cheating, defrauding, praying and praying, preaching, adopting instead of all these and many other evils a brotherly love and a practical system of trying to make each other happy, and good, and pure, and holy, and by each trying to set the example instead of giving the precept without example, as is usually the case. How far they will succeed, time will tell; but certainly they have a good start of the rest of the world in banishing many of the evils of social and domestic life. They are a peculiar people, and if not godly are certainly sober, candid, intelligent, refined, healthy, and apparently more happy than any class of Christians I have ever become acquainted with in my travels, and if that is Christianity I wish all the Christians would adopt it. I am sure "the world would be the better for it," and it would almost or quite persuade all candid and intelligent persons to become Christians; but at present it is only an experiment, in which about fifty persons at Wallingford and about two hundred at Oldfield, N. Y., are trying (apparently successfully) to live a life that they call the religion of Christ in accordance with his precepts and examples. Those who have known me long know it would be a great, if not impossible, change for me to become a Christian after the order of our popular churches, and these people seem to me as far from them as I do, and yet they profess Christ and accept him as a teacher, guide and founder, and even I am compelled to confess at last that I have found something good which has come out of Nazareth or out of the confused Babel of Christian tongues and creeds. But lest any of my friends should become alarmed at my defection of this Christian heresy, I can assure them I am likely to remain an outsider, and only seeking every where all the signs of promise for the future and carefully recording them, boldly speaking well of every unpopular good I find, and denouncing the abused and persecuted who are better than their accusers, even though both are Christians, as has so often been the case. I spent one day with them, greatly pleased with their beautiful location on the hillside, about half a mile from the village and station, where they own about two hundred and twenty-five acres of land, etc.

Wednesday, at the appointed time, the Universalist Church in New Haven was kindly opened and warmed for the funeral of our beloved brother, and Rev. Mr. Ballou, who preaches there, kindly assisted with prayer in the ceremonies of the occasion, and we laid away his body, while his spirit, which was with us on the occasion, went home with the parents, and still stays to comfort and watch over them as another guardian spirit.

On Thursday I returned to New York, and lectured in the evening, as I have done several times, at Mr. Goodwin's hall, 814 Broadway, but returned too late to answer and converse with a delegation from Philadelphia to attend the funeral of our dearly beloved sister, M. J. Dennett, M. D., whose spirit has gone from her consuetive body to its pleasant home in the summer-land. So our ranks are thinning, and still thinning with new recruits; soon all of our familiar faces will be gone, and strangers occupy our places. Such is life, death and immortality.

WARREN CHASE.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 23, 1865.

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

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Banner's New Year's Call. We had the pleasure of making fifty-two calls on our readers and friends last year; this is the first call we make on them for the New Year, 1866.

We cannot undertake to review the past, in the arbitrary limits that are allowed us. It shall suffice to touch here and there, with our thousands of friends and co-workers, on the few leading matters which rise in the thoughts as we turn the leaf and begin a clean new page.

The great and ever memorable event of the year 1865 was the closing of the war, associated as it was with the cruel assassination of President Lincoln, and followed as it has been by the beginning of the great work of Restoration. A new order of things has been reached, as was repeatedly prophesied by the higher intelligences years ago.

Henceforward we are to have none but questions to answer which pertain to peace and its countless blessings. A wide-spread rebellious organization has been utterly destroyed—left even without a name. Slavery was trampled down under the iron heel of war; and, as if that were not enough, it has just been added to by the States themselves, the former States adding in the way of removal. The nation has been effectually purged of many vices, which, it seems, are difficult of eradication save by the violent and always deplorable process of war.

But the sadness, and sorrow, and suffering that has been entailed on this American people, much as it is to be lamented by every sensitive and sympathetic heart, is doing a thorough and beneficial work on the American character. The elements of that character are being assorted and arranged anew. Men are now to be rather regarded for what they are than for what they profess; and even although certain purblind politicians cling to the old idols and refuse to turn their feet out of the old paths, there are enough all ready to become leaders as soon as called to that office, who recognize a new and better method than the effete one by which personal ambition and factional selfishness were made fat from the inconsiderate generosity of a too trusting people.

We are, then, to have a future more distinctly our own than any past has ever been. And the right men are getting ready—any are ready now to take upon themselves their allotted share of the burdens of that future. Speaking for ourselves, in the position in which we stand, we have no doubt as to the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism which inspires with a new faith and incites to a nobler exertion, we are too powerfully impressed, both from what we see and what we know, with the fact that in that immediate future this Philosophy and this Religion are to exert—openly and secretly, in public meetings and through the "still, small voice" of personal conviction—an influence and power to which no previous philosophy or religion has yet furnished a parallel. The very War from which we have just emerged, leaves the popular heart far more receptive to superior impressions and the popular mind far more bent to the guidance of unseen intelligences, than ever before. And of all this we shall not fail to see the fruit, and very shortly. Indeed, it is already dawning upon us, as a fact, of wonderful illumination.

The BANNER OF LIGHT was originally summoned to occupy a certain place, and to do a certain work in this field where so many laborers are needed—and it will remain constant to its post of duty until all the work implied by the summons shall have been performed. Its office may be a humble one, but it need be none the less effective. Not all the larger tasks are performed in the sight of men. The BANNER aims to obey the call it has received. In doing that, it does it from a full, an over-running heart, rather than to escape criticism for unperformed duty. It serves as an accredited agent between the invisible ones and those whom they would reach and appeal to in the flesh. It presents, from week to week, the great facts—new and old—of the Spiritual Philosophy, and the inspiring principles and sentiments of the Religion of Spiritualism. Its visits to the believers in the soul-comforting and soul-assuring faith of Spiritualism we have satisfying reasons for believing to be welcome, carrying with them the almighty and stimulus for all genuine searchers after Truth.

While scrupulously maintaining its character in this respect for the future, the BANNER has certain improved features of conduct in contemplation, which will be duly disclosed to its multitude of friends and readers as the year advances. But to one or two of these only we may, at this time, permit ourselves to allude. Inasmuch as the paper is firmly established, on a basis which may be called permanent, we feel at liberty to speak in reference to the future in a strain which need not be thought of as assurance merely. Our columns, not only for the coming year but for the entire future, will be enriched with contributions from some of the first talent and profoundest experience of the country. It is our design, and arrangements have been in consonance with the same, to secure some of the most philosophical, practical, and really able minds in cooperation with us in the service we aim to perform—of which we need not name Judge Edmonds, to satisfy the reader of the thoroughly substantial character of our intention. Next—we are about to extend our efforts in the much needed direction of making the Banner a first-class FAMILY PAPER, in which we know we shall be promptly seconded by all the truly spiritualistic families in the land. While there are so many thousands of families that subscribe to the divine Religion of Spiritualism, and are bound up together more closely than even by the ties of blood in the power of their faith, it is a matter of the very first importance that they should have a Paper which

they can in every sense—the commoner as well as the doer—call their own. Such a Weekly Visitor we shall strenuously exert ourselves to make the BANNER to every Spiritual Family in the land. Our special Western Department has already been made mention of to our readers—a feature which will, we doubt not, make the BANNER particularly acceptable to the people of that large and important section of the country.

We have long had it in contemplation to secure the services of Mr. Peebles, at the proper time, to conduct this Department, knowing him to be "the right man in the right place." The subject was mooted to Mr. P. five years ago, but circumstances beyond our control prevented us from putting into practical operation that which we have inaugurated to-day.

The outlay necessarily required to accomplish what we now perform, and what we propose to add to our present performance, is very large, but in no sense so large as that the ready and generous cooperation of the friends of the BANNER and the believers in Spiritualism cannot meet it as it arises. The character of this paper being established, we consider that all its success lies in the manner in which it is conducted; and its friends are the ones to say that its present success shall be continued. Their aid alone will bring about what we propose. We are confident that we do not ask it in vain.

With these promises, and this hasty review, we present ourselves to our readers at the opening of the New Year with sincere wishes for their continued happiness, progress and prosperity.

Once for All. At almost regular intervals, we are regaled through the mails with the copy of a very silly, conceited, ignorant, popinjay article from the London Saturday Review on Spiritualism, and the Banner of Light, and pretty much everything else, which inquirers, and indignant Spiritualists, and sincere friends of this paper seem to think has escaped our notice because we have thought it too little consequence to take notice of.

We beg to state, now and here, once for all, that the article in question passed under our notice very soon after it saw the light in the London weekly paper that habitually abuses Americans as a rule, and everything pertaining to this country, on its personal, we feel bound to say that it excited nothing like indignation within us, or even disgust. In fact, it affected us no way at all. We at once knew that the hand that wrote it belonged to some dissipated scribbler, fuddled at the time, who was not too glad to earn an extra shilling for his pot of beer, and not unwilling to make a display of his natural shallowness at the same time to console himself with when his delirium was over.

