

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

HYMN.

BY H. CLAY PREUSS.

[The following verses are adapted, in part, to an old camp-meeting hymn, which I have often heard sung in my early childhood by an old negro nurse, with thrilling effect. While singing, she would become so enraptured in the spirit of her strain that her soul, shining through the windows of her eyes, seemed to impart a strange, unearthly beauty to her old, black, withered face. The melody was so wild and irregular that I had often attempted, in vain, to "harness it down" to written verse, until finally it faded from my memory. Recently, however, some touching associations of the past revived the recollection of the air, suggesting these verses, in which I have retained, to some extent, in the chorus, the quaint, homely, but expressive phraseology of the original words.]

The path of the soul through this desert of life
Is a wearisome journey at best;
We struggle and strive till we faint in the strife,
And our spirits are longing for rest.

Chorus.

When earth is shrouded in darkness and gloom,
We think of that land that is ever in bloom:
Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, we're dreaming of thee—
Oh, when shall we ever get there?

Our crosses are many, our crowns are but few,
Our loss is much more than our gain;
We turn from the substance, and shadows pursue,
Till we find that our life has been vain.

Chorus.

While burdened with trouble, with sorrow and sin,
We lift up our souls for the light to come in:
Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, we are dreaming of thee—
Oh, when shall we ever get there?

We garner our treasures—our jewels so bright—
We worship our idols of clay;
But Death steals within, like "a thief in the night,"
And he fleches our jewels away.

Chorus.

But we know there's a bourn for the poor, wearied soul,
Where Death will give back all the jewels he stole;
Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, we are dreaming of thee—
Oh, when shall we ever get there?

Original Essays.

SPIRITUALISM VS. MATERIALISM.

BY LEON HYNEMAN.

The materialist, with his logic and powers of reason, is far behind the untutored Indian, who "sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind." His sensuous vision is confined to the material phenomena of the universe, and he builds his theory on the assumption that matter possesses inherently the properties to unfold phenomena in their order; that matter has eternally existed; that it was uncreated, and that it unfolds of necessity in forms and objects according to the inherent activities of its nature. Hence he cannot realize the existence of an uncreated divine intelligence, possessing Omniscient vision, but thinks of a person or form like himself built up of the grosser elements, and he cannot understand how such a person can overlook all the phenomenal manifestations of nature and the actions of human beings.

The materialist may be excused for his non-belief in the existence of a divine being, the originator and unfold of universal nature, because of the crude, inconsistent and unsatisfactory beliefs of the religious and scientific worlds in regard to Deity, which are all founded upon the ignorant notions of the ancients, and not in accordance with the advanced intelligence of the age.

The insufficiency of the materialist's theory is evident to the progressed, investigating mind. The student of Nature who is observant of the unfolding of phenomena, learns their constituent basis, and ascertains that the manifestations are in obedience to certain unchangeable laws. He also learns that all phenomena are made up of invisible elements; that the forms are constantly changing, and resolving into invisible elements again; that the invisible elements concrete into material forms for man's uses, and that above and beyond all these material manifestations there is an intelligence of infinite wisdom, the originator of the laws of unfolding universal nature.

There is no fact so patent to the intelligent thinking mind, free from the bias of early educational prejudices, as that matter in its concrete form, is made up of invisible elements, or, according to our view, of one primal universal element, which, according to the universal and constant law of change, forms the constituent basis of all material phenomena.

The realization of this truth in the extent of its bearings, is fatal to the theory of the materialist; because worlds, planets and suns being a part of the phenomena of Nature, are also made up of this primal element. Then they had a beginning, as this primal element must also have been the result of some cause; and the varied phenomena must have unfolded in accordance with some uniform and established law. If according to law, that law must be the necessity or inherent principle. Matter is constantly being concreted into new forms. Creation is ever going on. Now worlds are ever forming in the vast domain of Nature. If forming, they are not conditioned for the production of phenomena. Hence as worlds, planets and suns had a beginning, they were created, as all other forms in Nature, by concretions of the elements formed of the primal element. Then concrete matter had a beginning, which overthrows the theory of the materialist. It will not be contended that the primal element, of itself, existing of itself, independent of relations, could always produce a variety of phenomena in order with uniform result in the unfolding of this variety, besides inherently possessing the property of reproduction, and the attribute of progression—without being actuated by some intelligent power.

