

"John," said Carrie, "can this be so, that all these long years you have loved me, and I never suspected it? Is it that I have made you life so—so unlike what I had hoped for you? God forgive me, John, for my mistrust and want of sympathy."

"Give it me now; make of me what you wish; your love will purify, exalt, redeem me!" Again he ventured to take her hand and look into her eyes, which, however, could not return his gaze, for they fell beneath those burning glances.

"John, give me time; let me think. Go now."

"But come again?" he said, in a low tone.

"Yes, John, come again; but give me time. Oh, John, it is a fearful thing—such love as this!"

"Carrie, it was terrible to think of dying, and never revealing it to you! I will go, if you command me, but I must come again!"

They parted—but we all know what is said of the woman who hesitates. Ay, Carrie Perry, was there no guardian angel to warn you? Was there nothing in your heart that made you shrink instinctively from the touch of that hand? Was there no memory of that dying prophecy—of those clear, calm eyes that pierced the future and foresaw this scene?

Once that evening there was a still, small voice, but only for a moment, when she looked at Nettie, and saw her father in her eyes. There was something in Carrie's warm, impulsive nature that responded to such love as that which John Selden felt, and to lead that suffering, stern man to peace, was a task that she almost desired.

No wonder John Selden sang his psalm of victory! No wonder he thus forgot the lone, divorced, childless woman, who, in a humble home not far from his own, was brooding over her wrongs and her sorrows, and thought only of the beautiful one whom he hoped soon to call wife! Sleep on, John Selden, but Nemesis is swift-footed and clairvoyant!

Spring had come again, and nowhere did she find a sweeter welcome from tranquil lawn and whispering trees and swelling buds, than from the hill where Greenwood and Woodside reposed in such quiet beauty. Years of wealth and taste and toil had made them very beautiful, and Dalton was very proud of those homes, always directing strangers to them, as unsurpassed for beauty in the West.

Miss Jessie sat in her favorite bay window, one morning, looking at the scene which never wearied her, but soon her thoughts wandered, and her brow was troubled. War now filled the land, and her brother Henry had, in the very first excitement at the fall of Sumter, enlisted in the Union Army. Jessie would not have had it otherwise; but, nevertheless, there had entered into her heart an anxiety which she could not quiet. There was no one in Woodside or Greenwood to do battle with the foe—no one liable to draft, save Jim, and he told Peter "if the war was against old England, be jabbers, if he would n't stand a draft, and volunteer, too, and whip the old country till she did n't know London Bridge; but as for fightin' for them murtherin' niggers, to set 'em free, as 'Squire Hall said, by St. Patrick! he would n't do it."

"And you need n't," replied Peter. "The Lord's a comin', and he ha'nt nuffin to say to Ireland yet. He's a comin' to set his people free, and all he asks of you is you not to stand in de road. But if yer found dere, de chariot wheels of his glory will roll over you."

Jim made an exclamation of contempt, and moved away with his hoe to a distant part of the garden.

Jessie was tempted by the soft spring air to walk in the garden, and as she walked, she was still musing, and longing—as many a woman beside Jessie Gray has longed—for a strong arm to strike for her country. She was so absorbed that she observed no other person in the garden, till a voice near her said:

"Good morning, Miss Gray!"

Jessie turned, and saw Aunt Hannah. Now Jessie had a great regard for the good old housekeeper, and gave her a smiling greeting.

"I hope I don't intrude," said the housekeeper, with a little hesitation in her manner, "but I have come out to say a few words to you, which I hope you will take kindly, as it is meant."

"To be sure," said Miss Jessie, who wondered a little at the introduction.

"Suppose we go into the summer-house, where we shall be out of sight and hearing," and she stepped back for Jessie to precede her.

"There, now, Miss Gray, you are an orphan, and my heart often aches for you in our trouble, more especially as you have no one to tell you if you go wrong, or shield you if you make a false step."

This last expression disturbed Miss Gray, and she was about to rise and leave, when she thought that this woman could not feel any ill-will against her, and she would hear her through.

"I see you start, and there's a flush on your cheek; but I mean no harm, Miss Gray. I am your friend, and I know you are not suspicious, and are ignorant of the slander and gossip there is in this village."

Jessie began to understand now, and she was pale and silent, but listened patiently.

"Now, Miss Gray, I wish with my heart that Mr. John had seen you first. I do, indeed! Your gentle ways and your sweet voice would have made us all love you; but seeing things are as they are, and that terrible Madame Homer for your enemy, I can't advise you to marry him. No, I fear you will only have a life of sorrow; the whole town is full of the gossip, and I do n't like to have them talk so. Indeed, Miss Gray, I love you too well not to tell you all this, and advise you to do something. I can't tell what; you are wiser than this poor old woman."

"Marry him! Marry who? I do n't understand, Miss Hannah!"

"Why, Miss Gray, has n't Mr. John been visiting at your house near all winter? and is n't Dr. Barton going to marry Mrs. Perry some time, if he can persuade her to change her name, and a very sensible, good man he is, and I can't blame Miss Carrie? But you and Mr. John! It do n't seem exactly right; and if the matter isn't all settled, I wish you would think about it longer, and not be hasty."

Miss Jessie had heard all now; she had been patient, but she could endure it no longer.

"Miss Hannah, you are right in saying that Mr. Selden has been a constant visitor there; for six months he has been a constant visitor there; but in all that time, I do not think I have passed two hours in his society. Marry Mr. Selden! not while God gives me reason! I can't tell what; you are wiser than this poor old woman."

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"I must seek another home at once—but where?" Poor child! she had none. Then she remembered her musings in the morning, and some pleasant thoughts came into her mind, for she smiled. But tears soon followed the smile, and when she was calm again, she knelt and prayed for guidance and wisdom.

One thing was made very clear to her: she must leave Woodside. Hour after hour passed, and while she sat there John Selden came into the house, and she heard his voice in the parlor; then Willis's step on the stairs, going to bed. She opened the door to bid him good-night and give him his evening kiss. It was a bright, happy face, and he said:

"Miss Gray, I am not afraid now; whenever I begin to be, I say the verse you taught me, and the fear all goes away: 'What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee.'"

She held him a moment in her arms. "Always trust in God, Willie; he will never forsake those who trust in Him."

[Conclusion in our next.]

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

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

(Original.)

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

NUMBER TWO.

"Here is a warm, sunny seat, auntie," said Will; "just behind the hill to keep off the wind, and in front of the old forest, shorn of its leaves. I like the trees best when they are leafless, don't you?"

"Sometimes I think the leaves hide a great deal of beauty," said Aunt Zera. "Look at the delicate twigs against the clear sky, they form a beautiful network. And see that arch over there; they say that the graceful Gothic architecture was suggested by the forests, where the trees make beautiful temples, with their pointed windows and lofty domes—the best of all temples to worship in."

"Isn't it strange that everybody doesn't try to find some form of beauty to imitate when they build a home?" said Grace.

"They generally do," said Will, "like a pumpkin or squash. There's Mr. Adams's new house, it looks for all the world like a pumpkin; father raised last year; that on one side, sloping on the other, and a general dumpyness all around. That's imitating nature for you."

"You know what I mean," said Grace; "beautiful things in nature always speak to us, and I always think of great and good men and women when I look at a forest tree. But Aunt Zera, are we to have another true story out here?"

"To be sure we are. It is a place made purposely, one would think, for story telling, so quiet, and yet with such a view of the far-off valley along the river, as if we could send our thoughts out to the world. That forest over there crowning the mountains makes me think of those grand old forests of Lorraine, that sloped down the Vosges mountains. They were said to be haunted by fairies, but they could not be more beautiful than is that one with its purple glint against the grand mountain."

"Oh tell us about them, the fairies, I mean," said Kate.

"But I was to tell a true story," said Aunt Zera.

"Well, I know by your looks that there is a true one coming out of those forests. So begin, do please, while we are all so warm and comfortable here in the sunshine."

"Are you sure you are warm enough?" said Annie. "Let me wrap the shawl a little closer about you," and she spoke as if Aunt Zera was left in her care, and several years younger than herself.

"It is as warm as the house and far pleasanter," said Aunt Zera. "And now for the fairies of Lorraine."

That must have been a beautiful country in the province of Lorraine, just under the shadow of the Vosges mountains, and watered by the river Meuse, where dwelt the poor laborer Jacques Darc and his wife Isabella. From the door of their home they could see the old oak forest that had been so long one of the favorite haunts of the fairies. But close by was the church, and the priest did not think that the fairies were Christian neighbors, so a mass was said every year to drive them away.

But there soon came to dwell in this humble home several children, and they loved well to hear the stories of the little ladies in the woods, but their mother loved better to tell them the stories of the Church. One of her little daughters was an eager listener to these stories. Her name was Jeanne, and she was both beautiful and good. She stayed often at home with her mother while her brothers and sisters worked in the field, and she learned to spin and to sew.

But few of the poorer people in that region learned how to read or write, and Jeanne did not learn a word; but all the sweet stories of the Church, of Jesus and Mary, and of the sainted and holy men, were told to her by her loving mother, so that Jeanne thought a religious life was as beautiful as her life at home; and to serve God as pleasant as to serve her loving, gentle mother.

And so she spun and worked at her household duties, and often cared for the sick among her neighbors; and she never forgot to feed the hungry, or give to those who needed. They called her the best girl in the village.

