

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 18.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.
A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

I feel a wintry chill,
Though coal is burning in the grate, blood-red.
The touch of unseen hands upon my head
Sends through my heart a thrill.
Oh! can it be the dead, the doubly dear,
Are present in the melancholy night,
While breathes his last the old, eventful year,
Around me thronging in my lonely hours,
To influence the poet's wailing powers,
Bring back the burning glow
Of inspiration to his fainting soul,
And give his verse once more the thunder-rol
That echoed in his numbers long ago?
Oh! can it be the blest, whom we call lost,
Leave heavenly mansions for this realm of frost?
Methinks I hear a voice
That says, "Rejoice!
Soon will the vestments of decay that hide
The workings of thy soul be thrown aside,
The dross thrown off, thy nature purified;
Then to the deathless music of the spheres,
Too heavenly sweet for grosser mortal ears,
Thy lyre will catch a strain
Earth's grandest bard has tried to wake in vain!"

From realms the blest inherit,
Why comest thou, blest spirit,
To one so sad and desolate a world,
Who tries in vain to lift a awful veil,
While the trees shudder in the moaning gale
That shades the unknown?
It cannot be the land
Where ring the dulled, tolling bell,
Of flight, immortal band
Where to warn, or wish him well,
Cor While ends another year
Of blood and tears, of grief and doubt and fear.

Methinks I hear that voice again,
Sweet as the gentle fall of summer rain:
"Through thrown away this mortal dress,
The spirit still can come to bless
The friend he loved on earth,
Though hushed his voice of mirth,
His household scattered, wife and children gone,
And o'er his home the pall of darkness drawn.
Tell Mary I am often near;
That the old homestead still is dear,
Mill, silver stream, half hid in shade
When summer glories in her prime,
And on whose banks, a boy, I played
In the old, vanished time;
Flinging the line with skillful hand,
And bringing speckled beauties to the land.

Oh, tell her that my brothers dear
Are happy with their father near,
Where ever reigneth an Elysian May,
Clothed in the radiance of unending day!
And thou, my old and loyal friend,
Above thy couch I often bend,
Eyes of thy soul to open wide.
Oh! be no longer heavy-hearted,
But look upon the dear departed:
On Robert, who hath died—
To use poor mortal man's unmeaning phrase—
Although unnumbered are his winged days.

No tolling bell
Disturbs the air where happy spirits dwell.
I've met thy gallant soldier-boy, who fell
Near Rappahannock's shore.
Oh! call not Willie lost, but found,
Though in the cruel river drowned.
Thy wife, in ecstasy of joy,
Clasps to her bosom little Bess,
Arrayed in dazzling loveliness,
And smiles benignly on her youngest boy.
And now, good-night!
Let slumber fall upon your weakened frame,
And wake to treat once more the road to fame.
It sends a thrill of gladness through my soul,
That, sorrowing for the past,
The bard at last

Hath learned the mighty art of self-control.
Remember, though you seek earth's darkest spot,
I will be near you when you know it not."
Deep silence reigns;
I feel no sweet vibration in the air,
And back returns that Stygian ghost, Despair.
Oh, blest immortal! let my spirit hear
That voice, though low, melodious, soft and clear.
Alas! my quest is worse than vain!
No silvery voice responds again.
The shade of one long mourned hath taken flight,
His accents swallowed by the hungry night.
MacKay Manor, Dec. 31, 1865.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE FLYING DREAMER.

BY WM. H. STEVENS.

I dreamed I flew for a cup of dew
High o'er the rainbow's crest,
For my rose to slip, and my bright tulip,
And my birdlings in their nest.
On my return, to fill my urn,
My joys were changed to fears;
I found I had only dreamed, alas!
My dew had changed to tears.
Why only in my dreams have I
The joys of upward flight?
Why ne'er on feathered wings to fly,
But when asleep at night?
Could my ideal be only real,
I would happy, happy be!
My joys I'd share with birds of air,
And keep them company.

Truth is powerful, and its cozies is straight in
working its way through a matter, whatever may
strive to hide or bury it in darkness.

Original Essays.

IS RELIGION A SCIENCE?

TO MY FRIENDS IN ENGLAND:

IS THERE SUCH A SCIENCE AS THEOLOGY? I answer, unhesitatingly, No! Why not? Because it presupposes a condition that could not naturally exist between the creature and Creator. Imperfection is not an admitted fact when applied to the Father or God. And, as a consequence, existence—let that be of whatever nature it may—is but the outbreath of that source, and in its nature must be perfect. Theology as a science, and Religion as a necessity, are a condemnation in character and fact, both to the creature and Creator as one: for it involves alienation, a disjunct difference in two; a severance from the first primal cause from whence all issue springs, and has to maintain that severance to be of such a nature as to require all the study and methodical means that come within the recognition of the creature to replace or relay the objective evidence of the condition that is not manifested in truth or fact. For you have destroyed the fact, have annulled the existence of the primal condition of Nature, or God, as subject of diversities by attempting to destroy an elementary principle to dothron the source upon which it rests.

Why, then, are minds led through various Theological studies into certain religious obligations regarded as sacred, premising that they are sincere in their search after truth? I would suggest a change in this question, and ask, Why is Religion a necessity? And I answer, it is not absolutely, but at the same time it is well. And when I say well I mean so far as its direction and influence upon the great body of mankind is concerned. I hold that word absolutely as a safeguard to my first position, that there is no such science as Religion, in truth. It would appear that my position is somewhat paradoxical, for I have denied the science and admitted the fact. But I claim there is no basis in truth; if truth is a lie. And I also claim that there is no divinity in God, if God is not divine. Then Divinity is in Nature, and could not be otherwise than in the created, for it derives all that it is, innate or otherwise, from the power creating. Thus we are discussing the thing—not its capabilities or susceptibilities; for the germinating is one thing, the fulfilling another. Religion is a proposed ministrations to our doubts and fears. When we undertake to circumscribe our doubts and fears, we are lost in the unmeasured and unseen, and that is the reason why they lay before us unrealized, not defined. They are the creatures of the Future; and so is Religion. It lays in the undefined realm of a supposition inherited from our doubts and fears.

True, the susceptibilities of man are often canvassed with great earnestness, with a hope to attain some supposed or real good, attended with Divinity. Man's action is ever based on the scenes of his aspiration, and desire is ever calculating upon a future reality toward the unrealized and the unseen, which he ever fancies must effect his individual good. Here it would be well to pause and cast, as it were, a reflection over the diversified scenes that present themselves to our consideration, directed, as it is supposed, for the general good of the creature as allied to the Creator. What diversities in God for all humanity is of God. Then how futile must ever be the effort for the creature to work himself out of the Creator, and place himself beyond the source by which he is begotten. It is a fallacy in reasoning to say that the emanating—let that be whatever it may—is greater than the source from whence it springs. Now with this truism before you, how can you find an antagonism? and without antagonism Religion has no place in a just conception of either God or man. For the source ever holds within itself the overflowing measure of its own begetting. Less than this would deny existence in toto; must deny the very fact where existence must be recognized, before we are capable of any conception of thought on any subject.

Science, or scientific truth, is a germ from which ever springs the true relation of all conditions; from which emanates, in a great degree, the relatives or relations of things to each other. This manifest evidence carries with it the fact of demonstration. It leaves undisguised all that is necessary and essential to be made observant, by which means we may know there is a reality demonstrated and certain. The co-relation of Nature, and the general order of the Universe, demonstrate clearly to the understanding mind that there is nothing in vain. The law of attraction and repulsion—or assimilation, so to speak—finds its co-relation throughout all extent unburied; and it is true, to some measure, to the human mind undefined. But when we come to look at God, we look in vain to say where he is not; for the unmeasured depths above, below and around are alike unfathomed in the human consciousness, and ever speak with unerring certainty of the undefined and undefinable. And thus we are led to a suggestion that brings home to our consideration a thought infinite in importance, and at least worthy of the appreciation of all reflecting minds—and it is this: You cannot separate Infinity. You cannot destroy space! You cannot annihilate time! Nor can its page be read to map out the fears and hopes of a common kind.

And what does Religion, as a Science, imply? Separation! Or, if too plainly stated, we would say, Relation. But, we beg leave to ask, relation to what? That which of itself is itself, which is God, whether it be in the mountain top or in the babbling brook, it is but the manifestation of the one and the same, the Cause that rides triumphantly o'er the diversified scenes of all time, condition and season.

Religion, as a Science, presupposes, in the first instance, a division of itself, when that self is its all. Further, it promises at least, with some exactness, to show the relation of the condition that

destroys the foundation basis of its own action. In other words, if we could recognize a God, a Divine Supervisor of events in the ascending, and at the same time a creation independent, we might attempt to harmonize a diversity so just and pregnant with weighty considerations, that we might affect the relations we sustain to each other. Truthfully, then, it might be said that hell and heaven have their counterparts urging their destructive elements of force to bring man to the recognition of the rights of a common end and destiny of weal or woe. But such is not the case. A thing that is of itself, is in truth, the whole—the beginning and the end; the creature and Creator, one! And can it be divided of itself when it is, any without it there is nothing? Shall we attempt to decipher a text unfitted for Nature, that her creations may thwart purpose and plan, universal and divine; to estrange a thing from itself; to annihilate space and divide time; bring nonentity out of entity, and call it serving God? It is a film o'er the heavens to create darkness within the inner self of conscious thought, to so desecrate Nature's great and ennobling part, whose pulsations keep time with every impulse for good. Oh! then, let us learn to look at Nature as one stupendous whole, with a body ample, and human thought the Soul!

To affirm more clearly our position, that Religion, as a Science, is a fallacy, we would state clearly that Science is a demonstrated Reality: for Science, truthfully understood, is understood to be the germ or essence of conditions deduced from demonstrated facts. If that is its office, or relation, we assume, beyond controversy, that we are entitled to an affirmative response to our position: First, if Science acts as the deducer of given relations, it must be an interpreter of those relations. It being so, it arises from conditions related to each other. Now we claim as a whole, God and creation—one body and soul. It would, therefore, be the part of Science to show the condition and relation of possibilities outside of that whole; and as adjusting appears to be its office in regard to given properties, or conditions, we simply have to say, that where there is one, there is no diversity where that one is universal. Science, then, to be applied to Religion, proposes to settle a thing that of itself is satisfactory, for it is in relation with itself, according to the inherent properties of its own nature. And can you improve upon the fullness of its own measure, when that measure is eternal, undefined and undefinable? We go still further and say, were it possible for Science to measure the creature, it would alike have to measure the Creator; and thus Science would be *ad infinitum propria persona*. Consequently, Science as a Religion, or Religion as a Science, is fallacious.

But we may be told that its office is the severance of particles; that it is the relation of conditions that is sifted, by which means we arrive at a just and discriminative estimate of the property of relations to Cause; and this we call Scientific truth. Admitted. Take the creature, then; but Science must not stop here. It must take the Creator. And here I ask, What is your Science worth? Why, it cannot even master the innate faculties of the power of thought! Can it tell where the beginning was, and the undefined end of infinitude? But it must not become partial, and speculate upon the capabilities and capacities of the creature, but it must also take the source and show us its deductions by incontrovertible facts, and by this means we may come to know what is, and what is not. Alas! it is a burden that cannot be borne by human thought, nor confined by the subtleties of human reasoning. Then let us leave the creature—a breath of the Creator—with its God, the source of its life, the end of its beginning, and mock no more creation's dower; to give to time a place, and human thought an aspiration high and holy, and learn to regard in all a breath of heaven, whose sweet perfume yields unequalled power to even the least, as esteemed by men. Clearly we have arrived at a point where, alike in reasoning and experience, Science is a failure; all human thought is a failure. Parts, portions, relations, conditions, circumstances, are lost in the whole—which is God. Science has no share here—none! The Whole is all—body and soul; creation's right-named, born and given to life. Its semblance ne'er appears in man. Truth throws not her veil o'er the shadow of the past, but looks with common mien upon what is, and asks each one to be a partaker thereof! Here Science lays in the lap of thought, the tutored child that scans the many parts of the Creator's loan to Nature, given to make the whole the everlasting Body, and God the Soul!

You ask me of my hopes. Well, my friends, permit me to say we may well pause before we ask for the hope of others and reflect upon the Divinity that shapes our ends, let them be what they may. What are our hopes? I would ever ask, not what are thine, or his, or hers. For while Humanity is a stranger, shall we pause to reflect upon conditions that surround the world at large, or come into the sphere of mortal action that speaks in the consciousness of friend and foe of hope and destiny. What has the world attained? Tell us, oh ye lights of the age. Come to us in our delirium of thought, of perplexity and care, and reveal to the light of day your mission, whose heaven-born significance is to redeem the creature through the Providence of the Creator! But let me tell you a sad and lamentable fact that ages upon ages have rolled up in the labyrinth of the mighty Past, that it is all in vain! Where can I go, in this hour of desolation and desponding thought, and find a regimen that shall quiet the troubled soul? Oh, tell me, ye fates of the Unseen! Oh, tell me, ye sprites that answer to the despairing! For desires of men are ever asking where is the safe that shall save from the effects of a common cause? But alas! the response is Death. No shadow even from heaven casts its gleam to strengthen the weary and the worn! No duty, however well performed, brings the elixir of life and says, Be still; for as yet all appears sad

and drear. No illuminings from the portals of the Past, though generations have sunk to rest as the declining sun of a setting day. Not from it all no resurrected hope lives in Humanity's Bosom to bear you across the wroth wastes of Death and Desolation. Why is this? Well may we pause and ask the question, Is life vanity? Is hope delusion? Is common justice a lie? Is truth a mocker of sincerity? No! But we need to be reminded that what is must be, and that even without our definition, because it is. Then what do we find? And should we be astonished? What is human ethics and divine perfection? Hell, Heaven, God, the Devil, perfection and imperfection; man naturally depraved, he has no good in him—all these are classmates and checkmates upon human thought; all garnished and stepographed to suit the diversities of human nature. What a spectacle for one just and unmeasured source! What harmony! What unity! What is it all called? DIVINITY!