If atoms of matter aggregate from necessity—as the materialist asserts—without an intelligence, the originator of the atoms—the results would be uniform, and by no possibility could there be the diversified phenomena in Nature, all having a special relation to each other in the order of their uses, from the lowest formation to man. The fact that the primal element elects such principles only as the germinal essences have an affinity for, is conclusive that there is an intelligence above necessity that the element is obedient to, and something above law which guides and directs it in its election. The primal element is not the intelligence, nor the atom of matter, nor the law; neither is intelligence the primal element, nor the atom, nor the law, but it is something over and above them all.

It is not logical to assume because there is order, method and uniformity in the unfolding of matter, that the phenomena of necessity unfold as they do. If there was no design in the unfolding of universal nature, it would be most inconsistent to assert that matter of necessity unfolds in order, regularity and uniformity by its own volition. Besides, there is adaptation of means to ends so evidently apparent in the unfolding of all phenomena, that it must be obvious to the reflecting reasoning mind that matter could not of itself, by its inherent activity, unfold in order, method and regularity.

As matter is formed of one primal element, or, to comply with the present knowledge of scientists, of some sixty-four elements, we must ignore in our investigations altogether the objective forms of materiality as being real and substantial, because if in our analysis we gain a knowledge of the constituent elements which make up a form, the inquiry must necessarily be, the use, end and design of such form.

The analysis resolves the form into invisible elements. Will the materialist apply his theory to the invisible as he does to the concreted forms? If he enters into the domain of the invisible, his theory fails; because we cannot stop at the invisible elements and consider them as the all in all, the moving principles in the elimination of phenomenal nature. In a later age, when scientific knowledge will be increased, the sixty-four present elements will be reduced, until in the progress of time a single primal element will be acknowledged as forming the basis of all materiality. The vital force inducing change and originating a primal element, of which all other elements are modifications, must and will become the accepted theory in the advancement of knowledge. We must be understood by the term element as meaning an invisible principle, and also that all concreted matter is a compound, even if science to-day is unable to detect a combination. Such is the atom—a compound.

If the materialist enters into the domain of the invisible, where will he stop? The invisible element is the effect of some cause, that cause the cause of its activities, and itself the effect of a cause; and thus in our course of reasoning we approach the ultimate, the divine cause, the architect of the universe and unfold of universal nature, not, however, immediately, but through the agency of laws universal in their operation and not subject to change. These laws did not originate themselves, nor are they a property of matter. If they were a property of matter, all conditions would necessarily be uniform. These laws then have their origin in some directing Mind, this mind the Infinite Wisdom, as none but a Supreme Intelligence could have directed and originated a universe so grand and complex, comprising an infinity of worlds, all moving harmoniously in the eternal expanse, with perfect regularity and order, with all their diversified phenomena.

In all this moving panorama of life, there must have been some ultimate end in view above the mere routine of the operations of Nature—of formation, deformation and reformation. Without pursuing the history of the unfolding of phenomenal nature, we must consider man was the ultimate end; otherwise other orders of being, possessing higher powers and attributes than the human, would have been created. Considering man, then, as the ultimate end of Nature's elaborations, in him we must find the object and purpose for which this infinite universe was formed.

Man, standing at the summit of Nature's efforts, possesses powers and possibilities capable of indefinite expansion. These powers are not confined to visible phenomena, but the invisible is also embraced in his possibilities.

In the world of mankind we find all the different shades of development, from the lowest animal nature up to the highest refined civilized man; and also the various degrees of intellect, from the ignorant savage to the highly intelligent educated mind. In our estimate of man we must consider the refined and intelligent, as in him the powers and possibilities have in that degree unfolded, proving conclusively that he has capacities capable of indefinite improvement. The capacity to improve is in him, but there are requirements of conditions to enable him to call into activity his powers and unfold them. If the theory of the materialist was true, conditions would present no obstacles, and man would become refined and educated in spite of them, for Nature is ever true to itself. The materialist theory, to be true, cannot admit of matter being subject to conditions, as conditions necessarily involve the principle of law, and an intelligence above law governing matter.

