

Children's Department.
 BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
 ADDRESS CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

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

(Original.)
AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.
 NUMBER FOUR.

It was just after dinner of a dull, cloudy winter's day. Aunt Zera sat by the chimney corner looking at the dull embers in the fire place, seeming to be studying therein those beautiful hieroglyphs that one never wearies of interpreting. Once in a while a bright smile would pass over her face, as if she had met a friend; and then a look of sadness would come, as quickly as a cloud will fly over the face of the moon.

Will came in and held out his reddened hands to the fire, and he, too, was very thoughtful; something seemed pressing upon his thoughts. Grace and Kate soon opened the dining-room door, and they, too, sat quietly down, and looked at the dull fire. It was not until Eunice came with a fresh bit of kindling and some wood, that any one seemed to think of their comfort, or wonder at the dullness.

"I declare it's a shame," said Will at last, "that no one knew about her. Now she's dead everybody seems to understand that she was just the best little body in the world, when it's too late."

"It's never too late," said Aunt Zera with earnestness.

"They say," said Kate, "that she just killed herself taking care of her mother, who is a real cross old thing, everybody knows. The dear little thing used to tend her like a baby, and then when she slept she would work all the faster, and would knit and crochet little mittens to sell, to buy things with—"

"And she wasn't her own mother either," said Grace. "I could do that for my own, downy mother, and be glad, and not mind if she was cross."

"What a pity that no one knew how good she was till she died," said Will, as if he was reproaching himself. "I'm sure we would all have helped her. And to think she died all alone, in the little room off from the old lady's; and nobody knows when she had anything to eat last. The old woman managed to get to the cupboard and get bread after Rosie could not get up."

There was a long pause again. Aunt Zera seemed still to find something to read in the now brightly glowing fire, and Will turned his hands over and over, as if they never would be warm again. It was evident that this history of a poor girl's death, and her life of industrious poverty, had touched all those dwellers in the land of plenty. They could not be reconciled to the thought that they had not appreciated their silent neighbor, who had been living a heroic life close by them that they knew nothing of.

Jeanie came in, looking as if she had been having a good cry, and out of the relief of tears had brought some comfort.

"Well, it's a real comfort that we did not know anything about her," she said, "for if we had, we should have been as bad as the old woman herself. But to talk, Aunt Zera; tell us something. Anything is better than this thinking and wondering."

"Well," said Aunt Zera, "I have been looking at this firelight. It all died away; there was nothing left but the small embers. The white ashes covered the bright coals. We could have called the fire dead, but for the sparks that glowed underneath. I believe I was wondering if it would really die, when Eunice came along and rekindled the brightness from the little undying sparks. And thus, said I, are our good deeds. They break out into fresh brightness; they kindle up other's goodness; they slumber a little, but to shine with brighter radiance. Eunice seemed to me like those old monks, that with torches and the holy cross ascended the Mount Pellegriol, and kindled the brightness of a pure and holy life again, when it seemed to the world to be dead."

"Oh tell us—do tell us," said Grace, "all about it."

Will folded up his hands, looking more satisfied than for a long time, and Eunice turned her eyes modestly down, thinking how glad she would be to seem like anything grand or beautiful. Aunt Zera began:

"Rosalie was born in an age of the world when fierce and bloody wars were waging, and when wicked men ruled the nations. Her father was King of Sicily. He was William the Second, and has left an unenviable title. He is called in history, 'The Bad.' His life was impure, and his temper violent, and his people dreaded to hear of his acts, and none loved him. He called about him men like himself, and his court was thronged with afoolish and vicious men."

"In what year was this?" asked Will.

"William the Second, of Sicily, succeeded the famous Roger in the year 1154. I wish I knew something of his Queen, for the son of William the Bad was so pure and noble that he is called William the Good."

"Then the Princess Rosalie must have had some one to love," said Jeanie.

"Yes, doubtless she and her brother were much alike. But her love for him was not so great as her sorrow for the sin and misery of the world. It made her so sad, that her life lost all its charm. She wondered what she could do to redeem the world. As she sat alone, beautiful visions of an age holier and purer than this came before her. She determined to do something to bless mankind. I have no doubt her mother was a very edifying woman, for Rosalie thought that the best thing a young maiden could do was to pray. When she was near the gates of the court, she found it more difficult to fix her thoughts wholly on sacred things, so she determined to retire to a life of seclusion. It seems strange that she did not enter some of the fine convents of Palermo. Her aunt was Constance, the daughter of King Roger II. She lived in a convent fifty years, and then came out to marry one of the greatest monarchs of the world, Henry the Sixth, the son of Frederic Barbarossa."

"Wasn't he one of the Crusaders?" asked Will.

"Yes, he was leading a great army of one hundred and fifty thousand men to the Holy Land. He met victory everywhere he went. In his impatience to cross a stream, he plunged into the river on horseback. The current carried him away. His son Henry then began to reign; and as he wished very much to join Sicily to his kingdom, he determined to marry it."

"I think," said Grace, "he was more sensible than to fight for it."

"He married Constance, who inherited the throne of Sicily after the death of William the Good, who, you remember, was brother to Rosalie. No doubt Rosalie knew that the life in the con-

vents was not altogether a religious and quiet life, and so instead of entering one, she determined to leave the court of her father, and find a life of retirement. She was young and beautiful, and had many admirers. She had been most tenderly nurtured, and was altogether unused to hardship. How much courage it must have taken to have made her final resolve. She started alone and climbed up the steep mountain of Pellegriol. Here she found a rocky cavern where she could remain entirely unmolested. Her thoughts must have been very sad, and her prayers very earnest up there alone. How many bitter tears she must have shed! How pure must have been her purpose! Would you not think that she would have repented her purpose, and have come down from her loneliness?"

"I hope she did not die there," said Grace.

"Yes, she never forgot her resolve to devote her life to holiness. She died, and was forgotten. All alone her spirit breathed itself out of her fair body. Up there in the silence of the mountains she heard no voices but the voices of the angels. I think they must have been her constant companions, or she would never have had courage to stay there."

"If she was forgotten," said Will, "I can't for the life of me see what good she did!"

"That is just the most beautiful part of her history. While all the wars of Hildegarde and Barbarossa were raging, and during all the stormy time afterwards for five hundred years, no one remembered the life of the fair maiden. No one thought of the sacrifice she had made, or of the peril she had met."

At last a fearful pestilence raged on her native island. Nothing could stay it. Terror reigned everywhere. Holy men prayed that help might come, and yet there was no deliverance, and yet they prayed again. At length a vision was granted to them, and they were directed by angels to go to that grand old mountain for succor. They formed a grand procession. They held the emblem of holiness, the cross, high up, and they burned costly incense and waved banners. Torches lighted them as they climbed up the steep ascent. Many people accompanied them, and they wound up the crooked path, and over the rough rocks, with a faith in heaven and its power that I wish the world might never lose.

Far up the mountain, in a bleak, bare cavern, even up to the highest part of the mountain, they found the bones of the fair maiden. With triumph they gathered them up, never doubting that they had sacred power, and again the procession wound its way among the rocks. Down to the sick, suffering world they bore them, and wherever the relics went, the sickness departed."

"Do you believe that?" said Will.

"I believe that faith will work miracles, and I admire the faith of that trusting people, who heard the voices of angels, and believed. No doubt it was their faith that cured them, because it was through that that the spirits could work to cure and heal them."

"Don't you remember," said Eunice, "that Jesus could not cure when they had no faith?"

"Yes; he knew that it was necessary, and so did the angels that led the good men up the mountain. The sickness departed, and the Sicilians made Rosalie their patron saint."

"How long ago was this, did you say?" said Jeanie.

"It is only two hundred years since her sacred remains were borne down the mountain, but during this time she has been most gratefully remembered. Every year there is a *fete* in honor of her. It lasts five days, and is a season of great gaiety. At Palermo there is a colossal statue of her, which, during the *fete*, is ornamented and illuminated."

The Cathedral of Palermo is also illuminated, and all the stores and houses are decorated. There is a cathedral called Santa Rosalie. It was once a mosque, in the days when the Moors were the proud owners of the beautiful island, and it was built as far back as when they worshipped their sacred Mahomet, and raised their crescent as the Christian his cross."

"And I think they were shamefully treated, too," said Will, "just as if one religion was not as sacred as another."

Eunice gave a sigh, as if Will had made her heart ache. But Aunt Zera continued:

"No doubt the Moors were cruelly driven from their homes; but in the progress of nations such things must be. The desolate cavern where Rosalie died has been most richly adorned with costly decorations, and a church and monastery now hang from the steep rocks close by. In almost all Sicilian towns there are churches dedicated to Saint Rosalie, and many fine cathedrals also."

"I hope she knows something about it all," said Grace.

"No doubt her spirit rejoices to be recognized; but best of all, I think she likes to lead her people through their faith to better and nobler lives. So you see that goodness never dies. Noble deeds may be forgotten for ages, but some time they will spring up again, and reveal themselves with power as well as heat."

"Then you do believe that our little Rosalie's life of goodness will not be wasted?" said Eunice.

"I am sure it has not been. She has not had to sleep five hundred years before she was recognized. Even now, while you can look on her sad thin face, you feel the better for her life."

"So we do," said Kate; "that is, I do, and I feel as if I should like to build a monument to tell folks about her."

"The best monument is the loving memory of the good. I do not think that Saint Rosalie has one hour made more blessed by the shrines and monuments that have been dedicated to her; but think what joy must she have felt when she knew that by thoughts of her life of devotion, the people came so near to heaven that health could flow down to them, and rich spiritual gifts."

"And you do believe all this?" said Will, hesitatingly.

"I did not," said Aunt Zera, "for I should not have faith as a grain of mustard seed, and should doubt all the cures that have been performed by the good. I forgot to mention that this Empress Constance, Aunt to Rosalie, was the one that Dante met when he passed through the spirit-world."

"Did he really go?" said Kate, eagerly.

"He went either in vision or dream, and in the grandest spiritual poem the world knows, has told his vision. He says that Constance did what she would gladly have left undone; so all her worldly honor was not so good to her in heaven as was Rosalie's simple life. But come, let us all go and follow the pure Rosie to her resting-place, and remember, that good deeds never die."

Enigma.
 I am composed of 23 letters:
 My 1, 9, 19, 3, 13, 23 is a trade.
 My 16, 22, 18, 3, 11, 18 is found in the country.
 My 3, 22, 14, 23, 4, 11 is the name of a State.
 My 8, 16, 4, 11 grows most everywhere.
 My 16, 4, 6 is a number.
 My 9, 18, 20, 6 is a metal.
 My 12, 9, 6, 10, 17, 12 is found in every house.
 My 7, 2, 5, 21, 17, 6, 10 is of great value.
 My whole is an old and true saying.

