

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XVIII.

{ \$3.00 PER YEAR, }  
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }  
Eight Cents.

NO. 23.

## Original Essay.

### IS THEOLOGY A SCIENCE? OR SCIENCE VERSUS THEOLOGY.

NUMBER TWO.

To my Friends in England:—

Principles and Powers are but the emanations of the substratum of individual natures. We will observe, technically considered, the difference arising in an individual and mortal point of view: From individualities spring associations which are denominated, in some form, Republics; from these, governments, denominated Nationalities; and these in this sense are but the estimates attained from consolidation and realization, so far as the capabilities and capacity of individual direction are concerned. In this instance, it will be observed, from the lesser comes the greater. Here Science may astride the eventualities and daily experiences of men as individuals, and deduce from their efforts and attainments its results. Why? Because thus it emerges, as it were, from the lesser to the greater. It measures its footsteps by the actualities of conditions. It ascends the mountain of promise, and may descend, in a limited view, its ultimate attainment, cherishing with freshness and vigor each successive step, whose birth-throes but reach from the unseen to the conscious, its ultimates.

Where is Science, when thrown across the mighty course that threads in the trackless waste of the undeveloped, and when it proposes to bring to man the measure and circumference of the All?—the Almighty All! What space uninhabited, what isolation so unmeasured can it command, wherewith it may be clothed to glorify in omniscience in more than itself?

But the capabilities and capacity of man emerge, as it were, from the tomb, and ascend to their zenith only to cast their foliage hence; while in quiet obscurity they recline as the setting sun of a declining day. It closes the day that works with the hour of its departure.

But we have said that Religion is well. Why is it well? Because it arises as the best method of attaining, as is supposed, a given result, that is said to encompass the relations of the creature to or with the Creator. Here arises a question that may be pertinent: By what authority is this claim? By whom given? By the serpent in the Garden? Or by the observations of the Creator, that men's hearts were evil? Or by the infusion of the sublime precepts of Love and Mercy as exhibited at the building of the temple? Or by the wrestlings of men in a supposed or real attainment? Or do we have it more thoroughly imprinted upon our inner perception by those who are paid to be the representatives of the Great Spirit of the Moslem and Levitical instructions of what is supposed the real, *ad infinitum*? Or is the blessed dower bequeathed not only through burning mountains and silvery lakes, but upon the tree where Humanity's God is said to have expiated the offence in the lost area donated by such sublime precepts of Love and Mercy as are dedicated to posterity in the Pentateuchal Reform? Or shall we go to foreign climes and behold the reeking sword in its desolating sway? So that everywhere the unbidden and still ever cherished memory may linger around the hearthstone where innocence is blighted and justice a stranger?—where Nature forgets her own?—where offspring, the intuitive of all intuitions, the life of all life, the flower of all seasons, ceases to give to Creator and creature its rightful bequeathment?—where Death sunders the tie?—where birthright is only acknowledged as an expiating for its origin?—and thus believe in this: that Creator and creature have performed the noble part? Or shall we come home to the eventualities of our day and time, and that without being lost to the imprints of the Past or the intuitive impress of the Present, and behold our relations as allied to us, as the beginning and the end, the circumference and diameter, depth and height of all possibilities? Improbabilities are but the adjuncts of diversity from the inherent causes of their own vitalizing forces—and how can we be but spies upon the mould? Measure the heights and depths—its beginnings and endings? Absorbed only as the spontaneous outgrowth of Time evolves from itself the unmistakable conscious realization that each day ministers with reflective power its successor. And who shall follow me into the labyrinth of the undefined? What ages upon ages may roll o'er the birth-throes of this innoculate life that I am threading? What future Records shall arise upon the horizon of Infinite duration, and permit me to read of the Past, and hold its true reflective semblance of that untold future whose mysterious confines appear to border, so far as human thought is concerned, upon the disintegrated portals on which Humanity sanctifies its sense of Divinity, called the altar of Delity? Where does its horizon ascend? In the conventionalities of form? Is this the boast of its birth? and is the grave its requiem? Am I possessed of more than this?—that makes me hold the semblance of Rationality and indebted me with the conditions of life and endows me to measure substratums, diversities, capabilities, realities, so called, which often prove that the semblance and the thing itself are two?

Now all this questioning brings us to the full and conscious recognition of individual action:—With perceptibilities or faculties ordained of Nature or God for the fulfillment or ultimate ends of that creation, be it good, bad or otherwise. Then I stand upon the mountain peak to descry the horizon of fear and dread: to hope for future weal—perchance it may be less! But still I am the reflective evidence of a Power unseen, present with me every hour, conscious that existence has a birth and life a dower, whose unceasing flow is ever on!

But where shall I begin? The unmeasured and immeasurable, the Source—the undefined and un-

definable, the end, if needs be. Oh! how mysterious yet how certain—for it is; no; alas! it is to be! From what point may we start or stand and survey the meanderings of the stream and look not in abeyance to that of which we know nothing and still within us has a conscious reality? to that hour from whence 'tis said none return! Yet, living as we do amid the pyramids of the Past, whose ascending scale of records defies a measure of researches to unfold its beginning and end, we will stand amid these towering heights and exclaim—Enough! For it is for me to scan the Delfic plan whose semblance is mirrored by the hand of Time in changes that await our being! And this is what? Do we call it Religion? Philosophical thought? Inspiration? Delfic intuition? where the viewless souls that wear the garb of outer man may be enrobed in light divine, with less favored aspects of a common kind? Or shall I come to proportionate differences, whether great or small, good or bad, as termed by man, and weigh them for their worth, and look at all Nature as one vast Hecatomb, where lies buried the death of ages? Oh yes; I know this, Religion! Thou art of mongrel descent. Thou livest in all climes, and fattenest on all fears! Thou art a hero that walketh the earth to descend upon possibilities and improbabilities, and ever showest thyself in the garb of Infidelity. For thou sayest, Without me there is nothing. Less is Heresy, and more is the domain of the forsaken and lost! The capabilities and capacity must yearn in vain! Susceptibility and originality are like mileposts on the great highway of time to destruction! Consequently the Enigma of Doubt must be the President over our destiny, be it for good or ill! Hope and Faith, twin-sisters in affliction, whose barque is moored upon the stormy sea of prospect, reels beneath the Avalanche that bids fair to bury it in its course and leave a last vestige of originality and self! For upon presumption—since it is nothing less than affords a scaffolding to futurity—thou callest upon Humanity to rest its claims for weal or woe! What Delfic order of a transmundane event ever brought to the unfolded power its semblance of inner life, to say that God is dead, and the inherited evidence of his power is risen, and nothing less than this can rest its claims to individual sanction?

Then I take it for granted that the created is just, and if just, true, and if true, right, and if right, divine. And if so, we require no proxies of the soul, no mongers of the general good to usurp the capabilities and capacity of man upon the life-light of unfolded nature in its truth and essence to bring to our hearts the melodious response of the spheres above. How uncertain! how fallacious is this element called Religious faith, that stalks abroad at noonday under the garb of Piety, and pictures to us the power of its own majesty! It tells us of Hope's Mountain! It soothes our cares in the valley of Despair! Creative grandeur and munificence alike hold their claim with the Redeemed in abodes Celestial! Pearls gates, and gold-lined streets with imperial signets crown the casket of Mortality! How sublime! How grand! Oh, how high! How holy! Perchance Fortune's favored few may tread these regal courts—but alas! how insufficient the means; for alienation, corruption, dismay, doubt, fear, dread and insubordination are the landmarks of Piety. For these barriers are but the legitimate fruits of Creative Wisdom, and stand as the bulwarks to guard Justice from intrusion, and make us feel that our lot is but an inherited right from a Source that begets us in one condition, and damns us for the exemplification of its own intuitive edict! Well may we change the old exclamation, and cry out, Oh Justice! where is thy sting? and oh Gravel point to the victory! You have created, that the representative of that creation may reap Hell for its preservation as his own inherent consummation! That is Death in a Theological sense.

But I come to view Religion in a more amplified form, and as coming home more directly to the personality. Beginning, as we conceive, in a measure of conditions necessary and essential to the preservation and general order of Society as recognized by man upon the mundane plane: First, Religion is considered to be the salvo of the Soul. A greater enormity never was practiced in human Ethics; from this fact: Of the soul, what do you know? and how can you save that of which you have no knowledge? I allude to this casually and briefly, that you may see that it is easy to announce, not equally appreciable to give, an intelligent reason for so doing. Having premised what we consider to be the undefined relations of the creature as allied to the Creator, we come now from the pre or super-mundane to the mundane. Here we behold man apparently evolved from all surroundings of whatever diversified form. His capabilities, or capacity, are equally diversified as Nature in her varied manifestations of form and presentation. Viewing it in the semblance of itself analytically, we may reasonably infer that man is but the prototype we call God in an infant semblance. Then how measured is our view; our capacity of observation, necessarily in any defined sense, as applied to the cause of Infinite operation. And what a diversity is here presented! Look at the races—at male and female genders of diverse kinds. From all this we facilitate, as it were, the consciousness of an inherent prompting, throwing from the Elyptic, or Source of creation, its resolve or contour, by which we observe its outer expression of magnified conditions of all Nature presented in form of observation. Now of its capacities, proclivities and tendencies, what have we to do? Meet it in its unmeasured diversity of outspread and inherent conscious reality that walks the earth alike from an inherited right, whose ministrations pour into the lap of Time a lullaby of a truthful future. Tell me that Nature is an aboriginal, and God the Divine Calumniator of His own Being, who sits enthroned as a Judge upon the actings of His own prompting, and call life a State wherewith we may be clothed to glorify the

Defamer!—In the antiquated asylum of ages to look down upon the damned! No! It is a Lie! to the jurisdiction of Nature. It is a wholesale calumny upon Hope. Religion, therefore, in the Theological sense, ministers, as it were, to Centaurs, who propose to keep the watch-fires of Futurity in the ascendant, that man may be made a party to the unenviable end and doom that too often awaits the purest thought and most desired good.

But the question recurs, What is Religion? But before requiring an answer to that question, I must ask of the honest investigator if he believes in God, or a Divine Principle that is the Source of all things? And if Divine, is it not perfect? To this he must answer affirmatively. Secondly, Religion in truth, as regarded by man, or estimated by conventionality or form, is a creature of the mind; or an evidence, so to speak, that arises spontaneously upon the equation of human thought, as given or directed to a future life, or the supposed relations existing between Creator and creature. Now the predicates of Religion are so diverse and antagonistic to truth, it scarcely requires the semblance of argument to dispel their claims; and for this reason: It is based on division, in alienation from, opposition to itself, or the Source, which is the all; the beginning and the end, Omnipotent, Omniscient, All-powerful, ever-present, and without it nothing is nor can be. And this Supposition of Religious dogma is based upon destruction and that of a Power of itself all-powerful, overwhelming, without beginning and end! How can this be? It is fallacious in its truest sense.

Let us stop here and reflect but for one moment. Where is that which is more than all things? Where does it reside? What are its component parts?—its elements? Wherewith is it clothed, by which, from its inherent power, it draws a parallel which man is wont to descry as good and ill? It comes not within the boundary of human thought. It is a vagary of the imagination—an illusion, and nothing more. It has no resting-place; no inherent properties from which its emanations flow; a mere creature of Chance; a time-server, that lives on the hopes, desires and fears of men. Like the passing cloud, with no defined center for its radius, it leaves us stranded, as it were, by the mere film that casts a shadow between the creature and its Creator, God!

All Science, conditions, circumstances and relations, prove unquestionably to the thinking mind, that Religion has a basis whose fundamental ideas presupposes alienation and division from a common Cause, an abortion upon Creator and creature. A universal law of inherent action, and the co-relation existing in all matter in diversified formation, unquestionably claims a common union and sympathy that binds together in one indissoluble bond, all, however diversified each manifestation may be. But the world, its sages and savans, who have looked far into the depths of the Future, and have drawn from sage experience in the Past its useful memories and written inscriptions, high above the common eventualities of our time, and have said there is a destiny to which we are tending that is ponderous in its effects, and bids us beware! as each sigh is of the grave, and each memory and inscription to be read when Nature shall have claimed her own! How far this reflective power may be entitled to our care, is a question undecided; for its birth is but of the eventualities of Time, and given through the administering condition that was in response, doubtless, to the demand. Such, unquestionably, may be heeded when honestly sought and sincerely desired, and true to their time and place. God holds no false light to the sincere soul, from the heartlands of immortality, to deceive an honest heart, but answers truthfully when sought. And shall we descry the mien and say it is false? No! That measure is truth's full stature, developed aright for the good of man, doubt it who will; disregard it who can! This is Religion! How much of it have we to-day? Its portals are ever closed. No thorough visitants from worldly aims, crowd its vestibules to watch its coming, and, perchance, to drink from fountains never dry; where humanity's call is never unheard and left to writhe in agony; but each aspiring thought is a heaven-born mission to revivify the life we have with one embrace that knows no parting! No with curative power to bless and damn! No none!