So far as he has done any harm to the living cause and the increasing interests of Spiritualism, we freely forgive him, as well as the proprietors of the journal who are driven to the practice of such low arts in order to draw public attention to their paper. As it relates at all to the Banner, we cannot see that the Review has done anything of importance enough to forgive. And as for ourselves attempting what many would think a reply to such stuff—mere batter as it is, mixed with equal parts of ignorance, baseness, fuddle, and low, sycophantic wit—we profess ourselves unable to do anything of the sort. So we hope our friends will give themselves no further uneasiness about the matter, as we shall not.

A Good Man Gone. Mr. Seth Hinshaw, of Greensboro, Ind., left the form on the 15th of November, at the ripe age of seventy-nine years, leaving an aged wife and two daughters for a little term behind him. Mr. Hinshaw was a remarkable man, and was educated a member of the Society of Friends, but for many years past has been a firm believer and consistent advocate of the personal communion of spirits with mortals. Four years ago, he erected a hall for the special use of Spiritual Lecturers, and has thus contributed his share to the better support and furtherance of this great cause. His home was the abode of hospitality. All kindly feelings and sentiments took root there and flourished. He dispensed his bounty and his beneficence upon all alike, without distinction of sex, color, or condition. His life was indeed a shining light, to be seen of all men about him. What shall be the real results of such a life on earth, who can tell but those who were the silent recipients of his good influence. He had the courage always to carry out his convictions. No character was more simple or sincere than his. He returned good for evil, praying for divine blessings on such as ignorantly sought his harm. He looked forward with tranquillity to the time of the parting of his spirit from its worn out and weary body, and had made all necessary preparations for the burial of the latter long before the hour finally struck. Few men could be passed more in their own sphere, because few lived so close to their work. He is blessed in the memory of all who knew him.

The Poor of Europe. According to an article of considerable elaborateness in the London Times, every monarchy of Europe, if Russia be excepted, is or is shortly to be in the market as a borrower. This crowned head wants so many millions, and that one so many. It is made a topic of ridicule that the sum to be asked for by the Papal Government will be so small—only two millions sterling. They are all beggars, however. Even Russia is only putting off the evil day, which is bound to come. What puts everything in such confusion in Europe is this very propensity to borrow. If it were for reproductive purposes, that would be another thing. Then the money would all come back again, besides enriching the nations in the borrowing. But, as it happens, these overwhelming debts are incurred only in the interest of war, for doing the hated work of destruction. The money is therefore worse than lost. Were the immense standing armies of Europe to be done away with, the effect on national expenses would very soon be felt; so long as rulers continue ambitious, they must continue to rely on violence to aid them; and hence the perpetual presence of large and expensive armies to drain the nations of men and money at the same time.

Wendell Phillips on Hours of Labor. Mr. Phillips lectured last week before the "Bay State Association" of this city, on "The Eight Hour Movement." He advocated the wisest and freest discussion of this most important subject, so that it should all the sooner be recognized by the representatives of the people in Congress. For himself, he thought that no particular number of hours ought to be established for a day's work, but that all should hire at their labor where they could do so to the best advantage, and that laborers should work by the piece, instead of by the hour and the day. The lecture abounded in many of those electric flashes of statement for which the speaker has long been famous among his countrymen, and was a good word, spoken in the right time, for the large interests of labor in a country styling itself free.

H. Melville Fay. It is with extreme reluctance that we bring the above name before our readers; but we have been again and again solicited from various quarters to place this individual before the public in his true light, and have brought upon ourselves reproach by our hesitancy and delay in so doing.

We cannot forget that one of the fundamental principles of our beautiful Gospel of Spiritualism, is Charity toward all; but suffering forbearance toward the errors and faults of human nature, even as heaven's loving ones bear and forbear with our own individual shortcomings, ever ready to throw about us the mantle of their love.

Yet, beautiful as is charity, it ceases to be a virtue when it loses sight of justice, and thus becomes a shield under which treachery and imposture may accomplish their dark designs. And in the case before us, Justice demands that Charity shall stand aside that a dishonest man may be made to appear in his true colors.

Scarcely was the ink dry upon a note written to us by this same H. Melville Fay, expressing an earnest desire that we should advertise him as a lecturer upon the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, and professing his sincerity and devotion to its holy cause, when the subjoined advertisement in a New York paper came under our observation; We cannot say that we were surprised, for, from the tricky reputation of this man in the past, he having been again and again detected in his tricks, and exposed by Spiritualists themselves in New York, in Titusville, Pa., and in many other places, the facts of which exposures we are ready to place before the public, if need be—we could not be surprised at any Somerset he might turn; but we were disappointed; for from the note we had just received from him, we had hoped that repentance had found a place in his heart, and that he had determined to come up to a higher platform and be an honest man; and our feelings were outraged by the impudent treachery and scoundrelism of a man who, even while endeavoring to sneak into the ranks of Spiritualist lecturers—we might say even while penning the advertisement to which we gave place in our columns sating for the patronage of Spiritualists—could be concealing such a wicked scheme of treachery against the spirit-world as the following advertisement reveals. Let it speak for itself—it needs no comments.

COOPER INSTITUTE. SATURDAY, DEC. 19. THURSDAY, DEC. 21. FRIDAY, DEC. 22. SATURDAY, DEC. 23. STATIONER, REV. STATIONER. WONDERS OF WOMEN'S EXPLANATIONS. THE INCREDIBLE HENRIETTA CREDIBLE. SPIRIT WORLD. THE GREAT REVOLUTION AMONG THE INHABITANTS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD. GREAT REFORMATION TAKING PLACE. Spirits get their backs up and declare "honour" they will work in the dark no longer. A great conspiracy among the spirits of the dead to overthrow the Government of the above dates at Cooper Institute, where a band of scoundrel impostors will reveal all the secrets of their balder and sister imposture. Let one fall to be here. All the tricks, facts and strange phenomena performed through the mediumship of H. M. FAY, and reproduced through their former confederate and partner, H. M. FAY, upon the open stage, in sight of all eyes, and see how small a thing has filled with wonder and astonishment the minds of the audience, who have seen H. M. FAY, rendered wealthy and famous by two ignorant and unprincipled men.

MR. FAY, who from long and continued practice with the DAVENPORT BROTHERS AND ALONE, has attained to a high degree of skill in the art of the AEROBICNESS AND SKILL WITH THE ROPES truly astonishing and wonderful, will enter his cabinet, and there give through their customary performances in a manner pronounced by all equal, by many superior to theirs. This alone is well worth double the admission fee. Feats seemingly incapable of explanation, miscellaneous—behold the power of man—will be performed. THE GREAT WHEAT FLOUR RING AND CONTESTS. SHOWING OF SPIRIT HANNS. PLATING OF SPIRIT HANNS. MR. FAY TIED AND UNTIED. In short, everything done by the Davenport Brothers—who a few months since were the most celebrated spirit mediums, and are now creating such a furor in the Old World—will be reproduced.

MR. FAY TIED AND UNTIED. before the audience with Cabinet doors wide open. Musical Instruments played upon—Spirits Exhibited.—The difficulty of seeing the spirits of the dead, and the impossibility of each and every eye can see every motion. All thoroughly and satisfactorily explained, forming one of the most entertaining, wonderful, amusing and instructive exhibitions ever yet before the New York public. It is truly astonishing and well worth the price of admission to see how expert and quick with the ropes years of steady practice have made MR. FAY. Remember the dates. The only opportunity given to New York to see this exhibition is at the Cooper Institute, 5th Avenue, 50 cents; Reserved Seats, 75 cents.

Now, in the first place, we deny this pretension to having been a former confederate and partner of the Davenport Brothers; it has no foundation in truth. Mr. William Fay, another, and a very different man, was for a long time connected with the Davenport Brothers in this country, and is now traveling with them in Europe. He is not related to H. M. Fay by any tie of kinship, but unfortunately possesses the same name; and the latter makes this fact serve his present discreditable purpose.

From what we know of this man, we do not doubt that he possesses genuine medium powers. But his whole past career proves him to be thoroughly unprincipled, and to have so mixed his mediumship with trickery and imposture, as to have rendered it wholly unreliable. This has been demonstrated again and again at his séances at private residences in many places, and the indignant victims of his impostures have, with difficulty, refrained from laying violent hands upon him.

It was this same man who attempted to palm upon intelligent and scientific Spiritualists of New York city, as a genuine spirit manifestation, his miserably shallow trick of turning water into wine, and was detected and exposed in the act. And in many other places he has again and again called the blush of shame to the cheek of many an honest Spiritualist by his shameless acts.