"What village was it?" asked Kate.

"Don-Remy," continued Aunt Zera; "and the villagers all loved her and admired her beauty, and wondered at her piety. At this time—the reign of Charles VII. of France—frequent wars devastated the country; and as the village of Don-Remy was frequently between the contending parties, Jeanne early learned the terrors of war. She often gave up her bed to some poor fugitives who sought shelter from the hordes of brigands that swept over the adjoining country. Once her family were obliged to fly, and returned to find their home destroyed by fire."

Jeanne could not understand why God permitted all this misery, but she had perfect faith that He had the power to raise up a redeemer; and so she prayed often to him and to the angel Mary that they would bring a time of peace.

One day, about noontime, she went out in her father's garden, which was close by the church. It was a fast day, and her thoughts were more than ever given to heavenly things. There suddenly shone a light, brighter than that of the noon-day, close by the church. Its brightness dazzled her, and as she looked toward it, a voice spoke to her, "Jeanne, be a good and obedient child, go often to church."

She knew that the voice was not a human voice, and that the light was not the light of the sun; and into her heart came a new joy, and yet she was almost afraid. She had never thought that an angel could speak to her, a simple girl; yet those few words were to her heart like the gleaming of a star through her chamber window, they drew her thoughts away from all other things. That spot in the garden became a favorite place to her. She loved it as if it had been made holier than other places.

The angel paid her still other visits, speaking to her sweet words of counsel; but she only saw the light and heard the voice. But one day the radiance seemed more glorious than ever before. Her gentle heart almost trembled as she beheld the great glory. In the midst of the brightness she beheld many figures, and one that seemed like that of a wise and noble man. Her whole being seemed to reverence him, and she felt both awe and love for him. "Jeanne," said he, "go to the succor of the King of France, and thou shalt restore his kingdom to him."

What strange words were those to be spoken to a young girl who knew nothing of the world save what had come to her in her quiet, simple life.

"Sir," she replied, "I am only a poor girl, and know not how to lead men in arms."

The angel gave her directions what to do and endeavored to encourage her. It proved to be none other than one of the old saints; and he came again to her to inspire and encourage and to beg her "for pity for the Kingdom of France," to obey his words. Then there came beautiful women clothed in white, and with gleaming lights about them, and their voices were soft and sweet as they spoke to this sweet child and encouraged her faith. "I longed," she said, "for the angels to take me away with them" and no wonder, for she must have been near heaven in that garden by the church.

"Now, Aunt Zera," said Will, "if I did n't believe you always told the truth I should assert that you were romancing a little. I've read the history of Joan of Arc, and there was none of that humbug in it. No doubt she thought she heard something, but she was a visionary."

"I am giving you a true history of a beautiful life," continued Aunt Zera, "and he who doubts its truth will not believe the angel appeared to Mary at the sepulchre."

"Or took Peter out of prison," said Jeanne.

"Yes," continued Aunt Zera, "angels have always been close to the simple, the pure and the good; and Joan d'Arc had a holy mission to perform to her country. Her father and mother had many doubts about her visions, and they bade her stay at home and be a good girl. But there was a power about her that she could not resist. It bade her leave the home she had loved so well, to forget her father's command, to go among strangers and encounter peril. It was a long, long time before she could make up her mind to do all this; but at last the spiritual influences were stronger than all others, and they led her forth. None of her own family trusted in her visions, but she had an uncle who listened to her story and believed that heaven had indeed called her to do a great work. He took her with him to his own home, and accompanied her to Vaucouleurs, where, after a time, she had an interview with Baudricourt. She told him to send the Dauphin word to be firm, for the Lord would send him succor in Mid-Lent."

"Baudricourt was a captain, was n't he?" asked Will.

"Yes, and a skeptical one, too; and he thought the easiest way of disposing of the matter was to go to a priest. The priest said prayers over Jeanne, and bid the devil depart from her. But the common people heard about the matter, and heard gladly, as in olden times, and believed and flocked in crowds to see her. To one gentleman she said:

"The Dauphin has no succor but myself, and I must go to him, though I would prefer staying and spinning with my mother. But this is no work of my own; I must go and do it, for it is my Lord's will."

"Who is your Lord?" asked the gentleman.

"God!" replied the maiden of great faith.

"What year was this?" asked Will.

"It was in 1229; sixty-three years before the discovery of America. At last, after many efforts and failures, she succeeded in starting on her journey to the French Court. It was a journey of much peril. She was a young and beautiful girl, but she was too pure to have any fears. When others feared for her, she said:

"Fear nothing; God guides my way! It is for this I was born."

At another time she said: "My brothers in Paradise tell me what I am to do."

And she did pass through all danger in safety, and was at last received by the king. He received her in great magnificence, as if he expected to overawe her by his surroundings. Fifty torches lighted the hall and three hundred knights surrounded the monarch. But she entered the imposing scene with all the simplicity and grace of a child. The king kept himself among his courtiers, that he might test her powers by seeing if she would recognize him. She went immediately to him and addressed him. He was much moved and, it is said, took her one side, when she showed her clairvoyant power by telling of a circumstance known only to himself.

There was by this time two parties: one favored her, the other were her bitter enemies. Therefore she was sent to the Doctors of Divinity, in the great city of Poitiers. She sat down on a bench, and with all the simplicity that had governed her in her home, she replied to the questions of these very reverend men. She related to them her visions; told them about the angels, and what they said to her. The Doctors were so very wise, that they wished to dispense neither party, and finally decided that it was not unlawful to listen to the maiden. Some of her examiners began to quote to her from the writings of Doctors. She replied:

"There is more in God's Book than in yours. I do not know either A or B, but I come commissioned by God to raise the siege of Orleans, and to have the Dauphin crowned at Rheims."

At last it was decided to listen to her, and she was equipped. A brave knight attended her and two pages, and also her brother, Pierre Darc. She rode a black horse, and wore white armor; at her side was the sword of St. Catherine, which she had designated where to find, and a small axe. In her hand she bore a white standard embroidered with fleurs-de-lis.

"How splendidly she must have looked!" said Grace. "I can almost see her now. Did she wear a dress like a woman's?"

"No; she wore a costume like a man's, but her modesty and purity enveloped her like a protecting veil. Everywhere she went people felt the power of her sincere devotion, and when she entered Orleans, the crowd were so eager to see that it was with difficulty that she passed through the streets. They desired even to touch her horse, as if she and all about her were holy."

And now I would like to tell you how the attack on the English was renewed; how jealousy made the commanders plan a secret attack, which failed; how, at last, led by her the French recovered, in a great measure, the glory of their nation. The siege of Orleans was raised, and Charles VII. crowned king in Rheims. But I wanted only to tell you the beautiful story of Joan of Arc while she talked with the angels, and obeyed their commands."

"Oh!" said Will, "do go on! do go on! I begin to believe."

"It would take me till nightfall to tell you of her triumph, and then of her martyrdom; for you know she was cruelly betrayed, and at last burned at the stake. It is a history so full of interest, that I trust you will all find it and read it."

"But, Auntie, did she forsake her faith?" asked Kate.

"At the very last, while the flames curled around her, she cried out, 'Yes, my voices were from God; my voices have not deceived me.' But there had been times when she lost faith, when she was frightened into doubt because the Church condemned her—the Church that she had so revered. I do not like to think how the poor child must have suffered in prison, with no friends to protect or encourage her."

"And was the king mean enough to forget to help her?" said Will, indignantly.

"He left her to die, when he knew she had saved him his crown. Would you rather have been the king that could do that, or the simple maiden with the trusting heart? Who seems greatest now?"

"But I do think," said Will, "that it was rather mean in the angels to forsake her!"

"Perhaps to them the glory of her martyrdom was greater than that of a crown. Sure I am, that I am thankful for her death and sufferings, as well as her life."

"Come," said Eunie, "it grows cold with the sun behind that cloud; let us go in and hunt over the library for the rest of the history of the fair Maid of Orleans."

"Which I will do myself the pleasure to read aloud," said Will, "while the old back-log sends out its warmth, and Aunt Zera takes a turn at my scarf. Forward, march!"

Arithmetical Enigma.

A curious sum I'll give to you,
So set your wits to work,
And puzzle out the answer true,
Nor think the task to shirk.
'Tis nine from six you first must take.
Do n't wag your head in scorn,
Ere I get through I'll surely make
You see it can be done.
If you succeed in doing that,
You'll very quickly see,
How ten from nine you can extract
Without much mystery.
Take fifty from forty, and now I'm done;
Ye wise ones, pray explain,
How, after this queer figuring,
Just half a dozen remain?"

Answer to Flower Puzzle.

One-fourth part of five is (V.)
My second only one, the numeral (I)
Add nothing for the third (O.)
Add fifty for the fourth (L)
My fifth is a fourth part of five (E.)
My sixth the letter (T.)
My whole—VIOLET.

To Contributors.

A true story by Lilly Day will appear soon.

A PRAYER.

BY HENRI GUY DANIELS.

Let him not wildly mourn,
Making his days forever comfortless;
Grant him, when I am gone,
To wear his grief with holy gratefulness;
Inform him with pure piety to see
Upon my grave, tear-blinded though he be,
The anadom of immortality.

Fix in him faith, I pray,
To meet the shadowy changes as they fall,
Seeing, day after day,
The darkness gathering that endeth all.
Until the last, oh let him linger near!
And through the dark transition let me hear
His prayerful voice, to strengthen, if I fear.