Then if the epoch of all life and the munificence of all power is so shaded, how can man but partake of their reflections and justly become the recipient of their monstrosities. But, my beloved friends, I am coming home. There is nothing in Christian ethics, as taught, that finds within itself the source of relief to the common ills of life. The premises we have laid down, if well studied, will give a clue to the future. I mean will present its true significance, as adapted and applied to a common good of a common kind. Then let us know and feel that God's justice is universal, and universal means Eternal, Omnipotent, Omniscient. Not alone when the clouds obscure our horizon, but over in our joys and sorrows, alike to each. Then the gain day of creation beams upon our hearts and souls, and tells us to respond amen to whatever is, but at the same time it warns us by its presence to guard well what is to be. We need not seek among the antiquated records of ages past and bygone for light and life—but come home to God. And where is that, pray? To ourselves! There is God. No throne in heaven ascends so high, no power above or below so just and true as that which holds us to the source of all. Then why linger by the pages of ancient lore, to analyze the faded garments of the Past, when in our hearts and souls there is a God whose presence and omniscience is the Eternal—the beginning and the end of all.

With the hope that I may be able, in my next, to show the capabilities and capacity of the individual, as allied to what he supposes to be the ultimate of all being, whether for good or ill, which appears to be the preponderating influence as recognized by the so-called relations of God and man. I am yours, faithfully,
Dec. 25, 1865. J. B. FERGUSON.

THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT.

BY I. BEHN.

It is a most joyous and blessed fact for man, that on his caprices or whims do not depend the mighty issues of being, and the ultimate destiny of the race, in the fulfillment of the divine purposes in us. It may be pleasing to our vanity to suppose ourselves invested with "free agency" and "free will," and that we may, by virtue of that agency and that will, plant our feet on the threshold of the celestial city, or plunge headlong into the abyss of perdition. But to the firm believer in the government of God, it is a glorious consolation to know that all there is, or may be, of free agency or free will, is subordinate to that which is supreme—supreme not alone in power, but in all the attributes which, in their totality, constitute our Father in heaven—in whose divine hands are all destinies sure, and all souls safe.

To this broad statement there would, in all probability, never have been a denial, from a Theist, at least, were it not for the occurrence and re-occurrence of those acts which we call *sins* or *evils*, and the difficulty of harmonizing them with the belief that God reigns in the absolute; and whilst we may feel great respect for that reverence which would shroud the Deity from any supposed participation in the concatenation of events termed *bad*, and attributing to Him, in the last analysis, the causation of all things, yet this reverence would seem to arise from a very mistaken head. The soul can never have an immovable and unfulfilling foundation to its faith until it accepts, in all its completeness, the truth that GOD REIGNS; all "agencies" and "wills" to the contrary, notwithstanding; and with this, its faith becomes an axiom.

It is true, all religionists, as well as all theistic philosophers, admit that God governs the universe, yet many so qualify that admission that it becomes virtually a denial, with all the uncertainties and contingencies which a denial involves.

Before proceeding further, it may be well to say that, upon this subject, we do not reason generally with that freedom which characterizes our thinking on other subjects, from the fact that we begin with certain foregone conclusions, which so warp our minds that we are led away from just convictions by what we infer as certain consequences from the premises.

There is much room for doubt as to the certainty of determining the truth of things by what may appear as consequences, unless these consequences can be traced with unerring certainty, and then that these consequences are of such a nature as to be utterly irreconcilable with the first propositions. Now, the reader is respectfully requested, in the present case, to let consequences take care of themselves for the time being, that we may consider the few suggestions here submitted without any reference to them, so that, at least, they may not be stumbling blocks in the way. Let us then begin by accepting the fundamental proposition, that God governs the universe.

The point next to consider is, how does He govern the universe? It might be answered to this question that the universe is governed by Law;

but this is too general to be satisfactory. We wish to know in what way does law work out this government? Let us see if we can trace the rationale to any extent?

Men of science, philosophers, yield the most implicit faith in the government of law in physics; never letting any supposed consequences disturb their confidence in gravitation, elective affinity, mechanical powers, mathematical laws, &c., but would stake their everlasting existence in their certitude. It is only when those questions touch the moral and spiritual relations of man, that we get shaky in our faith, and lose our way by losing faith; as though the great and good Ruler of the universe was more mindful of rocks and gases than of immortal souls, and whilst all atoms of matter obey His will, man is left to blunder his way in the thick darkness unguided, and in the midst of perils having no wise purpose in them.

It is an accepted doctrine among Spiritualists that man is a progressive being. Now, if this be so, two considerations are inevitable. 1. That to progress at all, there must be inducements, or points from which to advance to others to be attained. 2. That those points are only decreed from each other by states of knowledge and goodness. The law of progress presumes man to come into the world destitute of knowledge of any kind, weak in body, mind and spirit, yet with the germs of all possibilities in him.

In regard to man as a physical being, this fact has been of universal recognition. Every where do people take care of their children, whether civilized or savage, feed them in their infancy, assist them in their movements, shield them from danger, and teach them knowledge. They know that life is subject to law, that wisdom is the result of experience, and there are no exceptions to the rule. The same is also true of the intellectual culture. Nobody expects children to acquire knowledge without tuition; and so, too, of adults. The fact that through the condition of mediocrity persons are sometimes intuitively, or by inspiration, made wiser than their time, is no exception to this rule, since it is but another mode of education, and does not change the fact in the least. And thus it is, also, of our moral and spiritual nature, culture being just as indispensable here as on the other planes.

Thus we see that the Divine government, so far as that relates to the growth, development and culture of the body and mind, is a government of law, and, as such, is universally accepted in practice, at least, if not in theory, and we shall be at a great loss to discover why the spiritual nature of man should be an exception to this rule, inasmuch as all the evidences lead us to the conviction that it is not.

If, then, these things be so, what are the inevitable inferences to be deduced from them? Let us see. First, the body is weak in infancy; needs food, care, clothing, shelter, and exercise, as the necessity of its life and increased strength; and nobody thinks of attaching guilt to the child, because of its helplessness. Yet almost every effort made by it is attended with danger; for who is able to recount all the sore bruises received in the attempts to creep, walk and run? It is scarcely worth while to argue a point so clear as this, and hence we may pass on to the next point of consideration, which is our intellectual nature. Here we shall be met with those apprehensions of consequences before spoken of; for we may be told that if ignorance is not wickedness direct, it leads to it, and, therefore, is closely related to it. But never mind these "consequences" just now, and let us come to the point, which is to inquire whether there is any offence chargeable to man because he is not born intellectually wise? If we refer to what has just been said of the physical condition and requirements of the child, we shall see that everything relating to the intellectual department is just as true analogically; the same amount of care and attention being requisite to develop the mental powers as for those of the body, and that there is really no more reason why a child should be considered culpable on account of intellectual incompetency than on account of physical inability, both being the necessary, and, therefore, the natural condition of infancy; and being natural, is consistent with the divine law—or, in other words, with the government of God.

Now we approach the point on which man have forever been stumbling, more or less, and on which the greatest diversity of opinion exists. Here it is, too, that those terrible consequences loom up in such frightful proportions as almost to terrify us. It might be well to inquire into the source of this terror; but just now it is more in order to pursue the third consideration, or aspect of the subject. It may be well to remark, first, that the moral expressions which our character assume are, in a great measure, determined by our physical and mental states—by our preternatural tendencies and mental culture; so that if guilt is chargeable for our moral delinquencies, such of them as are to be traced to mental and physical causes, must be chargeable there, and this would be putting the causes of moral turpitude where the churchmen would not like to have them placed, inasmuch as nobody is silly enough to allege free agency of the physical constitution of man. To leave such actions, then, out of the question for the present, and confine our attention to such as may not be traced to diseased states of body or mind, let us see, if we can, what is the moral quality of the balance.

The effort has been made above to show that the Divine Government is a government of law, and that it applies as well to moral actions as to others. Now even with the admission, if such were made, that man was a free agent, and that his actions arose from the exercise of this freedom, still if such acts are at all connected with consequences as effects, their relation must exist from a law—a divine law; so that even this admission would not mend the matter in the least, the law being still existent and operative; and the supposition of the enactment of a law by the Divine Being, without the perception of all that was

possible under it, is one which is not only degradat- ing to the mind entertaining it, but one which divests the universe of a governor, and leaves the machinery of being open for all manner of dis- arrangements and confusions, and, therefore, destitute of that perfection and completeness which is the foundation of the soul's faith in God. There seems, then, no escape from the conclusion that all things are governed by law, and it is now for us to inquire into the nature of those acts which we call evil.

In order that there may be no controversy in regard to the heinousness of the offences, let us take a murderer, or a pirate, or the speculator in bread, clothing, fuel, or other necessities of the poor, as our model of depravity. It may be laid down as an unquestioned proposition, that no one acts without a motive of some kind; and, taking this much for granted, it will be for us to inquire, as well as we can, into the quality of the motive in any given case. An investigation into every instance of murder, piracy, or violence of any kind, seems to reveal the fact that in such cases there are apparent purposes of gain. No moral turpitude has ever been supposed, necessarily, to attach to the mere desire of gain, in itself considered, so that whatever wickedness may be at- tached to the actions of men, it is not to be charged to the mere desire of acquiring. The question, then, resolves itself into simply this, namely, the character of the mode employed in the acquirement of that which we think we need.

Let us illustrate this point briefly. Here is a man born of good healthy parents, having all the favorable tendencies which such a circum- stance could furnish. He is also endowed with excellent intellectual faculties, as well as a balanced spiritual organization. Superadded to all these are favorable surroundings, having all physical necessities abundantly provided, and with this a good mental training and a high moral example; and there is another man just the reverse of the first: badly born, weak in body, frail in mind, and also in spirit. They have both ar- rived at manhood, and are now sent out into the world to stem its torrent, and enter into the arena of its stern conflicts. Whatever they are, they have been made so. Thus constituted they enter upon the race of life. Both have the same physical needs: food, clothing, shelter and com- petence; both wish to supply all these, and they are now about to do it. It may also be added to the above, that they are both selfish. We have now before us two men, who, thus far, though the elements of their nature are the same, are marked by great differences in the degrees of strength in their faculties respectively, and neither of them, as yet, chargeable with any offence.

Now, inasmuch as the stimulus to all actions has its origin in our loves, we shall see these loves express themselves very differently in the actions of the two men whom we have brought forward as our illustrations. The one loves to have all his physical needs supplied; but his love of justice, truth and honor are greater than his love of bread and wine—of position, fame, and the things of an artificial life. His soul is filled with delight when, by noble deeds, he can mitigate the woes of his suffering fellow-beings. The cries of the distress- ed, the anguish of the broken-hearted, the poverty and wretchedness which so often accompany gray hairs, and the insults to which the poor are sub- jected, pierce too deeply his sensitive nature. His clear intellect traces the principles of recti- tude, and his love of the true is the guaranty of a life in conformity to them. In the confidence of his brethren, he is placed in positions of trust, and surrounded by opportunities to appropriate the wealth of others; but these are no tempta- tions to him, in whom a consciousness of a life all- in-sufficed is paramount, and thus, having no tempta- tion, there is no fall. The other man, also, needs to have his physical needs supplied, and his loves find expression in a very different manner.

Not being possessed with that fine sense of honor, nor with a soul so finely strung and deli- cately attuned to the harmonies of the inner life, nor with that clear perception of the principles of things by which he might trace the line of effects out to their ultimate results, but feeling the strong pressure of immediate wants, he seeks the first means to gratify them. He knows that gold will buy bread, and he needs bread. He knows that gold will buy clothing, and he needs it; and, if he is not exceedingly dumb, he knows that it will buy respectability, and this he wants, though he may not need it, such as it is. He is not so left, however, without the Divine Witness as to be wholly irresponsible to the moral qualities of actions; and hence, he feels the admonitions, as well as the temptations, and between these he lives a life of constant conflict; now the victor and now the vanquished.

Oh! God only knows how many and hard have been the battles thus fought and won in the heroic lives of men and women who, at last, have fallen, in the world's judgment; but who yet may show a glorious record when all the secrets of the heart shall be laid bare! We sit inquisition upon the merits of our fellows, and pass sentence upon them, as though we could weigh all motives with as much accuracy as a butcher does a shin of beef; or measure the force of human loves as a pedlar does his tapers. Can we never be led to that discipline which alone can fit us for our duty in this respect? that which is furnished by a careful survey of our own life's story? that which we know more of than we can that of another, and see where the many instances in which, even with our many victories, the many defeats we have suffered? Who of us dare to put the unwashed tale before the world? Perhaps we never did "smite a man that he die;" but yet we may have smitten men that they sinned and suffered; and, if so, it is only a question of degree, and not of kind.