The materialist sees Nature to-day in all her present perfection of unfoldment, and concludes that as it was the same yesterday, it must have been so from all eternity. His theory is, that matter had no beginning, that it always existed, that it is its own unfold, and inherently possesses the activities to unfold. If this was true, then all of Nature's phenomena must have unfolded at the same time; there could be no progressive order, because progressive unfoldment is fatal to his theory. He cannot consistently as-

sume that there was not a time when worlds did not exist. If worlds always existed, organic forms must also have existed; he cannot logically reason from his premises that there was an intervening time between the development of one kingdom and another. If he does so reason he becomes confused, his reasoning fails, and then he falls back upon the assumption that all phenomena have existed eternally.

The progressive mind may admit that matter has existed coeternal with the Divine Being, if his interior perceptions have not extended into that realm in which the divine thought eliminated action throughout the boundless expanse; but he can never admit that material phenomena have existed eternally. If suns, planets and worlds have unfolded progressively, and the several kingdoms of Nature in their regular order, they must have unfolded so not by mere chance, which no intelligent mind of to-day will admit, but they must have unfolded in obedience to law, and there must have been a design in the order of their unfoldment, and that design must have had some ultimate end in view.

If there was a design in the unfoldment of Nature, there must have been a designer, and that there was a design for some destined end, is evident from the following considerations: We know that the powers of external Nature are limited, they have never increased, but ever move on in obedience to immutable law. The powers of man have, however, increased, and the evidence is strong that to them there are no limitations. As man alone possesses the power of increasing intelligence without limit, and as intelligence is the highest unfoldment of creation, man evidently was the end designed by the Creative Mind.

As the powers of Nature have never increased, but are the same to-day as in all past time, it is illogical to assert that matter of itself unfolded external Nature. The materialist of to-day, with the increased knowledge of the age, cannot otherwise than affirm that there is some power independent of Nature, and above it, which causes matter to unfold with regularity, order and uniformity. He cannot well retain his convictions in the materialism of the past. His own increased attainments are evidence that he is not subject to the stationary powers of Nature, and clearly prove that there is something over and above mere necessity, which impels matter to aggregate and concrete into forms.

The statement of the materialist that the atoms of matter aggregate in accordance with an inherent principle, is true; but let us trace this inherent principle. The atoms of matter aggregate in obedience to law; but this is not all; they elect such only as they have an affinity for, such as are adapted to their constitutional nature, and reject all others. In this selection they express more than affinity, they express intelligence according to the capability of the form to express it; and in the lowest forms corresponds to intelligence in man, who selects the food best adapted to his nature and his taste. The inherent principle in the atoms is the principle of intelligence which is eliminated in all forms in Nature and in man.

The intelligence and the atom are distinct. The atom is composed of invisible elements, and is ever changing and combining with other atoms into forms which decay and resolve into invisible elements again. The intelligence which is the inherent principle is not subject to decay. The physical form of man is composed of atoms, and as it is constantly changing and resolving into elements again, it shows its close relation to the lower and lowest forms. As the invisible elements are eternal in their nature, although incapable of increasing their powers, so the intelligence of man, which is born of infinite wisdom, is also eternal in its nature, but, unlike the invisible elements, its powers are capable of indefinite expansion.

The necessity theory had its birth in the rudest ages; it is the child of chance, which was the initial dogma of the early dawn of mind. The necessity theory was adopted in the place of chance, when man had attained that degree of intelligence to notice the uniform and regular return of the seasons; the growth of vegetation and fruits at regular annual intervals; and that he was no longer dependent upon the precarious and uncertain chances of the chase for his sustenance.

In the progress of mind and scientific investigation, it was demonstrated that there were interior forces in Nature that unfolded forms, and the necessity theory was abandoned; not because atoms did not aggregate uniformly, but for the reason that they aggregated in diversity of forms for which the necessity theory could not account.