Then where is God? In our souls. What a habitation! A naturally depraved abiding place! Oh, weep, ye sons and daughters, that this is the best abode of our Lord! dedicated by the theological Heaven and Hell! What happiness in presence! What a revivifying feeling has reckoned upon this inestimable birthright that holds Him to us, and us to Him through the Infinite links of causation, whose confines are unmeasured and immeasurable! Yes! Blessed be the Lord, for I dwell in Him and He in me! Consolation comes as a deep drawn breath of the hour, from the inherent power of an overwhelming soul, and says, *Be still!* that God is undivided; that this tenement of immortality shall stand, for its inmates are one, and its foundation everlasting. Pigmies, then, are we, beside a giant, when we compare the outer to the inner truth, and attempt to ally it to Cause, and call it God! How susceptible is mortal, and how deceptive apparent effort for good! And by these pained limbs is humanity carried along the pathway of Time, and led to believe it is the Divine solace of the hour that carries with it the intrinsic precept of Nature and her God! But let us think how diversified we are. What parts, portions, circumstances, conditions, make up the casket from whence we draw our precepts, and call them true, holy, Godlike attributes of the Delfic One, whose purpose, plan, unmeasured, full, gives relief to the inquiring soul. This is Life. And what is that, pray? The rising and the setting sun—the individual. What do we know of the Past, before our birth? What of the unseen morrow? Nothing, absolutely nothing! What has Religion to do with this? It undertakes to administer a dose to Nature, and claims within

itself the curative properties for which it has no disease; for before life came I was not an inheritor; and yet it stands as an element reared as high as Heaven and as low as Hell, before it had any active agency wherewith to develop its efficacious power! And then it tells me of what passes o'er the meridian of my life, and showers its throes of sorrow o'er my pathway. Alas! it would cheer, if through itself I could see what is not, and behold wherewith it claims it shall be. But alas! I am left 'mid Earth and Heaven, to know there is no star of Love or Light below that brings the required solace to my soul, and speaks its comfort there, or ne'er acknowledges its claim; for imagination, doubt, fear, dread, dismay, all, have held their archetypes before my vision, and truth has ever paled before the light of such hideous mien, that I have sunk within myself, and asked of God if this trust, or Nature, is Divine? or is it a spell that shrouds from the outer gaze of mortal, and emboldens with the whole a mystery undefined? To such thoughts comes a Counselor who speaks Peace to the wearied heart, and asks me to pause upon the threshold of Doubt, and behold this weary semblance, whose garb clothes Humanity with outstretched arms; whose perfecting hue would woo away the sprites that dance before our vision, and hold us sightless to the Cause from whence we spring. Doubt who will. Passing memory, that Reservoir of the Soul, calls me to listen to the required Word, that gives enough, 'tis said. Then should we want more? Yes. I want it to define where and what I am, after this Nature shall have disrobed itself and laid aside its present garb. Religion, Theology, professes to give a solution to this question, by trusting to an Infinite Being, at war with himself, working his own destruction—making two parts of one whole—both good and bad of the same thing! This is perplexing enough, but it does not stop here. Localities—Heaven, Hell—where are they? Opposited two in one, disintegrated. The centralization infinite, versus local! What an absurdity! But let me examine this a little more minutely: Religion presupposes a conditional relation affecting all conscious life before its existence. It presupposes and claims in destiny a final consummation. It decapitates the man, so to speak, for it has his head on one side, and his feet upon the other. Here the body is left. The life part or portion holds, it is claimed, in some infinite sense, its required end and beginning, and final destiny in ending, but upon what is this predicated? Upon the life throes, pangs, sorrows, afflictions, or apparent consummation of individual effort in some specific relation supposed to be in unison with the Delfic plan? Who disarranged this machinery? Who effected this severance? Why was it done? Shall I believe, by casting my memory o'er the lapse of ages, to see that a creature and Creator, as one, mistook the origin and design of all that was, and brought from without those conditions more than was within them; and after the lapse of unmeasured Time, that I must act the puppet whereby, perchance, I may shun a frown or elicit pleasure for a life hereafter that organic Nature is a lie, and her life throes have forbidden me to read in vain about a lesson? No, Sir! These proxies of the Soul should show their credentials. God is here, everywhere, never absent. He speaks to me in the sunlight glory of the Morn, and the balmy breath of Evening alike reaches with the soul's consciousness, the unmeasured, the unfathomed—ever present and yet ever to be.

The legal boundaries of Humanity are not defined. Come who will. The saintly hypocrisy of the Past, or the sincere devotees of the Present, can only build altars upon which men may descry the smoke arising from the sacrifice of their own Gods; and that is a dead inheritance when the living light of the Infinite reverberates in every thought; sounds like the distant thunder on every hilltop, and measures every emotion, and tunes the lyre of solace that speaks to every soul of the Great I Am!

But we have said that Religion is well. The unfathomed was never found, the finite is absorbed in the infinite; and how unhealthily to reconcile a disparity so great! and still we say that Religion is well. It certainly is false in theory, and cannot, from the above, be beneficial in practice. This may be reasonably claimed from the foregoing, at least in a measure. But we come to another department of our subject. We have endeavored to show that a Source Infinite, all perfect, loses all by a departure from these prerequisites. That, being so, it shows the Theological Structure to be a creative one; by whom and how is another matter. Secondly, Science, as applied to Religion, is an abortion to the principle upon which it proposes to act; for it judges entirely, when applied to the Creator, from effect, and not cause. This is not scientific truth. Thirdly, Religion, without attempting to define its Source, presupposes in its very nature—as we have said, a part of a whole or absolute, and makes a division in order to get a strata upon which to lay its pretenses. This is irrational. Again, it undertakes to give a rational solution or necessity for such a relationship. Fourthly, it goes beyond the grave to that bourne from whence, it claims, none return. Now if that is truth, what does it know of the conditions and essentials of a future hope, weal or woe? It appears to be an abortion of two extremes of which it knows nothing, and all founded upon what? Upon the very ignorance of the thing it proposes to administer! Religious faith is what? CHANCE! Religious life? a playhouse where we profess to act a part unknown, and expect by this to reap a reward of merit!

Now the desires, capabilities, capacities and proclivities of individuals are matters that associate us intimately within a sphere of individual, conscious action, in the common experiences of every-day life, and they are as varied as the hues of the rainbow. Every conceivable thought and reflection is diverse and opposed. Are these wrong? No; for they are true to the inherent cause that prompts and produces—and that is God—as much as the unmeasured depths of the ocean

or the altitude of the mountain—all bequeathed by the One Omnipotent Hand; and shall we complain of these? Not all is wisely adapted for good. And what is susceptible of the greatest ill, the measure to be attained is in accordance to the application, adaptation and use. Analytically, this is universal. Then what is the office of Religion? We have said it is well. On the other hand we have shown that its tendency, in a true and ultimate sense, is most deleterious, and its effect, an abortion upon God and man. It appears, in the first instance—it is said, in the downcast and weary. It bids them to hope and fear. It asks us to look with the eye of gratitude to the Source that made us. Gratitude for what? For defaming us? Fear that we may reap the reward of His own error? Hope that he created and cursed and will be fooled, that it may be well with us? Are those the components of creative munificence and Scriptural theorization? What more? What is the great stimulus, the leverage that moves the Earth, so far as mortals are concerned? It is proffered. It is that which is to be. It is the hoped for. The unrealized. Religion thus appeals to my weaker part. It excites my fears by an awful picture. It tells me of the silent grave; of the cold clods of the Valley, where the worm revels; and of a fire that is unquenchable; of living Lakes of Scorpion fangs; of horrid demons gloating o'er man's mistake! It appeals to my doubts. It excites my fears. It writes in a realm of uncertainty. It flies, as it were, with imagination's wing, o'er all the undefined realm of mortality, and holds it all in the iron grasp of death, and calls it God, and asks me, as a creature from that Creator, to bow with gratitude before such a picture. It tells me more to silence the incentive promptings. Oh, Heaven!—if there be one—blind my eyes and obscure my sight—so that I would not conflict with such a blissful future. Its claim is enhanced at the sacrifice of my reason and judgment. It is held sacred through the instrumentality of fear. It is surrounded and shaded by uncertainty; that sets of the soul called faith.

But, again, I am equally told that memories, like the sweet dew of the morning, pass athwart the earth, invigorating life with their freshness from a source supernatural, and bid me look not in vain, but be filled with the unrequited evidence of the power, to quiet every fear and dispel every thought that obscures my mortal vision, and hold forth its radiations for unmeasured Time. And what is this, pray? The opposite picture: The Paradiacal mansion of the Blest. Humanity has no more a conscious thought, no form to portray its blissful memories. We are told it is God; I know not the name of the Name. For He is! Of Him what is not? I attempt, but it is vain. But this is a Theological definition called Heaven, God's presence!

Whatever may be the unmeasured depths of contrast, it is said to be the emperor of Thought, or Reservoir of the Soul, who administers through the Pandora's box of the Theological chest, for the good of Humanity! It is well for us to state, then, specifically, our objection or reason, *per se*, that is to say, To attain bliss, immortality, Heaven, I must embrace a system of fear. I must be taught, influenced and biased by a consciousness of a supernatural entity. If my capacity or acquisitive propensities are not sufficiently sensitive or susceptible, I must be influenced by a working upon my fears; by descending, as it were, the most sad and lamentable consequences that will ultimately attend me, if I fail to attain. The salvo of Religion has its basis, as a stratagem, by a most formidable, appeal to the lowest—so to speak—passions of man's nature, namely: cupidity, acquisitiveness, fear, *Virtue, Love and Principle* are secondary considerations. You take away Fear, and the Theological Structure is groundless. And it is consistent in one thing for the nobler sentiments of our nature would find no resting place in such a habitation. Why? How could gratitude spring up and Delfy an existence that was a sorrow? How could virtue pay tribute to an isolated condition that borders and throes on the brink of misery? How could principle reign triumphant with such an insupportable and sorrowful perfect within itself, begetting or trying, for unending ages, with lifeless forms, for weal or woe? Well may the sentinels upon the tower of Thought cry aloud, and ask why Humanity should be dragged with such nostrums, said to be fresh from its soil. No; Time will prove this, and people come to think in the free exercise of an inherited right, that these mists will disappear and become the precursor of a brighter day, wherewith Humanity will stand forth unobscured by the supposed virtues of another; but, alike to life and truth, the actor and partaker of his own nature, and not the libidinous beguiler to poverty, but the semblance of the Infinite, true to itself and its God.

But we have said Religion is well. Why is it well? From the simple fact that there are no divergences, I care not how great, but what contain within themselves something of the nature of plan and purpose. Men's capacities and tendencies are as diverse as the currents of human thought. Now the principle of Fear is just as Divine as that of Hope. What is the difference? Its exercise—the application, the design, the object to be attained by its use. All Nature teaches us this. There are, doubtless, many natures that can only be reached through the medium of Fear; this picture of horror. Equally so through some supposed attainment of good. These are most prudent and feasible in their legitimate exercise; and they certainly would be required, in a great measure, as a security and application, as allied to Nature and her God. Then I admit the principle of Fear and the stimulus to attain as being preeminently fitted and well qualified to subserve, in a measure, the wants and offices of Humanity. But this may appear to be needlessly precise, or as admitting too much. We may be told that it mars and defaces the edifice that we have erected for the claims of Theology; but, alas! we would remember that that theory and practice are two distinct things. If, through fear, man is kept from committing murder, is there any virtue in his not murdering, so far as he is personally concerned? Four of the penalty is not his preserver, but may be his. He has the disposition to do it, but Fear or Reward keeps him from it. Is he a better man? This is Religion. We say it is well. We say that the Strata of Humanity is myriad in degree. Who shall say it is vain? Not I. Nay, more: Your whole system of Jurisprudence, from beginning to end, is based upon this indissoluble bond of dread of penalty. It is an Exchequer where is drawn the Bill of Humanity, and is honored by your courts and defiled by your legislative enactments. Call you it what you will, its purpose is Divine. And when man shall see, in the unmeasured of the events of Time, an Infinite Italm, undefined, ever adapting itself to the good of all, he will hold but one thought in God, *THU ALL!*

Truthfully yours, &c., J. B. FERRISOR.  
Mount Hope, Tennessee, U. S. A., Jan. 19, 1866.



## 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."  
—ELIZABETH LYNN.

## VIRGINIA PERKINS.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## New-Found Treasures.

Virginia and her faithful guide met with few adventures for a few days. Sammy seemed to have a keen instinct that led him to some comfortable resting place at night, and to the cool springs when the days were excessively hot. They traveled very slowly, for Virginia found that walking day after day wearied her feet, and made her feel sometimes faint and sick. She used to imagine that nothing could be more delightful than long journeys through the woods, and on her excursions with Hugh, she formed many plans of travel, and among the pleasantest were journeys on foot, and finding fresh grapes and berries for food.

But sweet as were the blackberries, Virginia was more thankful for the new bit of bacon and corn bread that Sammy brought to her, than for any food she had ever eaten. He never failed to provide a good breakfast for her, for he found friends ready to help him at every plantation. He gave glowing accounts of the importance of his mission to his colored friends, representing Virginia as a great lady, in behalf of perplexities, from all of which he was to relieve her.

Sometimes Virginia would be awakened before the first dawn of light by a whole band of men, women and children, who seemed to think her a great princess, having heard from Sambo in their cabin the evening before a history of their travels and of the object, which he declared was something too great to be fully revealed.

At these times Virginia was so gentle and kind in her manner, thanking them for their interest, and hoping they all would find as good a friend as she had in Sambo, that they knew not whether to be disappointed or pleased; for they expected to see a tall lady in a lustrous silk, with a ring on every finger and a long golden necklace about her neck, and bracelets on each arm.

But when Sambo ventured to tell why Virginia had left her home, then all the negro men and women bowed their heads, and many wiped tears from their eyes.

"She is de angel dat de Lord send 'fore he come," said one old man. "He be couldn't right quick, dat sartin, for dis de second sign dat 'pear. One de great lord of crows dat fly to de South, leaving de others sittin' majestic on de oak, de oder dis angel."

Virginia could not help laughing at the absurdity of the omens, and she was pleased, too, to remember what she and Hugh saw on their excursion to the woods.