Conundrums on Trees.
 1. What tree do we offer to a friend who we have not seen for a long time?
 2. What tree is it difficult to handle?
 3. What tree may we work on the feet?
 4. What tree belongs to the kitchen maid?
 5. What tree invites us away from home?

Answers to Conundrums in our last.
 1. Branch Oak.
 2. Spruce.
 3. Tea.
 4. Box.
 5. Fir.
 6. Birch.

Written for the Banner of Light.
FLOATING ON THE RIVER.

BY WILFRID WYLLIAMS.
 Oh! we float on the breast of a river,
 That onward unceasingly rolls,
 Away from the valley of mortals,
 To the mystical kingdom of souls;
 Away from the region of mortals
 That borders the Empire of Death,
 To the beautiful Gardens of Aeldenn,
 That know not of Azrael's breath;
 Where are over the waitings and watchings,
 And we rest from all struggle and strife,
 And we walk by the side of the angels,
 And we drink of the waters of life.

Oh! we drift on the tide of the river,
 And the tempest is angry and loud,
 And our souls are enshrouded in darkness,
 That covers the earth like a cloud;
 But we know that the God of the tempest
 Is guiding our bark with His hand;
 That, beyond the dark cloud, the swift river
 Rolls on to the mystical land.
 So we float with the tide of the river,
 That onward forever shall roll,
 Through the valleys of sadness and sighing,
 Through tempest and storm to the goal.

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.
 NUMBER TWO.

BY H. SCOTT, M. D.

Readers will please excuse a brief sketch of my church experience.

I was young when I gave my name to the church, and did so under a sense of duty, hoping to receive good and do good. I expected to find in the membership, human nature subdued and changed into goodness; at least I believed that professors would be better than non-professors. It was my only and ardent desire to find the beautiful precepts of Jesus practically illustrated in Christian life. The church of my choice taught the doctrine of spiritual regeneration; that is, a change of heart by "conversion." A new life was to follow; a life in which pure desires and thoughts were to supplant the depravity which was born in our natures as a consequence of the "fall"; a life in which universal love, good will and charity were to take the place of our evil passions and propensities; a life in which all were to love their neighbors as themselves; do good for evil; forgive as they hoped to be forgiven; to do unto others as they would be done by; not to be puffed up, or think themselves better than others. I thought the command not to lay up treasures on earth but in heaven, beautiful, and longed to realize its fulfillment. The experience of an entirely new heart, or perfect deliverance from all sin, or propensity to sin, was also taught; and some professed to have received that blessing. This was called entire sanctification. I went forward in my duties cheerfully. But there came a change in my dreams; my inner perceptions were awakened. I was disappointed, and asked for and received my "honorable discharge," which I hold as a relic I am not ashamed of. I am glad that I passed through the church. The experience has carried me forward.

I never intend to intentionally do injustice to churches or to individuals. I honestly believe that the masses are doing that which they think right. It is the false systems of drill in theological schools which I have quarreled with; because I have seen that they darken the understanding and hinder spiritual unfoldment. If I say that I believe that existing systems are doing more harm than good, I may err; but I do believe that a more enlightened and rational spiritual era is dawning on the world. Let the work be gradual; it will be sure. It may be, after all, that Dr. Child is right. It may be that church institutions are necessary evils. If so, God speed the day when they shall have accomplished their work.

Among the first things which disturbed my equilibrium, was the perception that professing Christian laws enacted, sanctioned and enforced laws facilitating the accumulation of vast fortunes in individual hands, thousands of times greater than the possible requirements of the possessors, while nineteen out of every twenty scarcely attained to competency, and large numbers were reduced to actual pauperism and consigned to the poor house, to be fed and clothed in the most menial way, by an ad valorem taxation grudgingly paid; and when relieved by death from their sorrows, put out of sight in the plainest and cheapest way—also at the public expense—while no tears were shed on the humble grave. To die a pauper was regarded as a shade less degrading than to die a criminal.

I saw that a word of evil report once started in regard to female virtue, or chastity, consigned the individual to hopeless disgrace. It mattered not whether the report was true or false. No questions were asked. No one cared; it was enough that her name was tainted. The doors of society and of the church were shut in her face. No amount of prayers, or tears, or penitence, could atone. No amount of evidence could clear up her case. She was not permitted to offer testimony; nobody wanted to hear it. Such attempts only made her case more hopeless. Her own sex—perhaps those who had sat at the same communion board—turned coldly away, allowing their erring sister to die and rot in the streets, or disreputable houses, or by the wayside, without an attempt to save or administer to the pressing wants of nature. This has all been true in the past, as it is to-day. Great God! I found myself exclaiming, where is he that can "cast the first stone?" where can any be found who can say, "neither do I condemn thee, go thy way and sin no more."

I have seen the high, the low, and the middle classes, kneel at the same altar and commemorate the death of the Saviour, all of which seemed to me beautiful and well. I have seen the same people pass out of the temple and resolve themselves into the castes of the world, even to the ignoring of one another on the streets, as they happened to be poor or rich, or attached to this or that family. There were the working classes, who could never come into the parlors of the more favored, and with whom it would be esteemed disreputable to mingle in a social way. This unsettled me; for I could not conceive why one Christian should not be fit society for another. The best and most pious were often made to suffer degradation, while the frivolous and worthless, and often the vicious and licentious, received the smiles and kisses of society, and all from purely mundane considerations.

I asked myself, is the kingdom of heaven visible? Am I deceived? Has the work of grace done no more than all this to make Christians love one another? I confess that I was squarely drawn up to a close communion with myself, and to an independence of thought and conduct, to which previously I had been a stranger. But I had been looking at the surface of things. I commenced the work of analysis.

Lancaster, Ohio.

The greatest plague of life is an ill-temper.

HEART LEAVES:
 NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

BY LOIS WALBROOKER.
 The Mistaken Vine.

Once upon a time there grew upon the banks of a marshy stream a young and thrifty vine; The time had come when she could no longer sustain the accumulated weight of her own growth, and the question arose as to where she should seek the needed support. Upon the left, close upon the bank of the stream, was an abundance of shrubs and weeds, some of but a year's growth, and some of longer standing; on the right, at a little distance, stood a stately oak.

The latter looked kindly down upon the youthful vine, and said, "Come to me; your graceful foliage shall be a wreath of beauty about my rugged trunk, while I lift you high above the earth into heaven's broad sunlight; you shall rest securely upon my branches, and together we will listen to the notes of the aerial songsters that come to feed upon your pendant clusters."

But the inhabitants of the marsh said, "Nay, why should you leave your friends for a stranger? Some of us rejoiced at your birth, and others have since come to admire your beauty; we all love you, and why should we be separated? To be sure we are small, as yet, but we are in the morning of life, and while the oak that has seen so many years is going to decay, we shall be flourishing in the vigor of our prime. Come, then, let us grow together, and cement the friendship so happily begun."

The vine, thus harangued, looked thoughtfully from one to the other, and thus communed within herself: "I should love to sit like a queen upon yonder oak, but I do not like the idea of crawling on the ground to reach it; and then to climb so far, with nothing but that rough, rugged trunk to twine about, why the very thought of it is shocking. But to unite myself with those low bushes would be quite too bad, and I ought not to think of it for a moment. Still, they are growing very fast, and who knows but that they may become as high as the oak, in the time that it would take me to crawl thither and climb to its branches, and by remaining with them, I shall thus save myself all this humiliation and toil."

Delighted with this pleasing conclusion, the vine reached forth her tendrils, and clasping them around her professed friends, agreed to cast in her lot with theirs. Time passed on; the broad-leaved luxuriance of the thrifty vine nearly hid her supporters from sight; only here and there a sprout, more vigorous than the rest, or needing less room, forced its way upward.

Autumn came, and the heavy clusters bowed the fall reds nearly to the earth. Mutual recriminations took place. The vine complained that instead of being supported as she had a right to expect, her fruits were constantly in danger of being destroyed by the four-footed beasts that passed by; and the bushes said, "It is all your own fault; you hide from us the light of heaven, leaving us to pine for its vivifying influences, and then lead us with a burden intolerable to be borne."

But their murmurings were of short duration, for a thirsty herd of lowing kine came that way in search of water, and together they were trampled into the mire; the beautiful clusters being crushed beneath the broad hoofs.

Meanwhile, the son of the thrifty farmer complained that they had not land enough, and wished his father to purchase more. "But why should we do this," replied the thoughtful vine, "when much that we now have remains uncultivated? The bed of yonder stream can be straightened and deepened, thus making acres that are now useless, not only tillable, but of a superior quality."

The marsh was accordingly cleared—its shrubs and brakes, together with the vine, gathered into heaps and burned. But while the former were exterminated, the roots of the vine were permitted to remain, and life was strong therein. Again she sent forth her branches, and again she bent beneath her own weight; but having learned that "Humility is before promotion, and a haughty spirit before a fall," she bowed herself humbly to the earth, and, regardless of the invitations of others, made her way toward the oak. Patiently she ascended the rugged trunk, till at last she sat like a "crown of glory," a "diadem of beauty," upon the topmost boughs.

Letter to J. S. Loveland.

DEAR SIR—I have just read your able address delivered at the Providence Convention. Permit me to respectfully criticize you, and through you the great body of Spiritualists and reformers.

I do not accept your use of the term free love. Simple terms are to be used according to their common acceptation. The term marriage, for instance, should be used to represent the popular marriage. Let the term go with the idea it has, by common consent, been used to represent. The popular marriage you admit to be an abomination. If so, a true system, a system worthy to be accepted and illustrated by intelligent and pure minded men and women, should be so entirely different from the popular system as to deserve a different name.

Compound terms should be used according to the accepted meaning of the terms of which they are composed. The term free love, should not be used as synonymous with "variety;" unless it is admitted that freedom naturally and always leads to variety. Free love means free love, and nothing else. Those who are on the variety plane, will, in freedom, be led into variety; those who are not, will not be. The free lover is one who believes that freedom is a human right, and that in freedom men and women will naturally develop into the truest, highest and purest condition.

Whether the love of freedom men and women will be exclusive or nonexclusive, transient or constant, eternal or otherwise, are, I suppose, open questions. You may have settled them in your own mind, correctly, logically. The mass of Spiritualists may, possibly, have done the same. That society at large has done anything of the sort, is not to be admitted. For myself, I will not discuss any of these questions till the right of all to freedom is admitted. I demand the freedom of all, without reference to my own views on any of these points, or the views or tendencies of those whose right to freedom I defend. And it is this position, I suppose, that constitutes me a free lover.

I am a free lover in the same sense that you are a free thinker. I defend one for the same reasons, and with the same arguments, that you do the other. Precisely the same objections are urged against one as against the other. You do not stop to inquire into a man's views or tendencies, before according to him the right to freedom in thought. He has a right against the world to think as he must. You do not fear that in the end he will be less likely to arrive at the truth, on account of this freedom, whatever errors he may temporarily embrace. In all this your position corresponds to mine, on the love question. Free thinkers, as such, do not adopt any doctrine.