The theory that there is an inherent principle in matter that causes atoms to aggregate of necessity, without being directed by a superior force or power, if true, would cause these atoms to produce a uniformity instead of diverse forms, unless it is acknowledged that all phenomena were unfolded at the same time. These conclusions are irresistible, and cannot be successfully controverted.

The investigation has not rested with the demonstration that there were interior forces in Nature which unfolded forms, but, having ascertained first that forms were composed of invisible elements, the knowledge was arrived at next, in the progress of mind, that these elements were controlled and directed by an intelligence superior to the interior force; and this knowledge is conclusive not only of the eternity of the invisible elements, but of the continued existence of man in the future.

Science has demonstrated that material phenomena are unfolded in obedience to immutable and unchangeable law; not as a result of necessity, because that does not, in reality, mean anything in the present advanced age of intelligence, but because law is subject to and directed by a power superior to it.

Man has powers which are ever increasing, and to which there can be no possible limit. His relation to the Divine Source of his being is evident

from his possessing them. He is omnipotent in his sphere, which is demonstrated in the works he has produced and his attainments. His skill in the arts, and the immensity of his labors, if told to one unacquainted with the achievements of civilization, would be considered fabulous. He has overcome space and time, and holds daily communion with his brother man in most distant lands, across oceans, though untraversed climes, and is handling the earth and making fellowship with the peoples of all nations. In the domain of mind his advances have been much greater and his powers ever increasing. He is unfolding his omnipresent and his omniscient powers. Not alone through the powers of the microscope and telescope is his vision extended beyond the powers of his physical organs, but, in the unfolding and cultivation of his interior faculties, he ranges into the realm of the invisible—even of spirit-life.

Man has by no means attained the ultimate of all knowledge; nor are the telescope and microscope the highest attainments of his possibilities. What another age may bring forth in more perfect instruments, who can tell? And who will deny the possible supersession of the telegraph through the cultivation of the clairvoyant vision or the increased perception of the interior powers? We are vain of our attainments, and too apt to consider that we have reached the summit of knowledge, because we are unable to discover, with our present light, wherein improvements can be made; and yet the inventive genius is ever abroad, and the mind's activities cannot be arrested. Science is yet in its infancy, however its professors may assume that they have attained the summit of all knowledge, which, if not expressed in words, they express by their dogmatic and dictatorial manner of teaching. The evolution of thought, at the present time, is beyond all precedent. Radical changes are being made in every department of the mind's activities, and rules or modes of former thinking, heretofore considered by universal acceptance as the only correct rules or modes, are being disregarded, as limiting the faculties, confining the energies and enslaving the mind for the sake of conformity to form and past usages.

The unfoldment of these possibilities in man are beyond the powers of Nature. They belong to another department in the Divine elimination. The powers in Nature are stationary; the powers of the mind are not. There are two principles in the constitution of the universe: one unfolding material phenomena, the other unfolding intelligence. They may both be claimed as belonging to the department of Nature, but they are distinct. The first is subject to, directed and controlled by inevitable law, and incapable of progressing out of its sphere of limitations; the other not limited to inevitable law, and possessing the capacity of expanding indefinitely. The powers of Nature are confined and limited to the unfoldment of material phenomena. The vegetable and animal kingdoms, outside of the influence of man, are the same to-day as in centuries past; they have not improved. Subject to the powers of Nature, and being governed and directed by immutable law in unfolding phenomena, the results must inevitably be the same. But wherever the influence of man has extended, he has improved the conditions, changed the direction of Nature's laws and subjected the powers of Nature to the activities of his intelligence. The trees, fruits, cereals, vegetables and flowers, cultivated by man, have been vastly improved from their originals. The feathered tribes which he has subjugated to his dominion, he has rendered more beautiful in form, structure and exterior adornment. The animals he has domesticated he has improved, not in the strength, beauty of proportions and excellence of the organic form, but has increased their uses and rendered them passive to his intelligent power.