But Virginia began to be anxious, for Sambo could learn of no one like Estelle in that part of the country. They sometimes ventured to go together to a mansion, and Virginia would herself ask for her friend, but it was all in vain. Sambo often entreated her to let him engage a seat for her in some vehicle, while he walked with his long-practiced rapid step beside, to guard her; but nothing could induce her to enter a wagon, for she remembered her perilous ride with the cruel teamster. Sambo said, in reply to her objections:

"Why, dat be clear as de moon to dis darkey. De Lord know who his lamb needed to 'scort it through de country, where de prowling wolves make great danger, an' he use de wicked men as well as de good to serve his will, an' de teamster bring dat lamb safe to Sambo, an' Sambo have 'tender' 'fection to remain where he ware, to wait for de coming of de lamb."

This was a kind of faith that Virginia had never dreamed of, and as she traveled through the beautiful forests, when it was cool and still, she seemed to feel the peace of that faith enter her spirit. Was there surely some power ever bringing good out of ill, and watching her so tenderly that if she had faith enough it could direct her every step?

She began to feel a spirit of love toward every one, as she thought of this, and her wishes became so earnest to be led in the best path, that she knelt down as she had so often seen Milly do, and looking up to the clear heavens uttered a prayer as sweet as the perfume of flowers, or as the soft breeze that just touched her brow. While she knelt there, it seemed to her that the whole forest became luminous with a brightness not of the sun.

It was well for her that she had this season of sweet peace, for great trials were before her. Sambo had been very sure that he was traveling in the right direction to lead him toward a stream, the course of which he had determined to follow to reach a part of the country where he believed Virginia would find Estelle. He had a very high opinion of his own wisdom and sagacity, and although he could give no reasons for his belief, yet he felt very sure that he was altogether in the right.

Virginia had looked to the line of blue hills, always thinking that near them she should rest her weary feet. Therefore she felt disappointed when Sambo insisted upon taking a different course. But she allowed herself to be led by him, because he had been so faithful and sagacious. But they had not been long in the fine old forest, before she noticed that his step lost its elasticity, and his eye had no keen sparkle in it. There was also a weary expression on his face. She traveled on, however, with much comfort, for beautiful paths were cut through the forest, and Virginia was never weary of watching the lights and shadows on her path, and of listening to the rustle of the leaves.

But they had not journeyed long before Sambo became entirely confused in regard to his course. For a time he would go in one direction, and then turn and go in an opposite. He often put his hand up to his head as if he was in great pain. A cloudy day came, and this seemed greatly to increase his perplexity, for he had not the sun to tell him the points of the compass.

They had not calculated on a long walk through the forest and had not much food with them. All this Sambo insisted on giving to Virginia; but she put half of it away in her little bundle, feeling sure he would need it after a time more than she. They found occasionally some early grapes already ripened, and in sunny spots some berries, but no abundance of them, and they both felt very tired and faint.

But Sambo was seized at the close of an evening's march with a sudden giddiness, and was soon too helpless to rise from the bed of leaves which he always prepared for Virginia; for he would not allow himself to lie down, but sat bolt upright against a tree or stood up and slept, a

habit that he had acquired when obliged to wait a long time the will of his master. He always told Virginia when she begged to watch while he slept at his ease, that there was no rest so good as that he got when standing and trying to keep awake.

"It jes' like all de time keepin' in sight of de promiss' land. De sleep it come up close, like a big white cloud, and den it shake off and 'semble again, an' dat be jes' like de glory dat be alway' comin' dat de minister always tell about and neber get jes' here; but it so restin' to hear him tell ob it, dat it be mos' like de real glory ob de kingdom."

And so he took his post every night, while Virginia slept as peacefully as if in her little room at home. But now he could not stand, and he could only look his great sorrowful eyes, for he seemed too weak to speak. Virginia went in search of some water, and soon found a spring, in which she wet her handkerchief and bound about his head.

All the night through she watched by his side, and when the morning dawned she fell asleep, to be awakened by the warm sun. But Sambo was no better. She looked up to the protecting trees, as if they might tell her what to do; but no answer came. All the day she kept her watch, and cared as well as she could for her guide and protector; but she was herself faint and ill. She soaked carefully the pieces of dry corn-bread that she had saved, and gave to Sambo. He devoured them like a greedy animal. It was then she knew that he had been often depriving himself of food to give to her. But he did not return to consciousness, and Virginia had now no food, and was feeling the nervous anxiety that arose from the want of nourishment. Very sadly was her faith tried.

"Where was the good Lord," she said to herself, "that cared for his children?" She began to doubt his goodness and love; could he forsake her and the faithful Sambo, if he had half as much love as a kind earthly father?

These doubts made her much more miserable. Sometimes she cried heartily, and sometimes she sat down beside Sambo, and called his name, and rubbed his hands to arouse him; but he only moaned, and turned his head from side to side.

For three days and nights thus Virginia waited and waited, not however without trying to find her way to some plantation or cabin. She marked her path by strewing branches, so that she should be sure and not lose the way back to Sambo; but she sought in vain. It seemed to her that they were in the centre of an impenetrable forest.

On the fourth morning, as she opened her eyes, she saw a little bird hopping about Sambo, picking up the little crumbs that had fallen. In her sleep she had dreamed of her mother, and her heart was very tender.

"Dear little bird," said she, "who tells you where to go for food, so that in this great forest you are as plump as need be? You have a keen little eye, and a strong little will, and a great deal of patience, I am sure. Oh, I wish, how I wish that I could see a sign, as you do, to guide me. Give me the faith and trust of a little bird, and patience, too. Oh, dear mother, can you not see your dear Timmy, and tell her what to do?"

She grew very calm, and kept looking at the little winged visitor, as it picked its crumbs, and lifted its cunning little head in a very wise and knowing way.

"Make the little bird my guide, dear Lord up in heaven, who loves all the little birds."

Even while she spoke, the little bird half flew and half hopped into a little path, and Virginia determined to follow it. Faint and weak as she was, she seemed now to have renewed strength, and her faith was so great that she looked up to the sky, as if expecting to see some face of love bending down over her.

The sun had not yet touched the treetops, but its light made the floating clouds rose-colored, and in them Virginia fancied she saw wreaths of roses from which looked forth smiling faces.

"I will have faith and patience now, like the little bird," said she; and her step grew light, and her face caught the hue of the clouds. She very soon came upon a wide, open path, and her heart gave a leap of joy. How strange that she should not have found it before. Following it she came upon a well-traveled road, and she immediately heard the sound of approaching wheels. With a feeling of dread she hid herself behind a thick cluster of bushes, and looked out through the half-parted branches. With a shiver she beheld the very man who had attempted to carry her away against her will. There was no mistaking his rough visage, and a rent in the covering of his wagon, familiar to her eyes, made her sure that she was not mistaken. It seemed to her that he looked directly at the bushes behind which she was hidden. Her impulse was to run, but all strength seemed to have left her, and she could only look with earnest eyes to see if indeed he saw her.

He was singing one of the rude songs that she had heard when riding beside him. But her fear was increased when she saw that he had now a large dog that walked beside his horses.

The wagon went past her place of retreat, and she gave a little sigh of relief; but the moment the dog scented her steps, he gave a short bark, and began scenting them out. Virginia knew well enough that unless called away he would soon make his master know that some one was near. Just then a little bird—she thought it was the same one that she had followed—flew in the middle of the road, and the man with a whistle called the dog to catch it. Virginia knew she was safe now, and her joy made her faint. She could not move, until a thought of Sambo lying helpless in the forest, recalled her to herself.

She now followed the road in an opposite direction from which the wagon went, and in a short time came to an open field in which she saw a man at work. She looked to see if he had a dark skin, and finding he had, she called as loudly as possible, and waved her arms.

Why was she so confident that she should be helped by the poor, despised black man? Because she knew that his heart had been made tender by his own sufferings, and that his pity would lead him to help all who needed aid. She did not understand that she was now finding some of those treasures only to be found on the mountain of Trial. She was climbing the ascent toward a true and beautiful spiritual life by the wearisome way of suffering; but only in that path could that tender sympathy and love be found which could make her feel for others, because she knew the bitterness of trial.

When the negro met her with a smile, as if saying, "How can I serve you?" she knew that she had found a friend. She quickly told her troubles, and in a short time she was guiding her helper back to Sambo, accompanied by another man strong enough to carry him to a comfortable place of shelter.

Virginia learned on her way back that her delay in the forest was all that had prevented her meeting with her captor, the cruel teamster. He owned this small lot of land in this secluded place, on which he made several slaves work under a

task-master more cruel than himself, his son, now away in the army.

If Virginia had lost faith a few hours before, she was now so sure of a kind, loving power that she had kept her and Sambo from danger, that she looked up to the sky, almost expecting to see the dear Lord himself looking down on her, telling her of love and tender care.

Sambo was removed to a comfortable cabin, where he soon grew better under the treatment of a kind negro named Aleta. She bound up his head in plantain leaves, and gave him tea made from various kinds of herbs and sweetened with wild honey. When Virginia told him of their escape, he said:

"De Lord know when to put 'fusion in de head of Sammy, and make him know nuffin' 'tall, an' now let us hab faith and praise him foreber. Amen."

Virginia softly responded, "Amen."

[To be continued in our next.]

## To Correspondents.

BLUSH ROSE.—You did right to send the communication. But was it not meant for your own spiritual life—an outspoken word from an unspoken longing? And yet not the less from that source of inspiration that gives us often our impulses, and makes us long to be and do that which we have power to become and accomplish.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## SPIRITUAL FAITH.

BY MRS. C. A. K. POORE.

Wildly the storm's raging to-night,  
Fearfully fierce the whirly blast;  
And darkness o'er the starless sky  
Like a funeral pall is cast;  
The driving rain in sudden wrath  
Beats madly 'gainst the window pane;  
The wind-god, like a tortured fiend,  
Rushes madly along the plain.

We draw around the blazing hearth,  
Secure from elemental harm,  
And wait in hope the breaking light  
Betokening the coming morn;  
And yet, athwart the human soul  
Far wider storms their plumes sweep,  
Wrestling our idols from our hearts,  
And leaving us alone to weep.

Alone, 'mid wreck of by-gone joys,  
We sit down in shadowy gloom,  
And only dream, in our despair,  
Of light and peace beyond the tomb.  
And yet, sure as the clouds of night  
Flee at the brightening morning's birth,  
And God's glad sunshine, streaming forth,  
Illuminates again the earth.

So sure will light and peace divine  
Baptize our souls with holy calm,  
And "angel wings," by zephyrs borne,  
Waft to our hearts a healing balm.  
Oh human life! wert thou combined  
Within this narrow earthly sphere,  
T'were but a hollow mockery,  
A thing of doubt and dread and fear!

Thanks to the faith that's bridged the stream,  
Whose chilling waves two worlds divide,  
And links us to the "shining shore"  
Where our "earth angels" still abide.  
Almighty Power, for the blest boon  
Of life immortal, life divine,  
We reverent bow on bended knees  
In grateful worship at thy shrine,  
Hammonton, N. J.

## A Parable.

A Rabbinical priest went forth to fulfill his sacerdotal appointment in preaching to perishing souls. For he said within himself, "It were sin to neglect this precious opportunity to warn poor sinners of the wrath to come."

So he hurried by the hovels of the indigent, and the wretched haunts of the prodigal and intemperate.

He must needs go through the country. The air was replete with song and sweetness; the grass was tender and green; the flowers opened their lips with kisses; the brooks gurgled a gentle melody; the birds chanted, and the insects buzzed a psalm of praise.

Then the Rabbi knelt down even under the shadow of a spreading elm, and thus he prayed: "Oh Lord, I thank thee that I am not given to the lust of these natural vanities, and that I am not as other men are, who worship nature as do the heathen. Oh Lord, save my soul from love of self and pride; and the glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Renewing his journey, he found a beggar boy sitting by the wayside, crying for alms. "These beggars," thought the Rabbi; "how they do annoy us—so many of them!"

"Boy," he said harshly, "why dost thou not work and earn an honest living, like the rest of us?"

"Oh, sir, I am blind, and no man employs me. I am an orphan. Oh, sir, speak softly, for my heart is sore!"

"Get religion, my son—get religion; for the Lord loves his own; he sendeth the ravens with bread to his elect. Here is a tract somebody will read to thee about the native depravity of thy heart."

The Rabbi passed on, meditating on "the plan of salvation." Then a little ragged girl came running out of a log cottage, wringing her hands, and saying: "Oh, my mother is sick—she is dying!"

"God have mercy on her soul!" replied the Rabbi; but he turned not thither to comfort the sorrowing, for was he not going to preach the Gospel?

That night an angel appeared unto him, saying: "Rabbi, I heard thee thank God that thou art not as other men are, lovers of his works and worshippers in his living temples; for thou didst curse these as vanity. Thou dost reverence thy Bible; but dost it teach thee that God is bound up in its unbreathing symbols? Good as it is, it is dead to thee, for thou spurnest the present inspirations of which it testifies. Behold Nature where God lives to-day; hath he not written here fresher truth than on the translated records of what other men saw and felt? Listen to the voice of God in the soul; is it not nearer to thee than the letter of a book? Learn, oh Rabbi, even of thy Bible, that God is alive, repeating ever the divinity of Christ and his apostles."

"Human nature," said the Rabbi, "is totally depraved; hence what appears lovely to our senses is sin's deception."

"True," said the angel, "a man's judgment of things is colored always by his moral condition. By this law I see thou art falsely trained; thy depraved dogma hath depraved thy pure nature."

"Scorned of the Word of God, who art thou, that thou presumest to instruct me?"