He will find now that it is a hard thing for him to kick against the pricks, and that in arraying himself against the spirit-world, and endeavoring to traduce and throw disrepute upon a cause that he has disgraced so long as he was connected with it, and that he only left because his oft detected rascalities prevented his receiving the confidence and pecuniary support that he craved—he will reap for himself only a harvest of ignominy and reproach.

Already are flowing in upon us, from reliable sources, proofs of his utter lack of principle from his childhood up. We repeat our convictions that he has genuine medium powers; but he lacks the grand balance-wheel of principle, and so he has basely perverted his gifts and given himself over to work iniquity, and as inevitably as effect follows cause, so must he reap the sad fruits of the seed he has sown.

It is not pleasant to us, this severe course demanded of us by justice. Our readers will bear us witness that we have ever been most careful in our dealings with the erring, and by this course have, as we have already said, brought upon ourselves the unjust reproach of countenancing and upholding worthless individuals.

We sincerely hope that H. Melville Fay will yet return from the error of his ways and make up his mind to be an honest, upright man; and then if he cannot get his living as a true, honest spirit-medium, he will not deem it necessary to resort to trickery and fraud, but will, man-like, enter some one of the many avenues of lucrative employment that are open to all.

Spiritualism in California. For many years in the past, the Banner was the pioneer worker in Spiritualism in California. It spread the light of the new gospel so freely among the inhabitants, that many minds became enlightened on the subject and others were awakened to the beauty of the philosophy it taught, until there grew a demand for speakers and test mediums to practically add them in their investigations of the Spiritual Philosophy. The demand has been but partially met, for the cry is still for more. Among the latest arrivals there of the former class, is Mrs. Laura Cuppy, well known in the West and New England as an able lecturer on Spiritualism. She commenced her labors the last of October, and has met with the most gratifying success, as we learn from various sources. In keeping with the instincts of her noble and true womanly nature, which sympathizes with all classes of the human family, with an earnest desire to do all she can for their moral and spiritual elevation, she has inaugurated free spiritual meetings on Sundays in California, relying solely upon the liberality of the people to sustain her in the good work. It is a noble and praiseworthy movement, and we trust it will be sustained, for it opens the way for the poorest—the rich can always do that—to the fount of spiritual knowledge and truth.

We have been permitted to read and make extracts from a private letter written by Mrs. C. to a lady in this city. Though not penned for the public eye, the extracts will be found of interest, and give the reader an insight view of a grateful heart. Speaking of her reception, she says: "The people of San Francisco have taken me right into their hearts. I will not make merchandise of God's truth, if I can help it, and I ignore 'admission fees' and trust to the spontaneous contributions of my audiences. I told them I did not come for money, but to labor among them for the cause to which I had dedicated my life; that I desired only to provide for myself and children and keep out of debt; I would never forgive myself if an admission fee excluded any desolate child of earth that our glorious spiritual truth would console or elevate; that now, as in times past, 'the poor should have the Gospel preached to them.' My meetings—though a hundred or more and only standing-room—are so quiet from beginning to end you could almost hear a pin drop. My heart is full of gratitude to the angels and Him who has 'made them ministering spirits.' I have not known one whole day's rest since I came here—no round of labor is mine, and is likely to continue. Well, it is 'better to wear out than to rust out.'"

Her letter was dated from Watsonville, Nov. 27, whither she had gone to deliver lectures during the week. Of the country and people, she says: "I write you from this lovely town among the mountains, where I am to lecture this and the two following evenings. I left San Francisco yesterday; came by railroad to San José, a beautiful town of some eighteen thousand inhabitants, where, a century ago, the Jesuit Fathers planted the cross, and now have two large institutions for the education of the youth of both sexes, of California.

At San José I took the stage, a rough-looking conveyance—minus springs—in which I came over fifty miles of rough road to this place. The grandeur of the mountain scenery is unsurpassed by any dream sublime, and the soul who doubts, amid these hills, the existence of a God, must be infidel indeed! When I arrived at the hotel, two gentlemen met me and immediately conducted me into a cheerful private parlor. The pleasant freight rendered it glowing and full of that genial warmth so grateful to a stranger in California.

You are welcome, Mrs. Cuppy; your name is as familiar as a household word, and the greeting of my guides. These are your apartments during your stay. The landlord of this hotel (the first in the place), begs you to consider yourself his guest. You must call for everything we may have omitted in considering your comfort. Yonder (pointing to a table where grapes, apples and other fruit were piled up in tempting profusion,) are the productions of our valley. To-morrow you shall have flowers, and our people will do themselves the honor of calling upon you."

This is a specimen of the 'rough Californians' we hear of. Nowhere have I met more attentive audiences, more courteous treatment than in California. God bless them! This morning I walked for an hour on the balcony opening off my apartments, and had a glorious view of the Pajaro Valley and the grand old mountains by which it is enveloped and completely sheltered. Over the columns supporting the balcony, roses, crimson and white, were twining in full, luxurious bloom. The air was balmy, resembling an Indian summer day in the East, though the mornings and evenings are cold enough to tender fires and cloaks comfortable; and persons—resident here for twenty years—tell me they wear the same the year round."

Congress. This body is at present using up its vacation which it voted to itself until the last of the first week of the New Year. There was so much wrangling among them, few persons were indisposed to let them go home for a little time and find out the sentiments of their constituents. Many and very important questions are pressing for answers from this Congress, the financial matter being by no means the least important. When the members return, it is to be hoped they will address themselves to this subject at least, with new zeal and energy. Then there is the entire matter of the revenues to be overhauled, so that taxes shall be laid equitably, instead of falling like snowflakes on some heads, and like rocks on others. The restoration scheme of the President is by no means the slightest of the measures to be presented. Besides these, there are a host of topics, special and general in their character, which it will take time to attend to, and which ought not to be deferred till the very tail end of the session.

Peru, Chili and Spain. Spain went to war with Chili because the latter refused to side with her against Peru. Now Peru has just passed through two popular revolutions, because the people were indignant at the terms of the peace the Government has made with Spain. So that, to be consistent, Spain ought to declare war against Peru with much more alacrity than she has against Chili. These two South American States are closely in sympathy about the conduct of Spain, and will doubtless act together in the present war. The whole history of Spanish intermeddling has been one of impudence and extreme effrontery. It may, and probably will, lead to a union among all the Pacific States of South America, which will be to their solid benefit.

Charles Town. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes speaks at the meetings held in Mechanics Hall, next Sunday and the one following. A. O. Robinson is to address the Society meeting in City Hall. The Children's Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

To Colorado and Back. John Wetherbee, Esq., well known in this city as a broker, and who has of late become famous for his shrewd operations and great success in managing and developing his gold mines in Colorado, delivered an address before the "Parker Fraternity," on Friday evening, Dec. 22d, in which he gave an account of his recent trip to Colorado and back. He spoke nearly one hour and a half, and was listened to with close attention. The activity of his thoughts made him wander so often away from the simple narration of incidents of the trip, that when he came to a close, he said he had not time to even allude to many things of interest which he wished to speak upon. But he said enough, however, to exceedingly amuse and interest the audience, and hold their attention longer than many of the popular lecturers of the day can, without manifestations of uneasiness. While speaking of Colorado, he said that fifty billions of gold would be taken from the mines during the next twenty-five years. In closing, he paid New England a merited tribute, in his peculiar style, which considerably outstripped Beecher's high estimate of her. Mr. Wetherbee is the man for the time, and has astonished many a State street "fogie" with his new and progressive ideas and energetic business capacities.

Mr. Willis's Lectures. Although the storm was the severest of the season, on Sunday the 24th, there was probably a larger audience in the Melodeon to hear F. L. H. Willis than assembled in any other place of worship in the city. The discourses far surpassed any we have heard from the same source, and were superior productions, abounding with beauty of thought rarely attained through inspirational channels. No one can listen to such discourses without feeling that he is a better man for having done so, and ever after hold his fellow men in higher estimation, and act toward them with a truer and broader humanity that will lighten his burden through life's earthly journey.

His afternoon discourse was upon "The Gospel of Spiritualism"; and in the evening, a most exquisite narration of "Theodore Parker's Experiences on entering the spirit-world." We hope that arrangements will be made with Mr. Willis to have him visit us again and repeat both of the above addresses.

Mrs. Cora Scott Daniels Coming to Boston. We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Cora Scott Daniels is engaged to speak in the Melodeon during the month of January. As this will be her last appearance in the lecturing-field previous to her going to Louisiana to reside, there will be much anxiety to hear her. We regret to lose from our midst so able and popular a lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy; but her valuable services will not be lost to the public, as a lecturer, for we believe she intends to labor in that capacity a part of the time in the South. During the last two months she has been speaking in Washington, and created an interest in the subject of Spiritualism never before witnessed in the Capital of the nation.