We are appalled at the murder of a fellow be- ing, and we ought to be; yet even this act should be judged with a "righteous judgment." We who do not believe in a devil as the instigator of wicked deeds, must look elsewhere for the fountain from which they spring. That fountain we can find in the blind love of self, not yet enlightened by reason and the ascending spiritual nature. And we should as soon expect a blind man to walk in the midst of boulders without stumbling, as the strong impulses of the love of self, not guided by the higher department of our natures, because that latter department is not yet the master, to conform to the higher law in morals. Here is ex- pressed the Divine Law in morality. If a perfect- ed intellectual and moral life was not more order- ly, harmonious, better than one not so perfected, there would be no use for the attainment of it; and that law, wherever else exhibited, would, in such a case, fail to complete the circle of being. A man, therefore, who murders another, does so in the absence of that controlling sentiment of the higher nature, and somehow reasons, erroneously it is true, that the few dollars he may thereby get, or for some other object, he is going to be benefi- cially, and without the activity of those awakened sympathies which otherwise would prevent the deed.

So, too, of robbers of every name, whether upon the high seas or on the land; in the marts of trade and commerce or in the factory. There are, how-

ever, some species of robbery that have the merit of courage in their perpetration. The burglar who enters your house, or the man who meets you on the highway, does so at the risk of his life; and although you may not admire the profession, you can yet honor the courage. But the speculator who buys up all the cloth, flour, coal and other necessities, in order that, by distressing the com- munity, he can extort their money, is engaged in a species of robbery, which, although fashionable and considered as a "business," is destitute of all the chivalry of the highwayman, whilst it multiplies its victims a hundred fold.

The subject before us is a large one, and many points suggest themselves which the limits of these essays forbid. Many objections may arise, not the least of which is that founded upon a feel- ing which the stern logic of facts seem to come in conflict with. But this is only apparent, not real. That the affections of our nature are bounded and governed by the Divine Law, lessens neither their value nor their play; that love is answered by love, and the tenderness of the feeling heart meets its gentle response; that we are all bound up in a great family, whose Father is God, and who in the exhaustless plenitude of his love never forsakes us, and who is ripening us, even in the midst of our imperfections, for the more blessed enjoyments awaiting us, when, through the discipline of our experience, we are made worthy of the "glory that shall be revealed in us."

That our Heavenly Father is completing his purposes in us, is one of those solemn and glorious truths which should be ever before us in all the journey of life. As for myself, I feel to thank God that, with the very limited knowledge that has fallen to my lot, it is not permitted that in that ig- norance I may, by a blunder in the darkness, re- solve my life into a curse; but that, on the con- trary, we may feel strong in the infinite strength of his divine love, and that we, his children, are bounded by the law of his love and care, wherever we may be; that if we sin and suffer and ripen, it is that we become better and wiser.

An immediate faith in the Government of God is the beginning of all true religion, the founda- tion of all sound philosophy, and the basis of all solid hope and happiness. Here is the fountain for the healing of the nations; the waters of which can never fail. When we shall drink deep of this water we shall indeed be born anew; the rough jewels embedded in our natures become polished, and shine with the brightness of the sun; the glow of our human sympathies radiate and blend with those of the race, until all things put on their choicest robes, and earth and heaven unite in one. Philadelphia, Pa.

THE GREAT ANTICIPATED MILLENNIUM: ITS HISTORY AND ORIGIN.

NUMBER SEVEN. BY R. GRAVES.

Primary Origin of the Tradition.

History fully discloses it as an interesting and indisputable fact, that the long cherished concep- tion of the Golden Age, which constituted the vision- ary prelude to perfect human bliss and beatitu- dinal thorough engrained in the fears and hopes of all ages and nations, and which was to follow as an episode upon the last throes of the Goddess of Time, has an astronomical basis and an astro- nomical origin. A recurrence to the ancient tradi- tions will establish this statement as a fact. We have already incidentally called attention to the vast, sacredly established periods into which the Oriental ancients divided time; known as "The Great Astronomical Year," yug or cycle; upon the installation of which, the whole stupen- dous system of the boundless universe was to undergo, according to universal tradition, an en- tire change and renovation, through the agency of water and fire conjoined, or each alternately. The length of these periods, as well as the date of their commencement, varied in different countries—though six thousand years was very currently accepted. Mr. Volney tells us, that "It was re- corded in the sacred books of the Persians and Chaldeans, that the world, composed of a total revolution of twelve thousand periods, was di- vided into two partial revolutions, of which one, the age or reign of good, was to terminate at the expiration of six thousand years, and the other, the age and reign of evil, at the expiration of an- other six thousand years."

In India these periods were denominated yugs, and "One thousand of these yugs, (it was taught) made only a single day in the life of Brahma;" a counterpart to the declaration found in the Chris- tian Bible—"One day is with the Lord as a thou- sand years, and a thousand years as one day." (II. Peter, iii: 8). The Buddhists held that "Not only will this world be destroyed and renovated at regular periods, but the supernal spheres must also undergo a similar change." Plato informs us that it was the belief of the Egyptians that the world was subject to destruction both by water and fire, and that this catastrophe would occur when the sun and moon and all the planets re- turned to the same sign in the zodiac whence they started." And the story incorporated in their sacred traditions of Phaeton's having bor- rowed the chariot of the sun to set the world on fire, he regarded as a true emblem and figure in fable of the destruction of the world by this ele- ment.

The Egyptian cycle was divided into two revo- lutions, each of many thousand years duration—the first being signalized by the destruction of the world with water, while the latter was the appointed season for its consumption by fire—each being periodical—that is, the world was to be alternately drowned by a universal deluge, and consumed by a universal conflagration. The Etruscan Cycle, pointing futeward, was of twenty-five thousand years duration, when the uni- verse, by means of fire, was to take its departure from the sphere of existence.

Mr. Burnet, in his Archeology, (p. 400) says: "Many of the learned Greeks and Romans held the identical doctrine respecting the absorption of all things, and their periodical renovation and regeneration, with those of the Oriental philoso- phers." And in Mr. Crawford's Researches, (Vol. 24) we are told that the inhabitants of Ceylon supposed that "Touching the end of the present mundane system, a terrible rain will sweep from the face of the earth all people except a small number of pious persons," and that "Maitra (a new Saviour), will appear and establish a new order of things, and turn the wicked into honest," &c. Analogous to this is Humboldt's testimony that "It was the belief of the Mexicans that the world would be destroyed at the end of one of their cycles, and as soon as the fire was kindled marking and commemorating the inauguration of a new cycular era, and the critical moment passed which assured them that a new cycle was to run, they indulged in the greatest joy that they had escaped the threatened destruction." (See "Researches Concerning Mexico," p. 233). An- other writer tells us, that "The stoics, in common with many of the Grecian sects, believed in the old Hindoo, Chaldean and Egyptian calculations,

concerning the destruction of the world by water and fire. This universal destruction was to take place at stated intervals, with vast astronomi- cal periods between: All was to be restored to a state of order, innocence and beauty." They also believed that "The constellations will dash to- gether, and the whole universe be plunged in the same common fire, and be consumed to ashes." "The Pagans believed, (says the Rev. Mr. Pitrat,) that immediately before the end of the world there would be mighty and frightful signs in the heavens, and that the then living mortals would be struck with terror." (p. 219.) In a word, we have shown it to have been a current opinion among the Orientals, that the world, for all time to come, would be subject to alternate destruction by water and fire, and that a great deliverer of humanity would appear on these occasions. This is also further corroborated by the testimony of Mr. Volney, who tells us that "A great Mediator, a final Judge, a future Saviour, was spoken of, who as king, God and victorious legislator was to restore the Golden Age upon earth—to deliver this world from evil, and regain for mankind the reign for good—the kingdom of peace and happi- ness." And Mr. Priehard, in his "Annals of Egypt, says: "It was the common notion through- out the East, that the great catastrophe of the de- struction of the world would take place—some said by water and some said by fire, and some said by both, and some held that it had taken place several times, and would again." Speaking of the times of the Roman Horace, a writer says: "It is still perfectly certain that all nations then known entertained the expectation of the end of the world, and of a new earth and a new heaven." A new heaven and a new earth are, as we have shown several times, recognized in the Christian Scriptures. David seems to evince faith in the new creation when he says: "Thou takest away their breath, they die and return to their dust. Thou sendest forth thy spirit, and they are created, and thou renewest the face of the earth."—(Ps. 104.)

We will close with a more specific statement of the proof that the millennial tradition was of Pa- gan astronomical origin; first noting it as a some- what singularly circumstanced and condition that Noah is represented to have been six hundred years old when the great flood commenced, and that this number (six hundred) is the exact measure of the Hindoo periodical cycle with which they calculated the inauguration of the watery millen- nium, holding—as many of them did—that it would take place when ten of these periods ex- pired and brought them down to the famous six thousand years.

We think, then, that it would not be hazardous too much to say that all the nations of the East, including, also, indirectly, the Jewish and Chris- tian sects, derived their millennial faith from the very ancient Hindoo or Brahminical astronomers, who calculated that the plane of the ecliptic and the plane of the equator would coincide in six thousand years, and that at the occurrence of the first astronomical junction, the world would be destroyed by water, and, at the second junction, by fire—presuming that the first had taken place already. Some taught that this astronomical co- incidence would continue to take place every six thousand years, attended by consequences more and more serious, until it would finally result in the entire destruction of the universe. Josephus seems to have entertained this opinion when, after telling us the Jewish patriarchs attained the age of six hundred years, he says, "It is not till after the revolution of six ages that the great year is accomplished."—Ant. Jud. Lib. I, Cap. II.

Some of the ancient Egyptian sages taught, also, that the melting of the ice at the poles would oc- cur at some future period, and result in the de- struction of all animated nature, and that the augmentation of the heat of the sun at the equator, at the astronomical coincidence, realized by the precession of the equinoxes, would set it on fire; which fire would operate to produce its entire renovation and that of all its living inhabitants. This astronomical-millennial legend, however, is traceable to a still earlier period in the sacred his- tory of India, whence, doubtless, all the Oriental nations and, later, the Jews and primitive Chris- tians, derived the whole substratum of their mil- lennial notions. The Bible of the ancient Parsees ("The Book Dehesh") tells us, "Time is of twelve thousand years. The celestial people (the inhabi- tants of the primal ages) were in existence three thousand years before the enemy (the Devil) made his appearance; three thousand years they were tempted and corrupted by him, and in six thousand more Kalpas or Ultima Aetas the world will end." Some of the Oriental orders elaborated the six days of creation (as taught in several of the ancient cosmogonies), into six thousand years, as the measure of time for the duration of the world. Gale, in his "Court of the Gentiles," says, "The ancient Jews held, with some of the Pagan nations, that the end of the world would take place at the end of the six thousand years; the same set by the Brahmins and Hindoos."

We will only remark further, by way of recapitulation, that the belief prevailed in India, Egypt, China, Chaldaea, Persia, Etruria, Rome, Greece, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Mexico, &c., in fact, almost universally, triumphant throughout the East, long prior to the birth of Christ, that the world would be destroyed, at some future period, either by water or fire, or both combined, to be at- tended or followed by an immediate reorganiza- tion and rejuvenation of the earth and its inhabi- tants, and the installation of the Divine Judge, Messiah, Saviour, or Son of God, upon his earthly throne, when he would bring all the enemies of "Our Religion" (that is, all the votaries of other religions) upon their knees at his feet, and com- pel them to acknowledge his supremacy and right to rule and reign in righteousness forever and evermore.

It will be observed that, although the millennial tradition was originally predicted on astronomi- cal cycles, it came ultimately to be regarded by several nations as the appointed instrumentality in the hands of God to exalt them and their religion to the ultimatum of divine favor—i. e., to es- tablish the "True Religion," which each claimed to possess. With some, it was the Son of God; with others, the natural sun; with the Chinese it was "the Son of Heaven," who was to set the world on fire. The Hierophant says, "All nations having a literature have left on record traditions of intense heat caused by the sun wandering from his course and threatening the world with a gen- eral conflagration."—p. 180.

Following in the wake of the Pagan traditions, which assigned the burning of the world to the demi-gods, the Christian world have appointed the mild, the meek, the non-resisting Jesus to come as a mighty and mad incendiary to set the oceans, seas and lakes on fire. He is to come as "a thief in the night," by which we infer he is to pounce upon every man, woman and child and "the rest of mankind" while asleep, thus taking them by surprise in their shirts and night-caps, without a moment's warning, and allowing the righteous time to put on their ascension robes. Instead of coming as "a gentle lamb," he is to exhibit the character of a rabid tiger. Instead of

"the lovely Jesus," he is to come as a terrific dem- on-like destroyer. Instead of "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" he is to dash upon them with the fury of an angry God. Who- so can believe such stuff as this, or swallow the silly notions couched in the millennial traditions of the ancient Pagans, as practical realities, should be reminded there are yet more materials in the country for building lunatic asylums. Harveysburg, Ohio.

DEMONSTRATION OF IMMORTALITY.

BY J. R. ROBINSON.

Happening to get hold of the Banner of Dec. 10th, the other day, and on reading the discussion on "Spiritualism," I noted a remark of Bro. Wetherbee's like the following: "In the absolute sense, God himself could not demonstrate it, (immortal- ity), for it would take to all eternity to do it." Now if I say that that expression is a solecism, you, there at the "hub," will doubtless grin, but that won't change the fact. I've got a "notion"—although I've never been in Boston—that the phrase, "all eternity," belongs to physical science, and of course is born of Babylon—confusion, mix- ture. It is like Wian's unique steamer—poking its two-pointed ends fore and aft into infinity. Metaphysical science selects a term far more ex- pressive of the absolute, than any significant of duration. Here is a perfect expression of the absolute—Self-existent or *ence*. Disturb it by any species of modifying idea, if you can, eh? Here is the true expression of absolute immor- tality.