"I say not," continued the angel, "that thou art naturally depraved, but that thy theology hath led thee astray from truth and clarity."

"Who art thou?" sternly demanded the Rabbi.

The angel answered not, but said:

"I saw thee when thou didst pass by the indi-

gent, the prodigal and the intemperate—when thou spakest harshly to the poor, blind boy, and gave him nothing from thy rich alms, save a poisonous tract—and when thou didst not regard the claims of the dying mother and her mourning children. Turn back from service to yonder mansion church; first do justice, and love mercy; then come and redeem the self-righteous."

"I adjure thee in the name of Jesus Christ to tell me who thou art," said the Rabbi again, trembling.

But behold! the angel had vanished.

"Gone?" he inquired—"gone? What meaneth this? I have heard that spirits of late return to mortal life. Oh, Most Merciful, save me from such a damning curse! He that is vanished taught that Nature, and even my soul in its depraved estate of Adam's fall, are freer evidences of God and his inspirations than the Holy Scriptures! Surely, this must be the DEVIL! Let us pray."

EVANGEL.

## Correspondence.

## Children's Lyceum in Cleveland, Ohio.

LETTERS FROM A. J. DAVIS.

The Organization of a Children's Progressive Lyceum in the beautiful city of Cleveland, Ohio, is certain to work beneficially for the establishment of Spiritualism in that important region of the State. The steadfast friends and intelligent advocates of our divine principles will not only realize a fresh inspiration in the direction of unity and devotion, but the large outside progressive public will, ere long, respond to the noble practical efforts of Spiritualists in behalf of the young.

The Lyceum in Cleveland was attended last Sunday by numerous "little ones" who love to learn to feel and to think in harmonical and spiritual directions. The ways of wisdom are pleasant indeed, and the steps of children beat time to the order of heavenly progress. They learn in the Lyceum to acquire health of body and completeness of spirit.

The question adopted Sunday before last by the Cleveland Lyceum was, "What should we live for?" (You know, I suppose, that in our Lyceums the little people, including the young ladies and gentlemen of Liberty and Temple Groups, and also the Officers and Leaders, invariably propose and adopt, by a vote *à la voce*, the question which they will take home for intuition and reflection, and to which, on the following Sunday, all belonging to the institution are expected to give such replies, verbally, or in writing, as each is impressed to consider the best.) The young people and children in Cleveland accordingly gave in answers when the conductor, Mr. Jovett, called for them; and the large audience present seemed to take the liveliest satisfaction in what was spontaneously said by the youthful pilgrims in the path of progression. One fine boy in Star Group replied that he "meant to live to be a comfort to his father, and he prepared to meet his mother in the Summer-land." His voice trembled with deep emotion, and his accents were so touchingly freighted with affection for his darling departed mother, that the tears of sympathy flowed silently from many earnest eyes, and, for a moment, a holy tenderness rested, like a divine spell, upon the bosom of the entire Lyceum. I was particularly gratified with replies from members in nearly all the Groups. The plan is so new that adults are non-plussed frequently, while the children, who are ever closest to the Divine principle of Nature, are not only happy and at home in the Groups, but are, with few exceptions, spontaneously prepared to give, in fewest possible words, the richest and truest and highest definitions to questions of their own choosing.

The Cleveland citizens assured me that they would stand firmly by the work they had adopted as part compensation, and for the innumerable beautiful teachings and consolations the inhabitants of the Summer-land had kindly bestowed upon them, through the several speaking, healing and test mediums who had, from time to time, visited their "Forest City." Bro. D. A. Edly promised to write letters concerning the movements in Cleveland, and thus keep the readers of both the Banner and Journal acquainted with Spiritualism in general and the progress of the Lyceum in particular. May his letters always convey "glad tidings of good joy."

Your friend, A. J. DAVIS.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb.

## REPORT OF THE ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION OF THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Second Anniversary of the First Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia, was appropriately celebrated on the evening of the 7th February, in the spacious and popular place known as Concert Hall. Notwithstanding the disagreeable, chilly and drizzling storm, which prevailed late in the afternoon and during the time of assembling, the citizens arrived in great numbers at an early hour, eager to gain admission. Long before the curtain was rolled up, the beautiful hall was almost full of ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by their children and youthful acquaintances—a first-class audience of citizens, Spiritualists, and large numbers of elderly persons, evidently strangers to the Lyceum, but all earnestly and respectfully interested in the programme for the evening. The outside storm had no effect upon the officers and members of the institution. They were all there in full force and in the best humor; maidens, and youths, and children, and the baby members of Fountain Group, all sparkling in beautiful dresses; all classified by their ornamental badges; all filled with music and innocent mirth; and all intent on the prompt and graceful performance of their part in the programme.

The Lyceum of Philadelphia is under the Conductorship of an indefatigable and competent gentleman, our esteemed Brother M. B. Dyott, who is in every particular most effectively seconded and assisted by his intelligent and graceful wife, Mrs. Mary J. Dyott, whose large home is ever open to officers, leaders and members of the Lyceum, and to all the true and faithful teachers, either in the private walks or on the public platform of Spiritualism. I am invariably refreshed and revived in spirit by a visit at the hospitable dwelling of these earnest friends. The Philadelphia Lyceum children, and all the adult members and officers of the institution, regard Mr. and Mrs. Dyott as best friends and benefactors. A beautiful present was given them at the Christmas Festival; and on every suitable occasion the people testify the sincerity of their friendship and esteem for these faithful workers. May all Lyceums have equal good fortune in the selection of their principal officers. It is a gratification of no ordinary kind to find, both husband and wife as one engaged, with every member of their family, in promoting the cause of spirit-culture and physical health in the homes of their fellow men, by means of the Lyceum.

At eight o'clock the curtain rolled up. The entire force of the Groups was represented in a splen-

did combination called a "Patriotic Tableau," from the baby members, who were standing in the foreground and at the base of the pyramid, to the young men and beautiful maidens in the far background of the scene, each holding aloft the ever-victorious "stars and stripes," and led and accompanied by Mr. Sargent, the Musical Director, who presided at the piano, the musical voices of the entire Lyceum burst forth in singing an original song, by Miss Odiorne, the Assistant Musical Director, entitled:

## "HAIL TO THE FLAG."

Hail to the Flag that proudly waves o'er us,  
Fought for by Freedom's noble and brave;  
Bear the great banner in triumph before us,  
All who live weath it can never be slaves.  
Freedom we crown thee, gath'ring round thee,  
With the bright garlands of Love and Peace,  
Far from the power tyrants shall cover,  
Our Nation's greatness shall ever increase.

May our great Banner, ever victorious,  
Wave over a Nation just, generous and true;  
Spoils preserve it, its reign shall be glorious,  
Unstained its escutcheon by Slavery's dark hue.  
Then arm forever we shall ne'er sever,  
With our hearts throbbing so proud and free,  
Liberty, we bless thee, none shall express thee,  
But as a Nation united we'll be.

The audience applauded this beautiful song, as all had cheered the Tableau when the curtain first went up. Next came the glorious "Banner March," by the leaders and members of all the Groups. The music, although not enough in quantity, was excellent in quality, and the marching gave the greatest satisfaction. The Guardian of Groups, Mrs. Ballinger, led the march in stately style, and with admirable time to music, and brought the long line, by counter-marching, into a solid body in front of the platform, when, led by the Conductor, all repeated the Silver-Chain Recitation, in the Manual, entitled "Thanksgiving." In the pronunciation of words, in order to develop the full sense of the thoughts and sentiments, the school has made decided progress.

Following this, and after the children and leaders were all comfortably seated in reserved seats, between the audience and the stage, the "Dialogue" between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle was "done" in the best style of Mr. Gourlay and Miss Odiorne. The latter surprised and delighted her most intimate friends. Her talents are varied, and her elasticity of spirit is remarkable; and the Philadelphia Lyceum is the recipient of her friendship, highest inspirations, and valuable labors. She is much beloved by all.

"Come, now, and haste away," was sung with fine effect, by Miss Crowell, and received hearty applause.

The Infant Group in Parlor Gymnastics, led by Charlie Dyott, performed the Dumb Bell Exercises, with music, to the highest satisfaction of all. They elicited frequent applause. The merriest was greatest when the little ones, without a smile, seemed lost in amazement and earnestness, equally divided between looking at the audience and trying to make motions just like Charlie Dyott. This juvenile class was very well drilled and beautifully dressed, and every one was perfect in manner and appearance, and the large audience sustained them with their heartiest approbation.

This was followed by a pleasant dialogue between Miss Kuhn and Miss Blackwood. Next was a trio, "Nestle the Greenwood Tree," sung by three beautiful sisters, Misses Fithian; all the sweetest singers, and giving promise of much success in the world of music.

"The Court of the Fairies," a charming musical tableau, was next presented. It was an elegant piece of art, and combined with singing, it merged into the spiritual, as do all very high forms of beauty and harmony. The chorus, sung by girls and boys behind the scenes, was in the following words:

We have come floating from gay woodland bowers  
Merry and happy and free  
Sporting all day 'midst the blossoming flowers,  
Dancing in fairy-like glee.

Prattles we'll sing to our Monarch so bright,  
And to Titania, his beautiful Queen,  
Long may they reign in their power and might,  
In their proud glory supreme.

Pride of our Fairy Court,  
Pride, pride of our Fairy Court.

After this fascinating tableau was a dialogue between Cassius and Brutus; the first was admirably taken by Mr. A. Chase and the second by Mr. F. Gourlay, both young men of education and more than usual capacities for dramatic impersonations. The Philadelphia Lyceum is rich in talent and inspiration. In dramatic and musical abilities, as also in gymnastic accomplishments, the institution is second to none in the city or State. Mr. Gourlay has won the title of "Champion Speaker," in a fair contest between a Literary Society of New York and a similar Young Men's Association in Philadelphia.

After a very laughable comic duet, entitled "Quaker Courtship," by Miss Fithian and Minnie Harris, who were so much applauded that they were obliged to "come out" and repeat the courtship. Mr. Gourlay recited a glorious inspiration that came through Miss Lizzie Doten, called "Life," in which the gospel of Spiritualism concerning death was perfectly and concisely set forth, and by which old time opinions and false theology received some of the hardest hits. In this selection Mr. Gourlay not only indicated a rare judgment and good taste in poetic composition, but he equally demonstrated his natural talent for the most effective recitation of dramatic writing. The Conductor, Bro. Dyott, in conversation informed me that the Lyceum had no knowledge of Mr. Gourlay's talent until he voluntarily recited this poem, "Life," at one of the Conventions of Groups.

Miss Mary Fithian now sang a beautiful song, "Will he be Home to Night?" which elicited applause. Then came a comic recitation, called "Pin, Needle and Scissors," by Miss Harris, who is first rate in sustaining a part, and may attain to much usefulness as a speaker in a few years. In fact, the Lyceum girls and boys manifest talents for speaking and singing of the first order; and it is not improbable that many of them will take leading parts on the stage of human progress, both in the beautiful quiet of private life and on the platform of public teaching in behalf of the coming millions. Then will the fruit of our Children's Progressive Lyceums appear on the trees of Social and National life—better men and better women—the fathers and mothers of the coming generations, approaching nearer and nearer the Era of Peace and good will all over the earth.

The Anniversary Exhibition closed with a grand emblematic tableau, representing "Universal Progression." There was displayed an unusual artistic skill in the combination of the characters; and in their emblematic drapery and symbols. The tableau when analyzed revealed Liberty as progressing; Truth, which has been bound, is rising, because justified from Error's shackles by the sword of Justice, who was seen slaying the weapon, prompted to the act of peace by the spirit of Love. On the right of Love sat Wisdom, with golden light in her face. In the background were visible both Faith and Peace. Wisdom looked backwards to gather the philosophy of history, which through the long era of the past



dotting with Mercy and Hope. Mercy looks kindly on the record of events, while Hope fixes her eyes forward and upward.

Upon this instructive original tableau the curtain rolled down. The most enthusiastic tokens of approbation and delight were given by the audience throughout the whole evening's performance. The officers and guards of the Lyceum performed their duties with promptness and in perfect good taste, and on all sides the most cordial good feeling prevailed. The children were happy and free, and "behaved" like so many angels of humanity. Although the expenses of the exhibition were very heavy, I was informed that the proceeds, from sale of tickets, paid every bill, and put a nice little sum into the Lyceum Treasury.

The Philadelphia Lyceum friends take the liveliest interest in the prosperity of this new work for a world's education. They send greetings to Officers, Leaders and Members of fellow Lyceums throughout the country. "Lyceum number 2," in Philadelphia, is already a promising school, under the conductors of Bro. I. Rehn. Who would have supposed that the "Quaker City" Spiritualists would thus carry off the palm?

Your friend,  
A. J. DAVIS.

#### A Motion to Amend.

Our true and tried friend, M. A. Townsend, of New Brighton, Pa., nobly and generously proposes to be one of a thousand or more, to pay in to a fund fifty or one hundred dollars each, to support the teachers and extend the cause of Spiritualism, &c. This is certainly a worthy and commendable object, and, no doubt, arises from what so many of us have seen and felt, and what I have often alluded to: the want of some means and compensation sufficient to keep in the field of labor, with tongue and pen, more of our best developed and ablest speakers and writers. Of all the defects of Spiritualism, the one I have deplored most is the inability or indisposition to employ and support our ablest advocates, not for want of means, but for want of organizations, concentration and cooperation of believers in the glorious truths. We ought to be ashamed to have, as we now have, at least five ex-editors of spiritual papers in clerkship for the Government, at Washington, and such minds as S. B. Brittan, Tiffany, Ambler, Newton, Forster, Pierpont, Charlotte Beebe, Mattie Hulet, Lucy Stone, Julia Branch, and at least a score of other talented persons of French, seeking and obtaining other occupations and means of support, when we have the greatest work of the age, and the very work to which they are best adapted, actually languishing for want of their time and talents, and have ample means to support at least as many, and as well, as the Methodists do.