They simply advocate freedom. To confound free thinking with infidelity, Spiritualism, or any other doctrine, is irrational, and a misuse of terms. To confound free love with any particular views or practices is equally so.

"You see the point I wish to make, and I will not multiply words, or go into any discussion of the general question of love versus marriage. Permit me, however, a thought or two not necessary to my criticism, but suggested by it. On the supposition that the exclusive, constant love is the highest and purest condition, to which all are destined to attain, the question arises whether any other practice, on the part of men and women on any plane of development, is admissible. That the mass of mankind are at present on some other plane than this, is undeniable. That they cannot attain to the true life except through development, is clear to you and me. Now it seems to me, that the only question is in regard to the best means for their development. Shall they be forced, arbitrarily, through the means of law or public sentiment, to counterfeit an idea and life they cannot comprehend. In the ideal, much less attain to in the actual, or shall they be treated on the same principle that we would apply to those who are, in our opinion, entertaining errors in theory? It seems to me the latter. Otherwise our position will be found to correspond to that of the religious bigot, who, with pharisaical contempt of those he conceives to be in error, seeks to force them to accept his standard and practice. The lesson the reformer should not be too slow to learn, is that of charity and tolerance; that if he has possibly made attainments in some directions others have not, it has been through experience, and the possession of conferred powers and qualities.

Reformers should not forget that freedom is the only condition of development; and remembering this, they must learn, if they have not, that freedom is not a lengthened chain! Freedom is not the liberal of doing what others approve, however liberal they may be. We demand for ourselves the right to judge for ourselves as to what is right. If we do not accord the same right to others, wherein do we differ from the Pope, or any other tyrant or bigot, who presumes to make his own ideas the standard of human action?"

Respectfully,
 FRANCIS BARRY,
 Berlin Heights, O., Sept., 1866.

Matters in Willimantic, Conn.

Knowing that it is your pleasure as well as purpose to record all movements progressive, I am constrained to detail what has transpired in this section of late, that the world at large may know that our ancient fire has not all gone out, that the spirit still lives among us, and occasionally moves to a purpose.

You are aware that a Children's Progressive Lyceum has been in successful operation in this place since July 15th. Our increase in numbers has been only equalled by the steady increase of interest in the ever new and beautiful exercises, at once our pride and distinguishing glory. The glowing satisfaction and the happy light which crown the faces of the children as they hasten to the hall at each recurring session, is enough to compensate for all our labors in establishing the Lyceum. But this is not all. It inspires them with a manliness and a dignity that nothing else could; and we know that their forms and faces are growing more and more beautiful, as they increase in the knowledge of strength and love and harmony. More than this: the wrinkled visage of old age softens and melts into dewy tenderness, as they sit and watch the cheerful, health-giving movements, or listen to the sweet silver-voiced of these youthful voices, or to their songs of the Summer-Land.

We feel a tender compassion and sympathy stealing out toward these silver-haired children, who have borne the heat and burden of long and useful lives; for we suspect, while they are noting the march of improvement in this, our day, their thoughts are turning; back to the days that saw them happy, joyous children, and that in their thoughts of the Summer-Land, they see again returning their halcyon days of freshness and beauty.

One could not desire more attentive or more interested listeners than those who come regularly to witness the operations of the Lyceum. Even those who profess to be our enemies, are barely restrained from coming in, by the fear that they shall by the act countenance the march of progress.

A festival for the benefit of the Lyceum has just terminated, which has been the most successful ever held in Willimantic. The net proceeds cannot fall much short of two hundred and seventy-five dollars. With this fund we feel that the interests of the Lyceum cannot suffer for some time to come, and we look forward hopefully and trustfully to a reputation second to none in the constellation of progressive institutions. Our good brother A. T. Foss is with us, and we like the plain, homely, but wholesome truths that he dispenses with open heart and generous hand. Had we more of his earnest stamp, the world would be the better for it. He comes into our Lyceum and joins us in our recitations, and we are all children together of one family and one Father.

Yours ever for truth, justice and progress,
 REMUS ROBINSON,
 Willimantic, Conn., Nov. 26, 1866.

DO NOT BE JEALOUS.—Do not be jealous, please, woman; do not cultivate so industriously that jealous disposition. What if your husband does happen to praise a woman whom you know to be good and handsome, and eminently deserving of all the praise he can bestow upon her? I can see no earthly reason why you should pout your lips, or toss your head in that way, intimating that you have no great opinion of her. I should think you would join with him and say, just what you know to be true, that she is good, and handsome, etc. A afraid your husband will think she is better than his own wife. Ah, silly child! he won't think anything of the kind, if you behave sensibly, and not drive him to thinking his wife is not the most amiable of women. Now I will tell you something which I know to be a fact. All men think the woman they choose for a wife is a little superior to all other women, and it remains with us to keep up the delusion. If we only endeavor to cultivate their good opinion as industriously as we did in the courtship days, we can maintain the same place in their affections—although I will admit that it requires more care to retain a person's love than to gain it, and I tell you girls, all the more care is needed. So do be as amiable as possible; and if you do not want to drive your husband into unfaithfulness, never, never suspect him of bestowing a thought, even, which belongs to you on another, remembering ever that few men will leave the pleasant home, with the charm that a loving, trusting wife throws around such a home, for another. If we married women would try to make our husbands more attractive, as we used to do our persons, we could but see the result.

Said a gentleman on presenting a lace collar to his idolatrous, "do not let any one else rumple it." "No, dear, I'll take it off," said the naughty beauty.

Sweden and Norway are slowly rising out of the sea at the rate of from one-tenth to one-half of an inch per annum. The west coast of Greenland is gradually sinking.

THE HAUNTING FACE.

[This little piece is sad, wild, weird, and beautiful, and to the yearning soul it calls up that keenest of pangs suggested by the lines—

"Or all the sad words of tongue or pen
That trace the hearts of men,
Deep down to the hearts of many of God's creatures
Will this wail find an echo. We find it a
flower, growing in the usually barren wild of
newspaper literature, and call it for our readers.
—Ez.]

What daily cares and thoughts give place
To quickened memories, oft in me—
Sudden, unthought-of—gleams a face
Which no one else will ever see.

No space can be within my ken,
But there it happily lies in wait;
The shadows veil it in the gloam,
The rays reveal it on the height.

Down gazing in the stream that lies
Unruffled 'neath the placid air,
I meet the light of those deep eyes,
And catch the gleaming of the hair.

Or, as I watch the changing sky,
When fleetly white the blue enshrouds,
That face, as from a casement high,
Looks out through opening in the clouds.

The solid darkness of the night
Around it forms a background deep;
It eaves the wayward and bright,
Within the vestibule of sleep.

Unought it comes, unbidden stray;
And yet, all dreamlike though it be,
No actual form that meets my gaze
Has such significance for me.

It tells of years that golden glide,
Of joys with no regrets between,
Of life expanded, glorified,
Of other things that might have been!

Fair as of yore, as young, as bright,
So glows it on my vision now;
Years never rob the eye of light,
Nor leave a shadow on the brow.

Yet not on earth, but in the skies,
Exists the face that haunts me so;
The shining hair, the beaming eyes,
That left their earth-home long ago.

A Brief History of Modern Spiritualism in Philadelphia.

[The undersigned were appointed by the First Association of Spiritualists in Philadelphia, to prepare a history of Modern Spiritualism in this city: Henry T. Child, M. D., Isaac Rehn, Peter Osborn, Dr. J. L. Pierce and George D. Henck. The following report was read on Sunday, Sept. 3, 1866, by the chairman, and directed to be published in the BANNER OF LIGHT AND RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

There is probably no better illustration of one of the prominent teachings of modern Spiritualism—the progress of the race—than that which is given by the history of the movement itself in different localities. And we believe it is well to record its history while it is yet fresh in our memories.

The progress of the human race has ever been marked by peculiar stages—individual minds, looking toward some grand truth, like numerous streams from the hill-sides, converging toward a point where a new era of development concentrates their influences, and, as a result, we have the evolutions of some grand and striking epoch. Our Revolutionary fathers furnish an instance of this kind. The truths embodied in their immortal Declaration of Independence were not new; they had always existed; but it needed the progressive spirit of the age to give birth to them in the outward, and the pen of a Jefferson to clothe them in language corresponding to their immortal character.

So, in our times, the free thought of the age, born of our noble institutions, was lifting mankind into higher conditions, when Andrew Jackson Davis gave to the world his "Nature's Divine Revelations," a volume which, though it contains that which is speculative and uncertain in our present state of unfoldment, was evidently the most suggestive work, not only of its inspired and faithful author, but of the age itself.

We believe that the few who have realized the value of this book, marking as it did an era in human history, and especially in the history of our cause in this city. Soon after its appearance the Psychological Society of this city, most of whose members have been identified with our movement since, believing it to be right to bring this book prominently before the public, while, at the same time, they desired to study it critically, rented a hall on Fourth, above Wood street, known as Kelm's Hall, and during the winter and spring of 1848 and 1849, various meetings in the week were devoted to the reading of this book. The plan adopted (which we think might be pursued with profit, with other profound works), was to read one hour and devote the remainder of the evening to criticisms, by the audience, of the portions read. These meetings were largely attended, and we have no doubt, were productive of much good. The spirit of inquiry which had been awakened, was spreading with rapidity; a new era was dawning, one which had been predicted by Mr. Davis, and which he alluded to, in which intelligent communications were brought to this world from the dwellers of the inner life.

The manifestations at Hydesville, N. Y., known as the "Rochester knockings," which had commenced in January, 1848, although not new, were connected with the most important event of the century, namely, the discovery of an intelligence behind these, which not only attempted to explain their cause, but gave evidence of the identity of individual spirits who had passed from this sphere.

On the 9th of October, 1850, the first circle was formed in this city, and for four months meetings were held weekly, and often semi-weekly and tri-weekly, without a single response. On the evening of February 10, 1850, the sounds were heard, and the manifestations which have since become so common over the entire civilized world, were introduced.

It is a singular and significant fact that, within a very few days, on the 15th of February, 1850, the writer, who, as a physician, was attending Mary Ann Wiggins, a young lady who was a very sensitive clairvoyant and magnetic subject, was informed that for some time past the family had heard sounds around her bed; on this day he was told that a brother in spirit-life had promised the medium that he would rap. Having waited for some time, he was about leaving the room when these loud raps were heard upon the wall at some distance from the patient, who was lying upon a feather bed. In a few days these manifestations occurred readily, and many persons were enabled to witness them.