Laudable Enterprise. B. M. Lawrence, M. D., known to many of our readers as a firm Spiritualist and excellent lecturer, has struck out in a new direction for the benefit of humanity. He commences a series of entertainments in the Melodeon on Monday, Jan. 1, to be continued every evening during the week, (excepting Wednesday, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, to be known as the Young Folk's Concerts, the net proceeds of which are to be donated, by a vote of the audience, to some charitable purpose. In order to make the entertainments worthy of patronage, Dr. Lawrence has secured the services of the original Campanellians, who will introduce, for the first time in this city, their novel and wonderful musical instruments, composed of over two hundred steel bars, producing the most enchanting music, surpassing the Swiss Bell Ringers; also Mlle. El-Dora Louie, who is an artist of ability, and who has received much praise from those who have heard her in the South and West.

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 (\$9) one copy of either of the following popular works, viz: "Dealings with the Dead," by Dr. P. B. Randolph; "The Wildfire Club," by Emma Hardison; "Blossoms of our Spring," by Emma and Hudson Tuttle; or "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.

Illness of Mrs. Bliss. We regret to learn that Mrs. E. A. Bliss is again quite ill, so much so as to be obliged to suspend her lecturing for the present. Her husband, in a note to us dated Springfield, Dec. 23d, says, "Mrs. Bliss is at home, very feeble indeed. She returned from Charlestown, where she had been speaking through November, in an exhausted condition, with her cough increased to an alarming degree. She is now unable to sit up, with difficulties that threaten the termination of her earthly existence. But as she has been raised a number of times through the aid of the invisibles, she may again be enabled to speak the truths which belong to this age."

Dr. Newton going to Cuba. We learn that Dr. J. R. Newton, the healer, is going to Havana, (Cuba,) to practice in his profession. He will remain there about two months. On his return he will stop at New Orleans for a few weeks, and then come to Boston, and open an office here probably in the early part of April. He sails from New York, January 3d, in the steamer Eagle. Success attend the efforts of this noble worker in the cause of suffering humanity.

Corry, Pa. Our friends have organized a Society in Corry, Pa., and hold monthly meetings in Continental Hall. They are desirous to have lecturers traveling over the Atlantic and Great Western, or the Philadelphia and Erie Railways, to give them a call. Address W. H. Johnson, President of the Society, or Miss Olive H. Frazier, Secretary, for further information.

Dr. L. K. Coonley at Vineland. Dr. Coonley lectured in Vineland, N. J., the last three Sundays in December. The hall was not large enough to contain all who wished to listen to the discourses. The friends there are moving in the matter of erecting a more commodious edifice. The seekers after knowledge of the spiritual philosophy are on the increase everywhere.

Western Department.

OHIOHATI, OHIO. J. M. FEEDLES, Resident Editor.

Salutatory.

READERS—Grace be with you from the Infinite, peace from the angel-world, blessings from those beatified spirits commissioned to minister unto mortals, and a conscious fellowship with the good, the beautiful and the true, be yours now and evermore.

The great soul-purpose I have in taking charge of the Western Editorial Department of the BANNER, is to benefit our common humanity by more clearly elucidating the meaning of those ever-recurring phases of phenomena connected with Spiritualism, and more widely disseminating those principles of the Harmonial Philosophy intimately allied to the reform movements of the age, than I could do by Sunday lectures alone.

To one standing upon the Mount of Vision, it is not only plainly discernible that the field is the world, and that inspirations broader capacities, but that a grand baptismal influx is about descending from the spiritual heavens. A crisis is approaching. Angels are pointing to moral vineyards yet untillaged by practiced hands, and immortal voices are calling for more consecrated laborers, as well as bidding the older veterans work on with tongue and pen, ever repeating the assurance that bleeding feet are but marching to see the heads that guide them, crowned.

Jamblicus tells us that Sextus contemplated himself; Socrates sought to know himself; and Jesus, that eminent Judean Spiritualist, testified of himself. The poet Whitman celebrates himself in song, and Emerson in metaphysics affirms himself. Be it mine from week to week to write myself, though it exhibit at times a marked individualism not in consonance with conservative comfort. The thought that glows—the inspirational idea that burns for utterance, shall be penned in solid Anglo-Saxon. If it gladden, well; if not, the missioned minstrel must move on to more receptive souls. No truth is lost—no principle dies. Methods diverse, inverse, and converse even, are necessities in this transitional age. Ever preferring the builder to the waster, the constructive to the destructive; nevertheless the truth must be written—must be spoken, at all hazards.

I shall employ old material or new; quote from all Bibles; draw upon the past or present; the events of history; the incidents of to-day; the phenomena of past times; the deductions of reason; the results of critical analysis, and even flights of fancy, just as they may best subserve the purpose of mental freedom and permanent soul-growth.

Earnest in the advocacy of what I deem right, true and reformatory, I shall be tolerant of differences of opinion; holding the olive-branch of peace; exercising that charity which thinketh no evil; encouraging all mediatorial persons whose aims are high purposed, and glorying even in that freedom of discussion so natural to Western life and enterprise—yet insisting that it be conducted in the spirit of sincerity, kindness and brotherly love; considering myself responsible for such articles only as I may furnish.

Spiritualism.

This term signifies infinitely more than Spiritualism. The latter may refer only to a fact—a passing wave upon the ocean of Time; while the former, recognizing the divine in man, carries with it the significance of a moral quality—that MORAL QUALITY which inheres and lies rooted in the religious and spiritual constitution of man, awaiting harmonial unfoldment. An ancient Apostle said, "To be spiritually minded is life," and "the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith." Words are symbols—signs of ideas; accordingly underlying Unitarianism is the Unity of God; Universalism, implies a present intercourse with the spirit-world, thus demonstrating immortality and individuality, with wisely directed efforts toward the highest spiritual culture of the moral nature. Conscious of God in man, and God manifest through all history, it acknowledges the reformatory pulse-beats of the world as but the mighty heart-throbs of the Eternal, blending as echoing voices with those Divine principles that perpetually summon in the soul, and prophesy, too, of more blessed ages in the future. God comes to the soul not so much through the senses as plodding inductionists often insist. He rather comes to the senses through the soul. The soul being of God, and connected therewith as drop and fountain, is more in direct rapport with Infinite causation than the physical senses. Spirit is infinite substance; or, "life unconscious," ever taking on, interpenetrating and molding forms; while matter, though coeternal with spirit, is more changing, unreal and shadowy; and Spiritualism, in the highest sense of the term, spans the whole realm of spirit and matter. With reference to the "manifestations," it gives knowledge for tremulous faith, and shows the perfect naturalness of converse with the spirit-world. It is a present baptism from on high—a continual regeneration—a succession of higher births and endless privileges—the initial dispensation—the kingdom of heaven commenced—the consolation of the dying—the comfort of the mourner, and the sweetest answer to prayer. Those who accept and live its higher teachings, have part in the "first resurrection." Its influences are reformatory; its work apostolic; its aims constructive; its design to unite all liberal and reformatory elements that can be used for redemptive purposes; and it seeks by moral power to lift men and women from those lower conditions that permeate vicious tendencies, angularities and inharmonies, fitting them for this life, and an endless progressive existence hereafter. Though utterly inimical to creeds, sectarisms, and theologies of all ages it blends beautifully with the Christianity of the Nazarene—the Neo-Platonic philosophy, and those eternal principles of life, love and wisdom that pertain to the Infinite.

To be a Spiritualist, then, is to believe in communion with spirits, making that communion a help to spiritual-mindedness to holy life and living on earth, preparatory to diviner conditions and more celestial homes in the heavens. The promise was and is to "him that overcometh." All the beauties that glid and glories that glitter along the sun-bright shores of Eternity, shall be ours when we are "worthy." Such I see with starry crowns, white robes, and waving palms; and I hear them shouting, "Victory, victory!"

The Eddys Westward.

Let the secular press falter; grapes ought not to be expected from thorns. Let Churchmen misrepresent; it was a cardinal doctrine of theirs in the medieval ages to "lie for the glory of God." The infection still lingers. Let the dear public feed and fatten on the filth of its liking; God is over all; angels are brightening with golden beams the highways between earth and heav'n, and spirits, to my certain knowledge, produce startling manifestations through the Eddy mediums. I have no words of palliation for imposture. Immortality is a subject too sacred for trifling. The law of compensation should preclude even the thought of deception. I have seen this family in public circles and private advances—have sat with them in evening time and by daylight, witnessing the most astonishing proofs of spirit-presence and power. They are entitled to the most perfect confidence. Will they not come West? They shall receive a most cordial welcome in Cincinnati. What say you, Dr. Raudall?