When a female speaker marries, under our present system of unjust and unequal relationship of wives to husbands, of course I expect she will leave the field; to which I am glad there are a few exceptions, as Mrs. Middlebrook, Cora L. V. Daniels, Emma Jay Bullene, &c. But such men as I have named, with many more, have no excuse but want of support, since they are as firmly attached to the principles as any of us who remain in the field without regard to pay, while their responsibilities or necessities may have been greater than ours. One of them, now in a lucrative office, said to me some years ago, he thought I had done missionary labor enough without it; he was sure he had. I could not see it—I cannot yet—but I can see the need of his help and others of our old pioneer band. I have expected, and still do hope, that our national and State and local organizations will ultimately secure this object; but they must first be legally organized under some act of State or National Legislation—special or general—so that bonds can be required and given, and responsible agents appointed, &c. Thus a plan like that of friend Townsend's can be carried out; but I fear at present it could not, as the contributors could hardly have their names carried out, without partially, by any one or more persons selected to receive and disburse the money. With my knowledge of the whole field and the laborers, I could not disburse it satisfactorily to even myself, and am sure I could not satisfy all contributors; and now while I hold this noble offer a little way off, let me propose, as an amendment, that each person send one or more new subscribers to the Banner of Light and Religious-Philosophical Journal; and that one thousand or more persons send each fifty dollars to A. J. and Mary F. Davis, to be expressly and exclusively expended by them, according to their judgment, in opening and sustaining Children's Progressive Lyceums, and in opening and sustaining a Normal Institute to educate and qualify teachers for that purpose, and, in this way, put in the mortar to cement and build the real and substantial foundation for the temple of physical, mental and spiritual education for the age of reason and rational Spiritualism. Their lives, labors and promise will be ample bond for the faithful disbursement of any sum. Who will second these amendments?

WARREN CHASE.

Vineyard, N. J., Feb. 10, 1866.

#### Matters in Detroit, Mich.

DEAR BANNER—You have had no report of progress from Detroit, of late, and I dare say many of your readers have supposed that our place has been left behind in the "progressive movement," while other leading cities—may, even towns scarcely heard of in business circles—are "up and doing," and alive to the real interests of the hour.

I am pleased to inform you that the Spiritualists of our beautiful city, on becoming impressed with the necessity of doing something, a few humble but earnest ones, a few months since, took the matter in hand, and we have been holding occasional meetings, and have had several able discourses from those well-known speakers, Messrs. Leo Miller, A. B. Whiting and Moses Hull. We have had, usually, very large congregations, particularly—as is the case so generally with Spiritualist meetings—in the evenings.

At Mr. Hull's last meeting, Jan. 28th, which was held at Young Men's Hall—the largest hall in the city—a business organization was perfected, the writer being chosen President, with an Associate Committee of four, viz., Dr. R. G. Murray, Wm. Walker, Sanford R. Smith and M. J. Mathews. These are active business citizens, of a high standing. Dr. Murray was formerly of Rochester, and is one of the old Spiritualists, a faithful, noble man. Mr. Walker is connected with the daily press of our city, and is an earnest, sagacious worker. Mr. Smith is a most conscientious Spiritist, exemplifying in his every act the beautiful teachings of our blessed religion. The three are all veterans. Mr. Mathews is a new recruit in the field, but takes hold with creditable determination. Outside this business organization, we have a noble band of stout hearts willing hands to sustain us in the work; you can see that we are in shape for good work, and you may expect to learn of substantial results realized. We have Brother Leo Mil-

ler engaged for the four Sundays in March, and we are anticipating a season of pleasant sympathies. We know you will help us with your sympathies.  
H. N. F. LEWIS.  
Detroit, Mich., Feb. 6, 1866.

#### Interesting Notes from J. G. Fish.

Amid all the fears of its friends and opposition of its enemies, our glorious cause is still onward, and the marshaling hosts of truth prophesy for themselves a final and complete victory over error, bigotry and superstition.

Our friends in Providence are awakening to a renewed effort for the furtherance of Spiritualism in their midst. They are about obtaining a charter for their society, and taking a place in their city as a permanent organization. Their late fair and festival, as the many in attendance and the present state of their treasury fully attest, was a complete success. Whether fair, festival, love, exhibition or excursion, Spiritualists always have a good time. So everybody who attends says, and nobody doubts it. Miss Laura V. Ellis, the "child medium," has been there confirming the weak and confounding the skeptical by her startling "cabinet manifestations." The Children's Lyceum, now under the conductors of that earnest and successful worker, L. K. Joslin, is in a prosperous condition and doing much good. Mrs. M. S. Townsend during last month spoke most acceptably and effectively to crowded and highly interested and instructed audiences, made better and wiser by her high toned inspirations. May the angels send us more such workers. Last Sunday I opened on my fifth month in Providence, with a full and highly appreciative audience. The choir there is one of the best in New England. It is under the direction of the very competent L. Town, and led by the accomplished and highly gifted musical artist, Mrs. Cella Robinson, and forms a great attraction to the hall.

I spent last month in Lowell, the city of "spindles." Audiences were small at the commencement, but increased to an almost packed house at the close. Lee street church, one of the best in the city and formerly Unitarian, is rented by the Spiritualists by the year, and no congregation meets in a more commodious place. They have an excellent choir, led by an organ, which charms the audience with many an echo from the angel choirs above. The society should buy the church where they meet, which is for sale cheap, and it is to be hoped they will. Their Lyceum, under the faithful labors of Conductor Young, is very interesting and very profitable to both young and old. Noble, persevering and earnest workers are at the helm in Lowell, and the work must and will go on.

During last month I visited Worcester, on the occasion of the State Convention, and find the cause more deeply rooted in the earnest, holy sympathies of the friends there than ever before, and greater progress is the result. I have never witnessed so much earnestness in Worcester before. President Eaton, a truly noble man, with others who stand by him, is bound to keep the standard of truth floating. Their Lyceum, hitherto faithfully conducted by Dr. Richard, is now receiving a fresh impetus by the efficient labors of that western "fire-tongued plow," Benj. Todd, who always leaves a furrow where he moves, which, unlike the "furrow from the keel," does not "soon close."

The Convention at Worcester was marked by the greatest harmony and unanimity of feeling throughout all its proceedings. Men and women came there, not envious or jealous of each other, nor bursting with speeches, but with arms "made bare" for work, and work they did, and work they will, till all the heathen of Massachusetts that have heard no gospel but ancient heathenism, shall see, hear and receive the glorious light and truth of the present Inspiration.

This week I am speaking in this place. It is my third visit here. There are several mediums, and much interest on the subject of our Philosophy. Many come from five to seven miles to hear the truth, and drink it in as the thirsty earth the showers of June. "Calvinistic" and "Six-Principled Baptists" have well high starved their souls. I love to feed such hungry ones. It is truly more blessed when I give, than when I receive the supply. These old Six-Principled—I guess that word will do—are holding a protracted meeting at present, for the purpose of converting souls to Christ. I wish they would let me come in and preach Christ to them. I am afraid they do not understand what Christ is. It does appear to me that, if preached aright, people would more readily receive the teaching. I hope our Missionary will visit this place as soon as may be.

So the work goes bravely on the while, and so it will go on against any and all opposition. Bibles are but paper barriers against a present inspiration, be they written by Moses, Paul or Mahomet; and creeds are as so much gossamer webbing, that the breath of angels breaks through and lets in, through the rent, the light of truth and immortality.  
J. G. FISHER.  
Savannah, Feb. 7, 1866.

#### Spiritual Meeting at Omro.

The "Northern Wisconsin Spiritualists' Association" held its regular quarterly meeting at Omro, on Saturday and Sunday, the 3d and 4th of February inst. The meeting was called to order on Saturday, at two o'clock P. M., by Col. A. B. Smalley, the President. The Committee appointed at a previous meeting to consider and report as to the propriety of effecting a more permanent organization of the association, reported in favor of an organization, and submitted a Constitution and a "declaration of principles," which were adopted with great unanimity, after a brief discussion. About a hundred names were immediately given in to be enrolled as members of the association.

Saturday evening an attentive and numerous audience listened to a lecture from N. Frank White, on "The duties and responsibilities of the hour." Sunday morning, from nine to half-past ten o'clock, was spent in social conference, at which hour Prof. E. Whipple, of Michigan, spoke upon the "Proofs of immortality scientifically considered and explained." Dr. H. P. Fairfield followed in a lecture, which was claimed to be the joint production of Sylvester Judd and Lorenzo Dow. At two o'clock P. M., lecture by N. Frank White, on the "Saviors of the World." On Sunday evening, Mrs. S. E. Warner gave the closing lecture to an immense congregation, upon the duties of reformers in general, and especially of those who call themselves Spiritualists.

On motion, a Committee, consisting of J. H. Spencer, of Fond du Lac, John Wilcox, of Omro, Dr. Carter, of Oshkosh; F. F. Hamilton, of Berlin, and Mr. Blanchard, of Appleton, was appointed, for the purpose of conferring with other organizations, in relation to holding a State Convention. The exercises were enlivened with excellent singing, assisted by instrumental music.

The large number of persons from a distance were bountifully provided for by the citizens of Omro, and the Convention was every way a success. On motion, the Convention adjourned, to meet at Fond du Lac on the second Saturday and Sunday, the 9th and 10th of June next.

Oshkosh, Wis., Feb. 7, 1866.

#### INSPIRATIONAL POEM.

I have often been solicited to send the Banner the following beautiful little poetic gem, with the history thereof, for publication. I think it time to comply. Some four years ago I was visiting with a dear and intimate friend, Mr. Wm. A. Fordham, of South Haven, Mich. His excellent lady had recently been developed as a medium of rare merit for writing poetry. In the course of the visit, she read to me a poem to her husband, from the spirit of Burns. It was so beautifully witty, and so like Burns, I had no doubt of its authorship. As she closed the reading, I said, in a laughing way, "I wish Burns would write a poem for me." Instantly she was under control, and wrote the following:

TO MY BROTHER J. G. FISHER, IN EARTH-LIFE.  
By Robert Burns—Mrs. C. A. Fordham, Medium.

Small Burns, the poet, come to ye,  
With spirit song as sweet and free  
As that he warbled by the Doon,  
Upon a golden autumn moon?

To tell ye of the flowery braes,  
Where he with Highland Mary strays,  
And of the breezes soft and bland,  
And heather bloom of spirit-land?

Of warbling birds, whose woodland wild  
Still charms the ear of Nature's child;  
And murmuring streams, with gentle flow,  
Like lover's accents, sweet and low?

Of sunset glories, with burnished gold,  
Whose skies pen may not e'er unfold;  
And morning, flooding vale and mount  
With beams from inspiration's fount?

Of night, whose flocks of silver stars  
Leap o'er Aurora's golden bars,  
While herman rough, the brave old wind,  
Loud whistling, follows close behind?

Or weave for ye a spirit wreath,  
Of flowers that spring by hill and heath—  
The withered white, the purple bell,  
That Flora's poet loved so well?

Or trace with him the winding Ayre,  
Of Scotland's bonnie streams the fair—  
Oh Ayre! what streams compare with thine?  
Not classic Tiber, nor the Rhine.

Oh Scotland! Mother of the free,  
The ploughman's mill still turns to thee;  
Though he at will through heaven may roam,  
He'll ne'er forget the Highland home.

#### HAUNTED HOUSES.

Readers of newspapers are seldom called upon to peruse detailed accounts of supernatural occurrences. Superstition, even in the present age, is a powerful agent, and yet we have a plain, circumstantial account of a seemingly supernatural affair to lay before the readers of the Inquirer this morning. We say seemingly, because we believe that there is some trickery in the case, though the facts are so plain, and the circumstances so plain, that we cannot but believe that there is some trickery in the case.

In South Fifth street, in the old District of South-west, stands an unpretending three-story brick house; the front apartment of the first floor is used as a dry goods store, and the remainder of the building is occupied as the dwelling place of the family of the store and his family. These people have lived in this house for the past ten years, and have found it a comfortable residence until last Thursday evening, when their troubles began.

Three young ladies of the family, after having retired for the night in their usual apartment, the third story from below, were awakened by a clattering on the floor, and on rising to ascertain the cause of the noise they found that their combs, brushes, head dresses, &c., had been thrown upon the floor; they replaced them on the top of the bureau, and retired, and again the articles were thrown upon the floor. They arose a second time, somewhat alarmed. To heighten their trepidation, a looking glass jumped from the wall into a far corner of the room, and was shattered to pieces. They awoke their father, and he came up to the third story, and found the same things jumping from their accustomed positions and walking around the floor. There were strange knocking in the ceiling and walls. There was no more sleep for the family that night.

With daylight they became calm, but while the last of the house was being cleaned, a looking glass, a saucer sprang from the table against the wall, and was broken into a dozen fragments. The members of the household, who are not over nervous, partook of their morning meal, and commenced the business of the day.

On Friday night, however, annoyances began again: doors flew open with great violence, the heavy curtain jumped from a table through a pane of glass, and clattered on the pavement below. The mantle ornaments again became erratic, and chased over the floor; pictures became loosed from their fastenings, and flew across the rooms with a noise like that of a cannon. In the morning, the looking glass was found shattered to pieces, and the mantle ornaments were again thrown upon the floor, and the family were again alarmed.