Now let us see whether God can take the writer's organism, and demonstrate the scientific truth of immortal organic existence, in not only what is specially called man by us physicals, but also of whatever minds, who stand within the veil where principles, with their unfolding and devel- opment, are seen and known, not believed in—and as disclose them to such minds as aspire to the plane of their development—understood to consti- tute Man or Mind, which are synonymous. I think it will be conceded by most minds in enlight- ened countries, that there undeniably exists a force, or forces, through which all phenomena come into organic being. Now if we can't dis- cover the origin of *being*, the principle which un- folds, nor the elements of the forms which are un- folded and developed, what can we do? We can- not conclude that they are inevitably self-existent in their totality, principles, elements, forms and all. I simply defy a single or any number of the most intelligent minds in the developed portion of the elementary system, to successfully controvert this position. Very well, then; is n't here the abso- lute of immortality established? What though it be, to begin with, in the negative half of the mass, all in undeveloped individualism, and as to the total, all disorganized? That alters nothing. It is all there, every thing or form, and also all forces or principles to develop those forms. There is no other entity or element in existence, of course, be- sides the universal totality. And of this grand whole, are all things; and through the inherent forces, attributes, etc, etc, contained in this grand mass, are all things; and to this grand mass pertain all things, when the grand total is unfolded and developed.

It makes no difference at all what minds in the rudimental sphere of development nominate this elementary system, whether God, Nature, Jeho- vah, Jove or Lord; it is the same, identical, grand totality when it is finished, that it was when in its crudest condition. It was Intelligence in prin- ciple, in undevelopment; and when finished will be Intelligence in that principle in several individ- ualisms, carried to an ultimate; so that the grand, Divine Principle of all subordinate principles, will be all pervading all. So now Bro. Wetherbee can see—if he can enter the arena of metaphysical sci- ence—that it won't take God near as long as he supposed it would to develop the principle of im- mortality.

The following proposition is too obvious to ad- mit of demonstration, *c. p.*: "If nothing" cannot become substance, then, by the same logic, neither can substance be reduced to nothing. Hence again, we have established the absolute immortality of elementary substance. Again, principles are not only self-existent in form, mathematically, but are also eternally unchangeable in their constitu- tions. For instance, a man, horse, dog, or any other organic form, can never be organized in any other form than its own speciality.

And what, perhaps, may appear speculative to physical scientists—yet metaphysical science re- cognizes to be the true development of eternal principles—that however heterogeneous any or- ganism may be in the negative elements of its ru- dimental make-up, yet before it is ultimated in all the grand orders of its development, it will have gathered in all those elements in special harmony and congeniality with its own principles. Al- though you have learned the laws and his- tory of your being as developed from the elements, you will no longer wonder at any of the strangest phenomena ever witnessed by humanity. You will find yourself so nearly resembling that Lord God, who made you in his own image, and after his own likeness, that you will be amused that you did not discover the relationship sooner.

Woman will no longer wonder why she has been so long downtrodden by the positive half of hu- manity. She will know, not believe, that there is such a thing as inevitable fate; and that what hu- manity called God all along, really could not help what he was, is, and will be doing, till the whole elementary system is intellectually and intelli- gently ultimated. But do n't let any one falter or despair; this Lord God is so far developed as to furnish guardians and instructors for all inhabi- ted planets.

And I should like to tell you, dear reader, about that man Adam, and the man Christ, also, neither of which has ever been clearly comprehended by the rudimental mind, but my short piece of paper admonishes me to add *fits* here. Waukegan, Ill., Dec. 20, 1865.

A MODEL WIFE.—She is all in all; gentle as a ring-dove, yet high-soaring as a falcon; humble below her deservings, yet deserving beyond the estimate of paucity; an exact economist in all superfluity, yet a most bountiful dispenser in all liberality; the chief regulator of her household, the fairest pillar of her hall, and the sweetest flower of her bowery—having in all opposite propensities sense to understand, judgment to weigh, discretion to choose, firmness to undertake, dil- igence to conduct, perseverance to accomplish, and resolution to maintain.

Nobody likes to be nobody; but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody. And every- body is somebody; but when anybody thinks him- self to be somebody, he generally thinks every- body else to be nobody.

How often is nature, hidden elsewhere, betrayed by a laugh; the Choctaw or the negro element, sedulously concealed except in this feature, will betray itself in the loud squeal of merriment which salutes a jest.—Emerson.

SOME THINGS WE NEED NOT DO.

BY BELLE DUSE.

We need not lead a lonely life,
If we are kind and loving;
Or lack the friendly words and smiles,
Our daily acts approving.

We need not sing, "There's none to love,
Or give us fond caresses;"
If we have but a sunny soul,
'T will win the love that blesses.

We need not sigh, and say, alás!
The world is dark and dreary;
For if we're faithful to our trust,
We'll help to make it cheery.

We need not lack, when trials come,
The sympathy of others,
If we but daily strive to bless
Our sisters and our brothers.

We need not dread the flight of time,
If wisely we improve it;
And with the fadeless flowers of truth
We ornament the spirit.

We need not lead an aimless life,
And not expect to rue it;
Nor fear that truth we shall not find,
If wisely we pursue it.

We need not deem the world unkind,
Or earth a vale of sorrow,
If from each trial here we strive
A lesson bright to borrow.

We need not fear the Angel Death,
Though waiting at our portal;
If we have walked in wisdom's ways,
Our treasures are immortal.

The world may frown, and grief and care
May spread their nets to win us;
We've ought to fear if we but keep
The heaven of love within us.

Adelphian Institute, Jan. 4, 1866.

A Grand Move.

Not since the advent of Spiritualism, not even when the dark clouds of superstition rolled up from before my vision and I came to the light of truth, has anything in my spiritual experience or observation filled me with more satisfaction than the proposed Convention of the Spiritualists of Massachusetts, for organized effort and mission- ary labor. I thank the friend—whose name it was—that introduced my name to the call for such a meeting. It seems as if our belief was assuming the form of a *being*, which hitherto it had not. It looks as though it was assuming an importance, in our estimation, that leads us to exertion and sacrifice for its promulgation. This move, depend upon it, has originated in the true spirit of progress and reform—that spirit of the true heaven that seeks to leave the world. Spiritualists have erected many altars, but this is the first proposition I have ever seen to bring a offering thereto.

In National Convention, last October, the Spir- itualists organized themselves into a national body, but without a purpose or object, either ex- pressed or implied. It is as open to party politics as anything else. There is nothing that we are pledged, under our Constitution, to do, and there is nothing, under that Constitution, we may not do, as a Spiritualist National Organization. If ambitious men wish to work certain wires to further their own plans, here is one ready tuned and in working order; touch it, and it vibrates. The Spiritualists are pledged, through this body, to his aid.

I am not in favor of constitutional enactments against any drenched wrong, in such bodies as our National Convention. The most effectual way to prevent wrong doing is to keep busy doing right. To live without an object to be actively labored for, is to rob life of all that makes it noble and grand and sublime. To labor through life for a grand and noble object is the divine mission of all men. To associate together, without a high and noble object to be accomplished by such as- sociations, is to let ourselves down from our high callings as individuals. As individuals, we are ever under responsibilities; but in our associated capacity of a National Convention, we have vir- tually thrown off all responsibility. We did not pledge ourselves to do anything, and hence, I apprehend that, as such, we shall not do anything under our present Constitution. As a National Organization, we exist only in name. The fact of our being organized has not and cannot give us one particle of influence more than we pos- sessed before. Why? Because we have no one appointed to represent our sentiments and objects before the world, and that, too, because we avowed, in our Constitution, neither sentiment nor ob- ject.

Again, our National Convention has no execu- tive element in it, for the plain reason that there is nothing to execute. This defect in our National Organization, it will be remembered by the mem- bers of the Convention, I mentioned at the time, and urged upon their consideration, but to no pur- pose. Now the defect is felt, and "good old Mas- sachusetts, so steady and true," moves at once to the rescue. She proposes to carry the light of our glowing truths to the hearts and the homes of the destitute, by well appointed missionary labor.

This is truly noble and Christ-like. She pro- poses to "hear the lion in his den." This is brave and martyr-like. I hope the project will succeed. I hope to see something done worthy the great cause we are endeavoring to forward. Until something of this kind is done, we may expect to see it languish. Let some good, efficient laborer, either male or female, be appointed to canvass the State, hold meetings, give courses of lectures in places where they are willing and anxious to hear the truth, obtain of their salary what they can on the field, and be paid the bal- ance out of the funds of the Society, raised by contributions in the several regular congregations in the State, aided by individual subscriptions. This plan I regard as both feasible and expedi- ent, and one that must and will, sooner or later, be adopted.

And now, while I think of it, why will not Rhode Island, which is a small State, and, at present, weak, and situated, as it is, on the borders of Massachusetts, join with her sister State, and thus form out of the two but one missionary field for the present. I throw out this suggestion for what it is worth, hoping the Spiritualists of both States will carefully consider the matter and come to a just and practical conclusion in reference to it. Let the proposed Convention in Worcester, on the 18th and 19th inst., be fully attended by the real workers in this cause.

Thine for truth, for labor and for triumph,
Mildeteon, R. I., Jan. 5, 1866. J. G. FRIE.

A physician, who is a truly pious man, speak- ing in a prayer-meeting, recently of the duty of impressing the idea of salvation upon those near death, made use of the following language: "For my own part, I am never called to see a patient without feeling delighted to learn that he is pre- pared to die."

Children's Department.

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

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

(Original.) VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Virginia reached home, she found Hugh sitting before the parlor fire, which was burning brightly. He had taken down Milly's green branches, and had placed in their stead wreaths and hanging festoons; and Virginia thought the room had never seemed half as pleasant.

"But I have great news to tell you," said Hugh. "Papa says we are going to have a war, and I am going to be a soldier. And I can lick a hundred Yankees; but—you mustn't tell. You mustn't tell Milly, for all the world."

"Why?" said Virginia, with an anxious look. "Oh, because Yankees want all the niggers to be free, and we want all the black rascals to do just as we say, and—"

"But I don't," said Virginia. "Oh, you women don't know what you want," said Hugh. "Of course you'll think just as we say, and want to do as we please. But it's a great secret, and you mustn't tell; for my father does not know that I know anything about it, but I heard a great many things said, and I made up my mind to be a soldier and lick the Yankees, and then, perhaps, I shall be President, and I'll come back and marry you, and we will live in a splendid house, and you shall wear nothing but blue silk dresses."

Virginia felt the warm blood tingling in her cheeks. The room seemed all aglow with Hugh's words, and she could almost fancy herself in a blue silk, and living in a splendid house, as Hugh had told her.

Hugh took his leave in the evening, and Virginia looked out at the door after him, and felt as if the brightness had gone from her house. Hugh, on his way home, said to himself: "I can make that girl do just as I please. I'm glad I went over; perhaps I shall want her help by-and-by. She'll turn up a trump just when I need. Didn't she look fine, though, when I told about the blue dresses?"

Virginia missed not the dim tallow candle from her little room that night, for it seemed all darkness to her, as she remembered the warm light that shone in the parlor when Hugh was there. She was discontented with everything. Even the sight of the pyramid that John and Ann had brought over, and Milly had placed in her room, failed to please her. She could think of nothing but what Hugh had said and promised. The beautiful vision of Christmas night seemed to fade from her mind.

She listened to the cold wind as it swept the branches of the cherry tree close by her window, and bent them sometimes against the roof; but they kept repeating to her only Hugh's words. She looked out through the four little panes, and seemed to see blue silk waving across the gleaming stars. At last she slept, and dreamed of castles and great houses, and many women and children all dressed gaily, and men on prancing horses, and she and Hugh were better and finer than all.

The holidays passed quickly, for Hugh came every day, and Virginia went to the woods again with him, and they braved the cold winds to hunt for hawberries and persimmons, which the frost had ripened and made sweet and luscious. Sometimes, when alone, she thought of her pleasant Christmas day, but she did not think of visiting her new-found friends in the poor-log cabin.

One evening Milly said to her: "Did you know, honey, dat do children ober dere be drefful sick? Like enny dey be dead—de wind blow like dat dis ebening—de wind always blow when de soul taking its upper flight."

Virginia shuddered as she heard the "winds sweep by, and a quick pang went through her tender heart, that she had so forgotten her good intentions. She was very unhappy; perhaps she had not been so much so for many a day, for nothing is harder for a kind, generous heart than to remember that it has neglected to follow where kindness and love lead.

Virginia remembered that this was the last night of the year; and as she sat before the kitchen fire with Milly, she could think of nothing but the poor, half-sick children that she had given so much pleasure to a week before. She pictured them lying waiting for her; she seemed to see their mother's weary face, and the room so poor and empty.

But a storm was coming up, and it was not safe for her to go out; and Milly could not be tempted by reward or threat to go out when death was dreaded. So Virginia sat down on the broad hearth, and laid her head down in the position she liked so well; and she watched the flames going up the great chimney, and listened to Milly's low crooning song. The tears fell thick and fast as she remembered the children in the cabin, and the winds seemed to be reproaching her.