Where?

Evangelical dogmas admit but two gradations in society, "sheep and goats," or saints and sinners, with a prospective separation that shall be eternal. The Spiritual Philosophy recognizes many conditions, and from the practical side specifies three classes: thinkers, sayers and doers. Emerson, the sage of Concord and Plato of today, is America's thinker. George Francis Train is a sayer—saying so much that people listen quite as heedlessly as to rattling rain on rusty roofs. Great talkers are never deep, systematic thinkers. They may shine and glisten for the moment; so do deceiving mackerel by moonlight. Theodore Parker was a worker. Full and glorious was the life-record he bore across the crystal stream of Death to that City Immortal. It is the dazzling cascade that mantles the flowers with silvery mist. It is the stormy ocean that makes the skillful mariner—the rubbed steel that shines, and the worker that wins. The angel of adjudication that stands over the river welcoming landing hosts, does not ask, "What did you believe?"—"What did you say?" but what did you do in earth-land?

My brother, when unfished, where will that fixed spiritual law, which sent Judas to "his own place," place you? What are you doing—doing now for the truth you profess to cherish and love? Art thou among the "doers of the word?" Where do you class yourself?

New Publications.

BRANCHES OF PALM. By Mrs. J. S. Adams. Boston: Adams & Co., 21 Bromfield street.

The advertisement of this beautiful volume in another column of the Banner declares to the reader what is the character of its contents. Alike in prose utterances and in verse, Mrs. Adams has given forth those profounder sentiments which are the product only of illuminated moments. They will be found to answer to every one of the multiplied needs of the soul. Are you weary? These pages abound with refreshment for the human spirit. Are you perplexed and given to irritation of thought? Here are to be found those genuine tranquilizing influences, begotten of a truly tranquil and self-possessed soul, which will speedily restore to strength again. Are you slack of faith, feeling as if the brighter world had gone into an eternal eclipse? Read this book trustfully and devoutly, and the stars will all shine out thickly over the sky of life again. On these pages are recorded something for the heart of mortal in every mood, under every trial. None can have descended so deeply into the abyss of wretchedness that these sayings cannot bring them safely up into the bright day of hope again; none can have been borne to such a height of ecstasy, either, that among these beautiful utterances—beautiful because true to life and human experience everywhere—they cannot discover a spirit which is ready and glad to accompany them, doubling their delights on the soul-exalting way.

What gives such a book of the heart additional and peculiar value to the reader is, its sentences and sayings are capable of such ready quotation. By reading one of them in the morning, and taking a little pains to stamp its meaning and spirit upon the thoughts, it may be made a present friend and blessed counsellor through all the trying hours of the day. Some of them will sing all day long in the heart, like a bee in a flower. Others will furnish that pleasant and wholesome utterance which is exactly needed for a tonic to the nature. All of them are remarkable—are in fact inspired, because they are the real outpourings from a nature whose experiences every day is of the profoundest character. Hence their wholly spiritual aroma. They will flavor, any one of them, a person's life for a long time. The little allegories and fables which are sprinkled over the pages, looking like fresh drops of dew on the green grass in the early morning, are of a compacted meaning, touching life at various points, and carrying home for every reader their own silent but priceless lesson.

A book like this would be one of the most serviceable as well as elegant presents to a friend. It is just what ought to be handy on the table, with so many rich consolations for the soul shut in between its green covers. No closer friend could be sought for among printed volumes. Mrs. Adams is widely known and appreciated by the few choice productions of her thought in the past, and will be welcomed in this volume with a fresh warmth of friendship by all who have hitherto come within the influence of her beautiful spirit. No more elevated and ennobling literature is produced in the advancement of genuine Spiritualism.

GAZELLE: A True Tale of the Great Rebellion, and Other Poems. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a delightful, if not delicious, rhymed story of the war, full of romance, spiced with wit, juicy with humor, happy even to occasional grotesqueries in its rhymes, with a dash and rattle that wins the reader at the start, and keeps his attention to the last page. The title deserves so pretty mechanical treatment by the publishers. They have done themselves great credit with their blue covers and gold top. There is much variety in this pretty tale in verse, and some of the parts are done very deftly. We urge its purchase and perusal on all who look closely after the new things in poetry. The other poems which supplement the main one, show versatility and skill, with equal poetic inspiration, in the gifted author. A no more appropriate Christmas or New Year's gift can grace the centre tables of our citizens.

FIGHTING JOE; or The Fortunes of a Staff Officer. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

If Oliver—our Oliver—has taken hold of the story of "Fighting Joe," the boys may be sure they have something to excite their curiosity. He tells all his stories well, but this one is a rouser. It is full of battle smoke and cannon roar, the romance of rough camp life, the bivouac, the struggle, and the victory. Mr. Optic grows steadily as the present generation of boys and girls, and we only wish for him that he may live to write his pleasant and profitable stories for their healthy and happy grandchildren.

A. Williams & Co. have Harper's Monthly for the New Year. It is a rare number, with contents as varied and readable as one could desire. The illustrations of a British Royal for a Pacific Railroad are profuse, and tell a true tale by themselves. The descriptive and factitious literature in this number is large, and the essays, poems, componds, and sketches combine to make it as at-

tractive and entertaining a monthly as any publishing house might reasonably have an ambition to publish.

THE HISTORY OF MOSES AND THE ISRAELITES, is the title of a book which has just been re-written by its author, Mr. Merritt Munson, and published in very neat form by the Religious-Philosophical Publishing Association of Chicago. It is an exhaustive analysis of the theme to which its author has addressed his powers. The Mosiac Record he believes to stand directly in the way of all proper and consistent views of the Christian Religion, and he has therefore taken hold of it with the purpose of making plain what so many suffer to obstruct their view and hinder their growth. We should judge from the cursory manner in which we have so far examined the book, that it had successfully accomplished its purpose, and therefore that it will find readers and students in large numbers. It is certainly in consonance with the spirit of the present age, which demands that all things in history, whether "sacred" or "profane," shall be subjected to the most searching processes of intelligent and impartial criticism. We are indebted to Tallmadge & Co., Chicago, for a copy of this work.

We have the National Quarterly Review for December from A. Williams & Co. on our table. It maintains its place in our esteem as a favorite. While holding up its truly scholarly characteristics, it still loses none of that freshness and vigor with which it took front rank among popular reviews at the start. The December number contains articles with the subjoined titles: Authenticity of Ovidian's Poems; Daniel Webster and his Intuitions; The Symbolism of the Eddys; Character and Destiny of the Negro; Epidemics and their Causes—Cholera; Lord Palmerston; Museums and Botanical Gardens; The President's Message; Notices and Criticisms.

HOURS AT HOME, published by Scribner, of New York, is also on Williams's counter, containing a liberal supply of religious and useful literature. The first number for 1886 offers articles from the pens of Prof. Draper, W. Gilmore Simms, G. M. Towle, H. T. Tuckerman, the author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family," and others of repute. This is a finely prepared monthly in point of paper and type, as well as in the character of what it offers the reader.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"The Reaction of Spiritualism," an able article from the pen of our Washington correspondent, G. A. B., did not reach us in season for this week's issue. It will appear in our next.

A New Year's Story for the Children, written by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., will appear in the forthcoming number of the Banner. It was not received in season for this issue.

L. Judd Pardee informs us that he will be in Boston during January, and will be happy to answer calls to lecture during the month. In February he returns to Buffalo, where he is engaged to speak another month, making the third there this season.

Mrs. N. T. Brigham speaks in Brighton, Union Square Hall, next Sunday, Jan. 7th.

The spirit of Frederic S. Hill, an old and favorite actor, willom of this city, in a communication from the spirit-land to a friend of his on earth, gave this beautiful and truthful sentiment: "Everything that makes man innocently happy, is well."

"THE GAZELLE."—Our readers will notice in the advertisement of this beautiful poem, that the price is one dollar and twenty-five cents, instead of one dollar and fifty cents, as printed in our last issue.

Some weeks since, Gen. B. M. Prentiss and son, of Quincy, Ill., were fitted for horseshipping a young man who was visiting the General's widowed daughter. On the 12th inst. this daughter drowned herself in her father's cistern. A sad finale to a father's too severe parental authority.

Maine has 30,000 sailors, and only one Mariner's Church, which is in Portland. The independent sailor do n't like the teachings of old theology.

Blerstad, the artist, has made \$120,000 with his brush in three years. He is now building a princely mansion at Irvington, on the Hudson, and drives the most stylish team in the Central Park.