The circle above alluded to, and others which were subsequently formed, met during the summer of 1851 and winter of 1851 and 1852. There were some lessons given before the Psychological Society at Kelm's Hall. In April, 1852, some of the friends met at Kelm's Hall, and, in accordance with the "directions" given by the spirits, at one of these circles, formed "The Harmonical Benevolent Society," with the following officers: President, Isaac Rehn; Vice President, Samuel Barry; Secretary, Isaac Barber; Treasurer, Aaron Comfort. Mr. Rehn is the only one of these, who remains with us in the form, the others have gone to realize more fully the truths of our religion and philosophy. The Society held meetings every week, and, on the 5th of May, 1852, appointed a committee, consisting of one member from each circle, (there being six at that time), to draft a plan of organization. On the 21st of June the committee reported a short constitution, which was adopted, and twenty-six members joined the Society, the objects of which were "to hold meetings and alleviate the sufferings of their fellow-men by all the means in their power." Lectures were delivered by the members, and communications received from the circles were occasionally read. On the 9th of August, 1852, the committee was directed to rent Franklin Hall, on 6th street, below Arch street, for lectures on Sundays, for six months from the first day of July, for the sum of one hundred dollars. During this time conferences were held, and at almost every meeting new members were added.

An effort was made to obtain Sanson-street Hall, but it was unsuccessful. In February, 1853, a proposition was made to obtain Concert Hall, on Chestnut street, above 12th street. At a meeting held on the 6th of March, "It was moved that

the Board be instructed to procure Concert Hall, for a period of six months, practicable, otherwise for one year." The arrangements were made for one year, and an agreement entered into to pay one thousand dollars per annum for the use of this hall. When the friends assembled on Sunday morning, they found it closed against them, and their rights by a legal controversy, they concluded to return to Franklin Hall. On the 11th of December, 1853, the following minute was recorded: "The Secretary read a project for the purpose of raising a fund for the erection or purchase of a building, for the public and private meetings of the Association, and a committee of seven were appointed to take the measure in hand." Conferences were held during the winter of 1853 and 1854, and occasional lectures. On the 23d of September, 1854, Aaron Comfort reported, for the consideration of the meeting, a proposition for taking Sanson-street Hall, in place of Franklin Hall, for the coming year, at an annual rent of five hundred dollars." On the 1st of April, 1855, a proposition was made to dispense with the fee at the door, and a subscription was proposed to make the meetings free. This was unsuccessful, and the charge was retained at the door was continued. In September, 1855, the rent of Sanson-street Hall was reduced to four hundred dollars per annum.

About this time, there being some difficulty in regard to the responsibility of the expenses of renting the hall and paying the lecturers, the following persons assumed this responsibility: William F. Kinzing, John M. Kennedy, Isaac Barber, Benjamin Thomas, Aaron Comfort, N. B. Manning, T. T. Bradwood, Samuel Barry, William Crosby, A. C. Murray, Louis Belrose, and others. On the 30th of September, 1855, the Harmonical Society passed a resolution, conferring the management of the affair, for the future, on the above eleven men, with power to add to their number as they thought proper." This closed the labors of that Society.

But one member of the original committee remains on the present Board of Directors: Mr. Louis Belrose. Numerous changes occurred in the committee, by death, removal or resignation, and new members were added. This Board continued to arrange for lectures and conferences, and depended upon subscriptions and a fee of five cents at the door, until the second day of August, 1864, when "A report was made by them to the New Organization, offering to disband the Association, if they would accept the debt, take the hall and assume the engagements with the lecturers," which being accepted, the Board adjourned sine die.

Before entering upon the history of the "First Spiritualist Association," which succeeded the Board that for nine years arranged and carried out very successful courses of lectures in the hall on Sanson street, it may be interesting to record the names of the lecturers who occupied their rostrum. They were: Dr. N. T. Halleck, New York; L. Judd Pardee, Camden, N. J.; Dr. Robert Hare, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. T. L. Harris, New York; Hon. G. W. Edmonds, New York; Mr. Rufus Elliott, New York; Dr. H. W. Taylor, New York; Mr. Charles Partridge, New York; Mr. S. B. Britton, New York; Mr. Joel Tiffany, Ohio; Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass.; Rev. R. P. Ambler, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. G. Stewart, Newark, N. J.; Mr. A. J. Davis, New York; Emerson Bennett, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mary F. Davis, New York; Miss Emma Jay, New York; Dr. J. B. Dods, New York; Prof. James New York; Miss A. W. Sprague, Vermont; Mr. Fishbough, New York; Mr. John A. Gales, New York; Mr. William D. White, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss G. M. Beebe, Mass.; Dr. J. R. Orton, New York; Mr. Isaac Rehn, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. H. F. Huntley, Ohio; Mr. S. J. Finney, Ohio; Mr. W. S. Courtney, Pittsburgh; Mr. Peter Osborne, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. A. B. Whiting, Michigan; Mrs. Emma Harding, New York; Mrs. Tuttle, Michigan; Mrs. E. French, New York; Mrs. Henderson, Connecticut; Mrs. Hyzer, New York; Mrs. C. L. V. Hatch, New York; Mr. J. L. Wilson, New York; Dr. J. L. Pierce, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. John Pierpont, Mass.; Mr. Thomas Gales Forster, Missouri; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Vermont; Miss Lizzie Doten, Plymouth, Mass.; Dr. H. T. Child, Philadelphia, Pa.

Beside the lectures, conferences were held during the summer months, in which various subjects were discussed from time to time, by members of the Society and others. Of the value of these lectures, embracing as they did a vast range of thought, and clothed in the most eloquent and impressive language, we need say nothing; the continued and increasing interest in the meetings is evidence that they have been appreciated, and those who have attended them regularly since their establishment, have noticed that each year we have many new faces in our audience, so that while only hundreds can attend our meetings, thousands have received some portion of the truth shown by the various lecturers. The establishment of a uniform system of free speech, the well-being of humanity and the promulgation of the highest thoughts that can be gathered from the great storehouse of nature around us, as well as from the fountains of inspiration which have been opened from the spirit-world to this, was an important event. It is the mission of our Philosophy to render clear and practical, ideas which have been dimly foreshadowed in the past, and make them more impressive by stating them in a bold and emphatic manner.

The history of Spiritualism in this city will not be complete without a reference to other meetings. We have alluded to six circles, of which the first society was formed; many others, both private and public, have existed since; of the former we may not speak, except to say that its influence has been calculated to benefit those who are seeking for an understanding of the relations which subsist between the visible and the invisible worlds. The public circles, by furnishing tests and other means of developing mediums, have been very useful; several of these have been continued, and well attended for a number of years. One at Fourth and Green streets, on Tuesday evenings; one at Second and Pine streets, on Thursday evenings; one at the Thompson street Church, on Wednesday evenings. The history of this church is identified with Spiritualism. Originally a Universalist church, it, after having become a Unitarian church, of Spiritualism, opened their house for lectures and circles, and from that time to the present, it has been free for such meetings. We shall conclude this brief sketch by a reference to the present organization, under whose auspices these meetings are held. "The First Association of Spiritualists, of Philadelphia," was formed by the adoption of a Constitution, on the 24th of July, 1864. It numbers several hundred members and contributors. Its officers are Dr. J. L. Pierce, President; M. B. Dyott and Louis Belrose, Vice Presidents; James Truman, Secretary; Henry T. Child, M. D. Treasurer; and the following additional members of the Board of Directors: Mrs. M. J. Dyott, Isaac Rehn, Mrs. J. Belrose, Mrs. M. A. Stretch, George Ballenger, Mrs. A. Ballenger, James E. Shumway, Mrs. M. Shumway, Mrs. A. B. Wilson, Mrs. H. C. Chase.

One of the first acts of this Association was to appoint a committee of carrying on the work, and depend upon subscriptions and donations to meet the expenses incident to the lectures. During the winter of 1864 and 1865, lectures were delivered by Miss Lizzie Doten, of Boston; Miss Mattie L. Beckwith, of New Haven; Mrs. A. A. Currier, Mass.; Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Baltimore; Mrs. Emma Harding, New York; Warren Chase, of Michigan; S. J. Finney, Ohio; J. G. Fish, of New Jersey; Judge Carter, of Ohio. During this year, ending September 18th, 1865, the Society received from various sources \$1,426.45, and expended \$1,645.04.

During the year that has just closed, the meetings have been continued in the same manner, and lectures have been delivered by Rev. Adin Ballou, of Hopedale, Mass.; Miss Lizzie Doten, Mass.; Charles A. Hayden, Maine; Mrs. E. C. Clark, New York; G. B. Stebbins, New York; Mrs. O. L. V. Daniels, New York; Thos. Gales Forster, Washington; Warren Chase, of Michigan; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Vermont; H. B. Storer, New York; J. G. Fish, New Jersey. The receipts of the Society for the present year, have been \$1,645.10, and the expenditures \$1,800.07.

Having received notice that Sanson-street Hall was to be used for other purposes, the committee were obliged to seek another place for the meetings. After considerable inquiry, we have concluded to rent this, Washington Hall, for the present; though we are fully aware that it will not accommodate all who will wish to attend the lectures. We have, however, the most comfortable hall that could be obtained. We hope the

historian of next year will be able to record the fact that the Spiritualists of Philadelphia, who now number thousands, will possess a hall of their own, capable of accommodating all who may desire to hear our lectures. Among the most practical features of the spiritual movement, the Children's Progressive Lyceum must rank foremost. The success of these institutions in our city has been highly gratifying to all the friends of human progress who have witnessed their operations. The Lyceum No. 1, under the conductorship of Mr. M. B. Dyott, with an able corps of leaders, with nearly two hundred children in the groups, has a reputation second to none in our country; it will be continued in this hall, and we hope with increasing success under the new arrangement of the morning hour for meeting. The Lyceum No. 2, under the conductorship of Mr. Rehn, has a short lecture room, and a church, though not so largely attended, is also a successful school.

Another institution, which owes its origin and success to our Philosophy, is the Penetrarium, a society which was organized in October, 1864, for the purpose of extending the investigation of scientific subjects into the realm of the spiritual. This Society has held regular weekly meetings, at the corner of Ninth and Spring Garden streets, and the plan pursued has a short lecture, and then allow ten minutes to each speaker to present their views upon the subject under consideration. Of the utility of such a course there can be no doubt, and its success thus far has been very apparent. The audiences have been large, even during the warm weather, and the range of subjects presented quite extended. We understand this Society intend to have several courses of lectures during the coming winter. One by Dr. Pancoast, "On the Structure, Laws of Development and Functions of the Nervous System." One by Isaac Rehn, "On the Forces of Nature," to be illustrated by extensive experiments. And one by Dr. Child, "On Life, its Origin and Objects."