Not liking to have the ornamental furniture destroyed, the pictures and mirrors were unhung, and placed in a room, and the family were again alarmed. One large looking glass took a zigzag flight across a room, brought up against an opposing wall, and was smashed out of all the semblance of a respectable reflector. It was a sight of horror to the family, and the incident of the broken looking glass, next morning, their plates jumped from the dresser, and dashed themselves to atoms against floor, walls and ceiling. The morning meal had to be partaken from the laps of the haunted people. During Friday they removed all the pictures, looking glasses and valuable mantel ornaments to the house of a neighbor, where they still remain.

The master and mistress of the family being communicants of the Baptist Church, imparted the circumstances of their strange visitation to their pastor, and on Saturday evening that gentleman accompanied them to the house, and they went to the haunted dwelling to pass the night. With one of these clerical gentlemen we had a protracted interview. He is a very clear-minded scholar, has received a collegiate training, and during his studies paid considerable attention to the sciences of natural philosophy and chemistry. He assures us that he entered the haunted dwelling with the belief that the inmates were the dupes of trickery, and he left the house yesterday morning perplexed in the extreme.

Soon after he entered the parlor a hymn book was projected from a table and struck him with violence against the door. With his own hand he picked up the book and replaced it; before his eyes the volume was seized by an invisible force, and for a second time thrown across the room, and a testament sent to keep it company. Again the books were replaced, and again sent whirling around the room, at times making the entire circumference of the apartment, then they would fly off at a tangent and come to a full stop violently against the walls. Bibles, testaments and hymn books were endowed with strange powers of volition during several hours of Saturday night.

Both the clergymen present did their best to discover some trick by which the inanimate objects were made to circulate in rooms in so mysterious a manner, but in vain; they could discover no clue to the mystic movements.

who expressed himself an unbeliever in supernatural phenomena, was roughly rebuffed by strong, though invisible hands. The violent manifestations continued for about three hours, when they ceased.

Yesterday morning they began again. A servant of the family, while cleaning the chimney, had a tumbler fly from the wash-pipe and strike her violently in the forehead, leaving an ugly mark in the shape of a flesh wound. The key flew from out the locks of the door; the four remaining dishes threw violent somersaults from shelves to floor. A last attempt was made to set the table yesterday for the Sunday dinner in vain; the plates jumped off the table and went to atoms against floor and ceiling, so the hapless family ate their Sabbath-day dinner from their laps.

A daughter of the family, on her return from church yesterday, on entering the parlor had her Bible torn from her hands with such force as to tear the covers entirely off.

Even the bread became endowed with life, and went splashing over the table in the most eccentric manner. During yesterday afternoon there was comparative quiet; there were rumbling noises, but no movements of inanimate objects. Our reporters visited the house during the afternoon; they heard the strange, unaccountable noises, but saw nothing in transition through the air. Broken dishes, shattered mirrors, damaged books, and the absence of all ornamental furniture, bore ample evidence of the strange annoyance to which the dwelling was subjected.

Several Spiritualists have visited the house, and expressed themselves confident that evil spirits were at work, though who invoked their power they were unable to tell. None of the mediums seemed to have sufficient power to lay the disturbing spirits beneath the waves of the Red Sea.

By the urgent requests of the family we suppress the number of the haunted house, as it would become uncomfortably crowded with curious visitors. The facts are substantially as above stated. The next of the family to be visited by the family being passed last night in the haunted house. One of the attaches of the Inquirer shared his vigil. The family in this house are all opposed to the dogmas of Spiritualism, are communicants of the Baptist Church, and bear a high character for Christian integrity and honesty.

The only theory advanced thus far by the superstitious to account for the outbreak of these mysterious manifestations is that they are caused by a lady who boarded in the family for some months, and left the house on rather ill terms with the inmates. This woman is reported to be a Spiritualist, and it is said by some that she has conjured the evil spirits into the house. Those in the immediate neighborhood who profess Spiritualism are considerably exercised over these manifestations.—Philadelphia Inquirer, Feb. 5.

Later information about the above affair, we find in the same paper, of the date of Feb. 7th, as follows:

The haunted house in Fifth street continues to be the talk. It forms the principal topic of conversation in social circles, places of business, and the dwellings of the city. The family, however, are not at all disturbed by the manifestations. The bewitched dwelling is the great centre of attraction; for during the entire day yesterday and last evening hundreds of persons from all parts of the city congregated in front of the house, and gaped with open-eyed wonder at the wall of black and mortar, which they supposed hid from their view the strange, unearthly, blood-chilling doings going on within.

The family are well high distracted with the rush of curious visitors. During yesterday a posse of police were stationed at the front door, who were kept busy in preventing persons from entering the dwelling. The family, however, are not at all disturbed by the manifestations. The bewitched dwelling is the great centre of attraction; for during the entire day yesterday and last evening hundreds of persons from all parts of the city congregated in front of the house, and gaped with open-eyed wonder at the wall of black and mortar, which they supposed hid from their view the strange, unearthly, blood-chilling doings going on within.

The older members of the family express their determination to "stick it out," although there does not appear to be any necessity for doing so, unless they are fond of the society of turbulent spirits, for friends and acquaintances in the neighborhood who belong to some Church, with the afflicted family would gladly give them refuge until the ghost, hobgoblin, spirit, or whatever it is, has taken his departure for parts unknown.

During yesterday there were no particular manifestations of the evil spirits. Whether he, she, or it, is taking a breathing spell after the violent exertions of the past few days, and gathering up strength for a renewed attack on furniture, picture frames, crockery, &c., or given the whole thing up as a bad job remains to be seen. The advent of this still night, however, and nuts for the Spiritualists throughout the city. They have absolutely besieged the house morning, noon and night, and each one has his or her theory concerning the disturber of the peace of a quiet family. There are unbelieving heathens who unhesitatingly declare that the Spiritualists are at the bottom of the entire affair, and that they got the exhibition up for the purpose of making spiritual capital. The family, however, all solemnly aver that they are not Spiritualists themselves and have not the slightest belief in such nonsense.

During yesterday afternoon a party of Spiritualists, who were visiting the house, and, proceeding to one of the rooms said to be haunted, set themselves deliberately to work to investigate the phenomena in their own peculiar style. Their "incantation scene" was, however, slightly interfered with by a well-known Episcopal clergyman who had been visiting the house about this time, and learning what was going on, advanced to the room where the "circle" was sitting, and striking the table with his cane, commanded them to leave at once. The Spiritual party took this delicate hint, and left in high indignation. The clergyman then called for water, and he turned the gas and forcing up prayers, proceeded to comfort them with his advice, and remained some time talking to those around him.

#### A HAUNTED HOUSE IN ERIE, PENN.

The Erie Dispatch of Saturday, Jan. 27th, has the annexed:

We mentioned a day or two since the existence in our midst of a veritable haunted house, or at least, one which has gained that reputation, and we now have the opportunity to lay before our readers a more detailed account of the information accidentally obtained. As we are always on the lookout for items, we plucked up sufficient courage to make the acquaintance of the owner of the house, and questioned him as to the truth of the report. Although at first somewhat reticent on the subject, he at last invited us to his house on ——— street, to see and hear for ourselves. There were two provisions connected with the invitation, however, one of which was, that whatever we might say upon the subject, we should keep his name and the locality of the house as strictly secret; and the other that we should come alone. We begged hard for the privilege of a companion, but he was immovable. "You need not come until ten o'clock, or past," said the gentleman, "as you would probably hear nothing before that time."

On Wednesday evening punctual to the hour, we rang at the door, and were ushered into the parlor, where a dim fire was burning in the grate. The gas was turned on, and in another moment our host made his appearance.

"I was half hoping you would not come," said he, "but I do not regret it, making the thing so, and haide yourself there are not half-a-dozen people in the city who have any suspicion of anything of the kind."

We sat for nearly an hour in conversation, and at last began to despair of seeing anything of an extraordinary nature, when a faint light of a rocking chair which stood within a few feet of us, commenced rocking—very gently at first, and then violently. We leaned forward to touch it, when it suddenly removed itself out of our reach and stopped. At the same moment the gentleman touched our arm and said: "Look in the glass."

The mirror to which he called attention was quite large, and stood between two windows. Turning toward it we saw the surface assuming a singular appearance, precisely the same as if one were breathing upon it. "You can see it better with less light," said Mr. ———, and he turned the light of a human arm appeared, small, white and delicate, reaching out from the darkness which enveloped it, with a sort of entreating, beckoning motion. This lasted, perhaps, two or three minutes, and then slowly disappeared more to-night," said Mr. ———. "The manifestations—if one may call them so—always end with that. Some nights they last for two or three hours. They come and go without

any apparent reason. We first became aware of something singular about the house, nearly two months ago. The noises have been irregular—sometimes making themselves heard every night, and then remaining quiet for months. My wife is a woman of nerve, and we have both become so accustomed to them, that though unpleasant, they do not especially trouble us. We can in no manner account for the phenomena, nor do we try. Sometimes, by the sound of footsteps, one would imagine the room filled. Often steps go up and down stairs without any visible bodies accompanying them. Furniture is changed from one room to another. No injury has ever been done, nor, ever, to any article. We think that by paying no attention to whatever it is, the trouble will sooner cease. If you care to pursue your investigations further, you are welcome at any time to do so."

So ended this first visit, and though we were somewhat startled, we were not altogether convinced. We intend to make another trial next week, and, if possible, visit the thing thoroughly. Truly, "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

#### An Explanation.

Allow me space in the Banner, to give a brief statement of the case of the late Mrs. Laura M. Hollis. I claim this for the reason that two of our correspondents have, in substance, charged the Spiritualists of Maine with ingratitude for her past services, by neglecting to provide for her wants and comfort during her last sickness. It is true that she had labored faithfully as a speaking medium, for some three or four years in this city and vicinity, principally the latter, only a small proportion of her time having been occupied in Bangor. I cannot give exact dates, but about the month of October, 1864, at Kenduskeag, twelve miles from here, she was stricken down by the loss of her mental faculties, and greatly impaired physical energies. She remained at that place until last June, in the care of Brothers Dorr and Palmer, mostly with the latter. About this time Brother Palmer wrote to her niece, a Mrs. Anna, in Godstown, N. H., stating her condition, and in reply, she stated her desire to have her aunt with her, but was unable to bear the expense incident to her removal, but agreed, if she could be sent to Bangor, to meet and receive her there. Accordingly she was brought to Bangor and provided with a passage, but no one appearing to meet her in Bangor, she was brought back. By subsequent letters, another time was stated to meet her, and was sent the second time, with the same result, and again returned to this city, where she had the hospitalities of my house for about two weeks, but the condition of my family was such as to render it impossible to have the care of her longer. A consultation was therefore held with the committee and the friends generally, and it was decided to place her at the Almshouse, this being the only alternative, as no family could be found in a condition to take the care of her, even with the promise of large compensation, which the friends were most willing to contribute. Whilst at this institution she was visited by some of our friends, who, with the kindest and humane treatment received by her at their hands. Early in the month of September, we had some reason to expect a visit from Dr. J. R. Newton, who was then at Portland, and designed giving her the benefit of his treatment; but during the same day, that we were to be disappointed in our expectations, made arrangements to take her to Portland, in which we were also disappointed, as she had about this time manifested strong symptoms of insanity, and requiring a great amount of care; the authorities had decided, unknown to us, to remove her to the Insane Hospital at Bangor, (which they did the very morning of the day we designed taking her to Portland) where she remained until she passed off peacefully and quietly to her spirit-home, the 25th of October. Joseph her departure I have learned through Mrs. Joseph M. Kitch, with whom she made her principal home, when stopping here, or passing through this city, that more than two years ago, in speaking of the probabilities of her soon passing away, that should she become sick and unable to take care of herself, desired to be taken to the Almshouse, where she might not be a burden to her friends, and gave directions in regard to her burial, and the disposition of her clothing, &c., which latter I have attended to, by causing them to be forwarded to her niece aforesaid; but the former would not probably have been regarded, had not circumstances conspired to do so. Within the past week she has paid us a kindly visit, through the mediumship of Mrs. Littlefield, of this city, expressing thanks to myself and wife, and the friends generally, for the kind attention and course pursued in her case. In view of these facts, and the want of a knowledge of them, we cannot but feel that our judgment was sound, and upon our consciences I am not disposed to cast any blame, as it may serve to admonish others to suspend judgment until they shall have heard the evidence. Whose duty will it become to ensure, or call down shame upon the heads of those Spiritualists of Maine? Let him or her that is without fault make the first assault. I feel that we did the best we could under the circumstances. Experience is always a good teacher, and if others can profit by our faults, then good will have been the result. I am thankful that she has left a large circle of friends, possessed of enough of the milk of human kindness to see that, although she had no relatives nearer than New Hampshire, she was well and faithfully cared for during the whole of her year's infirmities and sickness; and also that when it was impossible for private individuals to do what was necessary to support her, we have benevolent public institutions to assume and faithfully accomplish the high responsibility. If any important errors or omissions have occurred in the foregoing, I will thank any friend to correct them. Having briefly stated the case according to my best knowledge, I now leave the subject in the minds of your readers to pass sentence, and that without any fears of their condemnation.

Yours, very truly,  
L. STOCKWELL.

Bangor, Me., Jan. 6, 1866.

#### Dewdrops.

Habits take deep root in a favorable soil. Youth is like the spring garden, and what is sown yields a harvest of the same kind. If thou dost wish for knowledge, apply thyself to attain it, while thou hast few cares and thy memory cannot receive it; so shall the summer of thy days be fruitful and the autumn be crowned with sheaves of honor.