Here we have the most ample evidence that the powers of Nature and the powers of the mind are distinct; that the latter are not limited as the powers of Nature are. If the materialist asserts that the powers of the mind and its possibilities are a logical sequence of the powers of Nature in their evolution in man, then, in tracing effect and cause, he must admit that there is a power superior to that which unfolds material phenomena, or that matter possesses, inherently, intelligence as its highest attribute, and that it has the capacity to unfold indefinitely. If the former, then his theory fails, because we have proved that the powers of Nature are limited. If the latter, then he must account not only for the fact of intelligence existing in Nature, but, also, how this intelligence obtained the quality or property of increasing and enlarging its powers. That intelligence is not an unfoldment of matter is evident, or it would have increased its powers in the lower kingdoms as it has in man.

The fact that the powers of Nature and the powers of the mind are distinct, that the former has not enlarged its powers, and that the latter are ever increasing, is proof that the theory of causation, tracing effects in their last analysis to the Divine Being, is an absurdity, because in that last analysis all of the elementary principles, of which suns, planets and worlds are formed, would, on that supposition, be resolved into the Divine Being, and hence, logically and conclusively, matter was formed out of nothing. This argument cannot be controverted upon any sound principles of reasoning.

To conceive that, in a last analysis, all physical creation must be absorbed into the Divine Being, is equally as absurd as to reason from effect to cause, and trace all effects of whatever kind or nature, to the primal cause, the Creator. This mode of reasoning ignores law, conditions and circumstances, or the conclusion must be arrived at that there is neither system nor order in the Divine manifestation, but that the Divine Being originates every emotion, every impulse, every activity of the mind and physical organism of each and every human being in existence, as well

as directs the unfoldment and propagation of all of vegetable and animal nature. The reason that such illogical conclusions are arrived at, is, that mankind generally have very crude conceptions of the Divine Being. There is a class of thinkers who declare that the human mind can form no conception of the Divine Being; therefore, it being a subject beyond man's comprehension, it is illogical to reason upon such a theme. There is another class, comprehending those who believe theological creeds, as well as some progressed minds who entertain every possible shade of opinion as crude and inconsistent as they are various.

In our opinion, there is no subject that the mind can conceive that is closed to man's reason, and a more uniform conclusion can be arrived at if we will only pursue our investigations with perfect freedom, independent of preconceived opinions or early educational teachings.

To form somewhat of a correct thought of the Divine Being and his attributes, we must consider man, his powers and possibilities. In a subject so vast, if we were to go into details, would require many volumes; we must, therefore, be brief, and yet endeavor to make our thought clear.

The achievements of man in his present infantile state are clear evidences of his powers and possibilities, and prove clearly that he is a progressive being. Every advance man makes he subjects Nature and its laws to his controlling powers, as we have already shown. The impossible to-day is the possible and the actual at a future day. Progress has no limitations. Ever advancing and ever approaching nearer the Infinite is man's destiny. The Infinite is perfection, self-existent, and, therefore, has no destiny. In our consideration of the Divine Being we must extend as far as we can the powers and possibilities in man. Man is king and ruler over Nature so far as he has progressed. In this we find a correspondence to the Omnipotence of the Infinite. Omnipotence is unlimited power, and this man possesses, in a finite degree, corresponding to the intelligence he has attained to. This correspondence is obvious to the thinking mind. There is a like correspondence to the divine attributes of Omniscience in the activities of man.

Omniscience is all-knowing and all-seeing. The difference in the progress of knowledge and the achievements of civilization between the untutored, uncivilized man and the educated scientific mind is comparatively infinite, and is an evidence of the unlimited capabilities of the innate powers of man. In the domain of Nature he can foretell events with remarkable accuracy, and results, in the operation of Nature's laws, guided by his intelligence, with almost Omnipotent precision. He has extended his knowledge beyond the "solar orb and Milky Way," and made himself almost as familiar with the "starry heavens" as with objects immediately about him. The knowledge that man has acquired, has a correspondence to the Omnipotence of the Divine Being. His knowledge is not absolute, but comparative and approximative. In the sense that all-knowing is all-seeing, it has a relation to Omnipresence as that which we know the mental faculties perceive, and that which we perceive is present to us. It is a conscious perception of things which stimulate the mind's activities, which activities are the inventive Creator's. Man creates in the similitude of the Creator. His creations are, however, imperfect, but as he progresses they are made more perfect. The powers of mind have only commenced to unfold. Our perceptive powers are unlimited. We see, and at all times can see again with our mental vision that which we have once seen. This may be referred to memory, but it is nevertheless perception of that which is impressed upon the mental or conscious tablet.