When Hope is weariest,
And Faith, despondent, on affliction feeds,
And life looks, at the best,
A troublous tangle of disordered deeds,
Heal in his heart the wounds that make him faint,
And pour the splendor of pure self-restraint
Upon them, quieting his wild complaint.

With visions faintly sweet,
And visions fair, his loneliest nights adorn;
Let angels lead his feet
Through ever radiant avenues of morn;
That, when he wakes, his grief may lighten
Upon his soul, than Autumn on the spray,
Or evening on the eyelid of the day.

The Memory of Pierpont.

I was pleased to notice your just criticism in the BANNER of Nov. 3d, relative to the work purporting to be "The Life and Character of the Rev. John Pierpont." To me and to all honest lovers of the truth—especially the ten million believers, in the United States, in our beautiful spiritual religion—the work referred to is simply an abortion and an insult to the good old man's memory and his now bright spirit, as well as an insult to Mr. Pierpont's numerous spiritual friends in Europe, now numbering some millions. If I had the requisite funds, I would forward them to you to publish a correct Life and Character of Rev. John Pierpont; not having them, I can only suggest that those wealthy Spiritualists who feel the spirit of truth of our Spiritual Philosophy, will not be dilatory in furnishing abundant means to publish an elegant, truthful, illustrated biography of "the old man eloquent."

I would further suggest that such a work should be in the highest style of art. The engravings to be mezzotint, representing portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont, his birthplace and Medford home; also the Hollis Street Church, of which he was formerly pastor, and was shamefully obliged to leave because he dared to preach against that curse of curses, INTemperance. Pierpont's defence on that occasion is well worthy republication. The work should aim mainly to give very concisely his best gems of prose and poetry, and particularly his radically ignoring aristocratic, unspiritualized Unitarianism, and bravely lending a helping hand to said God's spiritual ship over this planet, until he himself departed for the Summer Land."

DR. THOMAS J. LEWIS.
Chicago, Ill., Nov. 4, 1886.

One of the new boulevards in Moscow has been named the Boulevard Amerikanski.

Lycium Gymnasium.

In the July number of that very interesting advocate of the Children's Progressive Lycium, "The Little Bouquet," is an editorial on "The Genius of the Lycium," in which reference is made to the Lycium in this city. As my remarks would have very little interest to the young readers of that paper, I would like through your columns to reply to the same.

The Lycium, as I understand it, is an instrument for the purpose of developing the child by natural methods, to a more perfect manhood; for the interchange of thought, and for free discussion between experience and inexperience, so as to stimulate in the child a quickening of all its natural powers and capacities to an even and healthy growth. Now, how can this best be accomplished? If the Lycium is designed to benefit the rising generation, it must be practical. The question is not what it ought to be, and might be made in another generation, but what it is and can be made in this. Were the Lycium an every day institution, I should heartily accord with the writer in regard to its capacity for a complete system of education; but it is not. If, as he says, it is not a Sunday School, neither is it a week day school.

The session of the Lycium with us, generally consumes about two hours; and of all this time, only about twenty minutes can be given to the all-important part—the development of the moral nature of the child through the conversations. About fifteen minutes are given to singing, five minutes to the Silver Chain recitations and twenty minutes to the marching. This leaves about an hour, which is consumed in the necessary labors incident to the working of the Lycium; such as calling roll, appending and removing badges, changing library books, distributing tickets, recess, &c., and of which no portion can be dispensed with. The singing and the Silver Chain recitations are important, both for the harmony of feeling they produce and for the principles they inculcate, and they cannot be omitted or curtailed. The marching is one of the prominent features of the Lycium, and to visitors the most interesting. When the national emblem is used—as I think it always should be—it inculcates a love for the flag which is incalculable in its results; it gives variety to the otherwise monotonous routine of a Sunday School; it teaches the children to keep time and to march; and above all, it brings them into the Lycium, where they can be surrounded by the influences and teachings of a better and a truer faith.

Thus it will be seen that no amount of time can be devoted to any other exercises unless the session is made too long, or some other exercise or labor is shortened or omitted. Are gymnastic exercises of sufficient importance to crowd out any of the others? Almost all children run and play all the week. What amount of additional muscular development would ensue from ten or fifteen minutes extra exercise on Sunday? Is really true that the "positive demands of true education" require it?

But the Lycium is a Sunday School, although in no sectarian sense. Its sessions are held on no other day in the week, and it is a place of instruction. It is not practical or possible in the one short hour allotted on that day for the purpose, to take up every branch of mental, moral and physical education. By endeavoring to do so, it strikes me that we will signally fail in accomplishing anything. The world is awaking to the necessity of a more natural and thorough system of education. Gymnastics and object-lessons are being introduced into all the public schools. If the Lycium has in any perceptible degree led to these results, I shall be glad to learn it; but even in this event, wherever they are introduced, the mission of the Lycium in that particular direction will have been accomplished.

We may gain something by consulting the improved methods of instruction that are rapidly obtaining in the public schools; but I think the Lycium has a higher work to do, than to devote any portion of its brief Sunday hour in the attempt to develop the physical well being of the child by gymnastic exercises. It is our duty, as well as our blessed privilege, to teach the young minds committed to our care a better and a truer system of philosophy than is taught elsewhere; a higher faith in the wisdom and goodness of the Creator; clearer views of his providence, and a broader charity toward our fellow men. This we can at least attempt to do, with the certainty of some measure of success.

Although I cannot claim a long experience in the Lycium, yet I must be permitted to say I am satisfied that our present prosperity is almost solely owing to the very restrictions which the writer says have been the occasion of the failure of Lyciums elsewhere; among which is the omission of the calisthenics. Our Lycium was re-opened last October with only thirty members, which number has gradually and steadily increased, until we now have an average attendance of over one hundred children. We have a population of about thirteen thousand, and very few cities of the size can show the same results as to numbers, or the same interest in the community.

Having the interests of this blessed nursery at heart, I cannot but express my conviction that if we earnestly desire to bring the children within the scope and influence of its teachings, we will have to modify the Lycium method as originally adopted, not only in this particular but in others that could be mentioned.

H. B.
Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 10, 1886.

Spirits Came to Him.

The following lines were suggested by the words of a little boy of this town, (Hudson, Mass.) who died recently. For some months he had predicted the time of his death. Laboring hard in a shoe manufactory during his hours of usual recreation from school, he earned enough to insure his life to the amount of one thousand dollars, payable on his death to his poor mother. At this time, though delicate, he was in good health, and often spoke of seeing the faces of those who once formed his family on earth—brother and sister—bending

Winding In.

Slowly, step by step and day by day, the year 1866 (as reckoned on our time tables), is winding in its few remaining weeks. Slowly, too, and with equal certainty, I am winding in and closing out my few remaining engagements, which close with or before the year. Friends over eight hours ride from New York city, need not apply to me to lecture after this date, or until further notice of a renewed itinerary—which I do not expect to renew. For over fifteen years I have traveled over our country, or parts of it, embracing twenty-four States, and during that time lectured constantly on our philosophy; and during the war, also, on the condition and prospect of our country. During the time, and before it, for I have been twenty-one years a public advocate of Spiritualism, I have witnessed the increase from a little group that would not fill a good sized school-room, to at least two millions—probably nearer four, as the best estimates now range from three to five millions. My traveling experiences would fill a large volume of interesting items, both of tests and facts; but they are passed, or will never be recorded, save the few sketches I have noted and published as I passed along the journey.

I am weary not of life, not of labor, not of the contest in which I have always been victorious and successful, not of my agency and instrumentality of spirit influence—for by it I have always been blessed, never deceived, cheated, lied to or abused—but I am weary of traveling, traveling on railroads, coaches, boats and omnibuses, in which I have almost lived for years; and ever paid full fare, and never been injured or robbed, nor lost by accident even property to the amount of five dollars. I have been treated well in all parts of the country, and never can repay the thousands of kindnesses I have received at the hands and homes of my many friends scattered over the country, from beyond the Mississippi to the down east of the down east, and from the upper lakes to the lower gulphs of the nation. Thousands who have seen and heard me will see me no more in this form; and thousands of my friends will only read my scribbles, but see my face and hear my voice no more. I have injured my voice so, it is not easy to speak as it once was; and my age precludes my calculation on future or further routes of travel. I intend to lecture occasionally, perhaps nearly every Sunday, but only in reach of my office.

I have succeeded in life beyond my expectations, and beyond the success of most men; not in riches, for it has never been my pursuit, but in retiring and settling a small family, out of which from three children—two happy families have arisen—one son in school. Four little grandchildren smile on us, and we are all blessed in health and happiness. Not a discordant note sounds in our circles, and not a spark of Christianity, in any sectarian form of expression, encounters or befalls one of our number, embracing the two added as wife and husband; and not a quid or whiff of tobacco disgraces our households. Whiskey, profanity, orthodoxy, vulgarity and slander, are alike foreign from our hearts, heads and homes. I note these items because we have been slandered, abused, vilified and lied about incessantly, during my itinerant labors in this cause, and partly for my open attacks on churchianity and Christianity before I became a Spiritualist. I have lived through and conquered years of poverty and hard labor, and reached a condition of comfortable prospects; but I have never been intoxicated, never been sued, never been converted, never used profane language; nor since the age of Spiritualism, tobacco nor rum have contaminated my person. We are all healthy, harmonious and happy, with plenty of religion, but no sectarian Christianity, and I trust it will never darken the soul doors of one of my posterity. The disinterested reader will pardon me for this personality, since there are many to whom it will be interesting, and to whom I cannot otherwise convey it. My address and business will be duly announced for next year.

Since my return West, I have been so constantly occupied by lectures in Chicago and Wisconsin, and my visits and letters to friends, that I have not filled out my usual share of rambling correspondence for the papers; but I have never been more successful in my labors, nor better appreciated by the large audiences and many friends I have met. I retire with heartfelt satisfaction from this itinerary in our cause. I cannot stop now to foot up the number of lectures or amount of compensation, but I have done all I could and been well paid—especially in kindness, love and sympathy of friends, and abuse of enemies, both of which are useful to a reformer; one as a stimulant and the other a soothing balm. I have never been mobbed, nor ever had a meeting broken up or disturbed. Have lectured on Spiritualism in churches of most sects of Christians that have churches, but usually in the rural districts, where the people are more intelligent and liberal in the aggregate than in our cities, as is abundantly proved by our elections and the temperance cause. If old Simeon could rest satisfied with his labors and patience, I am sure I ought to with mine. To many distant friends, FAREWELL; and to many who can call on me, a cordial greeting. WARREN CHASE, Davenport, Iowa, Nov. 10, 1866.

California.

J. B. Hall writes as follows: Our cause in this State is rapidly advancing at this time, under the telling lectures of Benjamin Todd, Esq., and the accomplished Mrs. Laura Cuppy. The celebrated Dr. Bryant has just arrived at San Francisco, and I learn through the press, that he has made some most important cures by "laying on of hands." He has been here but a few days, but his cures have already established his reputation as a wonderful medium.

Mr. L. Armstrong, writing from Sacramento, under date of Oct. 20th, says: The Spiritualists of this city have a lecture or conference every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and a lecture in the evening at 7 o'clock. The Children's Lyceum meets at 2 1/2 P. M., every Sunday. It was commenced one year ago yesterday, with about twenty-five scholars, and has been increasing in numbers nearly every Sunday. The regular attendance the last three months has been from ninety-five to one hundred and seventeen. The Lyceum greeted their officers last evening. The old officers were re-elected for another year. Dr. H. Bowman, Superintendent, Mrs. Dr. Bowman, Musical Director, Miss A. G. Brewster, Guardian of Groups. Our meetings and Lyceum are held in the Turn Verein Hall, on K street, near Tenth. Spiritualism is increasing in interest here, and mediums are multiplying. Our speakers are citizens in business here—Mr. Lyon and Mrs. Dr. Upham, and they are much liked.

Rev. John H. Burdett informed the people of New York in the papers of Tuesday morning, that the shooting stars were in fulfillment of prophecy, and that after they have continued five days "all will be chaos." The time has passed; but the chaos is all in the reverend gentleman's brains.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1866.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication and influx: it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous living inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—(London Spiritual Magazine.)

"Liberalism" against Spiritualism.

In our issue of last week our associate in the Western Department of this paper, referring to the liberality of certain journals in their treatment of Spiritualism, remarked of one as follows: "Take the Gospel Banner, published in Augusta, Maine. It has shown great fairness and impartiality relative to Spiritualism."

We regret to see that the compliment thus awarded has not been justified in the remarks in the Gospel Banner of Nov. 17th, in reference to the withdrawal of the Rev. S. C. Hayford from the Universalist ministry. In his letter, explaining his reasons for leaving the ministry, Mr. Hayford, after declaring his belief in the philosophy of Spiritualism, remarks:

"I believe in a present inspiration, and cannot consider the Bible as an absolute and infallible authority. I believe we may draw from the same fountains that prophets and apostles drew from; that true religion is reliance on our own internal power of communion with God and angels. I believe deeply in the central thought of Universalism, viz., the dual holiness and happiness of all mankind. But I reject their relics of old mythology. I regard Universalism as one great step in advance of Orthodoxy, and Spiritualism as a step still further in advance."

Upon this simple, manly, and eminently Christian declaration, the Gospel Banner comments as follows:

"This, then, is his religion, all there is of it. Reliance on our own internal power of communion with God and angels. It is not to do anything, nor believe anything. It would go to the drunkard, the thief, the libertine, and say, 'Religion is indispensable to your happiness, and consists in your internal power of communion with God and angels.' This is the sufficient and all essential thing."

Now, with precisely as much justice, liberality and good sense, as are contained in this passage, might the Pharisee of old time have said of Jesus Christ, "This, then, is his religion—all there is of it! Reliance on our own internal power of communion with God and angels!"

For was not such the reliance of Christ? And did he not rebuke in scathing words the spirit now breathing forth in the above most unfair perversion of the language of Mr. Hayford? "Ye hold," said Christ, "the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups; and many other such like things ye do. Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition."

It is not to do anything, nor believe anything," says the Gospel Banner of Mr. Hayford's religion.

"It is not to wash pots and cups, nor to believe the traditions of our sect," said the Pharisees of Christ's religion. And they might have added, almost in the very words of the Gospel Banner, "He would go to the drunkard, the thief, the libertine, and say, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!'"

Who taught us to rely on "our own internal power of communion with God and angels," if not Christ himself? Who was it that said, "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, ye shall receive?" Prayer to whom? To whom but God? "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," said Christ to him who had remarked, that more than burnt offerings, and more than sacrifices, was love of God and one's neighbor.

On what principle of fair literal construction can the Gospel Banner charge it upon Mr. Hayford that because he finds true religion in reliance on the divine grace sent down to seeking souls, he therefore repudiates all doing and believing? With precisely as much fairness might it be said of Christ, that because he tells us the pure in heart shall see God, he therefore regards morality and beneficence as non-essentials.

But the disingenuousness of the Gospel Banner is still more strikingly displayed in another part of its article. It lets fly a shaft at Spiritualism; and does it by quoting a part of one of our articles (taking pains to omit the qualifying context), and then drawing a most unwarrantable conclusion in these words:

"Now from all this we gather these simple facts: 1. That the spirits are most audacious and awful liars and profane and impious creatures; and 2. That hence no reliance can possibly be placed on what they say. This is not our assertion, but the deliberate declaration of long tried believers in the manifestations."

All which is utterly false in spirit so far as it is based on our remarks.

We said that "the best and purest medium may be made the instrument of uttering mendacious or profane communications." Immediately before, in the same article, we had said: "There are on record an ample number of cases proving that truthful communications have been received." All he (Judge Carter) can fairly say is, that a certain proportion of the so-called spiritual communications are—especially when they refer to temporal and secular matters—untrue. Thus cautiously and carefully did we fence round our admission. Nay, after saying what the Gospel Banner quotes, we immediately added, as a sequel to the admission: "This does not in the least militate against the fact that perfectly reliable communications from the spirit-world are given," &c.

And from this the "liberal" Gospel Banner deduces that it is "the deliberate declaration of long tried believers in the manifestations" that "the spirits are most audacious and awful liars and profane and impious creatures, and that hence no reliance can possibly be placed on what they say!"

So much for the ingenuousness of the Gospel Banner of Augusta, Maine! It suppresses one part of a declaration in order to give undue stress to another!

It is well known that the doctrine always taught in our columns has been, that as there are many "audacious and awful liars and profane and impious creatures" in this sublimity sphere, there are likely to be many such characters in the spirit-world. The good men and wise and true among one's own acquaintances may generally be counted on one's fingers, while the foolish, the unthinking, the undeveloped may be counted by hundreds. What folly to suppose that the same proportion does not exist in the spirit-world! If these undeveloped spirits were not permitted

to manifest themselves—if none but holy and advanced spirits were allowed to communicate—we might, as an ingenious correspondent (Mr. W. P. Gates) well remarks, have our doubts of the continued existence of these poor erring ones, and fall into the Second Advent doctrine, which conveniently consigns all such to annihilation.

"The spirits are most audacious and awful liars," &c., says the Gospel Banner; intending obviously to convey the idea that we had declared that ALL the spirits communicating with mortals were liars, &c.: a declaration just as unreasonable, and as much at variance with our teachings, as it would be for us to say that all men are "lying, profane, impious creatures!"

If the Gospel Banner can derive any satisfaction from such manifestly unfair and unwarrantable garblings, perversions and deductions, we think it will do well to seek a little of that light which it objects to in the case of Brother Hayford, and rely more on that "internal power of communion with God and angels" at which it now scolds so indignantly.

What is Instinct?

In some remarks recently in reply to the Investigator, we observed: "It is no answer to our reasoning, therefore, to say that because all men do not desire immortality, the argument drawn from instinctive aspirations does not hold."

We gave our reasons for this opinion; but the Investigator, without condescending to answer those reasons, simply reiterates its dogma in this wise:

"The teachings of instinct are spontaneous, intuitive, innate, universal, and of course depend not upon reasoning or instruction for their acceptance and acknowledgment. Now as all men, without exception, possess instinct, would they not all be believers in immortality if it were taught by instinct? Undoubtedly."

In order to understand what we are talking about, let us inquire, what is instinct? Instinct is simply instigation. The Latin *instigare*, from which the participle *instinctus* is derived, simply means to instigate. A good definition is given by Paley: "An instinct is a propensity prior to experience, and independent of instruction." This definition is very near to that implied in the quotation from our contemporary.

Now it by no means follows that the "teachings of instinct" (if teachings they can be called) should, according to the Investigator's assertion, be "universal," in the strict sense of that word. One man may instinctively shun what another man may run his head against. One man may instinctively have a fondness for cats, and another an aversion. One man may instinctively aspire to another and a better life; and another man may be wholly indifferent on the subject. One man may be instinctively jealous, and another quite the contrary. The whole purport of our article was to illustrate the great fact which the Investigator quietly ignores, in the inquiry it puts, "Now as all men, without exception, possess instinct, would they not all be believers in immortality if it were taught by instinct?"

With quite as much reason might it be asked, "Now as all men, without exception, possess instinct, would they not all be haters of cats, if the repugnance were taught by instinct?" And yet nothing can be better established than the fact that the aversion to cats with many persons is purely and ridiculously instinctive; so much so that they will become aware of the animal's presence before it is seen, heard, or smelt; so much so, that no reasoning can overcome it, no instruction can uproot it. One dog is instinctively a setter, and another a pointer. The Investigator's question would be just as reasonable in the following parody: "Now as all dogs, without exception, possess instinct, would they not all be setters, if setting were taught by instinct?"

The Investigator says: "Now it seems to us that if we are to exist in a future life, we ought to have the same positive assurance of it that we have of our present existence, if, as our friend says, the coming life is taught by instinct."

We have not said that "the coming life is taught by instinct." What we have said is, that the instinctive aspirations of humanity toward continuous life, and especially toward reunion with the loved ones gone before, are an earnest of immortality and of the truth of the revelations of seers, mediums, and spirits in this respect. The Investigator demands from instinct "a positive assurance." But it is of the very nature of instinct to instigate and not to assure, to suggest and not to reveal, to feel and not to reason. To ask that instinct should give us the same "positive assurance" of our future existence that we have of our present, would be more unreasonable than it would be to demand of instinct that it should make us feel the shadows of an event ten years ahead as distinctly as we might feel those of one immediately impending.

Instinct does not deal in arguments or in reasons. It is quite as irrational as the poet who did not like Dr. Fell:

"I do not like you, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this indeed I know full well,
I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

The Investigator says: "Man has no innate ideas about anything." Here the great question that has puzzled all the philosophers, from Aristotle down to Locke, and from Locke to Sir William Hamilton, is settled by a single stroke of the pen. *Voila une opinion*, as the polite Frenchman said. Since much may be said on both sides, we shall not set our foot within that vortex at present.

The Investigator concludes that "the argument from instinctive longings does not prove immortality." We never said it did. All that we ever contended that those "longings" prove, is that man is *interiorly fitted*, by his aspirations, his wishes, his thirst for knowledge, his affections reaching beyond the grave—for an immortal existence.

We, as Spiritualists, however, do claim one thing as *proved*, and that the materialists and the "secularists," as well as the sectarian, are always swift to dodge or to ignore, in the face of the accumulated testimony of ages and of hundreds of thousands of intelligent persons now living. We claim that there are, and always have been, such persons as seers, prophets, mediums, who manifest powers wholly transcending all that can be predicated of our mortal senses, and who must derive those powers either from spiritual faculties of their own, superseding the natural, or from intercourse with outside spiritual intelligences. The facts upon which these convictions rest are of daily occurrence and patent to all; and the so-called science that refuses to look them fairly and squarely in the face, is simply charlatanism, whether it range itself under the banners of orthodoxy or of "secularism."

The spirit of Mrs. Eliza Smith, who passed to the spirit-world two weeks previous, mentioned in last week's BANNER, manifested through Mrs. Conant, at our Free Circle, on Monday, the 10th. She expressed great pleasure in being able to come back so soon, and bear testimony to the truth of our beautiful philosophy. She said she had met all her dear spirit friends, and was very happy.

John Neal on John Pierpont.

Mr. Neal furnishes the Atlantic Monthly for December with a fine analysis of his friend John Pierpont's character, although his reminiscences are even more interesting. How Mr. Pierpont became a lawyer, how a merchant, how a minister, and how a poet and platform orator, is well told by Mr. Neal, who knew his friend intimately and well. Mr. Pierpont's changes in life remind one of what Emerson says of the genuine New Englander, throw him down anywhere, and he will fall like a cat on his feet. But it is instructive to note how very lightly the living writer touches his deceased friend's conversion to the truths of Spiritualism. He admits the fact, where he finds a stopping place large enough, that he was a Spiritualist, "or rather"—as he chooses to phrase it—"a believer in the phenomena that used to be called witchcraft in the days of Cotton Mather." This is certainly very kind in Mr. Neal, and not a little thoughtful. It was a good idea for him to allude—if no more than to allude—to a great change in the mode and basis of his faith, which formed, as he confessed in his noble speech before the Providence (not Philadelphia, Mr. Neal,) Convention, the culmination and crowning satisfaction of his long and glorious career.

There is a single passage, however, in which Mr. Neal gives a grudging admission to the reality of his friend's belief in Spiritualism. We will extract from the same so far as our space permits. Says Mr. Neal, after alluding to Mr. Pierpont's conscientiousness, and his unswerving following of evidence, wherever it led him:

"What was he to do? There were the facts. They were not to be controverted; they could not be explained; they could not be reconciled to any hypothesis in physics. If he was given over to delusion, to be buffeted by Satan, whose fault was it? That he was by nature somewhat credulous, and though patient enough in his investigations, rather too fond of the marvelous, what then? His conclusions might be wrong, his inferences faulty, though honest; but how were they to be counteracted? That he sometimes took too much for granted, I believe, my more, I know; because I myself have seen him grossly imposed on by a woman he took me to see, whose impersonations were thought most wonderful. But then he was a devout man, a close observer, an admirable logician, accustomed to the competition of opposite analogies, and to weighing evidence; and if he misunderstood the facts, or misinterpreted them, or inferred the supernatural from false premises, why then let us grieve for his delusion, and wait patiently for the phenomena which led him astray to be explained."

Just so, Mr. Neal. And how long do you suppose that you and others like you will have to "wait," if you care no more for the explanation than you betray in this paragraph? You may believe it more "popular" for the present to ignore, or to slur, these manifestations, but we beg leave to tell you that it will make no difference whatever with the great truths that are continually operating on men by natural laws. Take your own time, we beg you, to look into these "facts," and to study their "explanation;" but believe us, that the loss is nobody's but your own, and no damage done to the cause you now approach so dauntlessly. Mr. Pierpont's courage and independence carried him triumphantly through. He had no vanity and no fear above his faith. He was true to himself, and sought truth wherever it was to be found. If those who criticize him would go and do likewise, they would have a far better claim to be heard in judgment upon him.

Quakers and Friends.

Whichever title we give them, they are at bottom Spiritualists. The silent prayer in public or at the family table betokens it. The season of speechless quiet before they begin their public worship, points directly to it. They are a people who believe in the receptive condition of the soul, as necessary for securing impressions from the superior world. The founders of the sect pronounced openly for the doctrine of personal and immediate inspiration. That was genuine Quakerism at the start. The soul of George Fox was opened to inspiration, in the midst of the erratic and impulsive religious methods of his time, and he declared to his fellow men only what it was distinctly given to him to utter.

We see a statement that the Quakers in England are abandoning many of their original tenets and convictions, and coming over to practices which are more fashionable and popular. This will, of course, bring them to the end of their organization as a distinct sect. The moment a class of persons, who have received illumination, begin to peddle their light around for some personal comfort or advantage, the conditions on which they received their light are reversed and the influx ceases altogether. Self-seeking soon puts a stop to all good. Divine endowments fail to come to us when we seek them for the purpose of building up our own power. The real spirituality of the order of Friends vanishes before the attempt to turn it to worldly profit. Still, we insist that the original birth of the sect is to be ascribed to causes very nearly allied to genuine Spiritualism.

Spiritual Meetings in Boston.

We mentioned last week that Miss Lizzie Doten would deliver a lecture, in Mercantile Hall, in this city, each Sunday afternoon, commencing quarter before three o'clock, during the month of December. Bear in mind that she does not speak in the evening, as the hall is used by Mr. Gaylord's Society for concerts and evenings.

Miss Doten has just closed a successful course of lectures in St. Louis. On Tuesday, Nov. 13th, she gave a lecture in Hannibal, Mo., of which the editor of the Hannibal Daily Courier says: "The lecture of the unrivaled orator, Miss Lizzie Doten, was received with the profoundest attention, at the Court House, last night. Of her lecture we must content ourselves with but few remarks. For elegance of diction, chastity of style, classical beauty and freedom of utterance, we do not remember when we have heard her excel. Her subject, 'The True Faith,' was well adapted to the occasion, well expressed, and altogether highly creditable to her head and heart. Her theory, in our opinion, is unexceptionable, and her ideas will doubtless live when the present generation have passed over the turbulent waters of Death." She was to give another lecture on the following Thursday evening. Miss Doten is fully appreciated in the West as well as in the East.

The State Association—Next Meeting.

January 9th and 10th is the time appointed for the next quarterly session of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists, to be held at the Melancon, in this city. The Secretary has issued a printed circular, embodying the object and aims of the Association. Friends who receive a copy are requested to take action in the matter, as suggested in the Secretary's note accompanying the circular. Much good can be effected by this Association, if the people will contribute their mite to sustain it financially.

Our readers are referred to a letter on our third page, written by a prominent citizen of New York; giving the particulars of the astonishing cure of his niece, by Dr. J. R. Newton.

Thanksgiving.

The President led off with Thanksgiving recommendations, and the Governors of nearly or quite all the Northern States have followed suit, appointing the same day—the 29th—for the annual festival. There are few persons whose natures do not sensibly warm to the associations and memories of this time. It calls up again the pleasant meetings of two and three generations around the same hearth and the same board. This is the occasion when those who have left the old home have gone out into the world, return without their troubles, eager as children to greet the old familiar scenes and faces, and overrunning with silent gratitude for the active life of these enriching endowments of the social sentiments. An anniversary gathers charms to itself as time lapses. Every year brings its special contribution to its worth, making it of more and more value in the eyes of the spirit. This is particularly true of such an anniversary as Thanksgiving. It touches at every point on the very dearest feelings of the heart. It preserves the most precious fruits of our experience, embalming them for personal possessions for all time.

All the boys and girls will be home this week, no matter how far they may have scattered abroad at the call of interest and duty. The old folks will be ready and eager to give the returnings a sincere greeting. The grandchildren will be full to ecstasy—those of them who have been kept on the old homestead, and those who have made but few yearly pilgrimages as yet to the spot whence their father or mother sprang. What a bubbling up of genial talk there will be in all the familiar rooms! What choruses of delightful laughter, as memories which have been kept apart so long, impinge again upon the plane of one another's experience! How the eyes of Grandfather and Grandmother will brighten and sparkle in the corner! What a world of sunshine will break out in rooms that perhaps have been shut up for the greater part of the year, and how new and rare will seem the life that starts up in the glad scene! It would strike one who looked in casually upon it, that there was the very heart and centre of the social universe. Here is that full sufficiency for the heart which it costs about the globe to find, and makes the search in vain.

Remember the poor this week. Let none go without some token of the gratitude and gladness which we are supposed to feel. If we have ourselves been bountifully dealt by, then let our gratefulness overflow where it may bless others. The secret of giving is in the return it brings; they are indeed more blessed who give, than they who receive. We can enrich our own enjoyments on this anniversary very greatly, if we will consent to devote with those who are less favored than we.

We devote this season to thankfulness. We are grateful for the bounty of nature, the early and the latter rains not having failed us, and our granaries being now all full. Just before the winter shuts down with its frosts and snows, it is of all things meet that we should pause to express our joy at the generous harvests which are to carry us safely through.

Accumulation of Catholic Churches.

The Roman Catholics are very active in building spacious churches in this country. Within the last few years they have probably built more new churches than all the other religious denominations. The foundation is being prepared for a large cathedral, on Washington street, in this city. The edifice will not cost less than two hundred thousand dollars. A new church, of this class, is nearly completed in Cambridgeport, located on Harvard street. The corner-stone of a new Roman Catholic cathedral has just been laid at Columbus, Ohio, by Bishop Rosecrans. The style of architecture selected is the "Victoria Restoration," and the entire cost is estimated at one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. A like energy is exhibited by the Catholics all over the country.

Dr. Bryant in California.

Dr. J. P. Bryant is creating a great sensation in San Francisco, where he has performed some "wonderful cures by the laying on of hands." The papers are teeming with the "marvelous cures" effected by him. Among the first patients was the wife of a well known attorney. The Daily Flag, after giving the particulars of her case, says, "Here, then, is a subject worthy of our subtlest metaphysicians; but it is too vast and complex to be entered on here. We do not understand the process of the healing, nor do we 'know the way of a bird in the air.' But we do know that, after four years' helpless prostration, the invalid can now walk, and also, that the bird can fly." The doctor's visit to California was timely, and much good will result therefrom.

Maximilian Caught.

The Austrian in Mexico played a little "possum" with the French General Bazaine, and tried to get out of the country and leave his old friend in the lurch, with nothing like a throne to sit on. But Bazaine got wind of what was going on, and overhauled his errant Emperor before he reached the Austrian frigate that was in waiting for him. The consequence is that Max. has got to abdicate in due form, acknowledge the stability of the throne, and name a successor. But it will make very little difference, any way. Napoleon is about to take the French troops away, and that closes up the business.

Magazines.

THE RADICAL for November has a strong and varied list of contents, the leading one being by E. C. Towne, which is a sort of spiritual autobiography, and of course of deep interest. The other papers will repay a thoughtful perusal. Published by Adams & Co., 21 Bromfield street.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY for December is bright and vivacious, running over with fresh tales, sketches, essays, notes of travel, and poems. Beadle's inducements to subscribers are very liberal. It is likewise the intention to employ more original talent on its pages for the coming year.

Mercantile Library Lectures.

Judge W. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, delivered an exceedingly interesting lecture before this Association, in Music Hall, last Wednesday evening, on the growth, development, resources and future of our country. On account of Thanksgiving, Mr. Beecher cannot be here to speak on the 29th, as previously announced, but will fill his engagement on the 10th of Dec. The next lecture of the course will be given by Henry Vincent, Esq., on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6th.

The Quebec Sufferers.

We acknowledge the receipt of five dollars in aid of the Quebec sufferers, from Mrs. P., of Boston. The Quebec subscription in London on the 9th had reached £12,500 sterling. Queen Victoria had addressed a letter of sympathy to the committee collecting funds, and contributed \$380 to the fund.

Such curative and healing power as is contained

Do you know what I've come here for? Well my mother has been to a minister, and asked him if he believed that the dead could come back; and he said "that modern Spiritualism said so, but for his part, he want prepared to say whether they could or not. He'd no doubt but what they lived, but he didn't know about their coming back; wasn't sure of that." And I was there and I heard it. I wanted to tell my mother that I did live, and I lived, and could come back, too, and— And I want her to go to Mr. Flinders. He'll tell her about it. [Is she acquainted with him?] No, she isn't; but I want her to go to him, and he'll tell her about it, because I've been to him. He's a minister, and he'll tell her all about how folks can come back, because he knows the can, for he sees us, hears us, and so he *knows* don't he? Well, he preaches in New York City. And you'll tell her to go to Mr. Flinders, and he'll tell her what to do, where she go to hear from me. Oh, I reckon I'll get to be can't I? She's read books and the papers. She's been told ever so much about folks coming back and she wants to believe it, but do n't know how and he'll tell her how.

You don't let anybody go to their mother's—do you ever? [Not with this medium.] Well, she'll go there, he'll advise her, tell her how to believe. You know she's a Universalist, and so he'll; so she'll believe what he tells her. Oh, he's good, he is, and he won't tell her anything wrong. So you need n't be afraid to send her there. [Does your mother take the BANNER?] Yes, and Mr. Flanders, too. He has it, too. And my mother buys it.

Oh dear, I—, [What's the matter?] Nothing. Only I was thinking if I could only fly away now I'd whisk off before you knew it. [With this medium?] Yes; then I'd come back again before you missed me. [You can do so when you are free from the medium.] Oh, yes, I can then; but I can't talk to my mother so she'll understand me. I could talk so Mr. Flanders would know I could to him; but couldn't to my mother. Oh, he's a prechey; he's a Universalist preacher and he knows about our coming back, too. And he says he does.

You wouldn't never let me go, would you; if should come again? [If you can get the medium's consent.] Oh, well, I can do that. [Cares you?] Oh, yes, I reckon I can. [Come some time and show yourself to the medium.] Well, I will. [It isn't only a little ways, you know.] [The medium could n't get there without some trouble.] Oh, I could get her there. [Could you take her to your mother's house?] Yes, I could; yes, I could; because I could ask folks to direct me to the ferry. Then when I got there, I'd know the way.

(To the Chairman.) Well, when you die I'll see you. Yes, and I'll go and show you then where my mother lives. I'll take you there. Good afternoon, Mister. Oct. 2.

Circle conducted by Theodore Parker. Letter answered by Charles A. Davis.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Blake, who accompanies Laura Ellis, to a gentleman in Connecticut; Frances E. Sawyer, of Orange, N. Y.; Charles Fo

Monday, Oct. 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. Augustus Carson, to Marietta, his wife, and son, Augustus Carson, of Savannah, Ga.; Anna L. Stephens, lost on the "Evening Star," to Jessie Stephens, Adelaide Welsh and

Tuesday, Oct. 16.—Invocation; Questions and Answers. Sarah Deegan, to her brother George; Judson Lewis, to his wife; Henry Santorn, to his wife; Independence, Texas; Susan Tuttle, to her husband and friends.

Monday, Oct. 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Stella Lewis, to Mrs. J. M. Lewis, Independence, Texas; John Soule, to relatives, in Sandwich and Barnstable, Mass.; J. B. Williams, of this city, to friends; Wm. Smith (colored), the 5th Reg., Co. I, to relatives, in Rvere Court.

Tuesday, Oct. 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers:

Thursday, Nov. 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answer Charles Fowler, an actor, who died in New Orleans, La. Wm. McDonald, of that city; David Wilder, to his son, David Wilder; Eunice, wife of the editor of the "Calaveras Chronicle";

Cal.; James Murphy, of the 29th Mass., Co. C, to his brother and wife, living on Cross street.

Monday, Nov. 5.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Jessie Hunter, to her father, Stephen Hunter, of Opalpus, La.; Col. Winthrop, of Watertown; Frederick Schultze.

Tuesday, Nov. 6.—Invocation; Questions and Answer
Lizzie C. Taylor, who died at the South, to Joseph, Annie,
Harriet; Joseph Poland, to his parents, in Springfield street
Boston; Mary Welsh, lost on the "Evening Star," to her
sister in New York City.

Thursday, Nov. 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James B. Hill, to his brother, J. Warren Hill, in Utica, N. Y.; and Matthew Weeks, in Marysville, Cal.; Mary Brady, to sister Clara; Belcher Kay, to some of his sporting friends.

Monday, Nov. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Capt. Wm. Cleverdon of Liverpool, Eng., who died at the

Tuesday, Nov. 13.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Henry Prehite, lost on the Evening Star, to his brother, Frank Prehite, artist Prehite, in New Orleans, La.; Eugene A. Little, from

Obituaries.

Passed to the Spheres of Immortality, in Fall River, Oct. 9th, Augustus W. D. Chace, after an earth-life of 24 years, months and 3 days.

The deceased was a young man of fine character, with a loving and sympathetic heart, which felt for others' woes, and

draw other hearts to him. Consumption marked him as a victim some ten years since, and gradually the ebbing tide of life flowed feebler and feebler. Something more than a year since, his mind was clear as to the future, and the truths of Spiritualism unfolded to him in all their loveliness. The found lodgment in a soul which was a fitting receptacle, and

as he neared the grave the flowers that burst forth increased in sweetness and beauty. As the body weakened the soul grew stronger, and he caught glimpses of the shining shores beyond the river, and saw the dear ones who had gone before. His closing hours were serene, and he went with the "Boatman pale" without shrinking.

In life he promised his sister to manifest himself in his spiritual form, and even after the soul and body had parted, the promise was fulfilled. She saw her dear disembodied brother, and a wreath of white flowers handed him. After the burial there was another manifestation. While the family and friends were seated at the tea-table raps were heard, and inquiries

being made, responses were received from the emancipated soul, that all might have a testimony that his faith had not been vain, but was a glorious reality. This was in accordance with a promise he had made. He was a dutiful son, a devoted brother, a warm friend. The ties which bound him to his family, especially his mother, were strong. Well is it that

these ties now exist as strong as ever, though they are veiled.
The dear one still lingers around home, and brings to it the
baptism of heaven and the benisons of the angel world.
Providence, R. I., Nov. 13, 1866. W. FOSTER, Jr.

Died in Hartford, Conn., Nov. 4th. Mrs. Mary B., wife of

Something more than the above simple announcement of her decease is due to the memory of Mrs. Stoddard. She was an uncommon woman, of marked strength of character, and was best esteemed by those who knew her best. She lived

Philosophy; and her last hour of earth-life brightly illustrated the happy, sustaining power of a faith which rises sublimely triumphant over the death of the physical body, and gives to the parting soul a realizing assurance of the great Truth that what we call "Death" is but a ceasing off of the grosser and

perishable external form, for the truer and grander life of the disembodied spirit. The death-bed is the touchstone of creed and doctrines, which disclose whether there is in them only sounding forms, or a vital **LIVING FAITH**. Here was this realizing faith. More brightly beautiful than the fabled bridge of rainbows over which the Moslem passes into Paradise, he

"I think I am going to die. I did not expect to go so soon. I have no fears for the future." This was her first realization that her earthly life was at its close. It was in the stillness of the night that she had this revelation. She had no more to say to her friends, and she lay down to sleep. The next morning she was found dead.

watches of the night. Calmly, as was her wont in strange and extraordinary circumstances, she proceeded to direct her husband as to the disposition which she desired to be made of her effects. Then she sank away in a death-like sleep, and "we feared," said her husband, "that she would never speak to us again." Awakening, however, at length from her mysterious trance, she

"I thought I had passed the crisis. I shall go soon. I would like to live another day, to tell you what I have seen. I would like to die in your arms; but if you will all sit a little from me, I shall pass away much easier."

"Our children, and others are here! 'Tis all beautiful beyond! We shall not long be separated! I shall go now." As soon as an infant sinks to slumber, her physical life ceases, and her spirit—her true and essential self, all that gave individuality to her character or expression to her physical form, withdraws to her char-

and face—passed into the beautiful interior life which children and "home-gone" friends awaited her. Her happy spirit in departing left its impression distinctly on her earthly features. A happy, happy "death," and a most impressive one.

Mrs. Stoddard was a housewife.

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:
CINCINNATI, OHIO.J. M. PEEBLES, RESIDENT EDITOR.
We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and accept all other communications for this Department of the Banner of Light. Letters and papers intended for publication in this Department should be directed to J. M. PEEBLES, Cincinnati, Ohio, P. O. Box 102.

The New Covenant—Judge Carter's "Lying Spirits," and Bro. F. L. Wadsworth's Estimate of Mediumship.

The editor of the Chicago New Covenant has recently made copious extracts from the BANNER OF LIGHT, and also from its excellent neighbor, the R. P. JOURNAL. This is commendable. Its readers delight in rich, rare articles. Fresh fruit is more palatable than dried, though plucked from the slender side of the tree. Spiritualism, yet in the flush of early youth, has around its outlines sombre surroundings, like some of those magnificent pictures of the old masters. Sectarians see, or seem to see, these shadings only. Buzzards ever look. Crows wade in mud and marsh. It is their nature. Emerson says, "Only that which we have within can we see without. If we meet no Gods, it is because we harbor none. If there is grandeur in you, you will find grandeur in porters and sweeps. There is an adjustment between the animal and its food."

Bro. D. P. Livermore is exceedingly skillful at finding such articles in Spiritualist papers as are headed "False Communications," "Dark Circle Mediums," &c. In his issue of Nov. 31, prefacing the quotations from Judge Carter's communication on "Lying spirits," are these words: "We know nothing about these mediums and communications, except what our Spiritualist friends say." What a confession of ignorance! God may now, as in Bible times, "wink at it," we will not. As a professional teacher and educator of the public mind, he ought to "know" something about mediums and their communications. This is tremendous Peter over again. "He denied with an oath, saying, I do not know the man." But the editor's statement is not literally correct. He has not mediums, seen their manifestations, listened to communications; ay, more, he saw in our own library-room Bro. E. C. Dunn entranced; had an interview with the purporting controlling spirit, and expressed himself deeply interested, though not accepting some of the teachings.

As to "lying spirits," our position is this: present and past existence constitute one endless chain of being. Spirit-life is a continuance of this, one step up the shining stairway toward the Temple of the Eternal. Dying does not destroy individuality, nor change the essential qualities of the man, any more than falling asleep in a hotel and waking in Harvard College would make of an undisciplined lubber a linguist, or bleach to snowy whiteness the bloated face of an inebriate. Earthly privileges reach beyond the river. That men on earth live, know, and passing to spirit-life it is perfectly natural that they should return before having learned the full dialect of truth. Death is no excessive sponge; earthly tendencies are not blotted out in the twinkling of an eye, and accordingly the good St. John enjoined upon us to "try the spirits."

Shall we, then, as Judge Carter suggests, "have nothing to do with these communications"? Let us test this logic. Some telegrams are false; therefore have nothing to do with any. Some telegraph operators have sent us along those magic wires; therefore receive no more telegraphic communications; give up the continent-connecting cable, and let it rust and rot in ocean depths. Would sound judgment dictate such a course of procedure?

Individually, we propose to continue telegraphing from city to city as occasion requires, and also receiving communications from spirits. As to what they say, or teach, or promise, we shall exercise our reason and our judgment, accepting no authority outside ourselves. We meet many truthful men for a single far, and see thousands suiles for every tear, and hence consider it "safe" to continue holding social intercourse with humanity. We never consult our circle relative to lost property, the gold market, or politics. "They bridged their own rivers, fought life's battles, meeting its diverse experiences, and they prefer to have us do the same, knowing that earthly defeats lead to heavenly victories, and that bitter disappointments are often better for the soul than shouts of triumph.

The Covenant of the previous week contained the following from Bro. Wadsworth:

"He (F. L. Wadsworth) apprehended that the great weakness of Spiritualists consisted in receiving manifestations as true, without sufficient investigation as to the conditions required; that they had swallowed without chewing, appropriated without digestion; and the consequence was, that they had a great degree of chaos in the phenomenal department of their movement. It was his conviction, and he fearlessly expressed it, that at least seven-tenths of the manifestations of spiritual, presented before the public, could be accounted for by causes that were not spiritual."

Upon the above, the editor of the Universalist New Covenant facetiously comments in the following style:

"Mr. Wadsworth is connected with the Spiritualist party of this city, and we suppose that he knows whereof he affirms. But if it is true, as he here asserts, that seven-tenths of the spiritual manifestations are impostures, how can we know which of the three-tenths are correct, when one part seems as genuine as the other? If he has already reached the conclusion that seven-tenths of the communications of mediums can be accounted for on other principles than through departed spirits, we think a little closer investigation will reveal an earthly cause for the other three-tenths."

This "conviction," which we consider an unwarranted misjudgment, afforded rich satisfaction to the New Covenant. It was really a sectarian feast—"wine on the lees and fat things full of marrow." Though not purposely, we think Bro. Wadsworth, in his "sifting process," made use of a sieve with too large interstices. A wind too sweeping and furious destroys the wheat as well as dispenses the chaff. It is not strange that Bro. Livermore should infer that a "little closer investigation," or sifting, will let the other "three-tenths" of the spiritual manifestations through. He would doubtless give the sieve a good shaking gratuitously. Sifters and sieves, builders and buildings, artists and their paintings, bear to each other certain correspondential relations, as well as bespeak soul-genius and the most hidden aims of the inner life. While warning the enthusiast against the hopper that takes in everything, the too credulous against receiving all as genuine that is thrown into the market labeled Spiritualism, we also advise sifters to lessen the spaces and tighten the rims of their sieves; and, furthermore, strenuously insist that all judges grade with modesty the judgment-sent. It requires the deepest intuition, the nicest discrimination, and wisdom almost infinite, to pronounce judgment upon the overshadowing spirit-influences of the age. We think a large majority of the most intelligent

Spiritualists of this country consider full seven-tenths of spiritual manifestations genuine—that is, "spiritual" in their origin. This estimate leaves a wide margin for imposture. Psychologists are spirit-mediums. J. B. Dods admitted this to us. So did Prof. Stearns, and our experience confirms it. All force is spirit, and as Swedenborg taught, the spirit-world is the "world of causes"—the realm of celestial congresses.

For impostors we have no apology. They are the postponed possibilities of men. We recognize them only in the capacity of teacher and reformer.

Possibly we may err in our estimate of the genuineness of spirit-manifestations. Our mantle of charity may be too broad, and our sympathies for these despised and persecuted mediums that bring us sweet evangels from the heavenly world, too intense. We hate the doctrine of "Total Depravity," loathe the suspicion, and despise injustice. God is in all. There's a beautiful angel in every human form, and oh! it is pleasant to think that media are generally honest and sincere in dealing with the momentous subject of immortality, heaven, and the soul's tenderest affections.

Judge Carter's experience with "Lying spirits and false communications," taken in connection with Bro. Wadsworth's convictions, that "seven-tenths of these manifestations are not spiritual," which is tantamount to saying they are earthly, and, if earthly, either the result of ignorance or imposture, reminds us of a little circumstance in our academic years. In our chemistry class was an odd genius, both wise and waggish. Our professor of natural sciences lecturing us upon heat, took the common ground that heat was a substance and latent in all matter. This youth insisted that there really was heat in everything. "Most certainly," said the grave professor. "Is there heat, sir, in snow?" "Assuredly there is," was the laconic reply. "Then," said the student, "if there's heat in everything, even snow, please tell us how many snowballs it will take to heat a teakettle?"

We think it would take just about as many of Judge Carter's articles, and Bro. Wadsworth's convictions of the "manifestations," to demonstrate immortality, or favorably impress the world with the beautiful principles of the Spiritual Philosophy, as it would snowballs to boil the water in a teakettle.

The Serene Departure of Henry H. Davenport.

It was with mingled sorrows and smiles that we learned a few days since of Henry's translation to the happy scenes of immortality; of sorrow, because we are selfish, and cling to those we love; of smiles, because a beautiful and promising boy's sufferings are ended, and a new harp echoing 'mid the eternal march of souls.

Henry H. Davenport, the family pet and youngest son of B. S. and Phoebe A. Davenport, of Lockport, N. Y., aged fourteen years and two months, passed to spirit-life on the 27th of Oct., after a lingering illness of nineteen months. He was highly intuitive, ambitious, precocious, and full of budding promises for the future. After clasping his hand, looking into his clear black eyes, and listening to his musical voice, we could not help loving him. All that knew, admired and loved him. Conscious that his last days were approaching, he spoke freely of death; dreaded the untimely passage, and wished that the "cup might pass." His father conversed with him of the change—the divine principles of Spiritualism, and of a loved brother that was awaiting him on those evergreen shores. After singing and prayer by his father and an aunt, he looked to his mother and said, "Dear, darling mother, if I could put my arms around you, and take you with me, oh how gladly would I go." After this, he conversed pleasantly and calmly of the change with all that called to see him. Following one of his fearful spasms, he called all of his friends to the bedside and commenced singing, requesting them to join him. They did so; and his whole being seemed illumined with the divine glories of the angel-world. Then singing the piece, "Shall we know each other there?" he asked Thomas and Allen, the two older brothers, to sing the bass. It was the dying dirge; the blending of earthly and heavenly music. When commencing the second verse, he turned his eyes, all sparkling with joy and brightness, upon first one and then another of his weeping sisters, and exclaimed, "Oh, my brother, my darling brother! Cornelius has come to go with me. He takes my hand. He will lead me. Oh, how happy he is to see me. Dear friends, we shall, yes, we shall know each other there; and though I go before you, it will not be long ere we shall all meet in that happy, heavenly world, prepared for us on the other shore. Oh, how happy, happy your boy is, dear mother!" Seeing Celestia weeping, he twined his arms around her neck, and as he did so, continued singing,

"We shall feel these dear arms twining Fondly round us as before."

He continued in this joyous frame of mind to the last. To his cousin he said, "Oh, Frank, if this is death, it is not hard to die." He cheerfully took leave of his playmates, told them his "brother came for him the other night." He was coming again soon, then he should go. Giving each of the family some token of remembrance, he requested them to sing and pray. They did so; he joining in the song, "All is well, all is well," with voice clear and strong. When finished, he exclaimed, "Yes, dear friends, all is well. Oh how happy I am. We shall soon meet in that bright land—there I shall be free from pain, and there we shall meet to never part. Oh how happy we shall all be when meeting on those shining shores." He then breathed his last; sweetly, calmly, as a star fades away before the rising sun.

He requested his photograph sent us, and also desired us to attend the funeral. The distance was too great. We mingle our sympathies with the family and friends. Though tears flow, and the tendrils of affection quiver, the teachings and principles of the Spiritual Philosophy are sufficient for every trial. Heaven's blessings be upon and abide with you. We close with Mrs. Osgood's dying song:

"You've woven roses round my way,
And gladdened all my being;
How much I thank you, none can say,
Save only the All-seeing.
I am going through the Eternal gates,
Ere June's sweet roses bloom;
Death's lovely angel leads me there—
And it's sweet to go."

The Boston Investigator upon Exaggeration.

Before the Investigator further discourses upon exaggeration relative to the works of Spiritualists or the signs that follow mediums, it will have sufficient manliness to correct the discrepancy we pointed out in its columns several weeks since? We have not taken "back" a word we were relating to the monument erected over the physical form of Frances Wright, nor shall we; but did explain what the Investigator seemed to fall of understanding. We now ask Bro. Sever-

to publish our article containing the explanation in full.

As to the words ascribed to the Nazarene, concerning the "signs" that should follow believers, we quoted them from memory. The evangelist, Mark, doubtless penned them from memory; and unless the Investigator assumes the position that the Biblical records are plainly inspired, and that the evangelists were endowed with infallible perceptions and memories, his remarks seem to us pointless.

The Investigator's whole article upon "exaggeration," while amusing, reminded us of these lines of Emerson: "There are people who can never understand a trope, or any second or expanded sense given to your words, or any humor; but remain literalists, after hearing the music and poetry, and rhetoric and wit of seventy or eighty years. They are past the help of surgeon of clergy."

To us, Jesus was a man—a natural man, a brother, a reformer, a Spiritualist, with remarkable intuition and idealistic powers. We read the record of his sayings and doings as we do those of Pythagoras, or any other eminent historic character of the past; and exercise our reason and best judgment relative to the words said to have been wrought by him. Therefore, the Editor's feeble paragraphs concerning the "feeding of five thousand," "rattle snakes," "raising the dead," &c., are not worth the ink he wasted.

Letter from Dean Clark.

"Man proposes, but God disposes," is a saying that has been often verified in the world's history, and all human experience proves that the realm of "free will" is circumscribed by very narrow limits and bounds. Especially applicable to all the "Apostles of the New Dispensation" is the similar declaration of the poet:

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we may."

For how often do we find our personal wishes and plans thwarted, when not in consonance with the designs of those potent guides who lead us through the mazes of human life, and overrule our purposes to suit their wiser schemes. I find that my purpose of returning to my native hills at the close of my term of service in this place, as announced in the BANNER, was not only in defiance with the program of my invisible prompter, or at least was a little premature, for now I seem to be directed to prolong my stay, by taking a tour northward to Chicago, thence via Central or Southern Michigan, as the way may open, back through Central New York, on which route, and in places accessible to all, will answer the calls of those who may wish for my services, for Sunday and week-evening lectures. If there are any friends in Indiana, Michigan, or Northern Ohio who desire my services, they will please address me immediately at Crown Point, Ind., until further notice.

My labors in this place, though performed under physical difficulties, have proved profitable to me, in spiritual experiences, which I trust will better prepare me for future labors in the great field of reform embraced within the compass of our utilitarian religion. There are many noble and true-hearted friends of the cause in Cincinnati, and self-sacrificing, prominent among whom is my generous friend A. W. Pugh, who was recently chosen, by unanimous vote, as Conductor of the Progressive Lyceum, which only adds to the confidence and courage of the cause in Cincinnati, and is pushing forward with commendable zeal and self-sacrifice, prominent among whom is my generous friend A. W. Pugh, who was recently chosen, by unanimous vote, as Conductor of the Progressive Lyceum, which only adds to the confidence and courage of the cause in Cincinnati, and is pushing forward with commendable zeal and self-sacrifice, prominent among whom is my generous friend A. W. 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