The graces of the spirit are developed from the performance of duty in a well regulated life. Let a laudable ambition stimulate to action, and the action shall procure their renown. Thy fame shall live and teach multitudes after thee. The consciousness of having done thy duty is to thee a pearl of great price. The slander from the tongue poisons the atmosphere of the soul.

Exhort thy friend. It may be he will not listen for a season, but consideration will render him more yielding to thy will.

Liberty of conscience is the law of life. Counsel thy friend and ancor him in time of trouble. Thy interest and sympathy shall blend, and harmony shall effect the desired end.

Beauty and chastity are like the lily and the rose. Cavillings and dissensions are the bane of social intercourse in all conditions of life.

When truth and equity harmonize the forces of action, they become the joys of sunshine. The dew of affection blot from the memory past follies.

The time-honored sage will descend on the various duties of life. Blithe are the sallies of youth. Wisdom and age direct their steps.

A picture of vanity is the emblem of folly. Variety crowns the life of all. True repentance is the refraining from evil.

The prayers of the penitent are answered by their own deeds of love. The sluttishness of the fawning is like the sting of the wasp to him who studies his own faults.

Application is the key of knowledge that opens the door to wisdom. ELIZA.

Augusta, Me.

Lay by a good store of patience, but put it where you can find it.







## DISEASES

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit who named it, bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given as per data, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—a reported revelation.

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

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine purporting to be from spirits that does not comport with his or her reason. All express a much of truth as they perceive—no more.

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

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

### Invocation.

Oh God of all nations! oh light of our souls!  
Whose loving hand guides us, whose wisdom controls,  
Through the weakness and darkness and sorrows of Time,  
Oh lead these thy children to soul-heights sublime.  
Let us teach them to love thee and serve thee aright,  
Never fearing the darkness, yet loving the light;  
Never doubting thy presence, ever trusting thy grace,  
To give to each soul its true portion and place.  
And unto thee, oh God of our life, be the homage and honor of nations and individuals forever. Amen.

### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—Mr. Chairman, if you have questions from correspondents or the audience, we are now ready to consider them.

**Q.**—Will the controlling influence enlighten me on this subject? The answer to a sealed question, is this: "With you, not here—Here with me, and not here." If not here, who gives the answer? The question was asked and answered at this circle as above stated.

**A.**—Every soul, or every intelligence, lives within a sphere or world of its own. In all probability the intelligence answering the question under seal, was fully aware that the spirit who had been called upon to answer the sealed question was at that time dwelling in the soul-world of the individual who questioned. It matters not whether that individual was here in this room, or ten thousand miles away; the answer would be equally as appropriate.

**Q.**—Mrs. A. Duell having lost two members of her family by typhoid fever, and not knowing but it might be from some fault in the nursing, wishes to ask the intelligence that controls in your circle, the best method for a nurse to pursue in the typhoid fever? This question is asked for the benefit of humanity.

**A.**—Every particular case demands its own particular sphere of action. It would be absolutely impossible to set up a general rule in this matter, or any other. Each case must be governed by circumstances attending it. Therefore you should treat all cases differently, as no two cases can be exactly alike. No two are born alike into this mortal sphere, or spirit-sphere. No two travel alike on the highway of human or divine life. In order to give advice that would be of use, we should have to give personal attention to personal cases.

**Q.**—By Samuel Eddy. I am informed through spirits, that eternal progression and harmony are the inherent principles of spirits who have passed out of the form. How can you reconcile this doctrine with the fact that some spirits who claim to be in advanced spheres, advocate war and bloodshed, the taking of human life, when they must know that when spirits are prematurely forced from the natural body, they have not progressed as much as they would had they lived out their natural lives?

**A.**—There are no premature deaths, because there are no mistakes made by Nature. Progression does not mean simply the going forward in life. It means something more than this. It means to each individual soul that particular method and mode by which they, as individuals, are to live in happiness, which means harmony to themselves. Because spirits return advocating war, you have no right to say they are wrong. They advocate war because they see war is a necessity resulting from your human conditions, a something you in the present have not outgrown; an absolute necessity that has been born of and fostered by your human conditions, over which you can have little or no control. Think you if war was not a necessity that the Great Author of Life would suffer it to be? Think you your Heavenly Father has made a mistake in this? Or that he simply suffers it because he cannot provide a remedy? If you think this, you are mistaken. The great Father of all things makes no mistakes. If he suffers war to exist, it is because it is a necessity. If crime exists, it is because there is a cause for it, and crime is true to its parent. By-and-by, when you shall go on still further in the great highway of moral law, then you will yourselves do away with the conditions of which war is born. You will become agents in the hands of the Great Wise Father, to wipe out this yourselves. But until you shall have grown into conditions where you can wield this power, war will be one of the conditions of human life.

### Caroline L. Wiseman.

In 1861, by the advice of friends, I left my home in Virginia and came to reside, until quiet should be restored, in Trenton.

I was sick at the time. The year before, I had passed through a severe run of fever, and it was thought by my friends that I might possibly die in consumption; but I thought otherwise. As it was, I could bear very little excitement, so I took the advice of my friends; to prolong my life, I came North to reside. But I was so sad, so dispirited, so very unhappy, first at hearing the news of my brother's death, and next at hearing that my father had been taken prisoner.

So when one by one these ill-tidings reached me, I grew sicker day after day, until at last in 1863, a little more than a year after my coming North, I died, as you say.

I have never been able to make any communication to my friends. At first I thought I could not, but when I learned I could, I found it was very hard to find the way.

Now that peace is restored, or at any rate now that the fighting is over, and the transportation of mail may be relied upon, I perhaps may have

as fair a chance as any, of transmitting some intelligence to my friends.

My brother, who reached the spirit-world from the battle-field before me, also joins me in sending word to our friends that we are alive; that we can come; that we rejoice that the war is so far over, that things are beginning in some respects to assume quiet. But we grieve at the thought, also, that death has almost effectually closed the door between ourselves and friends on earth. But we feel if we never make an effort we shall never know how much we can do.

I was kindly cared for, and, at the last, I passed on satisfied and contented. At first I thought I could not go. Names belong to our bodies; therefore I should say that the name of my body was Caroline L. Wiseman. [Give your brother's name?] Henry Wiseman. [Your age?] Nineteen; in my twentieth year; daughter of Samuel Wiseman, of Portsmouth, Virginia. Trusting to your charity, I shall leave my message, hoping that it will reach my friends. [Is your mother living?] She is. [Are your friends in Portsmouth still?] I presume so, though I am not advised in regard to that. [Then we may direct a paper to your father?] Yes. Dec. 18.

### Major William H. Dixon.

Fully expecting I shall meet justice at your hands, I present myself here to-day to receive favors. I was Major William H. Dixon, and I lost my life at the storming of Fort Donelson. That I was your opponent when on earth I shall not pretend to deny. But as your place here seems to be located on neutral ground in these matters, I shall hope to receive fair treatment.

They tell me that the war is over, that the Spirit of Peace has returned to America. I, for one, am glad to hear it, but, at the same time, I must say I fear it will not long dwell here, because I know that the Spirit of War at the South is not dead by any means. I know that there are many souls who feel equally as antagonistic to-day as they did two or three years ago. Now I know from the minds of such persons go forth an emanation that will breed anything but peace. But never mind; you are to learn by experience; and what does not come to us through experience is not worth much. We very soon find that out on entering this spiritual sphere.

I hail, sir, from Georgia. I have friends who are dear to me, for whom I would, if I could, part with all my future hopes, if I could only assure them, in their own souls, that spirits can return; that we can talk; that we do live. I am fully aware of the condition of my friends in their changed lives, but, strange to say, I cannot, do not regret it. Now that they are poor, in more senses than one, I am glad, for it may drive them to finding out better things, of acquiring wealth that will last them beyond death. It may be the means of putting something into their hands that they can carry with them beyond death. And what is the tinsel of human life? It serves you but a few days, and then you part with it at the tomb. Oh God, I wish I had my life to live over again, with the knowledge I have now. No matter, I must go on.

I would make special communication to my brother Augustus, if I can. I want him to put down all fear of death, all fear of public opinion in this matter; give me a chance to talk to him, and I'll tell him some things I don't care to tell here. Thanking you for your kindness, and hoping that you may live long to do your good work, I will part with you to-day. I think he will get it. However, if he should fall to, perhaps I can come and tell you again. Dec. 18.

### James Welsh.

Well, sir, I've been ever since 1858 trying to come to this place. Yes, sir, it was in 1858 that I died. I know something about this thing; went to a clairvoyant to see what ailed me. When I got there, it was me father that came to me, before the doctor came, and told me I was going to die.

Yes, sir, me name is James Welsh, and I lived in Boston, on High street. Yes, sir, and it was down at a hotel in Haymarket Square; yes, sir, and me wife was with me, and we talk the matter all over when we go home—me wife and me. I said to her, "Mary, if there's any such thing as coming back, I will come, and I will tell you about these things." Ah, and I've tried so hard to come! and it's all this while I've been; yes, sir. [Do you remember the name of the clairvoyant you visited?] No, sir, I don't. Me wife will tell you; she took me there. Oh, I was sick, I was bad at the time, I was coughing all the time; oh, I was very bad! When I got there, me father came to me; oh, and I was not expecting him at all! Me father says, "James, you will come to me; there's no need of your paying out your money, for you'll soon come to me, and then you'll be all right." And, afterwards, he sent the doctor to me, and he told me the same thing. But he did give me some medicine, and more than that, he gives me a paper to go and get the medicine, yes, sir, down at a place in Hanover street, where they have herbs and such things to sell; yes, sir, where they keep medicines. "And I was to say they was to send the bill to the doctor; yes, sir, to himself, or the clairvoyant—that was it; yes, sir, and it helped me a good deal, for it made me go very easy. Yes, sir, and I not forget it nor him; Fisher was his name.

Oh, I am so glad to be able to come. Oh, I know Mary's thinking all the time, "If Spiritualism was true James would have been back before this." It's not so easy to come, no, it isn't. I tried very hard to come, but I have a good deal to learn; yes, sir, and then there's so many foolish me all the time that I find it hard to get in here. It's in a paper you'll print this letter? [Yes.] Well, Mary borrows it every week, and she's all the time looking for me. Oh, she'll be right glad when she sees me name! I can't say anything at all about the Catholic religion, for, to tell the truth, I don't seem to have any religion at all. I don't know as I care; I'm very well off, yes, sir, I am.

Oh, I was sick a long time, sir; I was ailing more than eight or nine months. I took a very bad cold, and somehow it settled on me lungs, and I grew bad all the time. Well, I have Dr. Jackson once. I go to him, and he give me some other substance to take. Ah, me stomach goes over and over when I takes it. Then I takes some other kind of medicine, too. Then Mary heard of that clairvoyant, and we went to him, and after that me mind was easy; I was feeling better all the time. When I grow weaker in me body me mind was growing aisy. Ah, sir, I'm very well off now. I am much obliged sir; that is the most I can give. Dec. 18.

[There are reliable persons in Boston who will vouch for the truthfulness of the above statement.]—Ed. B. or L.

### Arabella Stearns.

I am Arabella Stearns. My father keeps a store in Canal street, New York. I lived there. I was eight years old.

I want to go away. I want to speak to my mother. I had a horrid sore throat. I was awful sick.

If I had not been sick, I was going to Washington. I was going to the inauguration hall with my mother and father. I got sick, and they had to stay at home.

I want you to please to tell 'em that I am well, that I can come back, that I'm with aunt Charlotte—with aunt Charlotte. She died five years ago, and I'm with her. She used to live with us. [Is she your mother's sister?] No; she's my father's. I'm not sick now. I'm pretty well. I wish I had some flowers to send to my mother. I have 'em, but ain't got any here. Dec. 18.

### Circle closed by Francis White.

### Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, we thank thee for as much of thy will and way as the stern forces of Nature have revealed unto us. We need not tell thee that thy children who are gazing through the dim mists and shadows of Time do not always discern thy presence. We need not tell thee that the mother, when she folds gently the little hands upon the silent breast of her first-born, and decks its brow with lilies for the tomb, does not always see thy love in its removal. We need not tell thee of these things, for as thou art the soul of intelligence, thou knowest this. Oh God, our life, to whom we owe all things, from whom we expect all blessings, for the shadows as for the sunbeams, the soul looks upward in praise and prayer. Though in our outer lives we fail to understand thy presence, though we fail to understand thy laws in our inner lives, there is a oneness with thee—in our soul-being thou art understood. There is perpetual worship. There the soul sends out the aroma of its love to thee forever. Oh God, for the shadows of Time, in behalf of these children, we thank thee, for in our inner lives we know that they are all a necessity, all assist them up the steps of life, all aid them in turning the leaves of Life's volume. Father, hear the prayers of thy children, answer them, bless them in thy way, not ours. Amen. Dec. 19.

### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—Mr. Chairman, if you have inquiries we are ready to consider them.

**CHAIRMAN.**—F. Cole sends three questions to the circle:

**1ST Q.**—Will the talked-of "war of ideas" be universal, or limited to America?

**A.**—It is our belief that it will be universal. America may share very largely in the contest; nevertheless, we believe it will be universal.

**2d Q.**—Will the Jews ever realize the coming of their expected Messiah?

**A.**—Spiritually they will, materially they will not.

**3d Q.**—Why were so many swine kept in Jerusalem, when the Jews were forbidden to eat their flesh?

**A.**—That we do not know. Dec. 19.

### Osgood Eaton.

There are many reasons why I have deemed it well to avail myself of the privilege you offer at this place for the return and manifestation of those spirits who have thrown off their own material organisms.