If we examine the mind's activities, we will see that the mental vision finds no difficulty in being extended to the most remote places. Intervening objects are no obstructions. This is not only the case with places which we have seen, but the imagination will endeavor to portray that of which we have heard or read, but not seen. There is a higher unfoldment which approximates nearer to a correspondence to the divine attribute of Omnipresence, namely: clairvoyance. That clairvoyance is unfolded in some persons, is an evidence of the possibilities existing in human nature. The clairvoyant vision extends beyond the possible range of sensuous vision. Stone walls present no obstacle. Rivers, seas and mountains none. The clairvoyant sees and describes correctly, not only the objects and persons in remote places, but what those persons are doing, as well as the conversation they hold at the time. Clairvoyance and mediumship are natural unfoldments of man's possibilities. Although manifested only in a few, they belong to the common human nature.

The infinite extension of these possibilities in man, may give us a partial comprehension of the attributes of the Creator. If we closely analyze the activities of the mind, we will have a clearer realization of the Divine Being. The soul fulfills the activities of the mind. The mind's powers with perfect freedom whither the soul directs it; it has no limitations in space, and does not cognize time in its flight beyond the perceptions of sensuous vision. The physical senses are variously unfolded in man's organism. The organs of vision, of hearing, and the sense of feeling, are diverse as humanity, and in some are exceedingly acute. These have their correspondence in the spiritual organism, which actuates the mind's activities and causes it to see, hear and feel. The acute unfoldment of the senses of the finite being, is illustrative, in a partial degree, of the perfection of the attributes of the Infinite. The thinking mind can readily perceive the correspondence, although unable to grasp the infinite. The correspondence is more clear in those who are clairvoyantly unfolded.

As we really see with our mental vision, also, our dreams, and as the clairvoyant sees persons and objects far remote from them, we may form some conception of the mode of being of the

Divine existence. The vision of the Divine Being is infinite, and we may readily comprehend that it extends throughout the universe. This we call Omnipotence. And as seeing is knowing, the Divine Being logically has all knowledge, and seeing and knowing all things in the universe, he is present everywhere. Thus it will be seen that there is a correspondence in the possibilities in man to the attributes of the Divine Being. The materialist may claim that there can be no form without substance, and apply the same to the Divine Being, with all the inferences to be deduced therefrom. We may call that refined form in man which impresses thoughts upon his fellow man, or which acts upon the nervous centres, or upon the several organs of the brain, or excites the sensibilities, substance. But as the materialist claims the infinite divisibility of the atom, so must he also acknowledge the infinite attenuation of the forces and powers in man, which—as the emotions, impulses and thoughts are yet finite, and the difference of attenuation, if a comparison may be instituted, between these finite forces and the Divine Being—must accordingly be infinite. Hence if our emotions, impulses and thoughts may be considered substance of a highly refined nature, we may conceive that the Divine Being is substance, but infinitely more refined, and beyond the possibility of finite conception or observation.

A WORD TO SPIRITUALISTS.

BY JULIET R. STILWELL, M. D.

We, as Spiritualists and reformers, have a great and glorious work before us. The world is suffering from wrong conditions and relations; and demand for some of these wrongs to be righted is knocking loudly at the door of our hearts, asking that agitation be urged upon the consideration and hearts of the people. Any religion that does not take into consideration the whole welfare of the human family in every department of life, fails to meet the needs of the people. It must reach their mental condition and physical necessities; must enter the whole fabric of social, intellectual and moral life. This Spiritualism does, taken in its broadest, grandest and sublimest sense. It seeks the regeneration, education and fulfillment of the whole being, so that instead of the dwarfed, diseased and deformed spirits that enter the spirit realm at the present time, we may send there forms of symmetry and beauty, fully instructed in the rudiments of growth, properly educated and of harmonious growth. But in order to accomplish this great and all important work, we must begin at the root of the matter, build up a good physical foundation. For without a good foundation, firm and strong, how can a perfect spiritual superstructure be built?