Over 6000 persons had died from cholera in Paris up to November 23. Lately a milder form, called cholericum, has been almost universal in the city, but rarely fatal.

APPLE SPECULATION.—One of the largest apple dealers in the country, a Mr. Marshall, of New York, has failed, and numerous persons in Western New York, farmers and agents, have lost heavily in consequence. The Rochester papers report that one of Marshall's agents, who was worth \$30,000, has lost all, while many farmers have lost the price of their entire crops. Some of the banks are said to have an unpleasant amount of apple paper. The apple speculation was overdone.

At a late public ball in Vienna, an officer became entangled by the crinolines of his partner, and, falling, broke one of his legs; the lady, rolling over him in her turn, fell on the other leg and fractured it likewise.

PROSPEROUS TIMES.—It is stated that every concert and exhibition room in New York is engaged from the present time till late in the Spring.

The Richmond Republic says it is an authentic historical fact, that no case of Asiatic cholera has ever occurred in the basin of country embracing the mineral springs of Virginia.

A FACT HERETOFORE UNADVERTISED.—The daily sales of Plinon's "Night-Blinding Cerum" exceed by more than one hundred per cent, those of any ten other perfumes for the handicrafts that figure in the list of choice extracts, whether original or imitations of French and English articles. Sold everywhere.

Business Matters.

AUSTIN KENT TO HIS FRIENDS.—I have 600 copies of my small work on "Conjugal Love." I know many to have highly prized it. Inflammatory rheumatism has crippled me. I have not stopped upon my feet for eight years, nor feel myself for over three. I may live some years, but shall never do either again. I cannot attend to the advertising and sale of the book. I am poor. If any person or persons will prepay and get them in small or large numbers, for sale or gratuitous circulation, I will sell them for half what it will now cost to print them, and for less, if I must. Whoever writes will send stamp for return postage. AUSTIN KENT, East Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., Oct. 24.

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

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

A SUBSTANTIAL HOLIDAY GIFT.—The best gifts are those that have a permanent value, that do not deteriorate with use, or lose their interest and importance with the lapse of time. Diamonds and India shawls are valued on this account; but unfortunately they cost enormous sums of money, and are only adapted to persons occupying a certain social position.

There are very few purchasable articles which retain their value, and all the time yield a splendid interest in the investment; but among them we must put down first, a GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine. This modern miracle, this magic seamstress with the exact eye and tireless fingers, not only repays over and over again in a very short time the money spent in its purchase, but is capable of becoming a small fortune, a lump of wealth, to its possessor.

It is the most valuable gift that a husband can make to his wife, a father to his daughter, a friend to the young lady who is about to become a bride, the benevolent to the poor soldier's widow, or a congregation to their minister's wife.

It is not only a household assistant, worth the labor of three or four pairs of ordinary hands, but it is a life annuity, a perpetual security against absolute want. A clever operator on a GROVER & BAKER machine can always find remunerative employment, all the more, because it accomplishes so wide a range of work.

Any first-class Sewing Machine is good for a gift, and possesses a certain value; but we recommend the GROVER & BAKER, because it is the best; because it accomplishes the most and the best work with the least trouble; because the peculiar stitch is the most durable, as well as the most beautiful; because it is the only one adapted to all kinds of work, and every variety of material; it is more simple, more easily understood than others, and requires no delay in rewinding, fastening, and the like.

There are many other reasons which we could give, but they will suffice with the crowning one: that it never fails to give the most entire and perfect satisfaction. Santa Claus bearing such a gift would be worth, indeed, a hearty welcome.—New York Independent.

HEALING AND DEVELOPING MEDIUM.—Mrs. H. B. Gillette, Healing and Developing Medium, can be found at the Banner of Light Building, Room No. 3, 158 Washington street, every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M.

COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.) A. F. BUNCKER, Wis.—\$2.00 received.

Special Notices.

FRESH, NATURAL FLOWERS. Put up to bear sending 500 or 600 miles, perfectly. Telegraph or write us, or instruct your expressman. HARRIS & CHAPMAN, 130 Tremont street. Dec. 30—4w

DR. URIAH CLARK'S HEALTH INSTITUTE. CURES WITHOUT MEDICINE! 18 Chauncy street, Boston, Mass. Dec. 5.

The Lung is the Great Laboratory of the Human System.—When once destroyed they never can be made sound again. We should remove the first cause which tends to their destruction. When sores are opened, it is indicated by a cough, or pain in the chest, or difficulty of breathing. Now Allen's Lung Balm will check these symptoms at once, if it is used in time, and prevent fatal consumption. For sale by M. S. BURK & CO., Boston. 27-Jan. 6. Also, by the dealers in Family Medicine generally.

Perry Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer.—Voluntarily, conscientiously, and with much pleasure, we recommend to our readers the above-named medicine. We speak from our own observation and experience when we say that it removes pain, as if by magic, from all parts of the body, and is one of the best medicines in use for checking diarrhea, and removing the premonitory symptoms of cholera. It is applied both internally and externally, with the best effects, and none who have used it can fail to be benefited. It will be found out it constantly in their houses.—Cincinnati Nonpareil. Dec. 30—(8)—2w

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. RABBITT'S CONCENTRATED POTASH, OR READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other soap or ley in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No time is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market. B. T. RABBITT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York. Oct. 14—1y

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. (Cholera, or Mottled, also Liverrot, and Lentigo, or Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion; for the discolored spots they more plainly on the face of a blonde than a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of either; and any preparation that will effectually remove them, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. PERRY, who has made discoveries of the skin's apertures, has discovered a remedy for these disfigurements, which is at once prompt, infallible and harmless. Prepared only by B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 North Street, New York, and for sale by all druggists. Price \$2.00 per bottle. Call for PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. Sold by all Druggists everywhere. 6m—Nov. 11.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for a line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance. Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

YE WHO ARE SOON TO START—OR—LIFE'S ACTIVE JOURNEY. AND who would have two beautiful characters as exemplars, read the story of HERMAN and COSMOPOLIS, in a book soon to be published by LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

ENTITLED HERMAN; OR—YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD, AND there learn what constitutes noble MAMMOUD and WOMANHOOD: see what can be born and forborne for principle, and the triumphant results of duty nobly done. In two handsome volumes. Price \$1.50. Copies sent by mail on receipt of price. Jan. 6.

THAT OUR ESTIMATE—OR—HERMAN; OR—YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD, IS not overdrawn, we publish below the opinion of "GAIL HAMILTON." Her endorsement is full, complete, emphatic— "It is a story or a poem may comprehend the whole duty of man. I have read such a one. I recollect 'Herman; or, Young Knighthood,' which contained not only more wit, but more wisdom; not only more beauty, but more grandeur; not only more power of fancy, more power of imagination, more directness of purpose, more fertility of expression, and more elegance of diction, but more knowledge of human nature, more grandeur of judgment; grander conceptions of human aspirations and human capacity to love and to suffer, to enjoy, to act, to die, and to rise again; a vaster sweep of thought; broader generalization; more comprehensive views; more logical and accurate reasoning; nicer analysis, and a higher standard of Christian manhood, than you will find in a column of your 'Gail Hamilton's' 'Country Living and Country Thinking.'" LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, BOSTON, MASS. Jan. 6.



WILL HEAL YOUR SORES, CHAPPED HANDS, &c. QUIT KEEPER than anything you ever tried. Sold everywhere. Wholesale by WELLS & POTTER, JOHN WILSON & CO., and at the Manufacturing, No. 56 WASHINGTON STREET, Boston, Mass. 2w—Jan. 6.

H. O. STEVENS, Mineralogist and Alchemist. He can locate and trace out Lodes, Haunches, or Alchemical Deposits. Lead, Gold, Silver, &c., and hidden treasures in the earth. P. O. Box 303, MCKEITHEN, IOWA. 2w—Jan. 6.

MRS. A. J. KENISON, Test, Healer and Medium. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Boston No. 15 Hudson street, Boston, Mass. 2w—June 6.

MRS. COTTON, Successful Healing Medium, who by the laying on of hands cures all ailments (green). No. 111 East 20th street, near 3d Avenue, N. Y. 2w—Jan. 6.

A GRAND HOLIDAY PRESENT! NOW READY, The Great Lyrical Epic of the War! GAZELLE, A TALE OF THE GREAT REBELLION. A Purely American Poem. It is an Autobiography. Its Characters are from Life. Its Scenes are the Great Lakes, NIAGARA FALLS, THE ST. LAWRENCE, MONTREAL, THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, and the sanguinary BATTLE-FIELDS OF THE NORTH. It embodies the well-known legends which cluster about these places. Its measure changes with the subject, joyful or sad, and by its originality and airy lightness, awakes once the interest of the reader, and clings to it to the end. It is all the beauties of a poem, the interest of a romance, and the truthfulness of real life. Price \$1.25. For sale at our Boston and New York Offices. Dec. 20.