One of the most prominent, and, perhaps, most pointed reasons is this: When questioned of these things a short time previous to my change, by one who was a believer in this Spiritual Philosophy, I promised, or I rather assented to a promise that was exacted of me, should I find these things true, I would return. It is useless for me to tell those friends, or that friend, that I have found their Philosophy true, for the very fact of my coming proves that.

I counted upwards of half a century on earth, and yet with all the experiences a man could gather in that time, I feel I entered the spirit-world as a little child. I was expecting to realize what, in the order of Nature, I could by no possibility realize. I had blindly believed in popular religion, although I made very little expression thereof. I was like many others with you, who are very willing that some one else should do their spiritual thinking, the thinking that belongs to the things of the future. If we all knew what was best for us, we should hardly be willing to allow others to do our thinking, or trust our soul's welfare with any one outside ourselves. But we do not know ourselves; do not know what is best for us; the masses are floating on in darkness, and instead of being guided by the sunlight of their own reason, they are guided by the false dictation of those who pretend to lead them aright.

It is no use to return deploring these things. They exist, and I suppose will continue to; and because they do exist, some one, or some class of individuals, will be the chosen instruments of God to effect a reform.

It is but a short time ago since I was living quietly in my own body, in this, your, in some respects, favored city. You are favored with a large degree of spiritual light. Perhaps you do not see it.

It is not necessary for me to go on with a review of my past life, to prove that I am the spiritual personage that I purport to be. If I should give an array of facts that would reach to the skies, it would not amount to anything. Let them be ever so sacred, you would trample them under your feet unless the light of divine truth had penetrated your souls; unless its light had illumined the chambers of your souls and made you ready to receive the truth.

I am not here to prove that I live; no, I am only here to answer the demands of my own nature; to do what my God determines that I shall do. At the same time, no one would be more happy than myself to meet with those I am so strongly attached to here. No one would hail such an event with more joy than I. But I can wait, for God's time shall be my time. I was not slow to see that these things when here, therefore I ought to have patience, if folks can't see these things any better than I did; and God being my helper, I will have patience.

I am Osgood Eaton, formerly a resident of your city. I passed on to the spheres of spiritual life from Fortrose Monroe. I shall be known, sir. Farewell.

One word to the Order to which I belonged: Brothers, your calling is a holy one. I honor it now as I did when here. It has been born of God and God will sustain it; fear not. Dec. 19.

### John Gilcrease.

Ha, mother! look here! I can't answer any letters, (referring to a sealed letter that lay on the table) but I want you to tell Sarah for me, that, so sure as she submits to that operation, she will die.

Don't be afraid, mother, it's John; nobody but me. I didn't hurt you when I was here, and I shan't now. Dec. 19.

### Ebenezer Francis.

Blessed are they who, having ears, hear; who, having eyes, see.

I have come here before, and I was then, as I am now, in an unhappy, miserable state. I had ears here, but I didn't hear. I had eyes, but I

couldn't see; I could not, or did not, profit by observation.

I suppose that many envied me when I was here, for what I had; but great God, if they could see me now, they would pity, they would love all their envy. I looked myself out of heaven. There is no one to blame, I suppose, for it; although when I think of the thing in one way, I can but wonder why I was born as I was with such privacies.

What brings me here to-day, is, I was at a place in this city, where some of my distant relatives were talking of me. They wondered what I would do with any money, if I could come back with the experiences I have gained since death.

I want to tell them if I was permitted to come back and live a mortal life over again, seeing what I do now, I would not have any money. No, I would not be cursed with money. No, I would prefer to have the wealth that belongs to the spirit. But you cannot have both, not and live as I did. You've got to be poor in one direction or the other. I was poor in spirit—miserably poor; yes, I was, and I am now—not because I love money, but because the experiences that it brought me I haven't got rid of yet; and I don't know as I ever shall, but still I hope to.

To those people who were talking of me, I'd say just this much: You need not mourn because you have not got as much money as you think you ought to have. The time will come when you'll be glad you didn't have any more; when, if you are sorry for anything, it will be that you had as much as you did. I know very well you do not make any outward profession of belief in the return of us spirits; but I tell you what it is, we know what you think. If you've got any mercy on your soul, do not desire great wealth. It's sure to carry you down to hell. It crushes out all your better nature, at least for a while. What do you want to pray for it for? You say to do good with, to bestow it on others. It's a lie, and you know it. You would not do it. You pray God to bless your endeavors to get money, and you'll be faithful stewards. Good God! have you? No, you have not, any more than I was. By-and-by you will be called to an account for all these things. You will; you can't escape it. You might as well talk of escaping death. It's just as sure to come on you, as it was to come on me.

I know there are some who do good with their money, but these are the exceptions. They are very, very rare. You don't meet them once in a hundred years. They used to tell me, when I was in the body, that if we judged others by ourselves we should give pretty correct judgment. My name, Ebenezer Francis. I'm ashamed of it, but that's what it was. Dec. 19.

Circle closed this afternoon by Thomas Campbell.

### Christmas Invocation.

Oh God, our God!  
Faint and weary are thy children,  
Tolling up the steep of time,  
Seeking for the Eastern token,  
Listening for the morning chime;  
Waiting, waiting, ever waiting  
For the voice of long ago,  
With its soft, melodious accents,  
Soothing every human woe.  
Know they not the star has risen,  
And its glory glides the earth?  
Hear they not the song of angels  
O'er this glorious second birth?  
"Peace on earth! good will from Heaven!"  
Sing that white robed angel band,  
"Peace on earth! good will from Heaven!"  
Echoes over all the land.  
Oh thou God of Past and Present!  
Oh thou Light of every soul!  
We will chant thee deathless praises,  
While Eternity shall roll. Dec. 21.

### Questions and Answers.

**Q.**—What will be the nature of the change which the New Testament says will take place instantly, to certain persons at the last day?

**A.**—You are constantly passing through instantaneous changes, and every day through which you have passed is the last day. We do not believe, as many do, that this has special reference to the winding up of the things of Time. We cannot believe it has reference to this, though we know many do so believe. The writer says, or the passage reads thus: "There are some among you who shall not taste death." And again, "We shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the sounding of the trumpet the last day." It will be remembered by those who are familiar with the religious histories of olden nations, that at the end of every Jewish year, or ancient year, which corresponds to our seven years, all the people were called together from all parts of the land by the sounding of trumpets, called together to pay their vows to their Gods. They were immediately, at the sound of the trumpet, to leave all their daily avocations, for they might not know, did not know at what hour the trumpet would sound, therefore it was expected of them that they should always be in readiness. But when it did sound, they were to hasten to their places of worship, there to pay their vows, there to offer sacrifice, there to do homage, each to their own particular God. Now Christianity has borrowed something of these rites from the ancients. You all know this; it is a fact no scholar will pretend to deny. So may be that some of these written words mean very little; or if they have any meaning at all, they belong particularly to ancient records, not to you.

**Q.**—Please explain the passage that says: "Fear not that man can kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but fear him that is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

**A.**—And here, too, is another child of ignorance. The soul is indestructible; cannot be destroyed. That we do positively know. It is not belief, it is a knowledge. Therefore, if it is indestructible, no power can destroy it; not even the Christian's God. We know that some hold that with this God all things are possible. But we understand this same Power to live inside of law and not outside of it.

**Q.**—Please explain the passage in the Bible where it says: "And I say unto thee that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven."

**A.**—If it has any particular meaning we cannot discern it. Dec. 21.

### Allen Davis.

I am a stranger not only to you but to the conditions I have undertaken to make use of, that I may manifest myself again, as a spirit, to those I have left. I do not remember having witnessed anything of this Spiritualism while I was on the earth. I have heard much said against it, and never heard a great deal said in favor of it. So you see I do not stand in so clear a light as many do. My name is, as it was, Allen Davis. I was sixteen years old. I entered the army in Louisiana;

was at first a private in the 7th Louisiana Infantry. I rose to First Lieutenant, and held that commission at the time of my death. My father, consequently myself, are pretty nearly connected with a man whom you suppose to have been the ringleader of the Southern Rebellion. I have nothing to say in his favor, nor have I anything to say against him. For my own part, I am very sorry that so many souls have been sent to the spirit-world from the battle-field. I am sorry that the Spirit of War was ever abroad in this beautiful land. But as we cannot help that which has passed, we'd better not ourselves to work to try to stand upon a better and more harmonious platform in the future.

I have a father, a mother, two sisters and a brother, and I shall be very glad, if there is any way by which I can commune with them, to do so. I passed safely through a good many battles, without a single wound, until the last one. I was taken very suddenly away; had no chance to send any word home to my friends, and hardly time to think what I would like to say. I supposed—as I think nearly all do—I should go home again; consequently made no provision for death. It was my father's intention, I believe, to try to obtain for me a situation, an appointment at West Point, had not these troubles, this warfare, created so much suffering throughout the land. I was very earnest to obtain such an appointment, for I rather liked a military life.

And now I would suggest that, as my youngest brother is desirous of such an appointment—if the Federal Government will favor him—I would suggest that my father would strive to gain an appointment for him. I know he has no right to ask favors of the Government he has fought against, but when all things are taken into consideration, there are palliating circumstances always on both sides.

They would know did I suffer much in dying? I suffered intensely for a few hours; but that was very quick, compared to the long suffering of some poor fellows. I was not all the time in a condition to think much of myself, or my surroundings. I was partially unconscious. They would know was I taken prisoner? No, I was not. Our dead, I believe, were left on the field, and I was buried there by some of our own forces.

I would like so much to speak with my friends. The next time I come I shall be better able to overcome these terrible physical weaknesses, that seem to haunt us like living spectres when we return. It is the experience, I am told, of all, so I must not expect to be exempt. [Where does your father reside?] He was at New Orleans the last I was able to come in rapport with him. [He will be likely to find mediums there.] I suppose so; I hope so; but he, like myself, is not acquainted with these things. Dec. 21.

### Thomas Williams (Colored.)

I got permission to come. When the war came on, I got offered pretty big pay to leave the place I was in to go out as cook on board a merchantman; so I accepted the situation, and that was the last time I ever seen any of my folks, or anything I cared anything about in this world.

I was on the "Bay State" steamer, one of the South steamers. My name was Thomas Williams; and, as I told you before, I had a good offer made me to go as cook, with bigger pay than I was getting, so I accepted it.

I took sick when we were about five days out. I suppose I had the sickness on me before I left, because I was not feeling well; but I managed to keep up for two days. But on the fifth day out I had to turn in, and after that I never got up again. Now I believe they said, on the whole, I was sick about fourteen days. Then I died, and a sorry time I had, too. [Do you remember the name of the ship you went out in?] Yes, sir, I do remember very well—the "John Elliot."

I left a wife and two little girls in New York, and oh, I am in the greatest way to get back to them that ever you seen a man in.

I know when I was there I not got the white skin any of you have, but I'm as white as any one now. I came to this place and ask leave to speak. They treat me very politely; said I was welcome.

Now, sir, I would like this sent—it's in a paper, I suppose, you'll print my letter? [Yes.] If you'll send it to Maria Williams, New York City, I'll be so glad. [What part of New York is she in?] Great God knows where she is now! I do not know, sir; yes, sir, in New York City I left her. I took very good care of her and the children, the little girls, when I was on the "Bay State." I had enough, and I ought to have been satisfied to stayed there.

But it was hard to get cooks at that time; then it was not many who'd like to risk themselves out to sea, for the ocean was infested, they said, with piratical crafts, and a good many would rather risk themselves in the army than on the water. But I had big pay offered me; that was the reason I took the situation. My wife told me I'd be sorry for it. She told me I'd be sorry. I have been ever since. I ain't like some folks I see, who have no wish to come back to earth and live again. No, if I could have my old body again, and be as well as I was before I was taken sick, I'd come quick enough; yes I would; I'd leave all I got in the spirit-world and come back. I know it's pleasant here; I like the things I have here, but I like Maria and the little girls best, after all. I'd go back if I could; yes, sir, I'd be glad to. I ought to have stayed where I was, but then I thought I'd save up all the money I earned, and then I was looking forward to coming back again to Maria and the children. I was looking to that, and thinking what I'd get with the money I'd saved up when I got on shore. Well, it's all over now. I'm sorry that I didn't take Maria's advice, and I want her to know I do not want her to be afraid. I'm alive, I ain't a ghost, I'm alive, and I'm just the same as I was here. I would come back if I could; I wouldn't stay in the spirit-world, I'd not stay there at all if I could help it, but I can't help it.

I suppose Maria has heard a good many things about me—that I was n't took good care of. Well, I was, pretty well; oh yes, I suppose I had all done for me that they could do. Oh, I was, sorry all the time; that's all. I'm sorry now, but I shall get over it by-and-by.

You won't forget Maria Williams, will you? [No.] Oh, I shall be under a good many obligations to you. Oh, I'd give anything if I was back again, I would. I got to go. Good-day, sir. Dec. 21.

### Annie Slade.

I'm Annie Slade, of Thompsonville, Ohio, nine years old. It's most a year since I left. I've been trying all the time to come back. I had a fever and ulcerated throat. [A sore throat?] Yes, sir.

I have a brother George. He was sick too, but he got well. My grandfather Parsons is in the spirit-land, and he has learnt me to come; and in the way if my mother will believe it, it will be a blessing to her soul. He was a Methodist minister; he was. [Your grandfather?] Yes, sir. I am happy; I like the spirit-land; I would n't



7. | tive wife, -- "American Crisis," and "List of Spiritualists."  
For address, see lecturers column. | WARREN CHASE



Ad- GEORGE F. RITZBERG will address  
circles, and lecture on Sundays, in Northern Michigan. Ad-  
dress, Grand Rapids, box 972.