For a long time she sat thus, when all at once her eyes closed, and she saw something beside the quivering flames in the chimney. She seemed to be standing in a lovely valley; on all sides of her were high mountains. Their sides looked rugged and steep. She looked up to the clear blue sky, and down to the soft grass, and then to the high mountains.

"What is this," she thought, "this lovely place? I have never seen it before!"

"No," said a pleasant youth by her side; "you have never been here before. This is the New Year. See how fresh it is; no one has trodden on this grass, or disturbed even a flower. This beautiful valley lies before you, and you will soon see that there are many paths winding about it. You can travel beside the soft flowing waters, listening to the singing-birds and gathering sweet flowers, always seeking your own pleasure; but when the year is ended, you will be just as you are now. You will have gained none of the beautiful treasures that are to be found on the paths that lead up the rugged mountains."

"What are these treasures?" asked Virginia. "Oh, they are not gems that you can wear on your neck and arms for others to see, but bright ones that glow within you, and that shine all about you like light. There is a plenty of gold for rings and bracelets down here that other people can look at if they choose to wear them; but then by-and-by they will all drop off, while those on the mountain and by the rugged path never fade, and you can never lose them. Why, I knew some one who did a little while ago, who had diamonds

rings and pearl necklaces, and golden bracelets, and very many fine ornaments, and she died and could not take one with her. And the same night one died who possessed no such ornaments, but who had gained the treasures on the mountains, and she was full of light and beauty, and every bright and beautiful thing that she wished was waiting for her. They both met, and one seemed very poor, while the other was richer than a queen. And yet this rich one lived in a poor, miserable home on the earth, while the other had a splendid house and beautiful blue silks.

"Those are what Hugh likes," thought Virginia. "If you travel about the beautiful valley," continued the youth, "without trying to ascend the mountain, you will not only not have any of those treasures, but you will begin another year just where you end this. You will have gained nothing, and will be no nearer those heights that every good soul longs to gain."

"But I wish you would tell me about the path up the mountain," said Virginia. "Well, to make it as plain as I can," said the youth, "I will tell you that every step that you take up the mountain is one of right-doing. If you walk down here in the valley, you can do pretty much as you please, or you can do what others wish, right or wrong. But if you once begin to ascend the mountain, you will have to do just what love and goodness tell you to do. And oh, if you should be so fortunate as to reach the top of those mountains this year, how happy would you be! Why, you would be able to look directly into heaven, you would be so near. But there are very few that ever reach those glorious summits, because they get weary of trying."

"Well, I do mean to try," said Virginia. "Then if you do," said the youth, "we shall meet again; but remember, it is not always easy to do just right. Sometimes those we love wish us to do wrong, and then it is very easy."

Virginia thought of Hugh, and how much easier it was to do as he said than to do as she knew was right. She looked all about the valley again, and up to the mountains. She saw how a beautiful glory seemed resting on their tops. It seemed to her almost as if heaven had sent its light to glorify the world from those heights. Virginia uttered a prayer from her very heart, "Oh, let me ascend! let me ascend!"

The wind whistled in the great chimney, and Milly nodded in her chair. The tallow candle burned dimly, and the great logs sent up their quivering flames, and Virginia opened her eyes and looked about her. She did not wish to awaken Milly, for she had much to think about. The prayer seemed ringing in her brain.

"I will not forget again," said she. "I will keep asking that I may do right."

Again the thought of the little solitary cabin where the children were sick came to her. She determined to brave the cold and the storm for the sake of the tender love she felt in her heart for those poor children. She feared to awaken Milly, so she stole softly about the kitchen, and found in the pantry some simple food, and a nice new year's cake that Milly had made for her. She clothed herself warmly, and stepped outside the door. It was very dark, and coming from the light kitchen, she was almost afraid. But the wind sighed in the locusts, and she thought they said, "Come, come, don't be afraid."

"Of course I am not afraid," said Virginia. "I have begun my journey up the mountains. Now I see the light in the cabin; I'll be there in a minute."

She no longer heeded the cold winds or the darkness, and was soon within the poor cabin. There was a light that made the tears flow to her eyes, and her heart to tremble. The youngest, the little pet, with the soft blue eyes and the flaxen hair, lay on the couch, pale and silent. Its eyelids were closed like curtains over the round balls, and the soft fingers left the most delicate of shadows on the fair skin. The sweet month had formed a half smile between the delicate lips, and the dimpled chin seemed yet to hold the sweetness of love in its round curves.

Virginia did not speak, but looked a long, tender look, and she knew that the little one was dead.

The other children were all curled together, with their heads resting on each other, close by the little old stove, that sent out some warm comfort. The mother sat bent over, awaying to and fro, and seemed not to mind that any one had come in. But Virginia went up to her, and touched her softly. "What can I do for you? I wish to help you."

"Oh! all yes; I remember, she's dead! No help! Where is she? Can you tell me?"

"There she is," said Virginia. "Don't you see how lovely she is?"

"Oh! oh! oh!" sobbed the woman; "to be so poor that there was not a drop of medicine to give her, and no nice broth for her. Oh! oh! oh!"

Virginia could not say a word, but sat down beside the sleeping children, and wished and wished that she knew what to do. The door opened suddenly, and thankful was she to see Milly's black shining face look in.

"Oh, honey, I feared you war here. When I looked up and saw you enter, and de cheer just as you let it, den I say, she oder up stairs dead, or she gone out doin' de Lord's work. But dear sakes! if here ader dis poor soul a moanin' an' a groanin' as if der war no Lord at all."

And Milly turned with a loving, protective look to the sorrowing mother.

"Why, don't you know dat de Lord Jesus wants all de sweetest-lamb, an' so he tooks 'em, and takes care of 'em, an' dey grow up jest like de angels. Can't you see dat? Bress you, what for should you keep dat lamb in de cold, when de Lord wants to put it in de green pastures, and put on its golden slippers, and make it sing de hebenly songs."

Whether it was Milly's words or her kind, gentle manner, one could not tell; but the woman looked up, and a half-satisfied look came over her face. Milly bustled herself preparing some tea, and she spread the table with the things Virginia had brought. The mother's heart yielded to these tender cares, and soon the other children awoke and satisfied their hunger, and fell sweetly asleep again. Virginia and Milly watched through the night. Sometimes Virginia slept, and seemed to live over again her vision.

When the morning came, the sun shone bright and clear, and it touched with gentle ray the fair hair of the little one, until it seemed like a crown of glory. Then Virginia, with Milly, went across the fields, Virginia thankful that the new year had begun for her with a path so near to the glorious mountains, and Milly wondering if after a time the Lord would truly remember to give the world a year of jubilee.

[To be continued in our next.]

An adjutant of a volunteer corps, being doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried: "All of you that are without arms hold up your hands."

Excellent for hard times is the name of a St. Louis firm—Grinn & Barrett.

Correspondence.

Matters in Sturgis, Mich.

Thinking that your readers might be interested to know how the Harmonical Society, at Sturgis, gets along, and especially the Children's Lyceum, I thought I would give you some account of it, and if you should consider it of interest to your readers, you can give it a place in the Banner.

It has been about six years since our church edifice was erected, and since that time our society has been constantly on the increase. Liberal help has been taken, a deep root in this place, and it will take something more than the waves of opposition thrown against them by the devotees of a bigoted theological hierarchy, to stay the onward progress of the doctrines of the New Dispensation. It is true that the cause has its ups and downs, like every other cause. It has its sunshine and its shade, everywhere; such has been the case here, but it has always emerged from the clouds brighter and more beautiful than ever. The cause here, as in every other place, has met the taunts and sneers of the wicked and the perverse; also of the bigoted Pharisees who have sat in high places, and have "Thanked God that they were not as other men," but we have had many brave and noble men and women, who have been willing to "bear the cross, despise the shame," and stand up for the glorious cause of the angel-messenger, and to-day we are much stronger than ever before.

The Society is strong, not alone from its numerical strength, which often is but weakness, but from the fact of its growth and progress in a knowledge of the divine relation that exists between man and man, and to universal nature.

Our Society is now able and willing to pay for lectures every Sunday. We have had regular meetings on each Sunday for the last year. For the last eight months, Bro. F. L. Wadsworth has been lecturing with us to great acceptance, and under his ministry the society has been greatly benefited. He is a worker, in every sense of the word, and in every way has had the good of the society in view. In the Lyceum, especially, he has rendered important services, and given new life to its members.

Bro. Wadsworth, in his lectures before the society, draws deep from the fountain of inspiration, and the words that fall from his lips fall not to make a deep impression upon the mind and heart of the thoughtful hearer. His discourses are almost entirely of an educational nature, and their aim seems to be to elevate and improve, to unfold and develop the whole man. No ostentatious effort is made at oratory, but a plain, simple kind of nature, uttering forth from the deep fountains of his own soul those truths that shall reach the souls of others.

The Children's Lyceum had a grand and glorious time on Christmas evening, their third Annual Festival, which is observed as surely as the year rolls around. The exhibition consisted of tableaux, recitations, singing by the children, gymnastic exercises, and instrumental music by the Misses Turner, of Colliwater.

The children's Lyceum presents to the children. It is estimated that not less than five hundred dollars in presents were given. The house was crowded with spectators, and all seemed to enjoy the exhibition with great delight, and especially the children. The exercises were conducted by F. L. Wadsworth, assisted by J. B. Jacobs, the conductor of the Lyceum, and Mrs. Nellie Smith, guardian of the groups. Great credit is due these parties, as well as to the different committees who were engaged in getting up the entertainment for the children.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum has become a fixed and permanent institution at this place. There are now over one hundred scholars, who meet regularly every Sunday, and spend about two hours in marching, gymnastic exercises, recitations, and the discussion of some subject proposed at a previous meeting. The interest in the Lyceum is constantly on the gain, which is cheering to those who look upon the Lyceum movement as a means of the redemption and salvation of the world from ignorance, superstition and bigotry. It is with the young we must deal, if we would reform the world. All efforts directed in any other way will prove unavailing. It is of but little use to undertake to uproot the deep roots of error, until we have first planted the life. Their habits of thought are fixed, and it is difficult to change them; but the young—they are like the tender plant that can be trained in any direction, and molded into any shape that shall be desired. Then let the friends of humanity, the friends of truth, virtue, liberty and free principles, see to it that this Lyceum movement is carried on and established in every place throughout the world.

J. G. WARR. Sturgis, Mich., Dec. 29, 1865.

Children's Lyceum in Putnam, Conn.

We are working on, here in Putnam, doing what we can to advance our beautiful philosophy. The prospect with us seems brighter now than it has for many years in the past, and the people seem, many of them, to be interested in the study and development of spiritual truth. In fact, it appears that we are establishing ourselves on a more firm basis than ever before, and yet it was only a few short months ago that this spiritual life appeared to be extinct among us. Perhaps your readers would like to know what it is that has aroused us from such a condition of apathy into activity and life, so that the remedy might be applied in other societies that are in a like state of inaction. If you should ask us, I think we should all with one accord reply, "Our Lyceum." Yes, the Children's Progressive Lyceum, which we established here about six months ago, is bearing fruit, and has already, and we all feel that to its gentle, harmonizing influence we owe, in a great measure, our unity, and consequent prosperity. We have just begun to learn what the Lyceum is for, and the more we learn of it the better we love it. I freely give it as my opinion that of all the heaven-born institutions which have ever been given by the lips of inspiration to man, there is none equal to the Children's Lyceum. It is our "gifted brother," and it has been the humble instrument of transmitting.

I would earnestly recommend to all spiritual societies who have not already established a Lyceum to lose no time in doing so; for they can form no idea of the incalculable benefits that will surely flow from it, if properly conducted. It attracts and interests the children. Their fresh and intuitive spirits see and recognize its beauty, and their love-nature, which is so active and prominent in childhood, is cultivated and preserved by its teachings. Through the interest of the children the sympathy and aid of the parents is easily obtained, and they too will come and learn lessons of love and truth with these little ones, of whom it was said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." The Lyceum is not only for children, as its name implies, but for all, both young and old. It is Mother Nature's school, and with her the old gray-headed man is but a child sitting upon the boundless shores of immortality.

But I was going to speak about "our Lyceum." We have entirely exceeded our most sanguine expectations in the progress we have made. Our numbers are constantly increasing, and so is the interest of all connected with us. We had a Festival the 20th of December, to obtain books for our library. It was a perfect success. All departments were represented, and all seemed very much pleased with the Lyceum exercises which we exhibited, and also with the nice cake, etc., which our good sisters displayed in such a tempting manner upon the tables.

Hoping that the time will soon come when there will be Lyceums everywhere, I remain, yours for the truth, let what will come.

A. E. CARPENTER. Putnam, Conn., Jan. 3, 1866.

Newark, N. J.

There is quite a revival of the Spiritual Philosophy in Newark. I have given seven lectures there during December, and although it stormed every day I spoke there, yet I have seldom found a better and deeper interest in any place, or better minds engaged in the good work. Several good speakers reside there, so they never lack for a speaker, and several good meetings also reside there, so they did public circles for this most useful work. They have an organization, a good hall, and regular meetings, but have not yet established a Lyceum, but soon will, as they feel the necessity of a place and exercises for the children on Sunday that shall be useful and attractive to the mind and body of the young. I hope Mr. and Mrs. Davis will open a teachers' institute in the spring, to qualify teachers for this most useful work, as there are many places where they

would start the Lyceums if they knew how, or could hire a competent teacher, and be sure of a competent teacher. Each should have certificates of board of teachers or some agent of the board. Why not take hold of this work, and get up a school for teachers in New York, and find good business for some of the unemployed ladies in our ranks?