THE GIFT BOOK OF THE SEASON FOR EVERY SPIRITUALIST AND Friend of Truth and Progress, IS NOW READY, BRANCHES OF PALM, BY MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

TO those who are acquainted with the writings of Mrs. Adams, nothing need be said to induce them to purchase this book. The thoughts it contains bear evidence of a rich spiritual growth and a maturity resulting from spiritual experience, and cannot fail to be welcomed and treasured by all lovers of "THE GOOD, THE BEAUTIFUL, AND THE TRUE." Every one who possesses this book will realize the truthfulness of a remark made by one who had the privilege of looking over its pages while in proof. "When I read it, it seems as though an angel stands by my side and talks to me." Dr. A. H. CHASE, while reading the first hundred pages in proof, noted down the following impressions: "IT IS MOSTLY PROSE IN FORM, BUT FULLY IN SPIRIT. 'IT IS A STORY THAT WILL STUPID EVERY HEARTY BELIEVER OF EARTH WHO TAKES IT IN HAND. 'IT TELLS US HOW TO LIVE BETTER AND DIE HAPPIER. 'THE PAGES AS A WHOLE REVEAL THE VERY UNCORRUPTED GOODNESS OF GOD TO MAN. 'IN CHARACTER, AS WELL AS IN READING, IT BECOMES THE FRIENDSHIP OF WISDOM. 'IT IS A PERFECT BOOK, FOR IT GIVES THE READER FOOD AND COMFORT. 'IT IS A BOOK THAT EVERY ONE AFFLICTED NEEDS—THE WAYWARD NEED IT; THE THOUGHTLESS NEED IT; THE UNHAPPY NEED IT. 'IT IS A SWEET AND HOLY SONG TO THE DEVOTED AND THE DEVOUT. 'THE BOOK, THE BIBLE, THE INDEBTOR AND THE WISE WILL FIND MUCH WISDOM IN IT. 'IT WILL GUIDE THE FEET OF MANY OVER DARKNESS'S PLACES. 'No reader of the Banner will fail to find in this book the greatest satisfaction. While invaluable as a personal possession, no better volume can be selected as a gift to a friend. To the weary and worn pilgrim on the shore of Time, to those who long for a voice from heaven to speak to them; to those who mourn as well as to those who rejoice; to all of us, who need through this world of beauty and sorrow, the joyousness of these "BRANCHES OF PALM" will truly prove to be the joyousness of many spiritual pilgrims. This book will be well printed, and beautifully bound, and will prove eminently valuable and attractive as a GIFT. BOSTON: LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, N. Y. Price \$1.25 a copy. Address, WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Dec. 16.

THE LOVE-LIFE OF DR. KANE; CONTAINING THE Correspondence, and a History of the Acquaintance, Engagement, and Secret Marriage BETWEEN ELISBA E. KANE AND MARGARET FOX, WITH FACSIMILES OF LETTERS, AND HER PORTRAIT. Price \$1.25. For sale at this office. Dec. 2.

THE LIVING PRESENT AND THE DEAD BEST; OR, God made manifest a useful in living men and women as he is in Jesus. By HENRY C. WRIGHT, Author of "The Empire of the Mother," "The Unconquered World," "The New Year's Hope," "The Self-Annihilating Marriage and Parentage." Price 50 cents, postage 4 cents. For sale at this office and New York Office. Nov. 25.

POEMS AND BALLADS. BY A. H. McCOMBS. IN this collection are some poems which, in point of beauty and originality, are far superior to much of the published poetry of the day. Price 50 cents, postage 12 cents. For sale at our Boston and New York Offices. Dec. 20.

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE; CONTAINING: Incidents of Personal Experience while Investigating the Phenomena of Spirit Thought and Action, with various communications therefrom, as published by Rev. HENRY C. WRIGHT, Unitarian Minister, at Montague, Mass. Cloth binding, 182 pages. Price 75 cents. For sale at this office. Dec. 20.

THIRD EDITION—JUST ISSUED. The Children's Progressive Lyceum. A MANUAL, with directions for the ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT OF NEWLY FORMED LYCEUMS, for the Benefit and Minds of the young. BY ANDREW JACOBUS DAVIS. Price, per copy, 40 cents, and 8 cents postage, sent by mail for 25 copies, \$8.00 for 100 copies, \$20.00 per copy, \$1.00. Address, BELLA MAHANI, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 2f—Dec. 2.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH BOOKSTORE, 274 Canal Street, New York.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., SUCCESSORS TO A. J. DAVIS & Co., and C. M. PLUM & Co. are taking the book-selling business at the above-named place, where all books advertised in the Banner can be procured, or any other works published by this country, which are not out of print.

ALL SPIRITUAL WORKS, and other LECTURES or HERMAN'S PRINCIPLES, constantly on hand, and will be sold at the lowest current rates. The BANNER can always be obtained at retail at the New York Branch Office, but it is desired to subscribe from the Boston Office only, hence all subscriptions must be forwarded to the "BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON."

Having thus taken upon ourselves new burdens and greater responsibilities—the rapid spread of the grandest religion ever vouchsafed to the people of earth warranting it—we call upon our friends everywhere to lend us a helping hand. The Spirit-lands of New York especially we hope will redouble their efforts in our behalf.

B. B. LOOMIS, who superintends our New York Branch Office, has long been connected with the former conductors of that office, and will promptly and faithfully attend to all orders sent to him.

SOMETHING NEW IN SCIENCE. A COURSE OF LECTURES ON GEOLOGY, with delivery made at the MELBROOK, commencing on WEDNESDAY EVENING, Dec. 16, by Mrs. N. J. WILSON, who will deliver said Lectures in a traffic state. The principal controlling influence will be that of the late Prof. SILLIMAN, who will give his views on this subject, as they have been received, revised, and corrected during his extensive travels. The course will consist of ten lectures, which will be continued every succeeding Wednesday evening, until completed. The second lecture of the course will be delivered on Wednesday evening, Dec. 20th. Doors open at 7 1/2, to commence at 8 1/2 o'clock. Tickets for the course, \$2.00; Single Tickets, 25 cents. For sale at THIS OFFICE, of BELLA MAHANI, 14 Bromfield street, and at THE DOOR, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, N. Y. Dec. 6.

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS. Of the following named persons can be obtained at this office, for 25 CENTS EACH: EMMA HARDINGE, HUDSON TUTTLE, MRS. J. H. CONANT, LUTHER COLBY, WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. ROSE, CHAS. H. OROWELL. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of the above price. Dec. 16.

MRS. J. ELLAWORTH, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, No. 18 Lagrange Place. Office hours from 9 A. M. till 4 P. M. Will visit patients at their homes. 12w—Dec. 16.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 138 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons.

Invocations. They will be done. Oh, Eternal Power, Soul of the Soul world, by which all souls see their way to heaven, vouchsafe this hour that we may be able to show these mortals that thy will and way are best.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now consider the propositions of correspondents, or the audience.

QUEST.—The "land and point" for boring for the great Artesian Well, at Chicago, is claimed to have been made known through spiritual mediumship.

ANS.—We have something better to do than pointing out localities where water may be found.

QUEST.—H. F. S., of Shelbyville, Ky., writes: "I would be glad if you would have some of your spirit-friends tell me why it is that mortals will conceive a dislike to persons, without being able to give any reason for that pre-conceived opinion?"

ANS.—The law of attraction and repulsion is active, everywhere, and quite as active in mortals individually, as it is in the rolling worlds.

QUEST.—If the audience have such questions to ask as would interest a reading public, they are at liberty to ask them.

QUEST.—Is it possible for Spiritualists to present to the world any form of faith by which they will be known as a religious sect?

ANS.—The faith that is a faith with Spiritualists, is as diversified as are the opinions concerning the so-called new religion.

QUEST.—How shall we be known? A.—By your works. As Spiritualists, you all believe in the return of the spirit after death.

QUEST.—Then our works will make us known better than any profession of faith? A.—Surely, by the works of each individual, the faith of that individual may be known.

QUEST.—In spirit-life are we not judged by the motives that govern us, rather than by acts? A.—Certainly, for sometimes you are compelled to perform certain acts by virtue of external surroundings, while the heart, in its deep sincerity for truth, would turn the other way.

In the spirit-world soul looks into soul, and knows wherefore each act was committed, knows the cause of every effect. There you receive your just dues.

QUEST.—Is it not better to judge spirits in the flesh by the motives of our own hearts, than by acts? A.—You cannot always judge of another by what you would do yourselves.

QUEST.—That was the only way I know of. A.—That, surely, is one way. It may be a perfect way for some, but it is not the way by which all souls can come into fellowship with the golden rule.

QUEST.—What draws me back here to-day is this: You know I came here some time ago, and I said, in answer to the question "what I was doing?"

ANS.—I was selling cigars in the spirit-world. It seems to me as if some folks could not take a joke, for some persons here have taken up the remark, and are reporting around that old Gillett is keeping a cigar store on the other side.

QUEST.—My motive in asking the question, was to get at the true philosophy of charity. A.—We know of no better charity than that exhibited in the golden rule, so called.

QUEST.—I have sought, by every means, to reach my friends at a nearer point than this; but I failed, and so was compelled to come to this place.

ANS.—I served an apprenticeship, in the body, about twenty-two years; short, when compared with your three score years and ten, I know.

QUEST.—But like too many who investigate these things, I had dealt with the body, and had never stopped to ask that body whether it had a soul?

ANS.—I knew by certain laws that the stone was a stone. I knew by certain other laws that it could be dissolved to earth.

QUEST.—The first intelligence that greeted me, upon entering the spirit-world, was my father, who said, "My son, you have been careful about many things, but some of those that were most essential to the soul's welfare you have overlooked."

ANS.—And so this dear, kind parent took me on, from one thing to another, showing me the beauties and wonders of the spirit-world, until I was almost inclined to curse myself, that I had so overlooked the most beautiful portion of the science of geology.

QUEST.—I was not a Christian when here. I ignored all religions, and many a time I have saddened the hearts of my friends by my utter disregard of all religious forms.

ANS.—My name was Wallace Wood. I was born in London, England. At an early age my parents died, and I was entrusted to the care of an uncle who was a lover of geology.

QUEST.—Those dear friends who were religionists, who had faith in the soul's future existence, I know have sorrowed much on account of my infidelity.

ANS.—I suppose I moved in the orbit that was marked out for me when here. If I did, I was true to Nature. Ignored in accordance with the natural principles of my being.

QUEST.—I'm Emily Stratford. I was seven years old. That old gentleman who was here just now, patted me on the head and said, "It's your turn, little girl, now."

ANS.—My mother lives in Orange, New Jersey. My father was killed in the war. I don't live with him in the spirit-land, but he's dead.

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Dr. Charles Cheever.

My attention has been called to and my sympathies interested in the case of one Charles Frost, who died a few months ago at the institution for the insane, at South Boston.

Shortly after his arrival into this spirit-world I made his acquaintance. I was attracted to him, doubtless, partly from the fact that I was somewhat acquainted with his relatives, and through them got acquainted with him.

It seems that this young man was taken to the institution, at South Boston, by his friends, for what was called insanity, but what, in reality, was nothing but a temporary suspension of the forces upon the brain; in other words, the vital forces did not flow sufficiently strong and harmonious.

But the obstruction was not wholly in the brain. If those having charge of him had gone to work and strengthened the entire system, then the insane man would have been as sane as ourselves.

Physical force, in my opinion, never yet cured insanity. Sometimes the exercise of will upon the patient results in good. That is often the case. But physical force always results in evil to the insane one, at least so far as my experience goes.

I have been largely interested in behalf of the insane since I passed to the spirit-world, and I have found that such treatment was only an injury.

It seems that the first night the young man was taken to the institution—as he himself asserts—by his friends, in order that his insanity might be properly treated, was furnished with little food, and was washed upon his bed—a very hard bed at that—that he was confined at the ankles and wrists and around the body, and compelled to lay in that position all night.

Now animal life would resist any such treatment, allowing there had been no spirit to suffer. If spirituality had been entirely destroyed, animal life itself would have resisted such treatment, because it was entirely inimical to even the law of animal life.

This perpetual warfare was kept up day after day, and the spirit, together with the body, grew weaker and weaker, until at last tired Nature sank under the treatment, and death ensued. Now I understand this was a case of absolute mania, upon the part of the officers of that institution, quite as much so as if they had taken a knife and cut the throat of that individual; and more so, for it would have been a mercy to him if they had done so.

It seems after the young man found that his course had been sufficient to take away his life on the earth, he requested that his wife and children might be sent for, that his parents, whom he loved so tenderly, might be allowed to visit him. But this was refused. They turned a deaf ear to his calls.

Now who is to blame? Why, my God! such an institution ought to be sunk into the lowest hell. Where's the fault? Oh men and women of the city of Boston, it is for you to decide! You have intelligence. You are blest with sympathetic natures. You live under the ban of civilization. You are not wild beasts. If you allow these things to be done in your midst, you will surely suffer for it in the future, because all those poor wretches who are thus hurried to the spirit-world are sending out their magnetic life upon the inhabitants of earth. You are blue to-day and over-joyous to-morrow, and so you ask your physician in vain as to the cause of your changeable feelings. Why, the very air is impregnated with insanity. You breathe it in, like some poisonous malarial, at every breath.

Now in justice to those who are still living on the earth, you should go yourselves in person, and be determined that the law of right shall rule, not the law of might. The time has arrived when your institutions should give birth to reform. Physical force has been used long enough, and what has been the result? It has turned out its scores of lunatics, while there is only now and then one or two cured by their own natures, by that best Physician in all the world—Nature. I do not know of one insane person who ever spoke in favor of one of your insane asylums, but all are willing to bring in their testimony against them. The whole system is bad. They say it is rotten from centre to circumference; and because it is so, you should seek to reform it.

Why don't you send men into your Council Chambers who will appoint men to take charge of your public institutions that have souls in their bodies? Why don't you stop to question what a man is spiritually, when you appoint him to these places of trust?

Why, men and women of Boston, if you could

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now answer the inquiries, either of correspondents or those the audience may have.

QUEST.—Will the controlling spirit at the "Free Circle Room" express his opinion—or what would be still more acceptable—will he consult his associates, and express at the next meeting their joint opinion of the propriety or impropriety of the following methods of honoring and perpetuating the memory of soldiers and their services in the late war?

ANS.—I am glad to hear that you are so interested in the memory of our brave soldiers, and that you are so desirous to honor them in some way. I will express to you the opinion of the controlling spirit at the "Free Circle Room" on this subject.

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see these things as I do, you would not sleep until you had made a vow to the Almighty God...

Josephine Webster.

Josephine Webster, from Georgetown, D. C. My mother went to the spirit-world when I was quite young...

But I can't be happy in my spirit-home while Susie is treated so bad. If it was not wrong, I should try in some way to bring her to me...

Harry Eldredge.

I have a friend who has been magnanimous enough to inform me, in return for my making a desperate effort to send a few words to him...

Now my object in coming to him is to induce him to pay about three hundred dollars he owed me...

At Waterloo, Iowa, Oct. 7th, 1865, little Frank, only son of John and Sophia Brooks, aged 10 months...

At same place, Oct. 17th, little Mary, youngest daughter of Sylvanus and Sally M. Conant, 3 months old...

At Cedar Falls, Iowa, Dec. 21, 1865, my little Edie, youngest son of Isaac M. and Morris A. French, aged 4 years and 1 month...

At Hartford, Conn., Dec. 11th, Edie, youngest son of Isaac M. and Morris A. French, aged 4 years and 1 month...

At New York, Dec. 11th, Edie, youngest son of Isaac M. and Morris A. French, aged 4 years and 1 month...

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Jane Taylor, wife of Col. Wm. Taylor, to the friends having charge of her children, near Montgomery, Ala. I have been...

IN AID OF OUR PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES. RECEIVED FROM C. A. PITCH, Chicago, Ill. \$1.00...

BREAD TICKET FUND. RECEIVED FROM Mary P. Clark, Wallingford, Ct. \$1.00...

Obituaries. Mrs. Sarah Grace Allen, my living companion, left the mortal form on the 24th of October last...

At Waterloo, Iowa, Oct. 7th, 1865, little Frank, only son of John and Sophia Brooks, aged 10 months...

At same place, Oct. 17th, little Mary, youngest daughter of Sylvanus and Sally M. Conant, 3 months old...

At Cedar Falls, Iowa, Dec. 21, 1865, my little Edie, youngest son of Isaac M. and Morris A. French, aged 4 years and 1 month...

At Hartford, Conn., Dec. 11th, Edie, youngest son of Isaac M. and Morris A. French, aged 4 years and 1 month...

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THREE POINTS OF POPULAR THEOLOGY. A LECTURE, DELIVERED AT EMERY HALL, NEW YORK, SEPT. 10, 1865, BY BENJAMIN TODD...

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DR. J. W. WILBUR. WILL CURE THE SICK. AT HIS RESIDENCE, 561 MILWAUKEE STREET, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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