The physical man should receive our first attention, as upon this depends, in a great measure, our success in developing the spirit therein contained, and fitting it for the next sphere of life. Physiological laws should be studied more and impressed upon the minds of the young as being just as sacred, just as important and necessary to be observed as moral laws, in order not only to promote their spiritual growth, but to save untold suffering, and a premature and unnatural entrance into spirit life—which is a misfortune, and always to be lamented as a step taken without due preparation. Then study well hygienic rules of life, live true to the laws of your being, in order to obtain the greatest happiness and fulfillment, nor deem it unworthy your most careful consideration.

In this department of life, we see most terrible wrongs even among those of our beautiful faith. We see many gormandizing upon all kinds of improper food, filling their systems with disease, and sometimes using that most filthy of all weeds, tobacco, rolling it as a sweet morsel upon their tongues. Yet some Spiritualists do these things, and even claim that tobacco is harmless in its effects.

Pause and reflect a moment on the deadly narcotic. How very quick a little of it destroys life in any animal. Think of a system being saturated through and through with this sickening, life-destroying, nerve-deadening drug, and talk of spiritual growth! I have been called to treat patients who were so completely permeated by it that I could discern the odor upon my hands after patting them, and would become nauseated from its effects. The evil does not rest alone with the user, but close contact with others seriously injures them, by the absorption of the impure element, and children often have their nervous systems ruined for life by sleeping with a parent who uses it.

Shall we see our children poisoned, our young men dwarfed in body and soul, our young women wedded to such persons, and note the effects upon rising generations, and not raise our voices to stay the mighty destroyer? Tobacco to-day is doing more to demoralize, degrade and ruin the American people than alcohol, because of its more general use. And shall we fold our hands, and see even our little boys puffing cigars, and not feel that we, as Spiritualists, have a work to do in the matter? As we value health, life, purity of body and soul, let us raise a mighty voice against it in every form and place, as a perverter of the health, morals and spiritual growth of our people.

We have also a work to do in political reform. Humanity demands that principles of justice should be here recognized. We find four millions of our colored population without the right of suffrage, amenable to laws they have no voice in making; not only they, but one-half of our white population are not recognized as citizens, are not permitted to say what shall, or what shall not be, in matters of government, compelled to submit to taxation without representation, which is always tyranny.

Freedom and equality are necessary in every government and people, in order for them to prosper and become mighty in power and goodness. But are women prepared to use this right intelligently? No; nor will they ever be until they have encouragement to use their mighty powers of mind and soul for some other purpose than to decorate their persons in the most fashionable style, and thus distort their bodies, cramp their lungs, compress their waists, fetter their limbs, and submit to all kinds of inconceivable, discomfort and unreasonable display.

Give them all the inducements to cultivate and enrich their minds that men have; make them feel that mighty responsibilities rest upon them which they cannot throw off if they choose, and they will prove themselves competent to bear them. You, brothers, must impress them that it is the person, the character, the goodness that you admire, and not the dress; teach them to make their garments subservient to the wants and necessities of their bodies, instead of conforming their bodies, in all conceivable ways, to the form, shape and size of the clothes fashion says they must wear. Then with health and strength of body will come activity of brain, and beautiful and glorious thoughts, and great and good works will be the result! Let men and women, brothers and sisters, labor to-

gether in every department of life. She refining, softening and spiritualizing him; he strengthening her, and thus mutually helping, hand in hand, heart to heart in all useful labor, will the work of greatly benefiting each other and the world, be carried forward. Let capacity, not sex, determine the avocation of each person. Let it be considered right, yea, of absolute necessity, that every faculty of the soul should have perfect freedom to grow naturally and to its greatest capacity, and to outwork itself in its legitimate expression in eternal life.

Another great work we have to do, is to educate people in the principles of universal brotherhood, that there is no high nor low, as now considered; that the only difference in people is in their degree of growth and unfoldment; being like children, some of larger and some of lesser growth. There is no more reason for one to feel superior to or above another, than for a larger child to despise a lesser one. We all choose for associates those nearest our own growth, but mingle with those of lesser growth at times, in order to benefit them. This is all right; but beware of feelings of caste, for it shows itself sometimes even among us; but it always manifests a lack of that soul-growth that we find in those who see every one of use in their proper place, and respects them in that position.