New Jersey seems to be coming into the work of reform and progress in earnest, and Newark and Vineland are in the front rank of Spiritualists, and good workers are in both places. New York, Jan. 1, 1866. WARREN CHASE.

The Lyceum in Plymouth.

Spiritualism is alive in old Plymouth. The "Progressive Lyceum," under the management of our young and talented brother, Ich. Carver, gave an entertainment on Christmas evening, consisting of music, singing, tableaux, recitations, marches, etc., all of which sustained the name "Progressive."

There are one hundred members of the Lyceum, and it has only been established four months. I have long been in favor of establishing these Lyceums, but since witnessing the happy social effect here, upon both young and old, I mean to work for it with heart, brain and purse. I believe if we go to work in this direction, we shall have an abundant harvest of happy souls to bless our efforts.

The miser may exclaim, "what a loss of time and money!" but like the farmer who scatters his seed in spring time, we shall reap our reward. When the plant is young and tender, it needs the husbandman to keep down the weeds; but when fully grown, it preserves itself by its growth. So of the youth: if assisted to think for themselves, they will grow up reasoning men and women, instead of imitating and believing others. Our labors in this line may be somewhat like fresco work, the coloring of which does not appear when first painted, but time makes it beautifully apparent.

The Lyceum teaches the oneness of true religion and pure morality. The child is taught to avoid excitement, which, like freshets, carries along the light rubbish; sound reason, like the rock, is not affected thereby.

The turning of a railroad switch but an inch the wrong way, may destroy hundreds of lives; so the turning of the vapor did not come right, though but a word, may lead hundreds to follow on and be wrecked upon the rocks of superstition and sin.

The mind of the child is plastic, yet it is the material upon which we are engraving emblems of far more consequence than all the works of art the world has produced.

The stereotyped methods of teaching children practiced in our schools of Scholastic and theology, are like the confused murmurings of many rivulets; on the contrary, the teachings of the Lyceum are like the still waters of a mighty reservoir, in which the loved ones in summer-life are clearly reflected.

Of course there are all manner of stories about here concerning the wicked and ridiculous performances at the hall, by the Spiritualists; and members were told by a deacon from the Church, that they should be complained of as a public nuisance.

But what cares the willow-pond whether the toad is entertained by his melody or not, it continues to sing on. So will progressive souls continue to proclaim these truths, although creed-mongers do cry out "blasphemy!"

We have quietly submitted to the Church's ending Sunday, as men use rubber on the ends of their dirty pencils—to rub out mistakes of the week-long enough; and it is our duty now to write on the Sunday margin of neglected duties—"Children's Progressive Lyceum."

W. K. RIPLEY. Plymouth, Mass., Dec. 27, 1865.

Spiritual Movement in San Francisco.

A few words from the pen of a resident in San Francisco may not at this time be unwelcome, when we consider the interest that so many of your readers must of necessity feel in the success of that wonderful missionary of the "new faith," Mrs. Laura Cuppy. Although the pages of your most interesting paper did not refer to us here in this city had gone forth so often, that when, a few hours after her arrival, friends were apprised of the fact, there were many to welcome her.

The first Sunday after her arrival, it was proposed she should say a few words to the friends of progress, and so introduce herself to those who were anxious in behalf of the cause. The result was such as to give her the high satisfaction of those who recognize her great genius and illuminated intellect.

We had for a long time felt the need of a speaker upon the Spiritual Philosophy, and heartily we thank God that at last one has come to us so peculiarly adapted to reach the hearts and awake the interest of the people of San Francisco. Already she has found her home. Four Sundays besides the first evening of introduction, she has lectured to crowded audiences. Indeed, it is impossible at the present time to obtain a hall sufficiently large to hold all that come to hear of the great truths now dawning on the world. The Children's Lyceum may be regarded as an established institution.

Mrs. Cuppy has quite established herself in the affections of her audience, and a movement is already on foot to build a hall especially dedicated to free thought and spiritual teachings, and I shall be greatly mistaken if this noble woman is not installed in her special minister.

Respectfully, A FRIEND OF THE CAUSE. San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 28, 1865.

Letter from Master Allen.

As our time has just expired for the Banner, I thought I would write a few lines, and send \$3.00 to have you continue to send it another year to my uncle, Myron P. Browster.

Thinking you would like to hear from the "Allen Boy," I will inform you that I am the same boy and a hard hat and dear Green Monday here, where the spirit-friends are with me, as free as air. I see them, and feel them, and know they are assisting me every hour of my life; and I wish every one could realize their presence, as I do. I think that if they did they would not be so ready to cry, "Humbug!"

I have traveled with my uncle part of the time in neighboring towns, and feel that we have given great satisfaction, and done some good here, as before, through my instrumentality, in proving to investigators that spirits never die. I hope in future to do much more, although we mediums for physical manifestations have to suffer much by opposition, yet we live, and shall continue to live, until we see a great world of people drawn into this channel. The truth is mighty, and must stand.

I feel that I am progressing all the time, and the manifestations are growing more powerful. I hope that when I again visit Boston, you may receive greater things; and I feel that you will, please excuse all mistakes, and with a "Happy New Year," I bid you good-bye.

From your little innocent friend, HENRY B. ALLEN. Hyde Park, Vt., Dec. 30, 1865.

The Physical Manifestations in Brooklyn, N. Y.

It is a long time since I have dropped you a line to inform you of the progress of Spiritualism in our city. I held a circle twice a week, and my circle recently, at least, which had powerful demonstrations, and excellent communications. I saw spirit lights and spirit hands, felt the touch of spirit hands, had heavy rappings, and the table was twice lifted in mid-air, by spirit-power. The room, on neither occasion, was entirely darkened; it was light enough to see the features of every one present, hence there was no possible chance for deception. On each evening several converts were made to our beautiful and truthful belief. I regret that it is impossible for me to hold circles regularly, but I hope ere long to arrange my affairs in proper shape to do so.

J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE. The National Spiritual Convention for 1866.

Presuming that it will not be out of place, I suggest in advance, that the next National Spiritual Convention be held at St. Louis. It occupies a central position in the nation, and affords ample facilities for all other means of accommodation suited to such a purpose. These advantages, together with its awakening

greatness, point to it as the place to cultivate friendship, and germinate and disseminate the principles of the nineteenth century. Hoping that this consideration will elicit the attention of the more thoughtful and prominent of our beautiful philosophy.

I remain, respectfully, L. U. REAVIS. Beardstown, Ill., Dec. 31, 1865.

Flag-Staffs for Children's Lyceums.

How TO MAKE AND PAINT THEM. When the friends of any locality start to organize a Children's Lyceum, they naturally ask of one another, "What are the first steps?" "How begin the work?"

It will save time, and therefore money, if friends wanting the services of some one in organ, would prepare at once the following staffs for targets, flags, &c.:

1, four dozen, three feet long, diameter one-third of an inch, for linen flags, No. 5; 2, five dozen, three feet and six inches long, half inch diameter, for linen flags, No. 6; 3, three dozen, four feet long, half inch diameter, for linen flags, No. 7; 4, one dozen, four feet and three inches long, two-thirds of an inch diameter, for Leaders' silk flags; 5, one dozen, five feet and four inches long, three-quarters of an inch diameter, with a saw-cut six inches deep in one end of each staff, to receive the targets for groups; 6, one staff, six feet long, three-fourths of an inch diameter, for the large silk flag carried by Guardian of the Group.

Paint all the staffs in black walnut stain, except the first two sizes, which should be (the shortest) red, and the next blue; all turned out of clear pine, with square ends, and nicely varnished. Of course, the only object of painting in different colors, is to make the different sizes of flags plainly apparent to both officers and children. The red staffs being the shortest for the Primary Groups; the blue staffs carry flags one size larger for the groups between "River" and "Banner;" and the black walnut staffs for all flags suitable to higher groups and the officers. These colors are found to remain unsold by use, and are therefore recommended, "Banner Chest" and the "Library Case," and other Lyceum furniture, are usually painted in black walnut stain, neatly varnished.

Wherever friends contemplate inaugurating a Children's Lyceum, it will greatly expedite the work of putting the school in shape, if they will prepare the staff according to the foregoing measurement. Yours for the work, A. J. DAVIS.

Reading, Pa.

The dear cause for which the Banner does so much has never obtained a footing or visible introduction in our city. Although we number less than a dozen, we hope ere long to see many more. We have never been visited by any speakers or mediums, either of which—a rare and valuable test medium—could be of great benefit to us if they would come here.

Tripping some one may do so in their journeyings to and fro, we remain, hopefully awaiting the light, Yours, D. L. B.

A Wandering Wail.

Humanity is varied; we find one phase here, and another phase there. Look we in vain to find the truly beautiful everywhere; yet where it is the most freely dwells it in the least seen, and still less appreciated by the passing world. The really beautiful is that which is really good; and it is those, and to a fearful extent only those, who are imbued with the eternal principle of love, in its true selfhood, that can and do fully realize the goodness with which the world so richly abounds. The heart must be filled with love; the whole being must be aglow with it; the eye sparkles with delight; the countenance beams with pure and holy affection; our inmost feelings pulsate with its superb richness, and then it is that we are enabled to see and appreciate the ample goodness in all around us, and our souls feed with heavenly delight upon scenes which before presented no interest.

But love should be pure, heavenly, not sensual. True love is noble, is worthy, and, to those who possess it, ever ennobling, ever exalting. It carries us away to heavenly spheres, and bids us unite our souls in holy communion with the dear ones who have passed "over the river." And yet how few there are who enjoy it to the fullest extent. Many there are who are dying for the want of it—starving to death—freezing to death spiritually. But, thanks be to the ever-blessed ones who watch over us, Spiritualism is diffusing a light throughout the world which shall become sacred to the hearts of the weary. It will prove a rest to them which they long have sought. Let them cultivate the acquaintance of the true and good in the earth-form, and those in the "better land" who draw near to them will be likewise. How beautiful the thought that we determine the character of our spirit-guides. Then how important that we should live truthful lives, and develop our affectional natures in a channel of purity and sincerity. JAMES G. ALBEE.

Visit of Prince Albert from the Spirit-World.

To the Editor of the Spiritual Times: Sir—At the beginning of last year I was almost daily in communication with the spirit-world. On one occasion I said to my principal communication, "Do you see the great man who has lived on the earth?" "Yes," "Have you seen Shakspeare?" "So," "Have you seen Mendelssohn?" "No," "Have you seen Prince Albert?" "Yes, frequently." "Could you bring him here?" "I will try." The next day I inquired as to the probability of a visit from Prince Albert, and was informed he had consented to come, and would be present at half-past seven the following morning. We accordingly assembled at the appointed time, and were at once in communion with our spirit-friends, who said, "Prince Albert has come in five minutes, so be ready for him." I said, "We will sing his Christmas Hymn." I may observe that we were in the habit of having music at our seances, which we found greatly to facilitate the manifestations. So, on the Prince being announced, we commenced the hymn alluded to, and he at once began to beat time with a stick which was resting against the wall beside the harmonium. The hymn finished, the Prince wrote these words:

"It is very kind of you all to learn it, to sing to me; you did it very nicely indeed. ALBERT OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA died at WINDSOR CASTLE in 1861."

At the conclusion of this writing, the large dining-room table, at which my daughter (the medium) was sitting, was raised at one end. This was a phenomenon I had never before witnessed, never having elicited table movements without resting our hands on the surface; but in this case the table was covered with a cloth, and not a hand had touched it. I have since seen this table, which weighs about a hundred weight, raised in the air by spirit power. I next proposed some more singing, and observed that I had composed a Christmas Hymn. The Prince asked me to sing it, but wished his own to be sung again first. This request was complied with, and on the completion of my hymn, the words, "It is worthy," were written. We then sang a piece from Mozart, which happened to be on the instrument, to which the Prince beat the time with the ability of a Costa. I then asked, "Are you often with the Queen?" "Yes, very often." "Are you pleased at the birth of a Prince?" at which great delight was manifested.

After a few remarks concerning Spiritualism, in which the Prince expressed himself greatly interested, and which he said would be pretty generally believed in five years, the interview terminated. I need not say that it afforded us all great gratification. At a seance the following day, allusion was made to these proceedings, and the words, "We were very pleased he came to see you," were rapped out.

I remain, yours faithfully, ROBERT COOPER. Eastbourne, Oct. 9, 1865. —London Spiritual Times, Oct. 14, 1865.

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

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1866. OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spirit Return.

It is not singular that, after all that has been said on the beauty of the philosophy and the solaces of the religion of Spiritualism, the popular heart continually returns to the single prominent, distinguishing and overwhelming fact that spirits do come back to mortals and hold familiar converse with them. This was the very mystery by whose skillful manipulation the ecclesiastics have so long succeeded in working with such indescribable, and often with such unmeasured power upon the human mind. What transpired after the soul parted from its clay tenement, has always been the absorbing problem. To this all questions of theology have been regularly referred. By playing on this single string, the preachers and pastors have succeeded, many of them without the least impropriety of design, in molding human wills pretty much as they wished. However deep Spiritualists may get in the discussions of their philosophy, they cannot lose sight of this central fact, the great fact which makes their faith a new revelation to man.