A prominent feature of the spiritual movement which we must briefly notice, is the admission of woman to an equal position on the rostrum; an experiment, the success of which is no longer doubtful. Some of our best lecturers are to be found among those whom the Apostle Paul declared should not speak in the churches, and whom the churches have almost universally excluded. In thus tracing the history of a period of about eighteen years, one prominent fact in regard to our cause is apparent; whereas, at the beginning of that period there were no Spiritualists, liberal and progressive minds were looking and praying for the coming of a New Era; to-day, hundreds of thousands of men and women are enrolled under our banner, and within the ranks of Spiritualism. To say we believe such are happier and better for this knowledge, is but to express the almost universal feeling of this very large class, who, having been introduced into a practical knowledge of the near relation and communion between the two worlds, the physical and the spiritual, feel that they have been blessed, that life has become a more important reality by a knowledge of its close relation and intimate connection with the life hereafter, which is still more real.

THE WORKING GIRLS.

BY WOODBURY M. FERNALD.

[Thirty thousand girls in New York, it is said, work for from one dollar to three dollars a week each, and their board alone averages within twenty-five cents for as much. They have combined in a movement for higher wages.]

God of the Free! whose judgments rest
In awful justice on us now,
From North to South, from East to West,
Whose spirit is our life, whose love is power:
O'er us stand here; list to the cry
Of millions thousands in our land,
Frail, trembling ones, who cannot die,
And scarcely live with laboring hand.

God of the feeble human frame,
And woman's patient, suffering soul,
Oh let not man's sin overtake us,
Sink to a selfishness so deep,
There is a deep (and let not here?)
At which not only women weep,
But angels shed their pitying tear.

She asks for bread, for clothes, for more!
For comfort, culture, virtue, peace;
She asks, and, by the heaven so pure,
By God's great arm, by man's increase,
By all the powers above, below,
Her righteous prayer, so long deferred,
Shall soon be answered; earth shall know
The judgments which its crimes have stirred.

Yes, patient ones, 'tis not alone
One form of bondage that now falls;
Jehovah makes thy cause his own,
And man shall tremble when He calls.
Oh, long account of labor crushed!
Of honest, anguished, starving toll!
And who art thou, oh man, so flushed
At such a price, with such a spoil?

See rising thousands, hear their tramp,
From seats of weariness and pain,
From gloomy garrets, cellars damp,
And crowded streets—a numerous train,
Who do not threaten, cannot take
The bolder measures man employs,
But simply ask of him to make
Life's burden lighter, more its joys.

And will it be despised, refused?
Better that heaven's high, arching roof
Be hung with black; all trade accused;
While guilty cities, with the proof
Of civilized corruption, stand
As Babylon and Tyre stood,
The curse of God on all the land
Where avarice and her children brood.

Oh, God of Justice! haste the hour
When Freedom's self at last shall move;
When man's superior gift of power,
And woman's quivering soul of love,
And hearts and hands, all joyous things,
And myriad voices, tuned anew,
Combine to bless the Power that brings
Freedom to souls and bodies, too.

—Boston Voice.

Strange Occurrence.

The following beautiful scene occurred in this place some six weeks ago. The persons connected with the incident are my acquaintances and neighbors, and are entirely reliable; and I know that the following statement is true, precisely as given.

A little son of Dr. O., was reduced to the lowest extremity of life, with typhoid fever. It was expected that he would pass away that night. All the senses were closed, and he had not for ten days enunciated an intelligible word; nor could his perceptions be awakened. The artificial light of the room consisted of a coal oil lamp, purposely placed so as to prevent its rays from falling on the bed. The mother sat beside the little couch wetting the dry lips, an aunt at the foot and a neighbor lady at the head, while some half dozen others stood around. Suddenly the little eyes that were not expected would ever look out again, were opened, gazing upward. The withered hands were raised, heaving, anxious, as if for some one to come. "The sweetest smile," the ladies said, that they "ever saw," light up the face of the little sufferer, and the word "angels," was distinctly spoken twice. But most thrilling of all, was the radiation of light surrounding the head, which was spoken of as reminding the lookers on of the halo surrounding the prints representing Christ, but of exceeding brightness, and white, like moonlight. The same light about three minutes. The boy has recovered his health. He entered the sick room about five minutes after the occurrence, and found the family weeping. Some were rejoicing. The statement I have given, is concurred in exactly by all. Twice, in the early part of his sickness, the boy pointed out sister Lizzie standing in the middle of the room. "How beautiful she is," said he; "what a pretty white dress." But there were no eyes to see her, but she had passed on to another world some weeks previous. The house, for a year, has been the scene of loud and frequent raps. Lancaster, O., Nov. 24, 1866. H. SCOTT.

SPIRITUALISM ALWAYS RADICAL AND REVOLUTIONARY.

Spiritualism is profoundly radical and revolutionary in all its movements. This is evident to the most casual observer; and it is this fact which, more than any other, has ever excited the most alarm, apprehension and hostility in the public mind. The unseen intelligences which we recognize, do nothing after the old fashion, and seem determined that old things shall pass away and all things shall become new. In no branch of the grand spiritual movement, is this more conspicuous than in that which may be called the healing art, embracing under this general expression all of the present acknowledged spiritual methods of curing the sick and the diseased, whether it be by the laying on of hands, or by the internal administration or the external application of medicines or medicated substances, solid, liquid or gaseous. Whoever visits the crowded operating rooms of Dr. Newton, and witnesses him almost raise the dead to life by the apparently simple method which he, as a medium, is impressed to use, and will then visit any of our public hospitals, cannot but be struck by the immeasurable distance and difference that there is between the system of the laying on of hands, and the so-called scientific system of drugs and chemicals. As a method, the former bears no resemblance to the latter either in its scientific principle, its practical application, or its curative effects. In all of these respects the former method is profoundly and radically different from the latter, and the schools, and the results show the former to be far superior to the latter as it is different from them.

A comparison of all the other recognized spiritual methods of curing the sick and the diseased, with the methods of the schools, will show a difference equally profound and radical, and a superiority of the former over the latter equally great. As the most prominent and important of all the other recognized spiritual methods of treating disease, we would refer to the Positive and Negative system, which, as is well known, was projected through the mediumship of Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, and is embodied in the Positive and Negative Powders which bear her name. In principle, in practice and in results the medical schools of the day present us nothing that bears the remotest resemblance to them. They embody a deeply radical and revolutionary movement, as far as the system of curing disease, and chemicals as well as the laying on of hands; while in results, or curative effects, the difference is so vast that a comparison is hardly possible. I make this statement with promediation and deliberation, and with a full knowledge of both sides of the question. Being myself an educated physician, and having been for several years a Professor in one of the oldest medical schools in the West, I fully understand the old system, and I know the full extent of its curative powers; and, moreover, I have seen the results of the application of the spiritual system of Positive and Negative ever since its projection into the world, through the mediumship of Mrs. Spence; and having during the past two years and a half, successfully treated thousands of patients, far and near, in all parts of the United States and Territories, with the Positive and Negative Powders, I fully understand the spiritual system, and know the full extent of its wonderfully curative and healing powers. That comparison shows the spiritual system, as embodied in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, to be superior to the old systems in the following prominent and most important respects, as well as in all others:

1st, In its scientific principle. The leading principle of the spiritual system, in the classification of both diseases and their remedy, is, that every disease is either Positive or Negative in character, and that the remedy, therefore, should be either Positive or Negative. This is a principle which has reference to the interior, invisible cause of disease, and not to its outward, visible effects or appearances. But the old systems base their classifications, not upon the interior invisible cause of disease, but upon the external, visible effects which that cause produces—in other words, upon the external phenomena of disease, or the outward appearances which disease puts on. In this respect, the simplicity, naturalness and truthfulness of the spiritual system, compared it to the most casual observer and even to the medical profession themselves.

2d, In its practical operation. Whoever has watched in the sick-room of a patient under the old system of treatment, or still better, whoever has visited the wards of a public hospital, must have been sickened, disheartened and discouraged at the endless and disgusting round of purging, vomiting, sweating, cupping, bleeding, blistering, plugging, salivating, and the great variety of other visible, external and often violent effects which the physician intentionally produces, or endeavors to produce, in keeping with his principles of counteracting the visible, external and violent effects of disease. But the practical operation of the spiritual system, as embodied in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, is radically different. They aim at the invisible cause of disease; and hence they neither produce, nor intend to produce, any visible, external or violent effects—no urging, no nauseating, no vomiting, no sweating, no cupping, no blistering, no plastering, no salivating; but they silently, gently and soothingly pervade the patient's system, and by restoring the lost magnetic balance or equilibrium of the diseased organ or organs, restore them to perfect health.

3d, In its results. I have already published, in the columns of the BANNER, testimony and reports from diverse individuals and also from physicians, sufficient to convince every candid reader that the spiritual system, as embodied in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, is far superior to the old systems in its results, or curative effects, as it is in its scientific principle and in its practical operation. And yet the evidence thus far published is but a small fragment of that which is in my possession. Diseases of all kinds, the most complicated as well as the most simple, chronic and acute, as well as those which are incurable by the old methods, all alike have readily yielded to the singular and extraordinary healing and curative power of the Positive and Negative Powders. Blindness, Deafness, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hip-joint disease, Dyspepsia, Epilepsy, Fevers, Scrofula, &c., &c., have given way under their magic touch, and often so speedily and so completely, that I myself have, at times, been amazed and while looking thoughtfully into patients themselves, at results so unexpected, because so far transcending what I had been accustomed to witness in the private and hospital practice of the old system of medicine.

Such being the facts with regard to the Positive and Negative Powders, it is my intention to persevere in holding them up before the public until every family and every adult man and woman shall test their virtues for themselves, and thus, from personal experience, learn and appreciate their full merits. And in furtherance of this object, I take the liberty of referring the reader to the published testimonials which will be found in another column of the BANNER, and I also extend to all persons who reside in, or who may visit New York, a cordial invitation to call at my office, No. 373 St. Marks place, and, if they desire more evidence, it will afford me much pleasure to lay before them such a mass of letters, certificates and reports as will satisfy the most skeptical that I have said naught in exaggeration of the merits of the spiritual system, as embodied in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders.

PAXTON SPENCE.

THE CHILD'S ANSWER.—Little Nellie L. had lost her father, and her mother was poor. Her sweet temper and winning ways gained her many friends. Among them was an excellent lady, Miss N.—A glimpse of Nellie's bright face peeping in the door always brought a smile of peculiar tenderness over Miss N.'s placid features. She loved to look at the child, and to stroke her hair; and while looking thoughtfully into the child's eyes, she would say, "Poor, poor Nellie!" When Nellie shook her head with a heart too happy to forbode evil, her friend would caress her more fondly, and then say, "Poor little Nellie!" The child's heart seemed troubled by these pitying words, for she asked one day, "Why do you call me poor? Please don't, Miss N.—I'm not poor—why, I've got twenty-five cents in my pocket."

"A good mother, Nellie," said her friend, "I have a good mother, but she is poor. I know a good mother—could any earthly treasure have made her so truly rich!"

—Lancaster, O., Nov. 24, 1866. H. SCOTT.

Departure of a Spiritualist.

It is some time, dear BANNER, since you have heard from poor, barren Buffalo.

Occasionally the "Carocelsis" has come over me, especially on reading the fulminations of a "Dyott," or the one-sided logic of a "Carter." The lesson of to-day presents me an entirely different theme, being no other than to chronicle the sudden yet glorious transition of our most worthy, highly respected and esteemed brother, Thomas Rathbun, to those beautiful spheres with which he was in daily communion while inhabiting the earth tabernacle. There may be joy in the rich gifts of divine love in bountiful fruition, as the priceless boon of his holiest aspirations, and as the legitimate results of his well spent life; there will his soul be gladdened by the sweet melodies of the seraphim, and there, stripped of the carking cares that cramp and bind to earth surroundings, it will expand in its new career of progress under the benign influence of archangelic instruction.

Possessing an independent and energetic mind, and a brave and truthful nature, he was ready to embrace the divine truths of Spiritualism, when, after careful investigation, he became convinced of their genuineness and peculiar adaptation to the wants of the present condition of mankind; hence for the last twelve or fourteen years he has been an earnest, zealous and unflinching co-laborer in the spiritualistic ranks, and like a loyal and devoted soldier, died with his armor on, being, at the time of his departure, the very efficient Treasurer of our society.

He was truly an honor to the cause, his daily life reflecting, in small as well as great things, the glory of our beautiful philosophy. Living in sweet and perfect harmony with his estimable family, his home was ever open, his hospitality ever cheering to the worthy medium. May his exemplary life and glorious birth attract others to approximate to his standard of a pure, charitable and honest existence.

As a man and a citizen, few were looked upon with more confidence and respect. His sage counsel was invaluable to many who will now miss the accustomed step, the warm smile of greeting, the cordial hand-shake and the encouraging word, making the heart that was bowed down lighter, and pointing its drooping spirit ever upward to the Infinite and Divine, at whose altar he ever knelt for strength and inspiration.

Professing for a number of years Unitarian principles, progression was ever his watchword, and now his motto.

The change called death—more properly birth—was so sudden it seemed but the stepping from one room to another and closing the door. He had eaten his breakfast with wonted appetite, in the company of his beloved family, and scarce a half hour had elapsed ere they looked upon his form sitting in his accustomed chair by his favorite fireside, while the tenant spirit had winged its flight to the immortal shores. In this respect the Apostle's language was illustrated: "in the twinkling of an eye" his change came from mortal to immortal and incorruptible, from natural to spiritual. Thus has he reached the goal of his longings aspirations in the manner most desired by himself, as he had often expressed a wish that his journey might be short.

In bidding our present adieu to this worthy soul, shall we not say, instead of "requiescat in pace," with stricter propriety, *laboret in pace?* as progress in the higher life implies increased action rather than rest.

If in addition to this tribute to the unsullied memory of our esteemed friend we offer to mingle our tear of sympathy with those of the afflicted family, it will not be deemed altogether a weakness. This measure of condolence equally appertains to the divinity and the human heart.

In the most eloquent sentence ever written in any language we read, "Jesus wept." From the same treasury we draw the blessed assurance that the mourner shall be comforted; and oh!—triple blessed privilege—it is ours to sit down in the vestibule of the temple of the New Dispensation, and actually realize a veritable meaning in those significant words, for is it not an unspeakable comfort to know that our dear departed are ever near us, ever ready, nay, anxious to impart to our troubled, doubting souls of the peace and joy and effulgent glory of the moral life?

One word more as to the other of this lesson. Is not the frequent visit of this inevitable messenger calculated to loosen our hold of earth when it may have become too tenacious? Shall not the removal of our treasures to the beautiful atmosphere beyond earth's boundaries attract our hearts there also? And shall we not, by dispensing kind words and deeds of love to those who remain behind, illumine our pathway with the sunshine of a noble life, whose blessed rays will never become dim, but rather glow with increasing splendor, lighting up our passage over the dark river with a halo un fading and divine.

Being a subscriber for your paper since its first issue, I feel, in justice to the dear brother, that you will insert the foregoing.

Yours very sincerely,
J. FORSYTH.
Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1866.

"Spiritualism Dying Out."

Such are the oft-repeated assertions thrown at the Harmonical Philosophy, thinking, doubtless hoping, that it might prove true. It only requires the half of an eye to perceive that exactly the opposite is the ultimate destiny and end of our cause; that it in reality is daily taking a deeper root, is reaching far down into the fertile soil of the human heart, where no priestly power can dig it up. From the signs of the times, with Galileo well may we exclaim, "The world moves." For a season the interest in our place, for want of funds, so necessary to the support of all things—our numbers being few and scattered—seemed to run to a low ebb, till last fall we secured the services of that excellent inspirational speaker and test medium, Mrs. Sarah Helen Matthews, attended by Mr. and Mrs. Roundy, strongly magnetic and developing mediums. God speed them on their mission, for they are doing a noble work. At their suggestion, and seeing the necessity of united action, we have started a subscription paper to raise funds, which works admirably. Two or three towns, willing, will raise funds enough to hire speaking nearly all the time. Last spring we secured the services of J. Madison Allyn, followed by his wife, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, excellent test mediums and inspirational speakers, and with practical reformers. They have spoken with us some sixteen Sabbaths, and our audiences have increased from a mere handful, till now we can fill a large hall with eager, attentive listeners, who are anxious to catch every thought that flashes forth in burning eloquence from the speakers' lips. There is a depth of thought, a clearness of reasoning, eloquence and power of language in their discourses that carries conviction to the hearts of their hearers.

Yours for the Truth,
Londonderry, Vt.
D. D. WAIR.

Compositions of zinc and copper can be made so hard that they will cut steel, and stand well for tools.

A Beautiful Scene in the Providence Progressive Lyceum.

EDITOR OF THE BANNER.—In visiting the Children's Lyceum, at Providence, R. I., Sunday afternoon, Nov. 25th, I was made to realize that life has its glad and gladdening scenes—real surprises of pleasure, delight and blessedness; for I there beheld the reward of merit, and partook of such joy as springs from the fellowship of good. The occasion was eloquent beyond the power of words, for there and then affection and esteem used the angelic language of deeds to make known the power of kindness; and demonstrate that generosity of heart and integrity of effort are appreciated and honored among the sons and daughters of man.

This, the lesson of the day, came with the presentation of a "beautiful writing desk" to L. K. Joslin, the conductor of the school, and proved to be a joy-inspiring and most welcome surprise. The gift—in style, finish and material—is beautiful, of English and French walnut; its nominal cost, seventy-five dollars; its spiritual value, beyond price! Baskets of beautiful flowers, most delicately arranged, ornamented the shelves, typical of the friendly memories created by the occasion in the paradise of the soul. The history and detail of which, was briefly but significantly stated by Mr. Lewis, the assistant conductor of the school, who, in taking the platform, said:

"Mr. Conductor—Before proceeding further with the regular exercises, I have a few words to address to you: A number of your friends desiring to express their appreciation of your active and untiring exertions in behalf of this Lyceum, as also of the very able and satisfactory manner in which you have for so long time performed the arduous duties of President of the congregation of Spiritualists assembling in this hall, have thought it not inappropriate at this time to tender you a testimonial of their respect and esteem. In their behalf, I have the pleasure to present you with this beautiful writing desk; and you will please notice, that in making their selection of a gift, they have had an eye to utility rather than to ornament. They trust that you will accept and appreciate it, not on account of the little of value which it represents, but as a token of the kindly feelings hereby intended to be expressed. When it shall be conveyed to your home, may it find therein some fitting place, and as often as you shall have occasion to open and to use it, we feel that you will not be unmindful that it is the gift of friendship.

A plate with a suitable inscription has been placed upon it, so that in after years, as we hope, your children and your children's children may be reminded of the position now occupied by you, as also of the esteem in which you are held by us. It reads as follows:—

"Presented to L. K. Joslin, President of the First Congregation of Spiritualists, and Conductor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Providence, R. I., as a testimonial of respect and esteem from his friends. Providence, Nov. 25th, 1866."

And now, Mr. Conductor, I have only to ask of you the acceptance of the gift.

May the good angels ever be with and about you, to guide and assist in all your exertions for the cause of truth and humanity."

At the close of Mr. Lewis's remarks, the audience in the gallery and the members of the school expressed their appreciation of what was done and said in loud applause. Mr. Joslin with much feeling expressed his acknowledgments thus:

"Mr. Assistant Conductor, Members of the Lyceum and Friends—I am prepared for this. I know nothing of your design in wishing to deviate from the ordinary exercises of the Lyceum. I have done nothing more than you all for the interest of the Lyceum, the Congregation, and for Spiritualism; for which we all labor, as the cause of progress and religious reform. It shall be my effort in the future, by renewed devotion to our principles, and exertions for your happiness and the happiness of others, to merit this beautiful token of your regard and love. It shall be kept in my home as an ever precious reminder of my association with you; and handed down, with its inscription, as an heir-loom to my children. Not so much for myself as for you and for them, that in the coming and better time they may know of the high appreciation of your friendship, and of the fraternity of ideas which to-day makes the inseparable bond of our union."

Another earnest round of applause expressed the sympathy and gratification of the audience, after which the school resumed its duties.

Rev. Mr. Hayford and the Augusta Gospel Banner.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—The following communication was sent to the Gospel Banner, and is the same that is alluded to in the article published in that paper of Dec. 1st, headed "A Mistake." You can make such use of it as you think proper. Yours respectfully, L. L. K.

BRO. QUIMBY—I am not a little surprised at what I conceive to be the very unfair manner in which you treat the case of Bro. S. C. Hayford and the Spiritual Philosophy of to-day, and the means by which you arrive at your conclusions, viz: "that the spirits are most numerous and awful fiends and profane and impious creatures, and hence no reliance can possibly be placed on anything they say." Now if any one should publish the history of Judah, the transgression of David, and the Songs of Solomon, and argue therefrom that the Bible was a grossly immoral book, it would, I think, as fairly represent the Bible as your article does the Spiritual Philosophy. If you, in your quotation of what the editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT says, had not stopped where you did, but had added the next sentence, it would have prevented you making the application of it to you did; for he there says: "But this does not in the least militate against the fact that perfectly reliable communications from the spirit-world are given through the instrumentality of mediumistic persons." What says Mr. Killbourn, of Western, in the very article from which you quote: "I resided with a lady some three years. She was a good test medium. In all the communications I received through her organism, I never had an untruth told me." Does this look as if they were all liars and untruthful?

Now let me add the concluding paragraph of the article from which you quote, and I think it will throw considerable light on the subject: "Let us remember that the life that now is shapes the life that is to be, and that if we go out of this world a lying, undeveloped spirit, we shall probably continue such just as long as we willfully refuse to employ the opportunities which the infinite bounty of God will constantly vouchsafe to us, hereafter as well as here, for elevating our souls in the sense of being, morally, mentally and spiritually."

Now, Bro. Quimby, I have been a believer in "the central thought of Universalism" (as Bro. Hayford terms it), from my youth up. I have been a believer in modern Spiritualism for the past sixteen years, and have never, to this day, been able to see why there should be any antagonism between Universalists and Spiritualists, for of there is any one doctrine which the spirits fully agree upon, it is that of the final restoration of the whole human family. Is this a lie? The Orthodox believers say so. Do you agree with them? I think not. Yet, if your conclusions are correct, it must be the most monstrous of lies, for the spirits all agree to it. The Spiritual Philosophy teaches that man is created immortal; that as the light of reason dawns upon his soul, he steps forward in the path way of progression, ever on ward, ever upward, throughout the endless ages of eternity; that heaven is a condition of the soul, and not a locality; that the higher we advance in the gateway of progression, the closer our communion with the Father Infinite; that the highest, grandest, noblest, and, within, most Christian work of man, either in this life or that which is to come, is the elevation of the human race, morally, intellectually and spiritually. This idea is entertained by a good many Universalist clergymen.

Said Rev. Charles Mellen, late of Taunton,

Mass., to the Bible Class in the Universalist Church here, but a few weeks before he passed on: "I believe I am to-day what all the past has made me, and that when I put off this mortal body, I shall be, morally, intellectually and spiritually, what all the acts and circumstances of my previous life shall have made me."

Said a Universalist minister to me a few months ago: "Spiritualism has made ten Universalists throughout the country where the preaching of Universalism has made one." Now what has Bro. Hayford done, that you should part with him so gladly? Would you not welcome all the Orthodox ministers in the country with the right hand of fellowship, if they would come as near your standpoint of Universalism as Bro. Hayford does? I will only add, in conclusion, that I feel, Bro. Quimby, that Universalists and Spiritualists should not be separated, but should go forward, hand-in-hand, in the great work of human redemption. Yours for the truth and the right, Middletown, Conn., Nov. 20, 1866. L. L. K.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1866.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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SPRITUALISM 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 Divine 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 free religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

Sufferers and Heroes.

Mr. Henry Morgan is exerting himself in a notable way in Boston to help up and give encouragement to the toilers of the streets and byways of the city, and to excite all the interest in their case which direct, forcible, and pathetic appeals are able. In his regular discourses before the meetings he holds he descants freely on the career, opportunities, destruction, and sufferings of the very poor, and especially of those among them who would lift themselves out of their existing condition if they could but find help and sympathy when they put forth their hand.

He says that he finds genuine heroism among those whom he benefits. The ten thousand needlewomen of Boston he styles an army of martyrs—slaves to an unnatural system of labor, that compels them to work sixteen hours a day for barely a subsistence. And he breaks out over them with—"Oh, the horror of their condition! Oh, the pitiful objects! starving on their scanty pittance, pale, haggard, with skeleton forms, eyes sunken and hollow, lungs consuming, sides aching, filling thousands of graves every year!"

Then there is many a poor sewing-girl, too proud to ask charity, too sick to work, and made sick by the scanty support which her utmost labor has brought her, yielding, at last to the fate that relentlessly pursues her. There is the poor mother, struggling and striving to get bread enough for her famishing children, by making drawers for five cents a pair while sitting in her bed, with only a thin shawl to cover her, instead of a fire to keep her warm, oftentimes dying with her needle in her hand. And the Factory girl, slave almost above all other slaves, working from early dawn to dark for a sick mother's support, and never seeing her own home by daylight for six long months at a time, except on the Sabbath, when the confining clangor of the mill is hushed. These are all touching cases; all deserve the instant and profound sympathy of the rest of us; all have earned the title to our admiration.

The needlewoman, however, is the one who comes before us in our daily walks to and from business. What sums do not inhuman landlords owe to her patient toil, in a silence unbroken by complaint! What penalties hang over those whose wealth has been coined from her very life-blood! With biting truth does Mr. Morgan prophesy of such, that they shall drink the very dregs of the cup at the last, for thus cruelly oppressing the Lord's poor. The late war made many a man rich who knew how to secure and work out a Government contract; but all his riches were got from the wearisome toil of devoted creatures who were not allowed to share by even a half-penny more in the immense profits of those whom their industry helped so greatly to accumulate. Why should all this money go to one or two, and not proportionately to all? What is this modern law of distribution, by which those who do the least get the most?

While the workmen are organizing for their own protection and advancement, the needlewomen of our large cities should not lag behind. In their ranks is as much nobleness of character, intellectual capacity, spiritual greatness, and genuine ability to make the female sex a solid claimant for equal rights, as has ever shown itself in the past. Unless the women take their defence into their own hands, by protests and arguments and appeals and statistics and ceaseless demands, we fear it will go hard with them for at least this generation, and perhaps for many another one after it. It is like walking over flinty pavements now with bare feet, we know; but it is out of the suffering that the redemption always comes.

What a commentary it is—what a damning commentary on the vanquished civilization of this age of ours, that it both permits these wrongs and relies on them in many instances to advance its own claims! Think of the thousands of young women who are driven to surrender all they have and are to the demand of this social tyranny! Is there no way of reorganizing industry—that sole source of wealth, and of which wealth should clearly be so sacredly careful—as to advance its claims without destroying the laborers themselves? It would seem as if in such a case all things were inverted. As a matter of simple gratitude, if nothing more, there should be the most watchful oversight of the class who, first, are the ones to develop the wealth of society, and, second, to elevate and improve and better themselves. Not to attend to this is social piracy, and must end in social death.

Meetings in Portland, Me.

Our friends in Portland have resumed their meetings again with good success. So many Spiritualists were sufferers by the fire, the meetings were suspended for some time, for want of funds to carry them on. But a new life has been infused among them, and they have obtained the Division of Temperance Hall, on Congress street, and now hold regular services Sundays, in the forenoon and afternoon, free. Miss Susie M. Johnson spoke for them during the month of November, to crowded audiences. Andrew T. Foss is engaged for January. He is an able lecturer, and will crowd the hall each session.

Flogging Girls in School.

The Cambridge school-girl whipping case is still before the public, and it deserves to be until it is settled in a different way from that which the School Committee would like to have it. They get together and vote the guilty teachers up, and vote the young lady down. Of course they take good care to get all the Orthodox ministers on their side, these School Committees being generally manipulated by them. Well, they thought the matter was composed for good; the teachers were all snug in their old places; the teaching and whipping was going on about as usual; the unhappy girl was finally crushed; and the principle of flogging young ladies was established so that it could not occasion any further trouble.

But this happens to be a ghost which will not "down" at any man's bidding. There is a serious question of right running under it, which these interested deflers of public sentiment cannot so easily put aside. It is a matter of justice, and decency, and humanity. Rather than allow such a principle to rule and have full sway in the shadow of Harvard, let a thousand School Committees go by the board, social reputation and all; and a thousand teachers and ferule flourish abandon the calling they so plainly disgrace.

There has been a meeting of the citizens of Cambridge recently, to make certain local nominations, that of a School Committee in particular; and the whole question of flogging in school was revived. It was quite natural. Some of the leading men of the town, including the Professors in the University, took an active part in the discussion, which was carried on with a good deal of feeling. Prof. Agassiz, Washburn, and Wyman gave the matter a pretty thorough overhauling. The first named said he had been a teacher for forty years, and had never yet struck a blow. Prof. Washburn, whatever he might think of flogging as a system, was very sure that girls ought not to be whipped. Prof. Wyman concurred with the other two, and cited the significant fact that in all the Prussian schools, which are the model schools of the world, corporal punishment had been abolished. And the meeting at last adopted a resolution that flogging should be at once abolished in all the Cambridge schools, and proceeded to nominate School Committee on that platform. And they were triumphantly chosen at the recent Municipal election. Thus the matter will not be allowed to rest in Cambridge, at least, until the flogging system is abolished.

The fact is, the age is opposed to tolerating methods which were in vogue in the feudal times, and will not consent to their perpetuation or revival. With corporal punishment goes hanging. It being admitted that hanging is the worst use a man can be put to. People give up these things slowly, but the pressure of civilized sentiment compels them to give them up at last. The gallows will as surely go out of existence as the cat did in the navy. Even now it is not defended on the old ground, that "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," but is urged as a measure of reform, warning others of the fate that surely awaits homicides. The legal murder, too, is done privately, and not as formerly in the presence of assembled thousands. So that in this sense, certainly, all the influence of the example is thrown away, or waived.

There are shining examples of what can be done in the government and discipline of schools by the law of kindness merely. To appeal to the respect and affection of a young person might naturally be thought a better plan than to knock him over the scence with a book or bluster his palm with a heavy ferule. In all administering of punishment, anger will get mixed up. The features may succeed in controlling their expression, but the fires burn at white heat in the furnace of the heart. Not for this disobedience alone, but for old scores too, some of them long forgotten till now, are the blows laid on. When one feels that the power is for the time entirely in his hand, there is an almost irresistible temptation to exercise it to the utmost.

We are glad to see this aroused state of public feeling in old Cambridge, over a case that has already been pretty well stirred over the country. Let a matter of such profound importance continue to be agitated until it is settled on solid foundations of humanity and justice. This copying of barbarous practices has gone far enough. It is not humanizing the age, but just the contrary. We certainly believe in discipline, and even rigid restraint in extreme cases, but we do not believe in pounding and mauling and clubbing.

The Freight of the "Evening Star."

We observe in some New York correspondence concerning the loss of the steamship Evening Star with her passengers, an allusion to the character of a portion of the latter, which conveys lessons in more ways than one. It is stated that there were more than one hundred women on board, or "the flash persuasion," who were going out to New Orleans in the employment of certain notorious procuresses. Many of these young women, says the writer, were reputedly connected. "A city banker, on learning that his wayward daughter was among the lost, clasped his hands in sorrowful gratitude and exclaimed, 'Thank God! my daughter, the pride of my heart, is beyond this world's shame!' Also, included in this flock of frail, fair ones, were two highly accomplished young ladies, one the daughter of a minister of the Gospel in Western Pennsylvania, and the other the daughter of a clergyman of this city. The families of several of our New York merchants were also represented among these beautiful female ruins. Indeed, I am told that there was hardly one of these fallen women who could not point to highly respectable connections in this and other cities."

It is a truly lamentable story to read and to credit. A hundred ruined girls, engulfed at one time by the angry sea. But why should their parents and guardians presume to clap their hands in a sort of ecstasy over their watery burial? Who but they are responsible for what befell their characters? Who consents to the introduction into their families of young men without moral principle, with whom virtue is a word to mock at, and whose whole aim is pleasure for the passing hour? How can fathers of girls, or mothers either, expect them to be pure and exalted with such associations continually thrust upon them as their parents are directly responsible for? The latter take a sort of pride in seeing their daughters the recipients of attentions, and the girls catch the spirit, and lead on their gallants further than they would have dared to go. It does not follow that the final victims are responsible for all. It is a false and corrupt system in which they are fastened. "Matrimony is held up as the crowning business of life; to live and die an 'old maid' is thought a disgrace. Hence the whole thought of daughters and parents is concerning the other sex—the marriageable age, a loose style of morals must of course grow out of it, all, and social rules such as were engulged in the Evening Star close the melancholy scene. Society wants a pretty thorough reorganization."

Miss Doten at Mercantile Hall.

After a somewhat lengthy vacation in the matter of spiritual meetings, Mercantile Hall was opened on the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 2d, with Miss Lizette Doten occupying the desk, as previously announced. The unusually large audience that was assembled at the hour appointed, proclaimed the presence of a favorite speaker, as well as that the masses were hungry for truth. The discourse, entitled "The All in All," abounded in that earnestness, depth of feeling, and clear, strong reasoning for which that lady's lectures are always remarkable, at once satisfying the heart and feeding the intellect.

It would hardly be just not to add that some very excellent singing contributed much to the interest of the services, relieving the audience, as it did, from the strain of a too eager listening, and an anxious expectancy of what was coming; and more than that, falling happily and pleasantly on the nerves of the speaker, banishing all awkwardness, and giving her the interval of rest she so much needed.

In conclusion, the following poem, originally delivered at Chelsea, was repeated by particular request for the purpose of publication, and received with much applause:

PETER MCGUIRE; OR, NATURE AND GRACE.

(Reported for the Banner of Light, by Dr. H. F. Gardner.)

It has always been thought a most critical case, When a man was possessed of more Nature than Grace;

For Theology teaches that man from the first, Was a sinner by Nature, and justly accurst; And "Salvation by Grace" was the wonderful plan,

Which God had invented to save erring man. 'T was the only atonement he knew how to make, To annul the effects of his own sad mistake.

Now this was the doctrine of good Parson Brown, Who preached, not long since, in a small country town.

He was zealous, and earnest, and could so excel In describing the tortures of sinners in Hell, That a famous revival commenced in the place, And hundreds of souls found "Salvation by Grace."

But he felt that he had not attained his desire, Till he had converted one Peter McGuire.

This man was a blacksmith, frank, fearless and bold,

With great brawny sinews like Vulcan of old; He had little respect for what ministers preach, And sometimes was very profane in his speech. His opinions were founded in clear common sense, And he spoke as he thought, though he oft gave offence;

But however wanting, in whole or in part, He was sound, and all right, when you came to his heart.

One day the good parson, with pious intent, To the smithy of Peter most hopefully went; And there, while the hammer industriously swung, He preached, and he prayed, and exhorted, and sung,

And warned, and entreated poor Peter to fly From the pit of destruction before he should die; And to wash himself clean from the world's sinful strife,

In the Blood of the Lamb, and the River of Life.

Well—and what would you now be inclined to expect

Was the probable issue and likely effect? Why! he swore "like a Pirate," and what do you think?

From a little black bottle took something to drink! And he said—"I'll not mention the Blood of the Lamb,

But as for that River it aren't worth a —" Then pausing—as if to restrain his rude force— He quietly added—"a mill-dam, of course."

Quick out of the smithy the minister fled, As if a big bomb-shell had burst near his head; And as he continued to haste on his way, He was too much excited to sing or to pray;

But he thought how that some were elected by Grace, As heirs of the kingdom—made sure of their place—

While others were doomed to the pains of Hell-fire, And if e'er there was one such, 't was Peter McGuire.

That night, when the Storm King was riding on high,

And the red shafts of lightning gleamed bright through the sky, The church of the village—"the Temple of God,"

Was struck, for the want of a good lightning rod, And swiftly descending, the element dire Set the minister's house, close beside it, on fire,

While he peacefully slumbered, and had not a fear Of the terrible work of destruction so near.

There were Mary, and Hannah, and Tommy, and Joe,

All sweetly asleep in the bedroom below, While their father was near, with their mother at rest,

(Like the wife of John Rogers "with one at the breast.")

But Alice, the eldest, a gentle young dove, Was asleep all alone, in the room just above, And when the wild cry of the rescuer came, She only, was left to the pitiless flame.

The fond mother, counted her treasures of love, When lost one was missing—"Oh Father above! How madly she shrieked in her agony wild—"My Alice! My Alice! Oh save my dear child!"

Then down on his knees fell the Parson, and prayed

That the terrible wrath of the Lord might be stayed.

Said Peter McGuire—"Prayer is good in its place, But then it don't suit this particular case."

He turned down the sleeves of his red flannel shirt,

To protect his great arms all besmitten with dirt, Then into the billows of smoke and of fire, Not pausing an instant, dashed Peter McGuire.

Oh that terrible moment of anxious suspense! How breathless their watching! their fear how intense!

And then their great joy! which could not be expressed, When Peter appeared with the child on his breast.

A shout rent the air when the darling he laid, In the arms of her mother, so pale and dismayed, And as Alice looked up "and most gratefully smiled,

He bowed down his head and he wept like a child.

Oh! those "tears of brave manhood that rained" o'er his face, Showed the true Grace of Nature, and the Nature of Grace;

'T was a manifest token—a visible sign, Of the indwelling life of the Spirit Divine.

Consider such natures, and then, if you can, Preach of "total depravity," "innate in man. Talk of blasphemy! why, 'tis profanity wild! To say that the Father thus cursed his own child. Go learn of the stars, and the dew-spangled sod, That all things rejoice in the goodness of God— That each thing created is good in its place, And Nature is but the expression of Grace.

She speaks again next Sunday afternoon, at a quarter before 3 o'clock precisely.

Swedenborg.

The Baptist Monthly, published at Covington, Ky., undertakes to make an end of the doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church, by ridiculing rather than confuting them. To blandly deny is not one with plainly disproving. Yet the writer in this magazine does not appear to recognize the clear and wide difference. He has to admit that Swedenborgianism is spreading and taking deeper root in our large towns and cities, and he gives that as a reason why he prepared the article alluded to. After going through with a sketch of the personal history and, within prudent limits, the internal experience of Swedenborg—describing his manner of seeing spirits, and so on—the writer enters upon what he is pleased to style an examination of the tenets and principles that are characteristic of the belief of Swedenborgians. We do not set out to defend that faith nor to assail its critic. We simply wish to minute for the readers of the BANNER those proofs of progress in spiritual belief which are continually presenting themselves on every side.

The writer thinks the followers of the new seer toady him too much; swear by him too strongly; quote and follow him too obsequiously. He is pleased to term it a "contemptible obsequiousness." After citing an example or two of this adulation of their spiritual leader, he turns and inquires if "ever deluded pilgrim prostrated himself and kissed the toe of St. Peter's statue with more servile adoration." We must allow that that is putting the matter a little strong. He further remarks that "Swedenborgianism is too reconcilable, too shadowy, too ethereal for common minds," which is equivalent to saying that it is not tangible like a Baptist minister's salary, nor external like the Baptist Church, nor anything more or less than a purely spiritual faith in those things which are "unseen and eternal." Swedenborgians say that the "life of Scripture resides in its internal sense." This writer can't go that. He does not hold to any such mysticisms. Yet he preaches the jumbled dogma of a Trinity, while confessing that neither he nor anybody else can understand it. But this very plain doctrine of the Swedenborgians is "too reconcilable, too shadowy, too ethereal" for such "common minds" as his.

The hard-shell character of the faith professed by this Baptist writer, betrays itself by his saying that he is surprised to find such a system can find room in it for the words Faith, Love and Charity. No, he would evidently keep all those catch-words to his own denomination. Were he to go out into life as it is, putting out his true sympathies for whatever is to be found good, and wherever it is to be found, he would be much more astonished than he appears to be now, to discover that there is a world of love and faith and charity and kindness and real goodness outside his organization, which will ever be none the less faith and love and goodness because he has not the manipulation of it with his ecclesiastical hand. The work of spiritualizing mankind is going on outside the creeds and the churches, and will still go on.

The Pulpits Criticized.

Rev. Mr. Fulton, of the Tremont Temple Society, of whom we have made cursory mention once or twice before, announced last Sunday from his pulpit that he had been requested (he did not state by whom) to "preach" on the Wednesday evening following, in a neighboring town, "filled with Spiritualists, materialists, and other wicked people"; and he desired the prayers of his congregation on so important an occasion. We beg to mention to Mr. Fulton, that praying, whatever it may do for his safety on such an enterprise as he proposes to himself, will never get the bigotry that is innate in him out of his skin. Not even the most "fervent" prayers will avail to sweat that through his pores.

The real fact about this "reverend" gent. is this: he itches, and aches, and tosses in his bed nightly, to create a sensation. Anything that floats on the turbid current of daily life he snaps at, like a voracious shark at the offal flung from a ship in the ocean, hoping to make a noise. Every little while, the bars of his trumpet can be heard above the rest in the fifth-rate ranks of the small clerical fry that think they hold the four corners of the heavens in their feeble hands. He has assailed Spiritualism before; he would just as readily "preach" it, provided he could comprehend it, if his interests should be hampered by any cause revolutionized, and his "bread-and-butter" offer in that direction. Your time-servers are generally your lung-men; loud and obstreperous, ranting and vulgar, frothing at the mouth with blasphemous epithets drawn from the vocabulary of the old Israelites, and about as religious as their headlong passions will permit. This Fulton is banging his gong at the Tremont Temple as loud as he can, but it is a mean dinner he rings people up to, and the same persons never sit down twice at his table.

And while on this subject, we have it in our mind to say that the pulpit is doing infinite harm to its stability by preaching such abusive tirades on politics as well as on Spiritualism. There is a manifest fitness in all things; and men of common sense do not think their ministers "called" to lecture them on party politics, whether on one side or another. None see and recognize the same fact more clearly than the advanced leaders of Spiritualism. Men may differ and dispute as much as they will on that matter, but when it comes to spiritual concerns they feel the need of spiritual counsel and assistance. Do stir up their prejudices and passions by drumming away at questions into which these inevitably enter, is wholly worldly—or on too low a plane to be of the least service to the hungering souls of mortals. This is one reason, and a strong one, why the churches are so much thinned out from their former numbers. Decay is plainly visible on them. Spiritualism will live, notwithstanding the continual bluster of such windy orators.

Mrs. Spafford, France and Test Medium.

An experienced friend in spiritual matters, of sound judgment, and in whom we have confidence, speaks in complimentary yet discriminative praise of the mediumistic power of the above-named lady, he having had repeated occasions to "try the spirits" through her organism, and always with satisfaction. Added to the fact of her being a good and reliable trance test medium, she is preeminently worthy and deserving of patronage.

Benjamin Todd is no longer agent to receive subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT in California.