The world needs earnest, true-hearted, unselfish workers, those who are willing to labor anywhere where they can accomplish the most good; who love truth for its own sake; who will not for the sake of position turn from their highest ideas of right; who will meet with a brave, true spirit, all the opposition that must needs come to those who are laboring to establish principles not yet recognized by the people—and who will feel such a satisfaction and strength from the fact of having done what they could, be that ever so little, that opposition from the masses will not affect them, being walled in and protected by the love of truth, principle and humanity, sustained by loving angels, who ever stand ready to sustain and strengthen. Those who are willing to be counted as naught for Christ's sake, and who, through works of love, and the ministrations of the strong, true, earnest spirits they will ever attract to them, will be developed to and prepared for a higher condition and glorious life in the spirit realm. For this great purpose and end let us faithfully labor.

LIGHT, MORE LIGHT.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Has not Christianity, in some of its various sectarian forms, sanctioned, by Word-of-God authority, every crime in the catalogue? and most of them even down to our time and country? Murder, wholesale and retail, is yet sanctioned, approved, prayed for, and often executed by Christians with Bible authority, even while the Book says, "Thou shalt not kill." The rebel confederacy, with its chief magistrate, was a Christian government, and sanctioned its raids, its battles, and its starving of prisoners when they were helpless, and our government, though not Christian, had chaplains in the army and sermons on Sundays to aid in slaying its enemies, and both governments, through their churches, sanctified their soldiers who carried on the war.

Our churches uphold the law that murders in cold blood the poor wretch who, in a heated passion, slays a fellow being (provided the latter was not black). Further back, the church invented and procured the most terrible instruments of torture to take slowly the lives of those who, by the use of reason, found and proclaimed higher truths than she possessed, and even now she persecutes with the same malignity, but the civil law—which is in morals superior to the church—prevents her from murdering them.

Arson, too, has ever been connected with Christian warfare, and not unfrequently in the prosecution of Christian enterprises against more liberal persons, she has often set on her votaries to burn out the heretics and infidels, and while she burned the human tenement of the soul, has never scrupled to burn the wooden tenement of the body.

Stealing.—Under the sentence that the earth is the Lord's, they stole the land from the Indians, and often from each other, with or without wars, and where the civil law does not interfere to prevent, it is no crime for Christians to steal, especially from heathen and infidels. The whole scheme of the bloody crusades was a thieving enterprise, and the Puritan settlement of New England little less so. The little petty schemes of games, grabs, letters and lotteries to replenish the Lord's treasury and support the churches, so common in our country, are little else than thieving by and with the sanction of law, or avoiding its penalties.

Rape, adultery and licentiousness are all sanctioned and provided for daily by the church, through its holy Juggernaut of marriage, by which it enslaves woman and renders her powerless for her own defence, and deprives her the use of law for personal defence. Even out of marriage she permits every crime a white man can inflict on a black woman, but inflicts the most terrible penalties on the black man who insults a white woman. Only a few weeks ago a black man in Georgia was skinned alive for committing a rape on a white woman, but white men in Georgia who do the same to black women are neither chastised by the Church or State, nor even by gossip.

Social and sexual crimes that are the most horrible in civilized life, when they are perpetrated by man without marriage, are sanctioned as right and proper, if not sacred, when under the cover of a marriage consecrated by the church, for there is the pretence that God has put them together, and put the woman in subjection to the man.

If we expose these evils, and ask for a correction, we are at once branded as "Free Lovers," a very convenient epithet for tyrants and libertines, because it is one used, like muddy water, to soil the garments of those it is thrown upon; after soiling reformers with it, those who stand and wallow in the filthy pool point at them to direct attention from themselves, and prove the victims of their slander live as they do.

Negro and chattel slavery may be passed over in this country now, but while it did last it was upheld by the church, and could not have existed in the States of America without the protection of the church; more than the gallows can in Massachusetts; but if we can let up one pressure on the subject of slavery of negroes, we shall double its force in the complaints against the slavery and robbery of woman. