

time, to bring in their grand unfoldments; but even now it shadows forth the promise of a science which unlocks the mysteries of creation, and by the study of magnetic power and spiritual phenomena, the wonderful problem of life and intellect will soon be solved. It is the great physician of soul and body, the revealer of the Kingdom of Heaven within yourselves, elaborated in the glorious light of the spirit-world. You ask your speaker in what particulars the teachings of Christianity and the facts recorded in the Gospels elucidate and confirm modern Spiritualism? We can make no separation between them. The teachings of Christianity are not the result of the growing wants of an older age; the fulfillment of the desire of all elder nations before the Jews. It was but the revelation of the Divine story that every hand has taught, that God becomes incarnate in man, and over manifests Himself in the true and the beautiful; it was but the assurance that where truth and goodness are, there is the image of the Father seen. This is the meaning of the spiritual life of Christianity. For its facts, I must again refer you to the sciences of life and magnetism. These classified and arranged in their phenomena, will soon assure every earnest and patient investigator that there lives within himself a wire of the telegraph, which, duly worked, will enable him now, as then, to obey the charge of the Master, and to perform "even greater works than He did." Spirits have come to point the way, through their self-revelation to do the work for you. It is your privilege to live your lives yourselves, and in your own following of Christ yourselves, shall rank with Him in the glorious light of the new Christianity—the Christianity of the world's broad Church, the Christianity of the city streets, the Christianity of love to one another, of pity for the sinner, the Christianity of mind which searches into causes, connects them with the effects manifest in science, the Christianity of soul which takes that science as the basis of its new religion—*Yes*, as religion founded on scientific demonstration; *Old*, as religion founded on the laws which believed in created forms are the foundations of this earth were laid, or the morning stars sang together for joy that a new world was born.

Good friends, we now propose to answer such questions as may arise amongst you, either in elucidation of the subject, or on any other point on which you may think the intelligence now communicating with you can give you a satisfactory response.

[MR. TEND: I will ask the question asked by Pilate—What is Truth?]

What is Truth? You imagine, perhaps, questions with Pilate that there is no standard of Truth. I answer to you, that in every department of nature there is a standard. In the law by which suns, planets and systems are maintained in space there is a standard, and an astronomical truth is that which most clearly approximates to a discovery of the law. I answer you, that in the condensation of matter to the dissolution of mineral veins; in the various changes which eliminate the primal elements of matter into the infinite varieties which now manifest themselves throughout the world, there is a law of chemistry, and the truth that approximates the nearest to the discovery of the law is the standard in that direction. I answer you, there is a standard within the human heart of right and wrong—that standard is the exact equilibrium of justice between man and man, that justice that respects self, and administers to all human appetites so far as God has endowed you with faculties to satisfy them, yet never tramples on the rights of others; and action thus justly balanced is truth in morals. Truth is the discovery of God's law in any direction of inquiry. Name any object or idea, physical or metaphysical; name anything your sense can apprehend; any idea your mind can grasp, and I shall bring it back to an original standard in the grand archetypes of being, where all is truth, and the nearer approach you can make to the discovery of those Divine originals, the more surely you have answered the question of Pilate—What is Truth?

[MR. COLEMAN: Assuming, as Spiritualists do, that spirits hold communion with the spirits of departed persons who have lived amongst us?]

What proof do we find of your identity? We recognize you by the combination of sensuous perceptions that enable us, by hearing, sight and touch, to determine your identity. Perceive us of sight, and one means of identification is lost; deprive us of hearing, and another disappears; deprive us of the sense of touch, and yet another is lost. But still you enter into the presence of the Will-beheld, and, though deficient in all these senses of sensuous perception, there still exists a means of information—there is a sphere that enables the beloved one to determine your approach; that sphere is the aggregation of spiritual senses corresponding to the external. We all possess them; they form, in the aggregate, consciousness, and if you take away all the external means of perception the spiritual still remains, and remains in such full force, that, when they predominate in any individual, they form a means of spiritual identification. In the spirit-epoch you seek through external forms or signs for identification, you strive to obtain what you call *test facts* of the presence of the departed. But these are not enough. There is a power by which spirits at your circle can explore your mind, and learn therein the data that are necessary to afford you answers; these answers that yet are not sufficient to prove identity. Ayl but there are other modes, and the first of these is *reason*. If we still live, we still must surely love. The father, mother, child, wife, or sister when called, the patriot will respond to the call of his country; friends will answer the magnetic chords of friendship. At your spirit-circle whom you seek will be there. And though spirits must use mediums, it may be many ere they reach you, yet you will find that the spirit affects the mortal medium, conveys the thought of the soul you seek, though the form of speech (through the lengthened chain in which that thought is clothed) may be changed and lost, yet the thought is the identification of the spirit. *The spirit will be there.* This I call on the ground that the dead are not forgotten, and children which God has woven around your hearts will attract the identity you seek, and, in intent, if not in actuality, your appeal to that identity will inevitably be answered.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, I am in the midst of them." Jesus spoke in the name of all humanity, others not go in the name of the friend, of the child, the father, mother, brother, even of the science or the thought on which you seek elucidation, there is a responsive power, corresponding to that you seek, which will be in your midst. You have no sure mode of identifying the fact that the phenomenon rendered you is performed by the individual spirit you have summoned, but when you have assured yourself of the reality that the telegraph works, and the fact that the gates between the natural and the supernatural are open, you may also be sure that those you seek are not far off, and that, though the means that lead around the stranger, and a determination to search out and grapple with the truth, after a fashion peculiar to the strong Briton, which thus far has sustained your speaker, but falls at this point. On future occasions we hope to render you all the satisfaction you can ask. Two more questions alone can be responded to this night.

[MR. S. C. HALL: Can Miss Hardinge give you some idea of what constitutes mediumship, or a medium?]

Yes, that is one of the broadest questions belonging to the phenomena of Spiritualism. We must treat it in very brief detail tonight, leaving you further elucidation another time. We have spoken of magnetism, but we alluded merely to the subject. I will now state that it is the life of all things. It is the power that, pulsating in your hearts and throbbing through your veins, sets all the atoms which constitute your form in motion, and sets in motion the atoms of the ether, or rather, the force that works, as its attributes, the two modes of motion called attraction and repulsion. This magnetism varies in every atom of matter, because there is a difference in the media of the atoms, which qualifies the force or intensity of their magnetism. Now, permit me to draw two

or three pictures of the working of this magnetism in the human form. In some of you, the atoms which constitute your physical form, attract magnetic life in the special direction of the brain, and the form assumes a more intellectual character. There are others, again, in whom the magnetic life has the strongest energy in the direction of muscular tissue; others in whom the magnetic life (generated by the brain and nervous apparatus in great excess), is distributed throughout the entire of the form; the excess passes from that form in the shape of atmosphere or aura, and these are magnetizers. Positively and psychologically strong, this magnetic power enables them to control such objects as possess an affinity of magnetism. There is yet another class of persons who generate magnetism in equal excess, but this, instead of being distributed equally through the form, is found predominating in certain directions; it is given off in abundance at one point, and becomes deficient in another. There is a want of balance or equilibrium in the flow of these magnetic currents. You call these persons, vaguely, nervous, sensitive, irritable; I call them spirit-mediums. The fact that they possess magnetic life in excess, but give it off in such modes as renders them negative to well-balanced organisms, constitutes them subjects, either of animal or spiritual magnetism. If the quality of the magnetism be of a physical character, (what I should call a mineral magnetism predominating), they are good subjects for the animal or mineral magnetizer, but their magnetism be of a more refined or sublimated quality, they are good subjects for the spiritual magnetizer, and, in that respect, they become spirit-mediums. I would willingly enlarge upon this subject, but prefer that you should permit me to treat it in greater detail in the form of a future address.

[MR. SULLIVAN: Can Miss Hardinge throw any light on that mystery of mysteries, the connection and relation between the nervous matter called brain, and the mind?]

Will you be pleased to carry your thought into the room of the mechanist, and remember the wonderful apparatus that is there arranged for the production of force? Whether the machine be the steam engine, as the most familiar illustration I can use, or any other form of mechanical art which shall give off force, you do not confound the machinery with the force? You find that motion is obtained. How? By the aid of machinery. But what is motion? You answer, A form of mechanical motion. But what is motion? What attraction? What repulsion? These are all elements that make up what you call force, and force is something entirely distinct from inert machinery. Machinery is but the means of producing force. Go back to what we have said, and we are launched at once into the vast area where swinging worlds are upheld in rarest ether; where mighty suns wheel in vast realms of space. There, indeed, is force; but that force is not the sun, nor their mighty systems; it is not ether, nor any form of elemental being. Even so, of mind, and the nervous system, which is the machinery by which it is exhibited. This nervous apparatus, commencing with the brain, extending down the spinal column, and distributed in the form of gray and white threads throughout the whole physique, until it ramifies into the wondrous little filaments that almost escape even microscopic perception, all this is but machinery; an apparatus for the production of force. That force is mind. It is exhibited in will, and acts by magnetism throughout the machinery of the body.

I cannot to-night enter into the analysis of mind, because it brings me upon the very threshold of spirit—the realm of forces—the Alpha and the Omega of all life and motion; and standing here I worship and veil my face, saying, humbly, "OUR FATHER, THE GREAT SPIRIT! The totality of spirit force and motion! In this majestic compendium of all being, I recognize that the universe is the machine—suns, stars, systems, its several parts. These form the vast locomotive through which the Eternal Mind conveys the force of motion, on which the infinite Mind plays the vast oratorio of creation, imaged in our little selves; here, in this petty microcosm, behold the sum of machinery. Within this outward form, the anatomist discovers the finer and more complex apparatus of the human body. The human body is a wonderful yet complex parts, there is no mind there; it is but the machine, the motion, the force, playing like lightning upon the wires and threads of nerve, and communicating the will of mind to the most extreme ultimates—that is the force behind the nervous system. Yet I would attempt to number them, let the stars of heaven seem to have fallen from their spheres, and to bespangle the very ground beneath our feet with glittering gems of light. Glorious, noble Spiritualism! great telegraph of mighty mind! And praise be to the Master who has permitted to him to build, to build and work that telegraph, and with it to bring to earth the gems of beauty which age after age have been piling up in the storehouses of eternity, waiting for the hour when the Master's bell should sound in your midst on the dial-plate of time, and proclaim the dawning of the new day of modern Christianity. Thank you, and thank Spiritualism is in your midst; and when mortal lips attempt to interpret all the meaning of its advent, their utterance fails; we roam the earth and find it all too narrow to compass the power and beauty, the depth and breadth of Spiritualism! All hail to you, investigators who are seeking the new life in the vestibule of this grand temple! Will you retreat, or will you make this a Pentecost chamber, where, gathered together, from time to time, with one accord, tongues of fire shall sit upon your heads, and speak to you of the great and eternal mysteries of creation—its Alpha, its Omega—SPIRIT AND SPIRITUALISM!

What they have now seen here, will give our readers some idea of the vast powers which are poured through this gifted lady. Fortunately were they who heard her discourse, and felt the influence which her presence threw over every one of her hearers, who were almost as much entranced by her power, as she herself was by the spirit which spoke through her. It stands, without question, as the highest development which has been seen in this country since modern Spiritualism began, and the great pity is, that Miss Hardinge has not yet had the opportunity of delivering her wonderful utterances in England, before such audiences of thousands as have hung upon her words in America. We trust that the means will yet be found for placing her before these large assemblies of the English public, that they may have the rare opportunity and delight of listening to discourses, the like of which they have never heard before.

Miss Hardinge has since spoken at each of the Monday Evening Societies, and it is hoped she may continue them to Christmas, and although we have printed one discourse, it is not selected because it is the best, but only because it was the first. There others have all been as wonderful, both in their matter and in their manner. Let the reader consider the conditions under which these orations are delivered. The subject of them is devised, discussed, and chosen by the audience before she enters the room, and the slip of paper containing it is first made known to her when she stands upon the platform. At once, after its being read to her, she commences to speak, and thenceforth pours out her melodious and aptly chosen words, without break or check, or the having to recall a single tone or utterance. With graceful and pleasing action, and commanding mien and figure, she

has all the attributes of a finished orator. We ask ourselves, as it proceeds, And is this, after all, a woman, who has these highest, rarest gifts, transcending in interest and in power the efforts of our foremost men? Who is it in our British Houses of Parliament, or amongst our most practiced speakers, who dare come forward and be compared with her, under the same conditions? If there be one, he has kept to himself hitherto the knowledge of his powers, and has deprived the world of both instruction and enjoyment. There are *improvisatori* in Italy, but we have always heard that their improvisations do not show well in print. There is not pity and marrow in them. Let our readers judge the matter of Miss Hardinge's oration, and we think they will find no such deficiency in it. There is not fluency alone, but powerful reasoning and argument throughout. It is not necessary that we should agree with every word of it, but its more power is the quality to which we draw attention; and we commend, not only the noble woman herself, but her utterances also, to the best consideration of her countrymen, amongst whom she has come but for a short visit.

—London Spiritual Magazine.

FREEDOM'S NEW CORONATION.

ONE FOR THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING OF 1865.

BY G. W. LIGHT.

Sing the country's song triumphant;
Freedom's chariot comes!
Waken, bugles answer, trumpets!
Thunder, myriad drums!

With the whirlwind of the tempest
God was marching by!
Soon to leave the bow of promise
Smiling in the sky.

Freedom's morning bloomed in glory,
Captured by her voice;
Blazing now, in noontide splendor,
Earth and skies rejoice.

Let the bells of every nation
Ring with jubilation,
While the long-insulted angel
Takes her rightful throne.

Now the flag of fame celestial,
Spangled for the free,
Gleams, exulting, o'er the mountains
And the shuling sea.

Eagles, prouder of their cry,
Screaming, praise the hour;
Cannon speak our thanks in thunder's
Grand, imperial power.

Day approaches heavenly beauty,
Crowning eve's return;
Night can rest in blissful slumber,
While her jewels burn.

All the good in glory shining
Swell the country's song!
Proud to see the broken shackles
Of its giant wrong.

Still the present lustre darkens,
While the grander blaze,
Flashing through the future's vista,
Blinds the prophet's gaze.

Onward truth and right are treading:
Tyrants, white with fears,
Tremble, while the bells of freedom
Hail the gliding years.

Faith, illumined with clearer vision,
And enchanted eyes,
Greets the heavenly city splendor
Kindling earthly skies.

Now that God, who nerved our fathers
With his mystic hand,
Stretches still his kind pavilion
O'er the chastened land—

All unrighteous deeds renouncing,
All unhallowed trust—
Let us win the fragrant title
Of the BRAVE AND JUST.

Sing the nation's song triumphant;
Peace with freedom comes!
Waken, bugles answer, trumpets!
Thunder, myriad drums!

Boston, Forefather's Day, Dec., 1865.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

NUMBER ONE.

Every independent mind, whether identified with the spiritual movement or not, should rejoice that the columns of the Banner are open to any one who, in the spirit of truth, has either instruction, reproof or correction to offer concerning any interest affecting human welfare.

Few readers realize, to the full extent, the difficulties of maintaining a free journal whose objects are under the ban of popular judgment. Every spiritualistic publisher must encounter these difficulties, and, in addition, suffer from the allegations and misunderstandings that not infrequently arise between patrons who repose their faith on the phenomena more than in the inherent Spiritualistic Philosophy.

Phenomena are essential aids in convincing skeptics, but beyond simple conviction they are often a stumbling-block to further progress. The Spiritualist who disposes of the phenomena by simply affirming that spirits produce them, is but one remove better than the downright skeptic. All phenomena must be brought clearly within the scope of the understanding to be of philosophic, practical utility.

From the want of such understanding have arisen the exorbitant claims of Spiritualists. In the earlier days it was not uncommon to hear the affirmation, that if some special manifestation was not genuine, then Spiritualism was a humbug! This was simply adopting the style of the Billist, who declares that if one text of Scripture is false, then all are. But the Spiritualists of today are too well grounded in the principles of their faith to be disturbed by any legitimate attack on their phenomenal strongholds.

Believing, as we do, that there are many gross assumptions in Spiritualism, we propose to show in our next article some of the common fallacies of modernistic testimony. We shall do this not in the conceit of superior knowledge, but from a mature conviction that the cause demands it. Our literature is lamentably deficient in incisive criticism of phenomena. And though he who takes up the cudgel, and meets Spiritualists with their own weapons, may prove himself a clown, yet he will certainly begin a much needed work, and his very awkwardness will perhaps provoke able minds to follow in the same direction. The phenomena are so many problems given us to solve, and that solution will prepare the way for still higher problems.

The spirit in which such labor is performed, in order to be acceptable, must be free from personalities, prejudice and cant; then it will enlighten the intellect, correct the judgment and clarify the spiritual faculties.

The impersonal realm affords the finest discipline; "the exceeding peace" which made Ben Adhem bold, is attainable only in the silent realm; the boldness of the denunciations and brilliant skeptic destroys one's equilibrium. We should walk amid phenomenal shadows only in moments of the clearest and deepest self-possession.

Lawrence, Mass.

Children's Department.

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

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

VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER VII.

The Christmas Gifts.

Hugh had no tender words for Virginia, neither kind looks, and she went from the little solitary cabin in the woods hand in hand with Estelle, while Jo, with his face all aglow with delight at being able to serve her, went before and opened the bushes through the half grown-up path.

And now the beautiful holidays were coming; but cold, bleak, stormy days came before them, and Virginia could not go out, and no one came to her home. Her father was away much of the time, and when he entered the house it was to demand of her some unpleasant duty, so that she was glad when he was away. Milly sang her low, plaintive songs about the kitchen, and made everything as pleasant for her put as possible; but Virginia longed for a companion.

Hugh and Estelle came no more to see her, for Hugh was angry, and he would not permit Estelle to leave the house. Estelle sat by the window looking out with her black, frowning eyes, and wondering if she could escape Hugh's vigilance.

The days wore on wearily for Virginia, for no one had ever told her how to prepare any gifts of love, and she had no money to buy them. A more lonely life than hers could hardly be imagined. Was no beautiful morning coming to this long, weary night?

Thus she thought on Christmas eve, sitting before the blazing logs. Milly had brought in fresh cedar boughs, and, in her poor way, had fastened them on the wall, and suspended them from the ceiling. Their fantastic shadows were cast on all sides, as the quivering flames shot up the chimney. Virginia watched them, and, weary with her dull, lonely day, she fell asleep with her head resting in the chair by the chimney corner. But before she fell asleep beautiful wishes had filled her mind. She longed to do the sweet and holy things for others that she had read of. She wished, not that others might bring her beautiful gifts, but that she could bear them to those that needed. And as she looked at the quivering shadows these holy wishes became prayers; so that when she slept, they hovered about her like a beautiful light, and in her dream she watched this beautiful light, and saw it float upward until it touched a beauty like its own, and it seemed still to cling to her until she, too, stood where the beauty had ascended. She soon began to see many strange and lovely things, and she was quite sure she had gone up to the home of the angels, and was to know if they had troubles like her own, and if not, why they did not come to her and tell her what to do to be as happy as they.

And in the beautiful light gleamed happy, smiling faces, and she saw fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and they were all looking down to the earth, and Virginia looked, also. And she saw the happy firesides where many were made glad by beautiful gifts. Little children were laughing over gaily-dressed dolls and painted toys. She saw offerings of gold and silver, and pearls and diamonds. Boys bore off their gilded books, and girls were laden with every fanciful thing.

"Oh," thought Virginia, "if only I could do thus! Would I not buy rings, and bracelets, and fine ornaments for the hair?"

But with all her wishing, she did not wish that others should cover her with choice gifts, but that she could bestow; and so the soft light of their holy prayers kept floating about her, and she could see as far as she wished. But as she looked, ever while she stood there, many of those gifts seemed to grow dim, and she could see them no more—only about some of them lingered the soft light of the love that went with them.

"But why," thought she, "do so many of these gifts fade?"

And there sounded on her spirit-ear these words:

"Because love did not send them."

"Then I will not wish for pearls or diamonds," she thought, "or for bright ribbons, such as Milly would like; but for those that will never, never lose their brightness."

And then she looked again, and she saw the cabins of the poor, and the homes of the miserable; and many of them were so dark that she wondered how any one could live in them; but others were full of a glorious radiance. And in these she saw little gifts, so small and poor, that she wondered why they shone brighter than the gold and silver, the pearls and diamonds. And again there sounded on her spirit-ear these words:

"Because love sent them."

And these gifts, simple as they were, faded not, but kept glowing, as if they had an inward life. And Virginia looked again, and she saw that there were people on earth in whom dwelt so much love and kindness that wherever they went, brightness, like that in the home of the angels, followed them; and this light faded not.

"Then I do not need money to buy gifts; neither must I have a single beautiful thing to do all I wish, only love enough in my heart."

And as Virginia thought this, she heard soft, silvery music, and many voices repeated:

"Love enough, love enough,
That is all you need;
Love enough, love enough,
Earth were heaven indeed!"

And the lights glowed brighter, and the heaven shone clearer, until Virginia, with one prayer, "Oh, give me love enough, love enough!" opened her eyes to the quivering shadows dancing on the wall.

A great wonder filled her. She had been away from all her loneliness, and had entered a beautiful region of warmth and light.

"If I could have stayed there forever!" said she.

"Where, honey, darlin'?" Up dere?" said Milly. "You can't go dere yet; 'pears like it's buful an' all dat, but only de Lord's chosen go dere, just like you bressed mother."

Virginia rose from her seat, and went to the faithful Milly, and putting her arms around her neck, hugged her as tenderly as when a little girl.

"Oh, darlin', dat is de best Christmas Milly had since missus go to glory. Honey, deary, de Lord know what ole Milly need, an' he send her de berry best."

"Then you don't care," said Virginia, "if I have no gay ribbons for you, or bright handkerchiefs?"

"Care? bress you, darlin', dis is sweeter dan all de sugar-cane grown in Albamany, an' brighter dan de sun in de mornin'!"

And Virginia went to bed knowing that one

heart had been lightened of its burdens, and made glad by her. For Virginia had quite neglected her faithful nurse of late, and had left her to toil and watch with but few kindly words.

It seemed to her as if some of the beautiful light she had seen in the spirit-home shone in her little room, and it warmed up her heart until it glowed with holy wishes that were better than Hugh's commands, and she felt that these were influences truer and nobler than he could bring to her. And yet she wondered how she could find a way to bring to earth more of the beautiful light that she had seen in her vision.

Christmas morning the sun rose through a frosty air, and lighted it up with glory. Every twig and spear of grass gleamed and sent out its little rays of brightness. The earth looked as if all the faries of the universe had been preparing for the festival of love, and so had not left a single object, however poor or small, without a testimony of its power to shine and gleam, and give beauty and brightness.

Virginia stood in the doorway of her father's cottage, and her face glowed with delight at the scene before her.

"It is almost like heaven," she thought, "only one does not feel warm in this light, as in the light of love."

Her eye fell on the forest, a half mile away, and to a wreath of smoke rising above the trees. It came from a poor cabin that Virginia knew was occupied by a wretchedly poor family, that she had heard were sick, and whose small crops had failed. But she never thought of going there, for Hugh had told her that they were too mean for any one to think of visiting, only poor white trash. But her heart was now warmed with a glow that Hugh knew nothing of, and she determined to prove if her vision was true.

In a few moments her nimble feet were trudging through the field, and she had on her arm a basket, in which Milly had put a few small apples and a little bit of butter and four snowy eggs. Poor gifts were these, but tiny knew she had love enough to make them seem bright, and worth possessing. In the little cabin were four half sick, dirty children, and a mother, so pale and thin that Virginia thought of her mother's body when her spirit had gone to heaven. Virginia needed no introduction, but called the children to her, and talked of the pretty sights in the fields and forest, of the gleaming diamonds on the grass, and of the pretty little rabbit that ran across her path. And then she opened her basket, and she was so glad that there were just four snowy eggs, and she proposed to cook them for the Christmas breakfast.

Already the little room was a changed place. Merry, laughing voices were heard in it, and all began to find something to do to make another happier or better. The elder boy ran for some potatoes, and the elder girl poured water to wash the little ones' faces. The mother smiled, and sat with pleased wonder in her tired eyes, to see how little a thing can make many hearts glad.

Virginia entered so into the enjoyment of the morning that she forgot all else, and when the sun had crept high up so that she knew it was almost midday, she thought she had never known so short or so pleasant a morning. When she took her leave she saw smiling faces, and she was sure that this vision was true, and that with love enough she could bless the world, even if she had not money. Yet still she longed for warm dresses and shoes, that she might clothe those children, and for a nice walk to wrap about the mother. And as she walked toward Jo's cabin she thought so much and wished so earnestly for these good things to bless others, that there went up from her a light, as bright as shone in the heaven of her vision, and it seemed to her that loving steps were close to hers, and that soft eyes beamed from the bushes beside the path.

Virginia's father was a man of a proud family, and she had always been taught by him that she was to feel herself very much better than the poor "white trash" of the country, and to consider negroes as very little better than a horse or a dog. But Virginia's heart was now aglow with a love like that of the dear Father in heaven, who minds not color or condition, but calls all his own beloved children, that are to be lifted and purified and comforted and saved from evil.

She entered Jo's cabin without any gifts, but with her face so full of love that it seemed to strike against Jo's great black face and make it fairly shine.

"Bress yo for dis yere," said he, with a low bow. "Honey, darlin'," said Ann, "ef yo haven't brought de Christmas right along wid yo! I's feelin' right smart, and poorly, thank yo, dis mornin', but I's just smart up to de look ob yo, like de tator vines arter de rain, bress yo, honey, and yo come all lone."

Virginia told them she thought not. Then they guessed that Hugh was somewhere outside waiting, and Jo chuckled and rolled up his eyes and shuffled around the room, as if he was saying something very witty. But Virginia told them of the eyes she thought she saw close by her path.

"Chin," said Jo, "dat was jest de patridges lookin' at you, notin' else."

"Shut up dat yere nonsense," said Ann, indignantly. "Ef anybody eber were to see de angels, it's dis chile. Patridges! So de un'b'elievers said to Moses when he see de Lord wid de great trumpet, an' de un'b'elievers had to be just shut up."

Virginia laughed at Ann's warmth of speech, and Jo quite forgot the reproof in her smiles. They both expressed so much delight at her visit, that she did not even think whether their skins were black or white, but only how pleasant it was to make others happy by a simple kind act.

Jo and Ann had been planning a pleasant surprise for her. They had been out in the woods and gathered the cedar whose berries were thickest, and had made a pyramid, and on the top had put a branch covered with golden persimmons, and around the sides were bunches of parched corn. Ann had seen something of this kind when she was in town, and had imitated it in this rude way. To Jo it was beautiful; he called it Washington's monument, and held it admiringly before Virginia's eyes. He told her how they had worked late at night, after their day's labor was done, and how he was to carry it over by moonlight that evening and put it in her little room. Virginia was so affected by this expression of thoughtful love that the tears came to her eyes, though smiles were wrenching her mouth. This gift seemed to her like those she had seen in the spirit home.

As she went back to her home her heart was as glad as if she had been to the gayest of festivals, for had she not been keeping the festival of love—the only true Christmas festival? and had she not proven that

Love enough, love enough,
That is all you need;
Love enough, love enough,
Earth were heaven indeed!
[To be continued in our next.]

We like the story of the blacksmith, who was requested to bring a suit for a stranger. He said he could go into his shop and hammer out a better character than all the courts in the State could give him.

PLANTING APPLE-SEEDS,
AND WHAT CAME OF IT

(Original.)
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

A little girl was eating an apple by the side of a brook. It was a yellow apple with a red cheek; a cheek just as red as her own, for both were painted by the same sun, and the sun is a wonderful artist. The little girl ate the apple, looking down into the brook at another little girl eating a red-cheeked apple. The little girls had flaxen curls over high, white foreheads, and eyes blue as the sky overhead, seen through the tangle of green leaves. The brook was such a perfect mirror, it reflected the shining leaves and the blushing flowers so perfectly, you could not tell which of the two was the real, which the shadow. Estel—that was the child's name—ate to the core, and then she saw the glossy brown seeds.

"What shall I do with the seeds? I guess they are good to eat. This apple is so nice, its little, shining, brown hearts, must be good." She ate one.

"Ah, how bitter!" exclaimed she, "What a wonder! such a taste in the centre of so sweet a fruit. I'll not taste of the others, but will plant them."

She broke off an old limb, and by the side of a mossy dabbler she made nine tiny round holes, in each of which she dropped a seed, and there was none left. Then she covered them with the moist earth.

"If these grow," said she, "they will make nine great apple-trees," and she laughed and tripped homewards, cutting a flower here and there, and gathering the red and yellow leaves that glittered like flowers. Every now and then she looked back, and truly she believed had dipped his brush in the rainbow, dashing gold and carmine on the maples, sassafras, willow and tulip. Why did it give the good old oaks nothing but amber-brown? The oaks need nothing but strength. They look best dressed in a plain garb. How would Samson appear in gaudy apparel? Make crimson beauties of the graceful maples, but the oaks, dress them plain and honest. If they can only show their stalwart arms, they never get affronted.

Estel gathered a bouquet of leaves. The other little girl, I don't know where she went.

"Nine great apple-trees!" Ah, fairy child, such castles are built by older and wiser ones than you. We all count the possibilities and not the probabilities, and many count neither.

Estel had not reached the golden maple before a red squirrel, that had been cunningly watching her from the door of his house—a great knot in a tree over her head—began to descend.

"What in all forest-world buried she by the old log," quivered he.

She had stopped to pick a gaudy leaf as the red squirrel reached the place.

"Let us see," said he thoughtfully, "no trap here! No. Such an innocent child knows nothing about wicked traps. Why, I had as lief lie in her apron as not."

Then he began to look about. He soon found one of the holes, and quickly drew out the seed with his delicate little hand.

"Ah," said he, "this is a delicate morsel," and he held it up and bit it in two, so as to have two tastes instead of one; "there must be others." Again he drew out a seed. "This must go to my babies," said he, "it will please their mother to have such a tit-bit brought to them. If I only could find another, that would give a seed to each. Ah, here it is!"

He stored them carefully in his mouth, and away he skipped up the great rough tree, his tail spread like a sail, and so light he seemed to be blown upward by a gust of wind acting on it; and he laughed so merrily that the woods rang gleefully: clat-clat-clat-ter-ter-ter-ter.

"That was queer!" exclaimed a striped squirrel, no larger than a mouse, that had sat on the trunk of a fallen tree, directly over the brook. He had been admiring himself all day in that mirror. He had concluded that he was the handsomest squirrel ever seen in that forest.

"Why," said he, "the very fishes are falling in love with me. Just see how they gather around even my shadow." There was a great earth-worm on the sand under the water, just where his shadow fell, and that was what the fishes were after, but he did not know it.

He had been dreaming all day, and when he saw the red squirrel search on the bank, and run away so pleased, he thought something must be concealed there. He ran over to see about it. Now his smell was very sharp, and he found out at once that something was under the black earth.

In a minute he had three of the seeds in his pocket—for striped squirrels have large ones inside their cheeks, expressly for carrying provisions—and was sent on the log, for he wanted to see himself out such rollicking morsels. He prided himself on his gracefulness at table. No one saw him, however, but one appreciative gazer, and that was himself. Thereafter he went to sleep, and when he awoke was so eager to see himself on arising, that he slipped off the log and was drowned. Had he retained consciousness after that, he would have found that the fishes really loved him.

The red squirrel forgot where he found the seeds, and after a long search, concluded that he had taken them all at first; thus three remained.

After a dreary winter the sun warmed the earth, and the violets sprang like rifts of sky out of the grass. Each of the three seeds sent up a sapling, and on its summit was two tiny leaflets. Soon after a partridge came that way, and dropped off one of them. Then there were but two left. These grew, and winter and summer exchanged garments a dozen times, and they became tall and vigorous young trees.

It was a very cold winter, and the snow covered the ground extremely deep. A rabbit, almost starved, came jumping over the frozen brook. He would take two or three leaps and then stop and look around him.

"It is a miserable world," said he; "I've starved all winter, and been hunted and harassed by hawk, dog and fox, until I'm almost dead. I can't get a strip of bark to satisfy me." Just then he saw the smooth trunks of the apple trees. "These are the very trees I've been in search of," he exclaimed. "I saw them last summer. I had clover then; but the clover is gone, and this bark is good, if it is a little bitter."

Then he began to bite off strips with his chisel-like teeth. He ate all around the tree, and as high up as he could reach. He had not finished before a fox, that had slily crept toward him while he was entirely absorbed in his repast, sprang upon him. The fox had a nice dinner that day; and there was no rabbit to come next day and peel the bark off the other tree.

When spring came again, the flowers sprang up by the dancing brook; the trees put forth their green leaves, and one of the apple trees; but the other one was a dead stick.

That summer a farmer discovered it, and said it

was so beautiful, it should have the sun for its own, and cut down the trees around it. Then it grew apple, spread out its branches into a great round head. In a few years it was so full of blossoms it looked like a bouquet, and the bees came, and the sound of their wings was a beautiful song of labor; and a dozen birds built nests in its branches; and the wind rocked the cradling boughs, day and night, while they filled the air with music.

From the day the little girl ate the apple until now, more than half a century has passed. The child has changed almost as much as the apple seed she planted. She has returned to her old home. She remembers the seeds.

"I must go down the winding path to the old seat by the brook," said she.

The path was changed, but she found the place. The great apple tree made it look strange. It greeted her. It threw out a vast stretch of shade for her; and on a bough it held out a great apple, like the one she had eaten so many, many long years ago—a great yellow apple with a red cheek! The apple had the red cheek to itself now. Her's was of frost, and her flaxen ringlets were silvered with age. The apple reproduces, year after year, a beauty which thus becomes immortal; but our physical beauty is of a day—an evanescent shadow. Our minds only retain immortal beauty.

The apple seeds were good deeds. They always spring forth, showering plenty, beauty and pleasure on all around, and only after a long absence do we learn their full value.

Correspondence.

The Children's Lyceum in St. Louis.—
Letter from A. J. Davis.

You will learn from notices enclosed how nobly and successfully the Spiritualists of St. Louis are moving in the cause of true and attractive education.

In four weeks, a full Children's Lyceum has been organized in the very heart of this rapidly developing city. Ladies and gentlemen of education and fortune are among the officers and leaders, and for members there are as large a number of beautiful girls and boys as you meet in any Eastern Lyceum.

Col. Moberly, Col. Blood, J. O. Mellen, Esq., merchant, Mr. Colney, editor, and their excellent wives, are among the officers chosen to carry forward this educational system. Indeed, the entire Society here take hold of this beautiful revelation of Summer-Land with one mind and one heart. Col. White, although confined to his house and bed for over two years, with a war wound in the pneumatic nerve, paralyzing his entire lower body, is nevertheless patient and gentle with all his sufferings and deprivations, and is one of the best living illustrations of what spiritual principles can do for and within the human heart. And his noble wife, the mother of beautiful children who attend the Lyceum, stands by his bedside and unceasingly administers to his needs, like a perfect guardian-angel. His soul is full of divine warmth, as his mind is full of divine light; and I pray that the goodly citizen Spiritualists of St. Louis may never forget that, if they have sometimes no speaker at the Hall, they can hear and see a "Sermon on the Mount" of patient suffering, by calling upon our patriotic and harmonious brother, Col. White.

In the foremost ranks, I find here Bro. Outlay, Levy, Stagg, Cook, Miltenberger, Anderson, Osborn, (whose gifted wife sung, entranced, the spirit songs at the recent festival) and many others less known to the public, but of equal intelligence and value to the grand principles of Spiritualism.

What a glorious enthusiasm this Children's Lyceum does awaken! There can be no doubt of the spiritual inspiration and strength that the Summer-Land inhabitants send down upon all who heartily and wisely enter upon the organization of this Progressive School for the young people of earth.

Let the Spiritualists of America not too long delay the good works arising in the path of wisdom before them. No man can explain, unless by admission of the facts of spiritual intercourse, how it is that, as it were by magic, a Lyceum can be filled with children, where only a few Spiritualists are known to have young folks who are ready to join.

Here, for example, on my arrival, I asked those who should know, "How many children can you count up among the Spiritualists?" They answered, after counting over the families, "About twenty." I replied, "Well, let us begin with twenty."

The board of managers voted that "Bro. Davis be authorized to inaugurate a Children's Lyceum during his stay in St. Louis." At once the work was begun. On the first Monday eighty-three children joined the Lyceum. The leading Spiritualists were as much surprised as delighted. "Where did the young folks all come from?" was asked by every one. Answer: "Children are sent into Lyceums out of the street, and out of Orthodox schools by their guardian-angels." Of course, besides this impulse, there is at once felt the goodness and the attractive beauty of the system itself, and children are rapid in "apprehending" news among their playmates in the homes and common schools. And thus it grows.

I would like to say something of the progress made here financially, and in the formation of a Library for the Lyceum children. Perhaps some other pen will give the information. I am to be succeeded next Sunday by our excellent sister, Mrs. Currier, and she will be followed by Miss Lizzie Doten; the people are ready for these, and for other workers and teachers of the best and holiest principles of religious and philosophic truth.

You will see that "Santa Claus," of St. Louis, gave me a beautiful gold chain for my celebrated watch, that was given by friends in Hartford, Ct., in 1854.

Your friend,
A. J. DAVIS.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 27, 1865.

In a letter of a later date, Mr. Davis speaks more fully of his labors in St. Louis, and makes some good suggestions.

HOW TO WORK FOR CHILDREN'S LYCEUMS.

Three weeks ago, when I arrived in this vigorous city of the opulent Valley of the Mississippi, the Spiritualists, with the exception of some four or five gentlemen, were not only "asleep" on the subject of a Children's Progressive Lyceum, but what is harder for a warm-hearted advocate to encounter, they seemed to be imperviously "indifferent" to the new mode of educating the bodies and minds of their children. The children of our leading Spiritualists were interested in the popular "Sunday Schools," and their parents did not want to say a word to "influence" the children of their households to leave their Sunday School associations.

Nevertheless, the half dozen friends who were not fast asleep to the subject, said, "We will try,"

and at once authorized me to purchase equipments in shape.

Now look at the result. In less than fourteen days from the inauguration, a full Lyceum was organized, with competent officers and leaders—before personally strangers to one another—working together gracefully and harmoniously; and next Sunday some five of the original Groups will be duplicated—thus laying the foundation for "Lyceum No. 2," in St. Louis, which is the future New York of this vast, opulent and magnificent part of free, progressive America.

Of course the work two weeks ago was so new, that it had not even one publicly avowed friend, and not one dollar in the treasury; but the few fearless ones said, "We will furnish the funds to start with."

Subscriptions began at once, and funds came from "outsiders," and from hitherto lukewarm "insiders," and next an impromptu "Progressive Sociable" was put on the programme; and last evening I glanced over the Treasurer's "cash" account in behalf of the Children's Lyceum, which showed, in cash receipts, four hundred fifty-one dollars and forty-five cents, besides subscriptions to be paid in a few days, carrying the amount up to five hundred dollars within the few days since the birth of the Lyceum in this city.

During these few days, also, the Lyceum officers and leaders, aided by their efficient friends, have paid out sixty dollars for the use of Veranda Hall for one night's festival; they paid forty-five dollars for a band of music to enable the children to perform the "Banner March," and to stimulate the feet of older children in many beautiful dances; they purchased presents for the children, to the amount of fifty dollars and upwards; they have equipped the school with first quality flags, badges and targets, all in a complete "Banner Chest," where they are kept safe from Sunday to Sunday; they have provided for the entire institution "Manuale," plain bound for the children, and leather and gilt for the use of officers and leaders; and not only is all this paid for, but there are enough dollars left in the treasury to pay for a good library case; and lastly, they have had donated to the library many very excellent books, sufficient to form the nucleus of a large catalogue of reformatory and anti-sectarian reading for both young and old.

MORAL: "The Gods help those who help themselves."

In this connection let me say to our friends everywhere, no matter how utterly dead and "played out" they may now feel, that if they would but take hold of this educational work in a kindly, unselfish and resolute spirit, they will experience in a few weeks the truth of a "Bodily Resurrection," which in the course of months would be truly "spiritual."

We have among us several young men and young women, teaching under inspiration from Sunday to Sunday, who are capable of assisting communities in starting Lyceums. Let Spiritualists call upon them to aid, by suggestions and otherwise, in the organization of these institutions for the rising generations.

TELEGRAMS: If I were rich in purse I would devote the next two years, "without money and without price," to my fellow men, in organizing these children's regiments—the "Galvany" armies, to battle against error and injustice and superstition. But as it is not in my power to freely donate my time, I will "split the difference" with the generous, and charge for my time twenty-five dollars per Sunday and "found," with the understanding that the central object of my visit to a city or community, shall be the organization of a "Children's Progressive Lyceum." And I feel that, once for all, I ought positively to refuse to lecture in any place where such a school is not, or where one is not designed. (Religio-Philosophical Journal, please copy.)

I think some of our rich friends might, Peter- Cooper-like, make their "Will" note, setting apart some portion of their large possessions to pay efficient persons a decent salary for devoting their whole time and best inspirations in behalf of Children's Lyceums. If any benevolent, public-spirited, sincere Spiritualist feels inclined to such a deed of kindness, he can communicate with me, or with any of the faithful women and young men who are every Sunday working to spread the gospel of progressive love and wisdom.

Fraternally,
A. J. DAVIS.

P. S.—Letters for me addressed to the Banner Branch Publishing House, No. 274 Canal street, New York, will be forwarded.

Hammon, N. J.

In answer to the very many letters which I am receiving from Spiritualists in all parts of the country—which letters I am unable to answer for want of time—I wish to make a few statements for their information through the Banner:

We are not a grand free love community, ignoring the laws of God and man, but simply law-abiding citizens. All attempts to form a community in our place have utterly failed, for the simple reason that we have but a very few Spiritualists here who endorse such ideas, as we believe in the monogamous marriage, of one man to one woman, and are looking anxiously for the "good time coming" when the ranks of Spiritualists will be purged from "free love," "spiritual affiliations," &c., &c., and hope that the next National Convention will exclude all such delegates from its deliberations. There are some sixty families in our settlement who are Spiritualists, and we have meetings regularly every Sunday, which are well attended. In a population of four thousand, there are, of course, every kind of belief, but the general tone of our settlement is liberal and progressive. We are located on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, thirty miles from Philadelphia and ninety from New York. The best way to come here from New England or the North, is to take the steamer Jesse Hoyt, Pier No. 3, North River, New York, and thence by Harlan and Delaware Bay Railroad to Jackson Junction, and Camden and Atlantic Railroad to Hammon.

Our land is slightly rolling, sufficient for drainage. Unimproved land can be bought for thirty dollars per acre within a mile and a half from depot. There are improved places for sale for men of means. Our main business is fruit culture, and from five years experience, I believe it to be the best location for fruit culture in the United States. The average receipts this year, from strawberries alone, were over four hundred dollars per acre; and other fruit pays equally as well.

A committee of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, New York City, who recently visited this section, reported that "they never saw a finer growth of wood, or more healthy trees anywhere in the country." We have good common schools, and hope to have a good Union School next season. There is a capital opening here for a Female Seminary, something on the plan of Miss Belle Bush's school, at Norristown, Penn.

We have no plans for a grand Industrial College here, as we have not the means to build one, and can hardly hope that the time has come among the Spiritualists of the United States, to sustain such an institution. The climate here is peculiarly favorable for all diseases of the lungs and throat. Many persons have been restored by the climate alone. Asthmatic persons find immediate relief; and persons suffering from rheumatism are greatly benefited. There has never been a case of diphtheria known here; and during a residence of five years, in a population of four thousand, there has been less than twenty deaths. Water is soft and pure, and found from ten to twenty feet. Soil, a sandy loam, and in the language of Dr. Trimble, the able chairman of the above-named committee: "The subsoil is a yellow sand, mixed with clay of the same color, and without any hard pan or other stratum, tenacious enough to prevent the settling downwards of the rains, or the upward exhalation of moisture in dry weather, thus insuring, in a great measure, against drought."

I think it the best place in the country for any one to emigrate to, if they are not well satisfied and contented where they now are. To Spiritualists who are looking for a genial climate, in a progressive settlement, where the resident Spiritualists do not endorse nor practice "free love," and are not seeking for their "affiliates," I say, come and see for yourselves. SAMUEL B. NICHOLS.

Vine Cottage, Hammon, N. J., Jan., 1866.

Matters in Iowa Falls.

With your permission I will give the readers of the Banner a short account of what we are doing out in the far West. We have just been having S. P. Leland among us. He gave six of his lectures, as he called them; but to me they were some of the simplest feats any juggler ever performed before an enlightened audience, and in connection with that, some of the grossest misrepresentations that ever came from the lips of mortal man. After the close of his lectures, which lasted for six evenings, he gave out a challenge for any Spiritualist to meet him in debate. We made arrangements with J. L. Potter, of Cedar Falls, to discuss the question with him for four evenings, commencing Wednesday, the 29th of November, and closing Saturday, Mr. Potter affirming, and Mr. Leland denying the following resolution:

Resolved, That as history, Bible, and human experience furnish evidence that disembodied human spirits have communicated with the inhabitants of earth in olden times, we, as believers in the truths of Spiritualism, do affirm that communications are likewise made to the inhabitants of earth in modern times, including the present era.

Mr. Potter conducted the affirmative of the discussion in an able and gentlemanly manner, bringing facts from every accessible source, and last of all, quoted Leland's own words, when he said, in his discussion with Mr. Warren, "that he saw and talked with spirits daily."

Leland's arguments consisted of ridicule and misrepresentations from first to last. The excitement ran high, and we have been made stronger; are better able to meet opposition now than at any time previous.

Right on the heels of Leland's "Death-blow to Spiritualism," we have organized a society, to be called the First Spiritual Society of Iowa Falls, in Harding Co., Iowa. The papers of incorporation have been duly stamped and acknowledged before a notary public. The officers are as follows: President, E. Higgins; Vice-President, J. O. Bump; Secretary, Julius Austin; Treasurer, Homer Stevens; Corresponding Secretary, E. B. Collins.

Our aim: The object and aim of this association is the investigation of the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism, and the development of its members into a higher life in harmony with those facts, together with the instruction and education of the children of the present generation, with a more exalted and enlightened view of the present and future life. We number between thirty and forty members already, and expect accessions to be made, as people are constantly moving in and making this point their home. We see no trouble before us that can prevent the spread of this great truth: communication between the gone before, and earth's inhabitants. We are making arrangements to keep up meetings, and believe we can do it without impoverishing any of its members. We feel that a great step has been taken in organizing, for we become a power under the laws of the State; and mean to start a Progressive Lyceum as soon as practicable, so you may look for a good report from us in the future.

At a meeting held by the Spiritualists after the discussion, the citizens of this place passed the following preamble and resolutions, with a request that the same be forwarded to the Banner for publication:

Resolved, That there has been a joint discussion between J. L. Potter and S. P. Leland upon the subject of Spiritualism—J. L. Potter affirming the same to be true, and S. P. Leland denying the same as being true, either in manifestation or doctrine—we, the citizens of Iowa Falls, after listening to the arguments of both speakers, without anything but a candid and impartial consideration of the private opinions of either, but as law-abiding citizens and members of refined society, have no hesitancy in stating the following resolutions, giving to our neighbors and friends our loyalty to truth, and an acknowledgment of good argument, and showing our appreciation of gentlemanly demeanor in public as well as private life.

Resolved, That we do approve of the able and gentlemanly discussion pursued by J. L. Potter on the affirmative of this question.

Resolved, That at the same time we openly condemn the ungentlemanly and vulgar conduct pursued by S. P. Leland on the negative of the question, and promise the same as a unit for a refined lady or gentleman to hear.

Signed by J. C. Waldron, Justice of the Peace; H. A. Davis, teacher; Captain O. Ellsworth and lady, E. E. Wentworth, Homer Stevens, Joseph Collins, J. Austin, T. A. Austin, Miss Sarah E. Bump, and thirty others that are willing to defend the right. Respectfully, E. B. COLLINS.

Iowa Falls, Harding Co., Iowa, Dec. 6, 1865.

Letter from Missouri—Condition of the Country, etc.

Having received letters either from or for the benefit of nearly one hundred and fifty of your readers, you will confer a favor by allowing me to respond to their many inquiries through the columns of your most excellent paper.

Harrison county is geologically situated in the upper part of the coal formation, and geographically located in the northwestern part of the great free State of Missouri. The soil of this whole grand river country is extremely productive, yielding on an average from forty to sixty bushels of corn per acre, and the distribution of timber and prairie cannot be more desirable.

The surface is gently rolling; drains well, and has no swamps, consequently the people of this vicinity are healthy. The climate is mild, and the winters are generally open and changeable. All kinds of fruit, except peaches, do well; and many kinds, such as plums and grapes, grow well in great abundance. Raw prairie is selling at from three to five dollars per acre; and woodland is worth about ten. Good farms, well fenced, with houses, stables, young orchards, &c., are now selling at from eight to ten dollars per acre.

The people are mostly northern, and very radical, giving Mr. Lincoln more than one thousand majority in this county in 1864. Our county court grants no draft-shop licenses. We have free schools, a school fund of more than sixty thousand dollars in this county, and school land yet unsold. Our markets are poor, and that is one great reason why land is cheap here. But when our railroad system is completed, we expect to be well connected with the best markets in the world. Soon we hope to be able to ship our surplus produce on the Galveston and Lake Superior Railroad to the cotton fields of Texas—or via the great Pacific Railroad to the golden regions of Colorado.

Persons desiring further information, can obtain it without charge by addressing the undersigned with stamped envelope redirected enclosed.

Truly yours,
O. S. ASHOTT.

P. S.—I am answering individuals by letter as fast as my time will permit.
O. S. A.
Bethany, Harrison Co., Mo., Dec. 18, 1865.

A Word about Rev. Mr. Foss.

In your last issue we have introduced, by Bro. Henry C. Wright, the long and well-known name of our beloved brother, Andrew T. Foss, and for "auld lang syne" I hardly need say to those who know him, a truly representative man. Of late no name has been announced so ennobling, inspiring my heart in stillness before God to be thankful, as has the name of that truly noble old war-horse, A. T. Foss. God bless him! God bless him! and let all the people say, "Amen!" and so it will be.

Now that the noise of battle and the thick smoke is clearing away, in the retrospect we marvel at the stupendous labor, thick and fast, in preparing the way for this most glorious yet terrible day of the Lord. There have been many laboring in the mountains, much noise of hammer and chisel. All have been needed. Then Bro. Foss came on; and where now are all your old confidants? It has long been the wonder that we have not seen them doff their old harness and put on the new, as Bro. F. essays to do. But one by one they come.

B. FRANK BISSALL.

P. S.—I can hardly refrain from reverting to an incident when last we met with Bro. Foss: While on an agency, as an anti-slavery stager, some six or seven years since, Bro. F. chanced to find his way among us, in Pontiac, Mich. On his arrival there he found Doctor Nichols with flaming handbills out for a course of lectures, with a large audience assembled at the court house, in hard labor to immortalize his new faith in Catholicism as the only true faith, the only true religion. Having thrown down the gauntlet, the strong nerve of Bro. Foss met him there in a two or three days' combat, greatly to the discomfort, if not the total vanquishment of the redoubtable but much mistaken brother, Doctor Nichols.

Should our good Bro. Foss perchance, at any time, pass this way, we would most gladly receive him at our house. Greatly to our inconvenience, and as much for the sustaining of Spiritual meetings as other things, our place is nearly three miles from Ballston Spa Village.

B. F. B.

Lowell, Michigan.

Judging from my own experience, perhaps it will be interesting to you, and the readers of your inextinguishable paper, to learn of the doings and progress of the friends of Spiritualism in this vicinity, thereby adding one more link to the chain which is eventually to encircle the earth. Having held regular circles, with occasionally a lecture, during the first of the summer, it was resolved to form an organization for the regular transaction of business, which was carried into effect similar to other organizations, with a constitution and officers, with a clause in the constitution preventing any member from ever being introduced as a test of fellowship. Since that time (July) the society has increased in numbers to about fifty members.

On the 19th and 20th of August we held a two days' grove meeting, with a good attendance. Addresses were made by Rev. Moses Hall, Mrs. Kutz, and others, in which they set forth many of the truths and beauties of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Kutz has also lectured a number of times since, and the cause is slowly advancing in this vicinity. Some three or four media have become developed for speaking in circles, and some very good and convincing tests obtained, which tends to enliven and strengthen the minds of those who are free to see and think for themselves. Not having a large amount of funds on hand, we cannot promise to fill the pockets of speakers who may give us a call, but our homes are open, and we will promise to supply the body with good wholesome food, and they must trust to the author of all good for the balance in "greenbacks."

Loell, Mich., 1865.

H. B. ALDEN.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

BY RICHARD THAYER.

A happy New Year! A happy New Year! How pleasant it sounds as it falls on the ear! We wish all our friends, and we wish all our foes, A HAPPY NEW YEAR, from beginning to close.

We wish all our friends may be faithful and true—We wish all our foes may their hatred eschew—Which if they will do, one thing is quite clear, This year will to each be—"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

We wish for our country that she may be right—That war may no more turn her day into night; That peace and its blessings may ever dwell here, Which will make for our country—"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

We wish for mankind, wherever they may be, That from sin and from sorrow they all may be free; That each may so live that when years end here, They may all find in heaven—"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

Boston, Mass., Jan. 1, 1866.

A Dog Story.

A friend of mine, a good farmer in the upper part of Maine, has a smart little dog, ever faithful to his master, in all his outgoings and incomings. When my friend goes to church in a carriage, Skip can go, for he will stay by and take care of the horse and carriage, while his master and mistress are at worship. But when his master walks to meeting, Skip insists upon walking with him. One Sunday, my friend said the dog up in the house, whilst himself and wife went to meeting. From that time henceforward, every Sunday morning found Skip perched upon a hillock behind the house, waiting for the family to start—no inducement can draw him into the house—and running across lots, cuts them off ahead, maintaining his position until he arrives at and enters the church. The sagacious animal never fails to be on the hillock every Sunday morning, as sure as the day comes round; and when he sees the carriage, he will follow it; but on the contrary, do as related. Is not this something more than instinct?

CYRUS.

FORGIVENESS.—Hath any one wronged thee, he bravely revenged—slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished; he is below himself that is not above an injury.

Love—an emotion much written about by novelists, and much dreamed of by school girls, but nearly obsolete in practical life.

"Where shall I get a panel?" said the sheriff to the judge. "Why, I suppose, sir, that you can get enough panels out of doors."

Matters in Providence.

At the opening of the New Year I open a correspondence, which I intend to keep up with some regularity for a time, at least, that you may be advised of matters here, when there is anything worthy of notice, and also have some leaves from my note-book, which will be facts within my knowledge, spiritual and psychological.

OUR MEETINGS.

Since the resumption of our meetings following the usual summer intermission, they have been very well attended, and our Sunday services have been interesting and profitable. Of our speakers in September, October and November, I have already written you. Bro. Fish has been with us during December, and he has, as usual, gone to places in the vicinity where there were openings to dispense the truths of Spiritualism. He spoke in Woonsocket, and held several interesting meetings; also, in Swansea, where there are earnest souls enough to kindle a fire upon the altar. At the latter place several came a distance of five and seven miles, in the evening, too, to hear the good Gospel. Bro. Fish is one of the workers; his pruning-hook is ever in hand, ready to prune the vineyard. It is really too bad to keep such even itinerating, as we do. What is four weeks in a place? A speaker who is on the move, cannot exert a personal influence only to a limited extent. He is shown of half his strength, and the cause loses immensely by such a policy. It is time for some permanent now; the time for up-building has come. In the struggle which is to be, when the sects discover that their craft is to be overthrown, we shall need strong walls and buttresses to resist the charge they will make in the desperate struggle they will enter upon to retain their supremacy over the minds of the people. We shall never thoroughly consolidate and concrete till our energies are localized, and we shall adopt a more thorough system of operations than is possible under our present management.

THE NEXT NATIONAL CONVENTION.

At a meeting of the congregation Sunday evening, the following Resolutions were adopted:
Resolved, That the National Convention of Spiritualists be invited to hold its next session in the city of Providence, in the month of August next.
Resolved, That if the invitation be accepted, we recommend that one day be devoted to an excursion on the waters of our Narragansett Bay; and we will render to the Convention the free use of our hall for meetings, a fraternal greeting, and kind hospitality.
Resolved, That copies of the above Resolutions be sent to the BANNER OF LIGHT and RELIGIO-SPRITUALIST JOURNAL for publication.
The friends here have most cordially sent out this invitation, and will be much gratified if it shall be accepted.

THE EDDY FAMILY.

The Eddy Family and Dr. Randall were here last week, and each evening held sances in Pratt's Hall. The audiences were not large; the weather was unpropitious, it being more or less stormy most of the time. Friday evening there was a good audience, and the impression produced was such, that had it not have stopped Saturday evening, the hall doubtless would have been filled. The manifestations every evening were excellent, though varying in strength and intensity from evening to evening, according to conditions. There was no evening when there was not some manifestations of such a character that their explanation must be referred to an agency outside of the mediums. Of course, it is unnecessary to enter upon their details, as it would be but a repetition of what has been many times heretofore described. Friday evening one of the committee was sea-captain, Mr. R. H. Purinton, and the tying was most thorough and complete in every respect. Neither of the mediums could move half an inch either way, the ropes thoroughly confining them to their seats, the final fastenings being to the staples in the floor of the cabinet. Both gentlemen were utter skeptics in spirit-power, or spirit-communicating; but they publicly expressed themselves from the platform perfectly satisfied that the manifestations were not made by the mediums. When some one in the audience spoke of the hands which were seen at the aperture, Capt. Purinton remarked, "I know that hand was not put out by either of the persons inside the cabinet." There were many skeptics present; but never did I see skepticism so thoroughly silenced as on that evening. The conditions of the mediums were so palpably opposed to the possibility of fraud, and the committee, also, being so thorough and honest, there was no chance for an argument, and hence the greater part of these present went away wondering, besides having seen exploded most effectually the charge of humbug. I am informed that on one evening, a gentleman belonging to one of the Methodist Churches in this city, who was present on invitation of some friends, recognized a face which was seen, remarking, "If I ever saw the face of my child, I saw it at the aperture in the cabinet." The Eddy Brothers and Sister are remarkable mediums, and I trust are destined to do a good work.

And now a suggestion. When there are public sances of this kind, would it not be well, nay, is it not the duty of every Spiritualist to attend one evening, say the first, to influence the public, and get attention directed to it? What if the manifestations have been seen before? Is nothing to be done for the sake of the cause? Is everything to be done on a personal, selfish plane? It appears to me that in everything which is to bring before the doubting evidences so convincing, all should interest themselves, and do their utmost to secure an audience at the outset, for that generally tell.

But I am encroaching on your column, and must not further trespass. Fraternally thine,
Providence, R. I., Jan. 6, 1866. W. FOSTER, JR.

Challenge Accepted.

Editor of Banner.—In the Banner for Dec. 23d, I find the following:
"In conclusion, allow me to say that Elder Grant is hereby challenged, and all other clergymen with him, to discuss with me, in any city in New England, during the next three months, the same resolution we discussed at Philadelphia, viz:—

"Resolved, That man has a spirit which exists after the death of the body in a conscious state, and communicates with the inhabitants of earth."
Address me at Providence, R. I. J. G. FISU.
Providence, R. I., Dec. 6, 1865."

I accept the challenge, but shall not be able to attend to the discussion before the middle of February, on account of previous engagements.
MILES GRANT.

Indisposition of Miss Emma Houston.
In consequence of a severe throat trouble, induced by constant lecturing, I have been obliged to break my engagements in the West, and come home for rest, and to recover my health, and will you be so kind as to omit my address in your paper, until further advised?

The cause of Spiritualism is spreading rapidly in the West, and the demand for lecturers is very great. It is with regret that I am unable to longer labor in our cause of truth and right, as I deem Spiritualism to be. The Banner met me in almost every issue, and seemed a familiar friend, and is considered an indispensable visitor there, as well as here in the East. That it may continue to find its way into the hearts of the people, is the earnest wish of
EMMA HUSTON.
Manchester, N. H., Dec. 26, 1865.

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

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

Notice to Subscribers.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper, then know that the time for which you paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Those who desire the paper continued, should renew their subscriptions at least three weeks before the receipt-figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Theology and Christianity.

We dwell, in a recent article in these columns, on the broad fact that Spiritualism was in no sense in contravention of Christianity, but only its true development and illustration; that Spiritualism makes perfectly plain very many matters of which Christianity gave no more than a hint; and that, in the language of the noble and saintly John Pierpont, a "Christian Spiritualist" was not only an exalted character, deserving of all men's aspirations, but the flower and crown of Christianity itself.

We shall now, in as brief a limit as possible, look at some of the great distinctions that separate Christianity from Theology, inasmuch as the latter not only arrogates the entire possession of Christianity to itself, but presumes to warn off Spiritualists and everybody else together.

Whatever pioneer work Old Theology may be claimed to have done in the past—digging and breaking and felling the trees and building the bridges—it is plain that that work is about done. All the special conventions and monster church contributions and grand ecclesiastical jubilees that can be planned now, will not rekindle the old-fashioned attachment that used to bind each to the other firmly through life. The foundation of the system has been subverted. Time has been the great instrument in doing it—Time, that brings about so many and uncalculated events.

Now we are on a new threshold. We approach very near to a new order of things. Old things are really passed away for us all. The dawn of the brighter morning is fast stealing over the world.

Old Theology does not suit the needs of Christianity, simply because it is not supplied from its inspiration. Spiritualism is—and there is the great general difference. The dogmas of Old Theology concerning the state of those who have gone out of the body, are, in general, too barbaric and inhuman to be allied to Christianity, which comes to bless, to enlarge and strengthen the faith of man, and to develop the aspirations and desires of the spiritual nature to the utmost. People cannot be persuaded to be entirely happy in the belief that God has "elected" a certain few to be "saved," while all the rest, an innumerable host of his own children, are turned over to the terrors of a damnation that is at once merciless and without aid. The human heart revolts and insists on escaping from belief in such a terrorism by the nearest way. Hence comes Universalism, Unitarianism, and all the other sects, which, to this important point at least, stand for organized and powerful popular protests against the cruel reign of such a spiritual tyranny. But Spiritualism alone—the last and best, the larger because it breaks over all barriers and includes all human souls—supplies a protest more impressive than all the rest together. It is the most effectual of any yet made by mortal souls. Instead of sending away innumerable souls to a hell of whose pretended torments no created being can entertain a conception, it opens the way for the intercommunication of the living and those who are styled "dead," and satisfies any one that the same experience for the spirit, under far more favorable conditions, is going on in other spheres as here. It preaches true Christianity, not the unsympathetic dogmas that ambitious or distorted intellects have managed to deduce from its plain precepts.

We consider for ourselves—and we know very well that all others do who are Spiritualists—that the fact of the communion of spirits with mortals, or, rather, of spirits out of the form with those in it, is the one distinguishing, desirable and immortal fact of our faith, made clear by evidence with which all investigating minds and sincere hearts are perfectly satisfied. That, too, is the great fact to which Theology constantly preaches; but its discourses are aimed at it, not for the purpose of making it a familiar and constantly inspiring one, but to work with it upon the instinctive fears of minds not yet let into the liberty of truth, and, by working thus, to build up a system of its own, with material power and enjoying material prosperity. Such a spirit must of course succumb before the silent influences of Truth in the end. And that result is just what we are witnessing all around us to-day. Theology employs the state of the departed as a means to excite the imaginations and fears of men; Spiritualism, following close upon Christianity, and actively allied with it, works with it as a means of touching the soul, keeping alive the influences that reach and move the higher part of man's nature, exalting and expanding and finally saving the soul. The one would save by condemning, the other by appealing. The one works by threats, the other by fact. The development of fear within us is the destruction of spiritual life and growth; the establishment of genuine faith is the true means of strengthening what is good and noble, and finally of subjecting all the elements in the character to the rule of reason and right. What sort of positive Christianity is made by Theology, the very dissatisfaction with it may be allowed to show; what sort of Christians are making every day by the influx of Faith that is a reality instead of a creed or a theory, time will show, and time has shown already. It is nothing against the power and effectiveness of that faith that Spiritualists are denounced and maligned by journals and speakers that do not even pretend to be Christian. That example was a prominent one so far back as the establishment of Christianity itself.

Let none of us faint by the wayside now, however loud the threats may chance to be. Those who have stood fast through this long term of social obloquy, until the little plant has become a spreading tree, should be more filled with faith than ever. The day of a general illumination is upon us. There will be no "miracle" about the process, but all will be done according to the great law. Let us be thankful that we were allowed to take part in the work at all.

A Lesson to be Learned by Spiritualists.

Now that the subject of supporting free Spiritual Sunday meetings in this city is being agitated, we deem it not an inappropriate time to call attention to the efforts being put forth by some of the adherents of old theology.

The Methodists have raised six hundred thousand dollars during the past year, for lengthening their ecclesiastical ropes and strengthening their stakes; and next year they propose to raise a million, and will do it! One man, a rich Methodist broker of New York, has already promised to head the list of contributions with a quarter of a million dollars! Memorial churches are going to be built; debts are to be wiped out; universities and divinity schools are to be increased and established; and a higher grade of ecclesiastical life is to be reached, if money will help in doing it, by the entire denomination. The Congregationalists of the country, too, numbering some three thousand churches in all, have put their hands in their pockets and taken out two hundred thousand dollars for denominational purposes. Next year, they intend to increase that fund by five hundred and fifty thousand. So things are going.

Meanwhile, what are Spiritualists doing, boasting as they do of being five million strong in the nation? They must see from these very plain hints of the sects that, when a thing is desirable to be done, all the aids possible to accomplish it are brought into instant operation. Money is a mighty lever in these social undertakings. The Methodists and Congregationalists see and understand it—the Spiritualists do not. To be sure, they are not moved by similar desires, nor do they set before themselves like designs; but what they do purpose may be advanced with marvelous rapidity by a judicious use of the same common instrumentality, and it should be sought for and put to instant service. As our religion is more exalting and liberating in its effects on the human spirit, so ought its influence to take hold of men and women with all the greater power in comparison of the creeds and denominations.

The Spiritualists should, first of all, see to it that really first-class newspapers are nobly and constantly sustained in their interest. Then, that a first-class, healthy, well-winnowed spiritual literature is steadily provided for all minds by their special care and endeavor, and, if need be, at their individual cost. And lastly, places of public worship should be erected in the many important cities of the Union, where people may at all times go to hear the ablest and most impressive expositions of the Religion of Spiritualism. Why not make an immediate concerted movement among believers to these ends?

The Davenport Brothers and Mr. W. M. Fay.

These extraordinary mediums are again in London, says the Spiritual Times, and we are pleased to say that they will commence on Monday next, Dec. 18th, at the Hanover-square rooms, a series of five sances. After passing through the rough treatment of cabinet-smashing, &c., in the North of England, and visiting France, being "exposed," so termed, for the hundredth time, and appearing before the Emperor of the French and the Imperial Court, the Brothers and Mr. Fay, still in the prime of their mediumship, are prepared to submit the phenomena which occur in their presence to the most searching scientific tests. What will the "Fleur-de-lis" of the Star say now? Surely he will feel some slight dissatisfaction that this is not "the last" of these mediums. We must await another issue to report phenomena.

It further adds that Mr. W. M. Fay gave a sitting on Monday, at the Lyceum, to a few of his private friends, including Mr. Cooper, Dr. Nichols, Dr. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Powell, and one or two others. The spirit "Katie" talked freely for several minutes, and every one present was touched by a hand in various parts of the body. Mr. Fay has shown satisfactorily that his medium powers are of an extraordinary character. It is expected that the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay will again present themselves before London audiences.

The Banner of Light and the Religious Philosophical Journal.

The Spiritualists of the United States, who are now numbered by millions, should see to it at once that these journals, the organs of their beautiful Philosophy, are fully sustained. The cohorts of old Theology are being marshaled in battle-array against you; and it behooves the friends, everywhere, to organize the armies of TRUTH to effectively do battle in the sacred cause we all have so much at heart. The angel-world expects us to do our duty. See to it, then, that none loiter by the way. Let AMPLIFIED SUPPORT be given to the journals devoted to the grandest faith ever vouchsafed to the people of earth. Enable us to lift the sombre mantle which old theology has placed upon the shoulders of mortality, that the bright and genial rays of the sun of modern Spiritualism, inaugurated in the nineteenth century, may shine upon them, to bless and prepare them for the life eternal. Let it shine with such splendor that the now dark entrance to the tomb shall become a pleasant avenue to the Spirit-Land. Then indeed shall death be swallowed up in victory, and our spirit-friends with joy indescribable will welcome us to our heavenly home.

Return of Seth Hinshaw.

In a recent number of the Banner we alluded to the departure to the spirit-world of the venerable Seth Hinshaw, one of "Nature's noblemen," and a true friend to humanity. Last week his spirit visited our free circle, took control of the medium and addressed the audience. He said he had intended to visit the circle while in the form, but had failed to do so; but he knew he could come after he had left his body. He said he was very happy; to him the spirit-world was more beautiful than language had ever portrayed; spirits do return, and give the best account of it they can, but not complete. He wished he had more fully lived up to his belief, although he thought he had done the best he knew how; he now sees wherein he could have done better. He wants all his friends to be kind to the poor, and deal justly by all humanity, and when they come to the spirit-world they will find their names written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Coal Gas.

There are far too frequent cases of suffocation in sleeping apartments from the escape of this fatal exhalation. One single fatal instance ought to serve as a sufficient warning. It should be understood, once for all, that no coal fire should be kept in a sleeping apartment. The gas generated by anthracite or charcoal coal is of the deadliest character. What is the greater wonder, even when such dangerous fuel is made use of, all the windows are closed tight before individuals go to sleep, which would seem to be a special invitation for death by that very way.

The Children's Lyceum in St. Louis.

We publish on our third page letters from A. J. Davis, giving an account of his inaugurating a Sunday Lyceum in St. Louis, and also some timely suggestions in regard to forming Lyceums elsewhere. The papers there generally speak well of the new mode of teaching. In one of them we find the following remarks in relation to a "progressive sociable," as it is termed:

The members of the Children's Lyceum held a Sociable at Veranda Hall Monday night, at which were present over two hundred children, ranging from four to sixteen years, most of them members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, lately inaugurated in this city by Andrew Jackson Davis.

The famous "Banner March" was performed beautifully by the children, eliciting repeated rounds of applause from the spectators. After the march was over the "Queen of Beauty and Gifts" was led to the beautiful bower erected for her, the children formed in two lines lengthwise of the hall, and the veritable old Santa Claus made his appearance, borne down with his packs of presents, amid the shouts of the children and spectators. About one hundred and fifty packages of presents, neatly put up in white paper and inscribed with the donors' names, were placed upon the Queen's table by the children-loving, liberal old gent, and by her distributed as per inscription.

Mr. Davis was remembered among the children, and received from old Santa Claus a very handsome watch chain, valued at fifty dollars.

After this gay scene was over refreshments were served and dancing commenced and was continued until a late hour, the older misses and young gentlemen remaining to enjoy this fascinating feast of the feet, and the little shavers going home. It was a very successful and fine affair, and never did children more thoroughly enjoy themselves than upon this occasion.

During the evening a lady medium sang a very beautiful song, claimed to have been given under spirit-inspiration. The instrument was a wretched affair, and did not at all do credit to the lady's sweet voice and fine execution.

Complimentary Expression.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists in New York, passed the following complimentary preambles and resolution, at one of their meetings in the early part of December, expressive of their appreciation of the labors of A. J. Davis:

Whereas, Our friend and brother, Mr. A. J. Davis, late President of this Board, and of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists represented by us, has labored long and faithfully in this city for the promotion of the objects had in view in the formation of our Association; and

Whereas, Circumstances have caused his withdrawal from his official relations to us; therefore, Resolved, That we deeply and sincerely regret the necessity that exists for this step on the part of our brother, and while, under the circumstances, we concur with him in the wisdom of the course he has taken, we still hope that before many months have passed we shall be able to recall him, improved in health and vigor, to this, his accustomed field of labor.
P. E. FARNSWORTH, Sec'y.

Meetings in the Melodeon.

Mr. F. L. H. Willis closed the old year with two very superior lectures to large audiences in the Melodeon, before the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists. The four lectures which he has given during his engagement, were received with great satisfaction by the auditors. Mr. Willis is one of the ablest lecturers on the spiritual philosophy now in the field, and we hope opportunity will be given him to be heard oftener here.

Mrs. CORA L. V. DANIELS, the most popular lecturer of the day, is engaged for next Sunday.

Children's Lyceum in Chelsea.

The Society of Spiritualists in Chelsea have become well established. They have regular Sunday meetings, and procure the best speakers. Order and harmony prevail in their midst. On the last Sunday of the old year they inaugurated a Children's Lyceum, and they enter upon the labors of the New Year with a fine prospect of establishing the largest school in the city. Already a goodly number of bright, loving and happy children have joined in this new mode of education, by which "the inner life unfolds, flower-like, beneath the sun of intellect." Success attend them.

Geological Lectures.

Mrs. N. J. Willis gave the fourth lecture of her course of ten on Geology, in the Melodeon, on Wednesday evening last. These lectures purport to be given by the spirit of the late Professor Silliman, the medium being fully entranced during the delivery. The interest in these remarkable lectures increases each evening. The next will be given on Wednesday evening at the same place. It may be well to state that Mrs. Willis is entirely unacquainted with the subject of Geology, hence the more wonderful the performance.

"Every Saturday."

The above is the title of the new weekly journal issued on the commencement of the New Year, by Ticknor & Fields, 124 Tremont street. It contains thirty-two large octavo pages, handsomely printed in double columns, with an engraved title page. Price \$5 per year, or ten cents single copy. It is made up of choice reading selected from the current literature to be found in the English and Continental Magazines. The publishers' names are sufficient guarantee of its success. It has our best wishes.

The Holidays.

The holiday season has passed with more than its usual pleasantness. We have not seen so much gladness in a long time. Almost every face wore a smile. Gifts and favors never abounded so strikingly. It is a beautiful custom, this, of renewing old friendships and establishing new ones, by these tokens of kindness and good will. May none of the pledges recently exchanged come short of their full meaning.

Mental Freedom.

Old Theology has, with her inexorable will, bound in mental chains the people of earth too long; and the time has now come when JERUSALEM ordains that his people shall go free! Let every act, every motive of your lives, Spiritualists, show to the world that you are sincere in the great work entrusted to your care, and your triumph will be sure—your reward certain.

The Freedmen.

Sir Morton Peto, who has recently returned to England from a tour in this country, refers to the Freedmen at the South as follows:

"Have no fears for the future of the freedmen, unless they are driven by harsh laws to array themselves against the whites. And if the South produces less in the future than she has done in the past, it will be because she does not legislate wisely. The barrenness of Jamaica to-day is due to the harsh legislation which drove the negroes from the plantation to their mountain patches, where what they produced was their own."

The Eddy Family.

These mediums for physical manifestations are holding public sances in New York. We learn that it is their intention to visit Washington during the winter.

Niagara Falls Canal.

Mr. Horace H. Day, a prominent and thoroughly "irrepressible" citizen of New York, has recently produced a decided sensation among the commercial men of Boston by his proposal for getting steam vessels through the Falls Canal by a plan which is a marvelous improvement on the old "lock" system, and which we do not presume to doubt was impressed upon his brain by the higher intelligences. The new plan contemplates the construction of a series of what he styles "double inclined planes," the vessel all the time remaining encased in the water, and the vessel and movable lock are carried through together. The idea impressed itself, with the aid of Mr. Day's clear explanation, with such force on the minds of the members of the Board of Trade, that they passed him a resolution of hearty thanks for his timely suggestion. The plan will doubtless be submitted to a practical trial soon.

Another Lecturer in the Field.

In our list of lecturers the reader will find the name of Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, widow of the late Col. Alexander M. Mitchell, of St. Joseph, Mo., and formerly of Ohio. She refers to Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Chicago, the well known writer and lecturer. "Friends, give her a chance to be of service in the good cause."

New Music.

We have received two new songs, published in Philadelphia, entitled, "The Soldier's Dream of Home," words by Chas. Slater, music by Felix Schelling, and "Maiden's Eyes," words by Featus, music composed and arranged by Felix Schelling.

A New Book.

Hudson Tuttle's new work on "The Origin and Antiquity of Physical Man, Scientifically Considered," is just issued from the press. The subject is handled in an able manner. We shall notice the book more fully in our next issue.

Mrs. Chamberlain.

Annie Lord Chamberlain has gone to New York for the purpose of holding musical circles. She will remain there four weeks. Her address is at 274 Canal street.

Many of our earth friends desire questions, such as they may propose, answered by their personal friends in the spirit-land. Now we would say to one and all that their friends are at liberty to come and manifest at our public circle whenever the conditions are favorable. We never call upon any particular spirit to speak. This matter is controlled exclusively by the spirit-guides of the circle.

New York Matters.

Spiritualism still progresses in this city, without regard to the opposition from the press and old theology.

Miss Lizzie Doten speaks at Eblitt Hall this month. She was exceedingly well liked at Hope Chapel last month.

Mrs. Bullene speaks at Hope Chapel this month; her meetings at Eblitt Hall last month were well attended and were highly instructive.

The Tribune of to-day pays both speakers a high compliment, in regard to their ability to instruct and interest the public. They will give a series of lectures at Hope Chapel, on Thursday evenings; Miss Doten commencing to-night.

Mr. Melville Fay has been trying to "humbug" the public with what he terms "exposure" of Spiritualism, in the way of physical manifestations. There is no use wasting paper and ink on him, as no one that knows him gives him a casual thought. The article in regard to his course, in last week's Banner, does him justice.

The Eddy Family and Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain have commenced their sances here in a hall on Broadway, styled "The Temple of Truth." Last evening their manifestations were powerful and satisfactory. The hall is not at all what they should have in this city. I want to see them in "Cooper Institute," with a full house; this is what their manifestations richly deserve.

A person who came a long distance to witness their manifestations last evening, was selected as one of the committee to do the tying, &c. He had also been to see Fay, and was on the committee to tie him. He told the audience last evening that the manifestations through the Eddys were entirely different from Fay's, and that he was perfectly satisfied the manifestations through the Eddy Family were accomplished by a power outside of them.
New York, Jan. 4, 1866. SHAWMUT.

Spirit-Messages.

I read in your Banner of last week another communication from my aunt, and if anything was needed to confirm me in my belief of modern Spiritualism, this communication would have done it. She speaks of her friends having charged me with having written the first, which was published in November last. When that communication was first published, I was on a visit to Massachusetts. One evening, while at a near relative's, (a sister) the question of its origin was discussed, and I was, half-jocularly, and half earnestly, charged with writing it. I did not mention the conversation, nor did my sister, consequently I can come to no other conclusion than that my aunt was present and heard what was said. My aunt was also always an opponent of Spiritualism; and the earnestness with which she endeavors to enforce the fact of her return, I consider to be very much like her.
ALFRED HORTON.
Washington, D. C., Dec. 31, 1865.

ANOTHER.—Mrs. Susan M. Bridgman, of Belchertown, Mass., writes to us that she was in our free circle room at the time the communication was given from the spirit of Louis Bridgman, (printed on our sixth page) through Mrs. Conant, and that she is the mother the spirit alluded to in such affectionate terms. The general tenor of the message, and the prompt manner in which it was spoken, were characteristic of him.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

In very many places there is a great interest felt in the question of some means for the education of the young, in some form better than the Orthodox Sunday-school affords. Many have heard of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, but have not seen it, and have no definite idea of its nature, and still less of the *modus operandi* of carrying it on. Indeed, it is necessary to have the aid of some one acquainted with the subject, in order to a successful commencement. The undersigned is prepared to give an exposition of the principles and methods of Children's Lyceums, and assist in their formation. Spiritualists who wish to engage in this good work, can secure his services by addressing him at Boston, care of the Banner office. The New Year is a good time to begin in this good work.
J. S. LOVELAND.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit who chose the name of the person, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

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

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

Invocation.

Oh, thou whose love prevails
Over all the ills of life,
Whose mercy never fails,
When we are weary of the strife
That comes of human weakness—
By some called human sin—
Whose wisdom opens Heaven's gates,
That all may enter in;
We would sing thee glad hosannas,
We would join the earth and air
In their everlasting chorus,
And their one eternal prayer.
For all that life can give us,
For all that hath been given,
For every tear of sorrow,
And every hope of Heaven,
We thank thee, oh our God.

Nov. 11.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—In compliance with your usual custom, we are now ready to consider whatever questions you may have to present.

Q.—Will not our spiritual bodies resemble our earthly bodies?

A.—Forms change. This is inevitable. The bodies that are called spirit-bodies, are but forms, and therefore subject to the law of change. Immediately after passing out of the human form, the spirit-form resembles that human form. But after a time, the resemblance is lost, for you are all growing, progressing, unfolding; and these human forms are by no means the highest that life can produce.

Q.—Can the spirits of our friends make themselves known, or seen?

A.—That is a question that the manifestations of this nineteenth century have answered—emphatically answered.

Q.—When we pass to the spirit-world will our friends wear such forms, or spiritual bodies, as will enable us to recognize them as we do here?

A.—Spirits do not recognize spirit by its form. It recognizes spirit by the law of spirit; that is independent of form. You need not fear that you will fail to recognize your friends after death. You certainly will. The law of your own being and their's would prohibit such a calamity.

Q.—Is it right for an individual to surrender his own convictions of right under any circumstances?

A.—By no means. You should always obey that which is right to you, so far as you are able to.

Q.—Will those endearments, ties and affections, such as exist between parent and child, brother and sister, be recognized in the spirit-world? If so, in what form?

A.—They will be an outgrowth, a perfection of that you have here in earth-life; a something more beautiful, yet corresponding with what you have here.

Q.—Is the spirit conscious while the body sleeps?

A.—Always.

Q.—Is it possible for the body to know that when it awakes?

A.—No; it is your human consciousness that slumbers, not the spiritual, not that inner consciousness that belongs specially to your inner lives. That never loses its consciousness, is always wide awake.

Q.—If spirits are cognizant of earthly actions, are they not concerned and troubled when we sorrow?

A.—Sometimes your sorrow reaches them, and their sorrow, in consequence, is far more keen than yours. But it is always modified by the knowledge that you will pass beyond it; that there is sunlight in the distance.

Q.—Is it possible for all to find communion with departed friends? and will they be successful, if they earnestly seek for it?

A.—Sometimes the conditions and circumstances intervening between you and them, prevent their coming into clear, intelligent rapport with you. But the more earnestly you seek, the more sure you will be that your prayer will be answered. It is by no means an impossibility for any spirit to return, holding communion with friends on earth. It is only a question of time and conditions.

Q.—Is not much of our social unhappiness the result of that feeling that fails to acknowledge and see right?—in each individual's acting up to his highest conceptions of right?

A.—Yes, certainly. The law of might is still exercised by you humans, and so long as it is, so long you will have sorrow in consequence. Until you shall be willing to yield obedience to the laws of right, in all cases, and under all circumstances, you will dwell, at least, upon the boundaries of hell; for hell is but a condition of unhappiness.

Q.—The Hindoo mother sacrifices her child. Is it right?

A.—It is right to them. And they present to you one of the sublime forms of worship the human ever presented. They yield up their treasures to it. They give it their best and brightest gems. How many of you are willing to do as much for your religion?

Q.—May it not be true that the spirits who sympathize with mortals, often use their influence to warn us of approaching danger, and guide us, lest we err, and we not be aware of it?

A.—This has always been the case. The friends who have passed beyond are all able, under certain conditions, to see you, understand what you are doing, to warn you of danger, to alleviate your distress, wipe away your tears, and point you to that better land beyond the tomb. But you are all unconscious of this, at least many of you are. The nineteenth century has opened a book in which the angels are writing their names. And many a one has read therein the name of some loved one, and has been lifted, in consequence, above the sorrows of earth. Their crosses have been made light, and their pathways have been strewn with flowers.

Nov. 14.

Lucy J. Garcia.

It is twenty-two years this present month since I closed my eyes upon earthly scenes. It was very hard to go, for I was leaving my infant child, I was leaving a dear companion, was leaving a loved mother and father, one sister, two brothers, and many dear friends. For then I never thought it would be possible to even know of the existence of our friends after we had left them in death. But I am confident that but a few hours had elapsed between the time of my death and my awakening in spirit-life, and I was equally conscious of the condition of my earthly friends as I was of my own condition.

Since my boy has grown to manhood, he has many, many times regretted that he was deprived of a mother's love. Oh, could he have seen, could he have known how near I was to him, even then, in some of his hours of sadness, he would not have chided the great Eternal Father for removing me from his presence.

A few days since, in one of the Southern cities where my son sojourns, I heard him make this remark: "If this great delusion of modern times has anything of truth in it, why do not some one who has loved me, return from that wondrous hereafter? If they should, I would believe; but being as they do not, what have I to pin my faith to? Surely, nothing."

Oh, then I prayed so earnestly for power to return! And to-day my prayer is answered.

I was born in the western part of New York State. My parents left me when I was a child, and I was then adopted by kind ones whom I always recognized as my own father and mother—they were such to me—and I knew no difference between them and my real parents, until the angel-world revealed the fact to me. Then I looked back upon those who were as my own to me when here.

Early in life I married one Thomas Garcia. When this son was born of whom I speak, I passed to the spirit-world. All these years I've watched over him; all these years I've led him, as far as I was able to, away from sin, that wily tempter; all these years I've tried to bless him, but he's been unconsenting of it; he's many times upbraided the Great God for removing me from him, for he said, "if I had had a mother's love I should have been saved from this or that sin." But oh, he has not seen with wisdom what the Father has done for him. To-day I ask that my son, William Garcia, hear me; understand me; and know that, although I left him, a walling infant, twenty-two years ago, I am his mother still. I love him still, and will give him the opportunities many give their friends, I will cheer him, I will talk to him, I will give him that assurance that no one else can give him, that we can return and commune with our friends on earth. Lucy J. Garcia. Farewell.

Nov. 14.

Henry Wirz.

I said if the light you gave me was true, I would come back and say so to the friends who handed me that little bit of paper in your city. I have found it all true. Henry Wirz, dead and alive.

They told you I murdered your soldiers. So I did; but by other authorities than those within me. I was an instrument, a tool. I was a soldier, and obeyed orders just as your soldiers do. I have sinned, but God Almighty knows I have suffered for it. I expect to suffer, and I receive my suffering and drink it in, knowing it's just. It may be for many ages that I shall have to suffer, but I am assured by the same Power that assured me what I was to see and know hereafter, that it will not be eternal. So I'm satisfied. Thanks for your promptness in sending me what you did. It is true. So say to those who were kind enough to give me the information.

Nov. 14.

Sewall Armstrong.

The revolving machinery of life turns out strange events sometimes. I was Sewall Armstrong; at one time was confined at Andersonville, under the special protection of the gentleman who has just left. He says he expects to suffer, and is willing to. Very glad to hear that, because I should be rather sorry to see what he'll have to go through before he dies. The law of compensation is exceedingly active on our side. He's going to receive his pay with interest there.

I was from Titusville, Pennsylvania, where I have friends residing who would doubtless be very glad to know how I did, where and when, &c. I was among those who were on the list for exchange, but there was something like a week or so delay, and, during that time, I could not stand up under the hard treatment, so I concluded to die. I didn't suffer half as much as some did who were in the same division of the prison with me; but I suffered enough. For all that, I wouldn't care to make any one else suffer because I was made to, if I was put to the test. However, there are a great many of the boys who say they are determined to put those through that put them through. I don't know but it's right enough, for they certainly deserve to suffer.

I did not know anything about this way of coming back before I did, but I am very glad to know it now. If the folks will hunt up somebody I can use, I should be right glad to talk. I am Sewall Armstrong, just as I was when here. I am not conscious of being any better, any worse, or any different—except the loss of my body. That I've not got; all the rest I have.

I was private in the 9th Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, and I can't exactly understand how it was I got nabbed at the time I was; never could understand it. We were told that the enemy was not within six or seven miles of us. There was some mistake, and we were thrown into confusion and a good many of us were bagged.

I am very well satisfied with everything where I am. I have no wish to come back, that is, to stay. I've only been very earnest to communicate with my friends, but don't care about living here again. Good-day.

Nov. 14.

Anna Caff.

Please to say that Anna Caff comes. I do not want to say much, because I don't want to stay long. I lived here nine years, one month and a little more—over nine years. I lived in New York. (City?) Yes, sir. I don't want to talk here. (Don't you want to say something to your friends?) Yes. My mother went to a medium in New York, and I wrote then that I'd come here to prove that I did come there. She went to see if she could hear from me, although she didn't believe in these things. But I said I'd come, I'd come here.

Nov. 14.

Invocation.

Our Father, we do not ask that our prayers may reach the great white throne in the Christian's far-famed new Jerusalem. We only ask that they may reflect something of truth, of holy endeavor, not alone upon these children, nor upon this one world, but upon all souls, all worlds. We ask that through our prayers and holy endeavors humanity may be made better and wiser and happier. We ask that, by our return, their feet may be led into pleasant paths, their thoughts turned into holy ways, and all their being strengthened

with holy purposes. Let us prove to thy children that there is but one Father, one God, and so all men must be his work, so all men must have come from one source, all must revolve around one centre; therefore all are in thee. We ask that we may teach these children to forget caste, to forget color, and station, to forget all in the holy recollection that thou art their Father, and all men are their brethren. Let us teach them to pray from their inner lives. Let us inspire them with a consciousness that thou art ever with them, blessing them; ever shedding thy love upon them, at all times, in all places. Though clouds sometimes come between the earth and the sun, yet the sun is shining all the while, and the earth feels its power. So all souls feel thy influence, all being rests in thee. Oh, again, we ask that we may make humanity better by our coming. Oh, may the earth grow better with the knowledge that the angels do return; that death is swallowed up in life; that the tomb is no longer the house of the dead; that all places are filled with life. Receive our praises, bless our utterances, and unto thee be all honor and glory and praise forever and forever. Amen.

Nov. 14.

Questions and Answers.

QUEST.—By Mrs. D. R. of Leavenworth, Kansas: What course, (if any) should be pursued to induce spirit-influence?

ANS.—The wind bloweth where it listeth, and you hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it comes, or whither it goes." So is all spiritual influence. It is impossible to tell what circumstances favor the coming of spirits. There can be no general standard that will answer for all time. Sometimes certain circumstances favor the return of the spirit. Sometimes certain other circumstances favor its return. But it is always well to live as near natural law as you are able to. This will aid you much in this respect.

Q.—By M. C. M. P., of Manhattan, Kan.: Some eighteen months since, on returning from a scene held in this city, I beheld a phenomenon which I have been unable to account for. It was a white object resembling a board or plank, some eight or ten feet long; was in the road some thirty yards distant, when first discovered, coming toward me, gradually rising from the ground as I proceeded, and when passing me, it took me in the face, almost depriving me of breath. Now, was this a spiritual manifestation, or was it merely a vapor? If it was a spirit, could it not have taken a human form, and thus have convinced me of the possibility of spirits coming back to earth? Or was it some of my spirit-friends wishing to convince me, and yet fearing to alarm me if they came in the form of the flesh?

A.—We should judge that the latter conclusion was most correct.

Q.—Many honest seekers after truth are often perplexed by the generalities and the vagueness of the descriptions of spirits, as to the how, or mode of living in the spirit-realm. We should be very thankful if the spirit-controlling-to-day would throw some light on the subject by discoursing awhile on the details of life in the sphere following death here; that is, present to us a homely, inside view of the life of a single spirit, for instance, and tell us how it is sustained—what it does, &c.

A.—All spirit is simply embodied thought. Now it so happens that your thoughts concerning the reality of things that exist in the spirit-world are so vague and indistinct, so mixed up with the unnatural teachings that have been forced upon you through your educational process, that it is difficult to give you a just conception of spiritual things. Spirit is thought. Do not forget that; embodied thought, or thought having form. Now, because it has form, that implies a necessity for a place wherein to live, exist and outwork the capabilities of that form. That all spirits do possess the characteristics that were theirs in earth-life after death, is a fact that has been demonstrated again and again by the returning spirit. This being true, their desires, and the ways to outwork those desires, are furnished the spirit in spirit-life. Yet, inasmuch as mind or thought differs from the machine or body through which the spirit outworks its desires in earth-life, so the outworking of thought differs from the outworking of material things. The tree grows, the flower puts forth its bloom, and sheds its fragrance upon the air. Your spiritual senses take in their beauty. Your human senses, also, take in, analyze, and feed upon thoughts. But these thoughts that the spirit feeds on, must first be passed through human realities, material sources, and by that process become materialized, so much so, that they can be harmonized with material senses. Therefore they can understand them, and realize that they are material. What would a thought be worth to you if it was not projected through sensuous life? Nothing. So, then, you pass through experiences in spirit-life, similar to those here. The things you love here, you still love. That which you were attracted to by virtue of your spirituality, you will still be attracted to materially in the spirit-world. All these things by which you are surrounded have their spirit. The sun, moon, stars, every blade of grass, tree, every running stream, every ocean, everything that mind can conceive of, has its spirit. Therefore this world is the spirit-world, and these things that appeal to your human senses have their spirit. This is the spirit-world. The spirit realizes that by which the human body is surrounded, and through which it outworks its mission, viz: material forms, or substance; and still more, it makes use of the inner life of these forms for its own growth.

Nov. 16.

Lulu Hooper.

I want to go to my mother, yes; sir. Uncle Charles said, perhaps my mother would let me come home if I come here.

She says I'm with the Saviour, but I ain't. I ain't, I ain't. I want to go home—I want to go home. [And talk with your mother?] Yes. [Where does your mother reside?] Jamaica Plains. [You'll have to ask her to go to some medium.] She don't believe I—[Your coming here may induce her to give you an opportunity to speak.]

Uncle Charles brought me here. He says I must pray that the angels—that's my teachers—will break the crust of religious superstition that's around my father and mother, so I can come. [What is your name?] Lulu Hooper. [Give your father's name?] Richard Hooper. [Your mother's name?] Helen Louisa Hooper. [What was your age?] Most seven. [Can you tell how long you have been in the spirit-world?] Yes; only a little while—last summer. (It was very difficult for this spirit to speak freely and connectively.)

My Uncle Charles was blown up with a torpedo. [Was he? On South?] Yes, the—the transport was— [You'll feel better the next time you come.] I had a fever. [Did you have any brothers or sisters?] Yes, one. [A brother?] Yes. Oh I want grandmother Hooper to help me. So I can go to mother and father. I'm going. [Come again, if you don't succeed this time.] My

uncle's name was Charles O. Muzey. [Was he an officer?] Yes.

Nov. 10.

Louis Bridgman.

I'm Louis Bridgman. I brought little Susie here to learn how these things are done here.

My father and mother live in Belchertown, Mass.; I go to them there; but I said a good while ago I was coming here, but I never could get a chance to come till to-day.

Now I only happened in because Uncle Bridgman—the doctor who used to live here—is here. He's going to speak pretty soon to somebody what he used to know here. He will say that my father and mother, that's in Belchertown, ain't my father and mother. They're all the father and mother I know, all I want to know. Yes, I have got another father and mother in the spirit-world; but those here are my father and mother, and I love 'em dearly, too. I would n't give 'em up for anybody. That was Susie's father and mother, too.

I'm happy in the spirit-world, and I'm going to be an artist—an artist! I'll paint worlds what'll shine, I will, when I get learned and get a good medium that I can paint and chisel through; then I'll do things that'll make the world believe we can come back. I know I will; yes, I know I will, because my teachers in the spirit-world say God always furnishes means for the earnest soul to work through. I'll be earnest, I know I will. Good-bye, mister; much obliged.

Nov. 16.

John Colton.

'Tis very hard for a man who's always been of the opinion that there wasn't any coming back, or any life after you died, to come back at all—I say it's 'ard to say.

I kept the Good Will House in Liverpool for seventeen years and better.

My name was Colton—John Colton. They used to say that I would give you the best piece of roast beef, and the best cup of coffee to be found in all Liverpool. Now the place has gone into other 'ands, but I often go there to try and materialize myself, so I can come somewhere and speak. I go there to take my starting point. I've left two sons, and it is for them I am making this attempt to speak. I taught them in their boyhood and babyhood that there was no life after death. I come to take away all that, and give them something better.

I am John Colton, just as I was here. Now because I know this, I want somebody here to know it, too. I sow bad seeds in the 'earts of my boys. I want to uproot it. That is well, I suppose. [Did they believe as you did?] Oh, they did.

I was a practical individual when I was 'ere, and I am so now; so I'll say what I 'ave to say, 'aving no more to do.

These folks—mediums—it's one of them I want my boys to seek out—one whom they find I can speak through, and I will come; you see? [Yes.] I, John Colton, want my boys to go to them and sit down as if they would talk with me. If I can, I will come. [If they don't succeed with one medium, they must try another.] Try. I leave enough money to try with, if that's wanted. Try; if it's not found in one, try two; if not in two, try four. That is what I want.

I had first an affection of my right foot. It came up and swelled until it came across me here (stomach); then I went out. That's what I died with—you will 'ave it died, so died it must be.

Nov. 16.

Dora Edmondston.

I suppose the most real sorrow the spirit experiences after death, is that that comes in consequence of the grief of our friends because they have been separated from us, as they think. We seem to be so thoroughly baptized in the sorrow of our friends, that sorrow is so quickened by our own spiritual state, that it is far more intense than that they experience. So when the time comes, if it ever does, that those who remain in the body learn that there is no occasion for sorrow, so far as the freed spirit is concerned, then, indeed, that will be a happy time for the dwellers in the spirit-world.

For the last two years and a half I have been so thoroughly immersed in the sorrow of my friends, that it has been almost like a lake of fire and brimstone to me; and I know if they could only have known what sorrow they were forcing upon me, by indulging in grief, they would have stayed it, even at the cost of their natural lives. They did not know it.

Some of my friends, whose sorrow is the keenest at my loss, have no permanent hopes of a tangible spirit-world. They have an indistinct realization of a life hereafter; but it is so indistinct, and so vague, that it does not benefit them much. And so they say it may be that we shall never see our friends again, and the thought is terrible. But if they only knew what many of you who are blest with this Spiritual Philosophy know, how happy they might be.

I lived but seventeen years here, and for the most part they were years of happiness. During your recent Convention in the city that was my birth-place, I was almost a constant attendant, hoping that I might induce some of the bright stars in your spiritual firmament to yield to my influence, and let me send one cheering word to those of my friends who were in sorrow at my death. I only succeeded in paving the way for this place, something that is a great blessing, one I fully appreciate.

I was Dora Edmondston, daughter of Timothy and Rachel Edmondston. I would that my friends dry their tears, stay their sorrow on my account, and know that there is a beautiful hereafter; that they are surrounded by their friends even now; that the change is not so great, the distance between them and me is not so great as they think.

I would like that they seek some means by which I can speak to them. I will try to wipe away their tears, bind up their wounds. I will show them that there is a life after death, a blessed world in which we live, and in which they are to live after death.

Nov. 16.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Nov. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Madam Hannah Murray, to her family; Daniel Magoon, to his brother, Peter Magoon, of this city; Colonel Timothy H. Bradley, of the 7th Georgia Infantry, to his wife, Margaret, and his uncle; George de Clare, to his mother, in New Orleans, La.

Thursday, Nov. 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Joseph K. Edmonds, of Cleveland, O., to his relatives; David Andrew, to his friends, in Carleton, Ind.; Elizabeth Truman, of Rochester, N. Y.; Mary Henderson, to her husband; Wm. C. Brooks, to Lieut. John Brooks, late on board the "Shenandoah."

Monday, Nov. 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Edson, of Bridgewater, to his brother, Rev. Ties, Elder Pastor of St. Ann's Church, Lowell, Mass.; Esther Leice, of Glenview, Scotland; Hannah Gale desires to meet her friends in England, to her mother, in New York City.

Thursday, Nov. 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Oliver Watson, who died in New Orleans, La., to her mother, in Halifax, N. S.; Lieut. Wm. Hudson, from Fort Laramie, to his brother, David Hudson, at last accounts in or near Frattville, Ala.; Miles Thompson, of Galena, Ill., to his two sons, at the South.

Monday, Dec. 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Evelyn daughter of James K. Sawyer, of Savannah, Ga.; James Smith, a Protestant Irishman, to his wife, Isabel; Anne Ruth, to the Father in her town; Tim Bridges, horse jockey, to his father; a grocer, in this city; Annie Goodwin, to her father, in this city.

Tuesday, Dec. 5.—Invocation: Leander C. Simpson, 8th

Maine Vols, to his mother, in Oldtown, Me.; Louisa Grey, who died in Baltimore, Md., to her mother, Elizabeth, of Provincetown, N. H.; Patrick Donovan, 8th Mass. Reg., to Mary and James Donovan, of this city; James Laurie to friends, in Georgetown, D. C.

Monday, Dec. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Thomas L. Smith, who lost his life on board the Cumberland, to friends in Brooklyn, N. Y.; James Murdoch, an actor, to his wife, Jane Taylor, of Col. Wm. Taylor, to the friends having charge of her children, in New York City; Alice (greenwich) and Ant. Surgeon at Fort Darling, desires to communicate with friends at home; James Murray, to his cousin, Ellen Murray.

Thursday, Dec. 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Charles Reimann, under Gen. Sigel, to friends; Major Gen. K. F. Fier, of Virginia Infantry, to Wm. Tyler, in Richmond, Va.; Charles Dearborn, 2d Mass. Vols., to friends; James Martin, drummer boy, 2d New York, to Gen. Robert Ould, and relatives in New York.

Thursday, Dec. 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Edward Harvill, a lawyer, of New Orleans, La., to his friends; Charles Osmond, of Cleveland, Mass., to his parents; John Shannon, of the 3d New Hampshire Vols., Co. C; Joseph Thompson, of Boston, to his friends.

Monday, Dec. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Caroline L. Wieman, to Samuel Wieman, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Major Wm. H. Dixon, of Georgia, to his brother, Augustus, to her mother; Harry Marston, of Fitchburg, Mass., to his wife Mary; Arabelle Stearns, whose father keeps a store in Canal street, to her mother, in New York City.

Tuesday, Dec. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Osmond Eaton, of this city, to friends; John Gilcrease, to his mother-in-law, Eleanor Francis, to some of his distant relatives residing in Boston.

Thursday, Dec. 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Lieut. Allen Davis, to his father, in New Orleans, La.; Thomas Williams, (colored) took on board the "John Eliot," to his wife Maria, in New York City; Annie Stile, of Thompsonville, O., to her mother; Harry Marston, of Fitchburg, Mass., to his wife Mary; Arabelle Stearns, whose father keeps a store in Canal street, to her mother, in New York City.

Tuesday, Dec. 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Frederick Lane, of Union Park street, Boston, to his children; Mary Sullivan, to Patrick and Mary McCarty, of this city; John Frost, to his brother, Walter Frost; Hiram ("Bill") Tubbs, to his grandmother, in California.

Thursday, Dec. 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Frank Williams, (son of John Williams) who lived at No. 111 South Main street, Boston, to his friends; Charlotte Taylor, of Warrenton, Va., to Major Henry Taylor, and friends; Anthony Burns, to friends in New York City.

Monday, Jan. 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Mrs. Fisk, 2d Wisconsin, to friends; Lieut. Whitener, of Cambridgeport, Mass., to her parents, and sister Lizette; Horace Taylor, to friends.

Tuesday, Jan. 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Seth Elmwood, of New York City, to his wife, in New York City; Maggie, a slave, to Alice, a slave, and her former master, Major Henry Clyde.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Strange Phenomenon.

By some means unknown to me, many have received the idea that Spiritualism was less dear to me than formerly; and as many inquiries are sent me concerning the matter, I have at last determined to answer them wholesale through the columns of the Banner.

I love the philosophy which Spiritualism teaches, and through it have gained a knowledge (not belief) of immortality, for which I can never feel too grateful. I have been what is termed a medium from my earliest recollection; but I am opposed to ascribing to spirits in the objective world what belongs rightfully to those in the subjective. I do not believe or have the smallest faith in the origin of a thousandth part of the so-called spirit-manifestations, whether given by myself or another.

Enough, however, has been given to satisfy me that humanity exists beyond the grave. If such an admission makes me a Spiritualist, so be it. As regards the great questions of the day, I can truly say that hand, heart and head are with every needed reform, either political, religious or social; but I do not like the lewdness of many styling themselves lovers of truth and liberty.

As strange phenomena meet me outside of that called spiritual, as well as within its sacred circle, I will relate an incident, hoping that those who have seen and comprehended more of the workings of the human mind than my humble self will explain what to me is a mystery.

Some time since I met an old friend by the name of Clarence Henry; his family and friends always call him Henry; but, owing to his extremely fine organization and feminine tastes, I had abbreviated his first name to Clara. After sitting and conversing with him a little time, he suddenly changed in looks and manners; his eyes closed for an instant, then opened—but such a change! a mightier spirit than mine must wield the pen which describes the spiritual beauty that for an hour lit up that earthly countenance.

Fancy a disembodied soul standing out alone, and saying to every discordant element of life, "Be still!" and you will have a faint picture of the reality which stood before me. On speaking, he said, "I am Clara; Henry has gone to sleep; we (Clara and Henry) are two souls in one body; Henry has will, but I have not; I am nothing but attraction and repulsion. Henry, though he will to do ever so earnestly, can do nothing that I am much repelled from, and must do that which I am greatly drawn to, though he desire ever so much not to do it." He went on to say that "he (Clara) had never fully manifested himself before, and could do so now only through my presence, and that at any time I had only to wish for Clara and he would come and give me the signs by which his identity would be known."

On his appearing this time I am unconscious of using any will-power whatever to induce him to do so, and he came totally unexpected. But afterwards, when, to test the matter, my will was exerted, Clara always responded, but could succeed in holding control

BY O. A. B.

While the various Pagan and Christian systems—the so-called false and true religions—give, in theory, at least, undue prominence to the cultivation of the religious side of man's threefold nature at the expense of the others, Spiritualism seeks to inculcate the need and necessity of mathematical adjustment in the harmonious blending of all. In such a conjunction or equilibrium of the religious, the philosophical and the practical, there is found not only the proverbial strength that is born of Union

On the broad ground of use and economy, the bullying world of ours is being daily forced to acknowledge, against its will, this inescapable fact:

It was sometime in the summer of 1893—in July or August—two gentlemen from Maine, Mr. Thomas J. Whitehead and Mr. A. B. Swift, visited Chicago on private business of their own. They were strangers here, ignorant of Chicago, its soil, surface and surroundings, and bent wholly upon matters foreign to the subject and substance of this narrative.

These gentlemen happened to be of the spiritualist faith, and met many times in a circle formed by themselves, Mr. Caroline Jordan, a writing medium, and Mr. Abraham James, hereafter referred to. The meetings of these persons and the holding of circles were apparently accidental, and

Washington, D.C., Dec. 23, 1863.

with it. WARREN CHASE,
New York, Jan. 1, 1866.

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