The newspapers are all the time contributing their testimony to this great fact, even when intending no such thing. They relate occurrences that transpire in this or that locality, which they are content to speak of simply as wonders, not explainable by any natural law. Did they go only a little ways below the surface, the clue to this great mystery would be at once placed in their hands. A case has but recently come under our notice, which the newspapers have been vainly wondering over, the main particulars being as follows: A girl of fifteen years, daughter of a Baptist minister, died last September in Southington, Conn., while on a visit to that place from Ballston Spa, N. Y. She had been absent from home some three weeks, and died of typhoid fever. Her father wrote an eulogy on her character for the Hartford Baptist Journal, in the course of which he detailed the particulars of her death. He remarked of this touching event, that "her latest words were a recognition of a sainted friend (meaning a spirit out of the form,) and the angels who came to welcome her home." A correspondent of the Hartford Times, however, writing from Southington, where she died, says that the significance of the allusion in the last sentence above quoted is rendered still more remarkable in the light of certain further facts which the writer in the American Baptist omitted to narrate. He adds that, shortly before her death, her face became suddenly radiant, and she burst out into singing for the first time in her life. Immediately afterwards she exclaimed, "Why, Emma is here!"—alluding to a much loved sister who had preceded her to the spirit-world. And in another moment she called out, "Why, Willie is here! I did n't know that he had passed over!" Willie was a near and dear friend of the young girl, who lived at Ballston Spa, where was her own home, too. When she left that place on her visit to Southington, he was well and living. Nor had even his father and mother, then standing at her bedside, heard that he was sick. They left him in health when they came away from Ballston. What was their astonishment—which must have produced inward conviction of the truth of spirit return and spirit communion—to learn subsequently that "Willie" had left the body only twenty hours before their daughter's death, and in full time to justify belief in her recognition of him! Not one of the family circle in Southington, in fact, had then heard of his death, which was sudden and unexpected in Ballston.

The person communicating this fact to the Hartford Times, asks any of the readers of that journal, lay or clerical, to furnish an explanation of it, or of the hundreds similar to it, "on any other ground than that held by Spiritualists." And he very properly adds, "Where so many such cases occur, there must be some law to explain them." Of course there will be no explanation offered, nor can any be offered, except by admitting all that Spiritualists believe. We do not know that it is to be regretted either; for truth always makes its way more surely, if not so rapidly, when it advances in the face of opposing prejudices and unwilling listeners. Converts made from these ranks are pretty certain to be permanent. We have not chosen the above instance to add any particular weight to the evidence, already piled up too high for recital, even in digested form, in favor of spirit communion, but to illustrate rather, and in an incidental manner, the general, nay, the universal fact which every human mind and heart instinctively feels and recognizes. For years there has hardly been a night when some spirit, generally a child or a young person, has not come through our medium, in a state offensive of pitiful distress, entreating that a way of communication may be opened with a parent or a dear friend, so that the good which it so earnestly desires for the one in the form may reach him without loss of time. These spirits are alike from the learned and the unlearned, claiming residence, wide in the form, in different parts of the world, speaking various languages, English, German, French, &c. They speak, too, with as much fluency and readiness in their native tongue as when in the form. The messages of love which are brought by little children to parents and friends are extremely touching. They oftentimes come with tears, because they cannot make themselves tangibly and visibly known to those they love, as they can to us.

The reflection is thus forced upon the mind, that it would be a thousand times better for humanity if it would but open its eyes to recognize the facts that are so thickly strewn along the path of Spiritualism. There is no cause for insanity in such a faith, with the facts on which it is built brought so close home to us. Such a belief cannot lead to murder nor to crime. Whatever wrong education may be responsible for, the truth cannot be held for any of the consequences of the natural exorcism and overturn of debasing dogmas. If it

causes a further unsettlement of the human judgment, when the evil is forced to give way to the good, would it be better, for that reason, to stick by the evil still? But it is no part of sense or reason to heed these interested outcries against the Truth. That will stand, whether we turn away from it in fear or advance to welcome it with open arms. It derives no additional force or stability from our friendship or our enmity. The advantage to be got is all on our own side. We only defraud ourselves when we refuse it our hospitality.

A Policy for the Indians.

It is suggested that the time is arrived when this nation is called upon, by every motive both of policy and humanity, to establish a fixed system for dealing with the various Indian tribes within the limits of its authority. The wild havoc made in the course of the war by the manipulations of the red men by designing enemies to their country, supplies a standing argument, of irresistible force, against permitting a state of things to continue from which nothing but havoc and losses are sure to result. Aside from the question of safety, too, there is the other question of humanity. We certainly owe it to ourselves to do what remains to be done for the decimated and wandering people who have become dispossessed of their homes and hunting-grounds by our greed and selfishness. We might at least pay them back gratitude for their sacrifices. We might show them kindness while they are still suffering on our account. Suppose they have manifested a tendency to relapse into the ways of savagery—it will not help them back again to behave toward them like savages ourselves. The way in which some of the Western papers denounce these poor exiles, hunted to death, cheated out of everything, made on all sides the victims of avarice and treachery, is hardly in a better spirit than that shown by the Indians themselves in their recent bloody massacres.

These people, there can be no serious doubt, are as capable of being humanized, civilized, and made firm friends of, if the right methods and means are employed toward them, as any other. Like begets like everywhere. If we show them that they cannot trust us, then we must expect corresponding treatment at their hands. The case of the Navajoe Indians has but recently been cited in striking illustration of this fact. They were for a long time in a state of war with the Spaniards and Mexicans—fully a hundred years. Circumstances led our Government to side with the Mexicans in their hostility to these children of the plains, and the latter fought us as bitterly as they had done our allies. Suddenly, however, another policy was inaugurated on our part. We went out of our way, having influence with Mexico, to intercede for the liberation of some five or six thousand Navajoes, who had been made slaves by their Mexican enemies. The liberation was finally effected. The effect was almost instantaneous. The Navajoes from that day forward were our friends, and the costly and fruitless Navajoe War was ended. It is computed that it costs twelve millions of dollars to the Government to kill some twenty-five Indians, the way our armies are raised, equipped, supported, and handled. By single acts of true kindness, and especially by the display of honor instead of treachery, not only might this enormous expense be avoided, but the good will and firm attachment of the Indians be secured. When will our whole policy toward them be changed?

The State Convention at Worcester.

Our readers will find an article, in this issue of the Banner, from the pen of one of the earnest workers in the spiritualistic field, Bro. J. G. Fish, calling attention to the coming Convention at Worcester. We hope no one will fail to read and reflect upon the suggestions therein made. As we understand the matter, Bro. Fish has correctly interpreted the intention of the movers of the Convention. We hear from various places that "the people demand some such arrangement as is contemplated in the call. And we venture to suggest that every place in the State, where there are a dozen Spiritualists, be sure and send a delegate to this Convention. And that those who attend, come prepared to pledge the money necessary to carry out the plans it may form. It will be of no use to appoint an agent, or canvasser in the State, unless means are provided to sustain such agent. The failure of the "New England Convention," held last June, was here. It provided no means to sustain its agent, and, therefore, he has been unable to act. There are scores of places where no regular meetings are held, which, if visited by an active lecturer, would be soon calling for, and sustaining speakers, and those who are now laying by for lack of calls, would have more work than they could do. Then, again, there is a growing interest in the subject of Sunday Education for the young, and many are wishing to learn of the Lyceum method. Such an agency as is proposed could meet all these demands, to the great advantage of the people. We hope the Spiritualists of Massachusetts will see that they are thoroughly represented in this meeting; that the earnest, intelligent men and women will be present; and that they will inaugurate some thoroughly practical methods for disseminating the truth.

The popular sects are scattering their hundreds of thousands of dollars, as though they were chaff, for the propagation of falsehood, and the destruction of what we most dearly prize. It will be a shame if Spiritualism do not begin to do something for their principles commensurate with the grandeur and glory of their source, and the universal and eternal good of their purpose.

Man an Agent.

While we think we are securing and accumulating benefits, whether spiritual or material, for ourselves, we might discover, by looking deeper, that we are not much more than instruments, both willing and unwilling, in the hands of a Law which embraces within its scope the happiness of all humanity. Man thus most effectually demonstrates his membership of a common family. If we could each of us get and keep for himself alone, where would be the link that is to bind us together? The Law, therefore, steps in to adjust, or rather to overrule, this matter for itself. As it has chief regard for the whole human race, while it does not neglect the growth and well-being of individual souls, so it silently compels all individual efforts and aspirations to contribute to the grand result which is embraced by its operation. There is no such urgent need, then, for us to trouble ourselves about what belongs to us individually, or what shall fall finally to our share. Let us but heed the great law, and all that is for us we shall surely have. As we give, so shall we get again; not so much by way of reward, as obediently to the operation of the Law. There is no single act which we may perform, however selfishly its motive may have been conceived, which does not range with its influence upon orders of beings far below what we occupy ourselves. Let us think of these things and be wise. The lowest prudence is the highest prudence still.

Meetings in the Melodion.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels's appearance on the platform of the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists in this city, after an absence of a year or more, was warmly welcomed on Sunday, Jan. 6th, by large audiences, although the severe cold drove the mercury far down below zero, making it anything but agreeable to go out into the open air. She came here from Washington, where she has been lecturing for the last two months. Her discourses there were listened to by members of Congress and other Government officials and citizens who crowded the hall on each occasion, with an earnestness that show a degree of interest on the subject of Spiritualism never before witnessed in that city.

After the singing of a hymn by the choir, Mrs. D. arose, entranced, and offered a prayer glowing with holy aspirations, and blessing with the broadest charity, all the members of the human family. Before entering upon the particular theme of the discourse, the controlling intelligence offered a New Year's Salutation to the many familiar faces he recognized before him, and spoke of the great change which has taken place in public sentiment since he was in the form and moved in our midst. Ideas were now advanced on this spot, and indeed all over the country, which, twenty years ago, would not have been tolerated. But the world during this period has changed very much; and great changes are still going on which will ultimately to the advancement of the human family.

The Importance of Knowing the Truth, was the topic dwelt upon for the afternoon discourse. The workers and the dreamers among humanity were very clearly shown how important it was, under all circumstances and at all hazards, to know the truth. Events of prominent character, and the men who figured in them, were cited to illustrate the benefit of possessing the truth, and acting upon it in a fearless and determined manner, regardless of the clamor of those who are ever seeking to rob the people of their social, religious and political liberty. It was very important that men should think the right thoughts, and then dare to give them utterance, and thus eventually secure right results.

Allusion was made in very strong terms to the tardiness with which justice is being done to the race lately liberated by the war; if too long delayed, more trouble will come upon this nation in consequence. The slavery of caste also received the severe criticism of the speaker.

Altogether the lecture was one of marked ability, and evidently came from a wise and liberal spirit, fully imbued with the importance of having justice, truth and liberty more equally distributed to all classes of the human race.

Though the weather was still more severe in the evening, a large audience had assembled at the time appointed for the meeting.

The choir sang Longfellow's beautiful hymn, "Footsteps of the Angels," which suggested the text for a fine discourse on the Spiritual Philosophy. The speaker repeated the verse:

"Then the forms of the departed Enter at the open door; The beloved ones, the true hearted, Come to visit me once more."

And then remarked that the poet little thought, at the time of penning those lines, how much of truth he expressed in them. To-day it is the experience of millions, whose hearts beat time to the music of the song, as the loved ones who have passed to the spirit-land come back to visit them once more. And yet, millions more, who actually believe it, know but little of its truthfulness; to them it is a fine spook theory. From this starting point, the speaker proceeded to elaborate the truth of spirit-existence, and the fact of spirits returning and communicating with mortals, comforting, guiding and sustaining dear friends through the journey of earth-life, in a strain of eloquence that must have cheered the hearts of believers, and sent a ray of hope into the soul of the most desponding. A good theory was advanced as to the manner of obtaining a knowledge of things unseen, and of the world of spirits; maintaining the position that that conviction is best which comes from conscious perception or knowledge. Never has the world of souls been far away. All might obtain a knowledge of it if they would not shut out the light from their souls.

At the close of the address, the speaker gave a beautiful poem in continuation of the idea advanced by Longfellow.

One such discourse as this is worth more to elevate the soul than all the theological teachings ever given to the world.

Mrs. Daniels will speak at the same place next Sunday.

A strong effort is being made by the committee who have charge of the meetings in the Melodion to raise sufficient funds to carry them on free, and not be obliged to charge a fee at the door. We earnestly hope they will be successful. These meetings should continue to be free. We learn there is yet a great lack of funds for that purpose, and that not more than one-eighth of those who regularly attend have as yet rendered any pecuniary aid. This ought not to be so; and if there is not a reaction soon, a price will have to be charged at the door.

Worth Knowing.

The question is often propounded, "Who fought our battles?" and the English and French journals respond by saying, "Foreign mercenaries." But such is not the fact, as will be seen by the recent statement of Rev. Dr. Bellows, President of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. Speaking from the official files before him, he says that "nineteenth of the men who fought in the Union army were pure Americans;" nine hundred of every thousand were our own blood kinsmen and cousins; and that "of every one hundred claims of wounded soldiers and soldiers' widows and orphans, ninety per cent. came from those of foreign birth." The first part of this statement is a conclusive answer to Foreign newspaper lies. A more homogeneous force, on the whole, never took the field in such numbers. It was an American army fighting understandingly for American institutions. The latter part of Dr. Bellows's statement speaks for itself. It does not necessarily discredit the foreign element in our ranks, which bore a serviceable and honorable share in the struggle for the nation. But, in the first place, it is not to be expected that the bulk of this class should encounter wounds and losses for the sake of the Union so disinterestedly as our own kindred; and, secondly, as a class, they are much more needy in their circumstances. Taking the whole record as it stands, it is one of which every loyal American may well be proud.

Prof. James J. Mapes, the celebrated chemist, died in Newark, N. J., on the 10th inst. The New York papers contain lengthy accounts of his life, speaking in complimentary terms of his literary and scientific attainments. He gave the Spiritual Philosophy, years ago, a thorough investigation, and became a firm believer in its truthfulness. He was, in former years, a correspondent for this paper.

The Reccusant Medium, Fay.

H. Melville Fay, (not Wm. Fay, who is now with the Davenportists in London,) has been exhibiting his mediumistic powers to the people of Boston the past week, giving out to the audiences that "spirits in the body" only do the feats presented. That Mr. Fay possesses genuine medium powers, Spiritualists know; that he is an unprincipled man they also know, otherwise he would not undertake to deceive the skeptical world into the belief that he himself, without the aid of the invisibles, does the feats of untying, showing spirit hands, &c. But this dodge will be of short duration, we opine, for the mighty power which rules in spirit-life will not allow him to turn mountebank for the sake of making money solely. Bear this in mind, Mr. Public.

The New York dailies, unlike their cotemporaries in Boston, did not tolerate this recusant length of time. Hear what the New York Times says of him. The article from which we extract the following paragraphs is headed "The Age of Brass." "This latest development in the department of jugglery raises the interesting question, whether we are just entering upon an epoch when human nature, like the human mind, is elevated into a new state; when notorious cheats will write autobiographies to glorify themselves and their profession; and when the wayfarer is expected not only to resign his pocket-book to the chevalier d'industrie with equanimity, but to yield a tribute of praise for the grace and skill with which it has been abstracted. We shall soon expect to be invited to a lecture by an eminent pickpocket and burglar of high standing, and an experience of many years in his profession, who will illustrate his discourse with a manual exercise in the adroit conveyance of 'wipes,' and the proper application of files, jimmies and skeleton keys—to witness the skill of the manipulator, acquired in a long period of public service, being declared fully worth the price of admission.

However, people love to be humbugged, as Mayworm did not be persecuted. We trust that the gaping assembly at Cooper Institute will not fail to appreciate one obvious aspect of the case, to wit: that dexterity of the operator, surpassing all his skill with the ring, the coat and the topes—which consists in first making money by an elaborate fooling of the public, and then levying new contributions upon them by proving that he fooled them."

If there be one thing more than another which shows the brazen impudence of Mr. Fay, in connection with the pretensions he makes to-day, it is the following letter which we received from him not long since, to which we have before alluded. Wonder how the admirers of Mr. Fay will like it, especially the Transcript correspondent:

Lynn, Mass., Oct. 30, 1865. EDITOR BANNER.—Will you please insert my notice for lecturing in the speakers' column? and oblige yours in truth, H. MELVILLE FAY.

N. B.—I am engaged now before the Spiritual Society of Lynn, for sittings for musical manifestations, now on the third week of my engagements, with the best of success. I make mention of the Banner in my circles and my sittings. I hope you will oblige me with its insertion, for I wish to make soon my lecturing appointments for the winter.

NOTICE.—H. Melville Fay is open to receive engagements to lecture in the New England States any of the Sabbath of the coming winter, before Spiritual Societies, on the Ethics, Philosophy and Reforms of Modern Spiritualism, or to give sittings during the week for physical manifestations. Inspirational speaker. Address, Boston, Mass.

The Difference.

Young Ketchum, the aristocratic New York forger, has received a four-and-a-half years' sentence to the Sing-Sing Prison, and took up his quarters there yesterday.—The Daily Press.

Why do not our cotemporaries hasten to chronicle what Church Ketchum, belonged to, and make it responsible for his misdeeds—make this point in flaming capitals—the same as they do when some poor Spiritualist commits sin? We will tell the world why. It is because the Church is popular, and Spiritualism is unpopular.

Here is another case in point, which we copy from a Boston Sunday paper:

"A leading member of the Methodist Church, in Pittsfield, a man of property, was brought to Boston last week charged with selling a \$100 counterfeited greenback to a neighbor, knowing it to be such."

Why do not the press arraign and make responsible the Methodists, as a body, for the shortcomings of a brother member, the same as it does in similar cases the Spiritualists, as a body? Do not they do not even give the culprit's name! And why? Because, forsooth, "he belongs to the Church"! The Methodist Church is no more responsible for the misdeeds of one of its members, than are the followers of Mahomet. Neither is Spiritualism responsible for the shortcomings of believers in that faith. It is high time that the daily press of this country stood upon a more exalted platform than it does. There are too many mere leeches fastened to it, who are influenced solely by the "almighty dollar"—irresponsible penny-a-liners—whom the publishers should weed out, to make the press what it ought to be.

The late tragedy in Battle Creek, Michigan, is another case in point. Hear what the Chicago Times of Dec. 29th says. We are glad to know that there are sensible, liberal and truthful editors in the West. There are but precious few of this class in the East.

LOOKING AFTER NUMBER ONE.—A telegram from Detroit, Mich., contains the following:

Mrs. Haviland, of Battle Creek, who murdered her three small children by poison, has confessed the deed. Dr. Baker has been indicted as an accessory. Other inmates of the house are held as witnesses. They claim that everything was done by direction of the spirits.

A young man named Charles Windrock fell dead in a ball-room last night, while on the floor, dancing a polka."

In a certain sense these two paragraphs are in happy conjunction. There are a good many people who, in the first case, will divorce Spiritualism as the cause of the murder of these children. Precisely the same spirit which will charge this homicide to Spiritualism, will find, in the second case, a "judgment against dancing." There was a time when the latter conclusion would be very generally endorsed by the religious world; but that time has passed, and there are now few, if any, people, who regard dancing a sin so heinous as to be worthy a special judgment from heaven.

If the latter common sense of sects refuses to believe that a death in a ball-room is a "warning" from an offended Deity, it has no more reason for believing Spiritualism guilty of murder in the present instance. They are exactly similar cases. Spiritualism and dancing were the occasions, and not the cause, in the one case of murder, and in the other of the sudden death of the dancer.

This defence of Spiritualism was unnecessary did it not happen that so-called Orthodox religious newspapers are already denouncing Spiritualism as the cause of the murder in this case, and as such amenable to law and proscriptive legislation. Nobody but Mr. Burroughs believed Catholicism responsible for the murder committed by Miss Harris; and nobody at all is prepared to invoke the aid of legislation to suppress the Episcopal church, because the adulterous, incestuous and incestuous brother, and his adulterous and incestuous wife are all members of the Episcopal denomination.

This world lacks greatly the sublime quality of charity, and nowhere more than among its religious sects. These sects have the most unbounded charity with reference to themselves, individually; but so much so, that they resist to the utmost all attempts to unmask their vices, and connect with themselves. But let any sect get upon the track of any pretender or criminal in any other sect, and the sleuth hound becomes, thenceforth, the only proper type of their vigilance in the pursuit. It is not unnatural that these denominational

units should each defend itself against attack. It is not, however, proper that it should be equally active in assuming the offensive against some other unit. Providence may look with leniency upon a Baptist unit which is thoroughly determined in its defence; but the same power will not regard with leniency the Baptist unit marching in battle array against the unit of Spiritualism or the unit of Methodism.

We would advise each of these sects to use its own purgatives and emetics, and not attempt to force them down the throats of the others. By doing this, harmony will be promoted in the churches, and the world spared many painful developments of scandal, bickering and recrimination.

In connection with the above, the Chicago Religio-Philosophical Journal makes this truthful remark: "Bigots, in either religion or politics, we hold to be the most contemptible of all contemptible creatures, and especially so when this intolerance is shown in the columns of a secular paper, which receives its support from liberal-minded people often more largely than from the narrow, close-fisted sectarian."

New Publications.

THE ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF PHYSICAL MAN, SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED. By Hudson Tuttle. Boston: William White & Co.

This latest production of the distinguished author—distinguished not less for the bold and comprehensive views he has heretofore and herein enumerated than for the wonderful susceptibility to superior impressions which manifests itself in his books—is really remarkable in its character, and merits the most thoughtful, popular perusal. The "Arcana of Nature," by the same author, arrested the attention, not merely of the general reader at home and abroad, but challenged the scrutiny of men of science, and received the deserved compliment of a translation into the German and other foreign tongues. The exact purpose of the present treatise is to prove man to be cotemporary with the mastodon, and to detail the history of his development from the domain of the brute, and dispersion by great waves of emigration from Central Asia.

Of course it would be out of our province to enter upon a specific recital of his method in treating so comprehensive a theme; nothing less than the book itself is competent to do that. As regards his various characteristics, however, his style of expression and the instinctive courage of his thought, it gives us pleasure to say that he states his postulates, reasonings and conclusions in a manner with which all readers will be pleased, avoiding those circumstances and technicalities of form which science is so jealous of parting with, and addressing himself with such enthusiastic unreserve to his readers as to interest them at the start and carry them along with him. If one wants to stretch his thought now and then from the dimensions into which temperament would naturally crowd it down, he has but to take up a truly scientific monograph of this character. It is better, and to our mind, more stimulating than all the romances that were ever written. The reader will find the advertisement in another column.

HERMAN; OR YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD By E. Foxton. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a new form of an old work, once styled "The Whole Duty of Man." This, however, comes in the guise of a tale; just as well for all practical purposes, and better on many other accounts than a homily. This story was, if we are rightly informed, first published in the National Era, the same paper in whose columns appeared the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Mrs. Stowe; and with those who then read it an impression of a powerful sort was left by it. The publishers predict that it will have almost an equal popularity with that renowned fiction, which found its way around the globe. It is full of wit and wisdom; betrays large beauty of thought and generosity of imagery; abounds in dramatic incidents and situations; shows a good knowledge of human nature; grasps the grandest aspirations of which the soul is capable; is full of excellent reasoning and profound analysis; lays bare the hollowness of mere worldliness, and sets up a standard of true manhood to which all young persons ought to refer their conduct continually.

We predict that "Young Knighthood" will create a sensation in the reading world at once, which it ought to do by virtue of its singular merits.

A. Williams & Co. have for sale a handsome pamphlet from the pen of J. P. Whitney, of this city, on the Silver Mining Regions of Colorado, with some account of the different processes now being introduced for working the Gold Ores of that Territory. It goes over the whole field proposed, and will furnish those interested in mining—as who is not, in these times?—a great variety of authentic information respecting the region which is at present developing its treasures with such rapidity.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—The number for January is improved in many respects, and is beautifully embellished with fashion plates, a fine steel engraving of "The Elopement," and the Old and the New Year, and music. It is a complete work of its kind. Published at 473 Broadway, New York.

THE ARGOSY: A Magazine for the Fireside and Journey.

This is a new English publication, commencing with the new year. Sampson Low, Son and Marston, London, are the publishers; J. J. Dyer & Co., 33 School street, are the agents for this city. It contains ninety-six pages of matter, is neatly printed and embellished. Among the contributors to this number we notice the names of such talented writers as Charles Reade, Jean Ingelow, Arminius Vambrey, Alexander Smith, Frances Power Cobbe, etc. With such a corps of able writers, it is sure to meet with public favor, and we commend it to all.

THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL commenced its forty-third volume with the January number. It contains biographical sketches of Rufus Choate, John Bright, John Marshall, Sir Matthew Hale, and others. This journal is devoted to the study of man, in all his relations, physically, intellectually, morally and socially, according to science and revelation. Price \$2 per year. Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for January enters upon the seventh volume of the new series, with renewed encouragement to continue its labors in behalf of humanity, and is richly deserving of support. It is offered at the moderate price of \$1.50 per year. Address Miller, Woods & Co., 15 Light street, New York.

We shall print in our next issue a beautiful poem, given by Lizzie Doten at the close of her lecture on Christmas Eve, in New York, entitled, "Ecce Homo" (Behold the Man).

Rev. Adin Ballou supplies the desk of the Spiritual Society in Chelsea, next Sunday.

Massachusetts State Convention.

The undersigned, believing that the time has fully come when Spiritualists should...

Obituaries.

Born into the angel-band, Dec. 24th, 1864, Ada Clara Cary, aged 12 years...

Passed to the Land of Light, Dec. 17th, 1865, Merritt Parker, of New Haven, Ct.

Passed to the higher life, from Providence, R. I., Dec. 15th, Annie E. wife of J. W. Lewis, aged 23 years 11 months and 1 day.

Passed to the home of the angels, from Houlton, Me., Nov. 16th, 1865, Birdie, only child of John T. and Helen S. Morrison, aged 4 years and 8 months.

The sweet voice of her darling Birdie was scarcely uttered in this life, ere she departed...

General services of both mother and daughter by LAURA DEFORE GORDON.

Joined the angel-band, from Petaluma, Cal., Sept. 18th, Sarah, daughter of R. A. and Jane Harvey, aged 1 year and 6 months.

She was a lovely and amiable child. Though she has passed from our sight, we feel that her spirit is frequently near.

Mrs. Mary C. Woodward, of Orange, Mass., died Oct. 30th, 1865.

She was a firm believer in the faith of Spiritualism, and passed on calmly and peacefully, after a struggle, after two months of great physical pain.

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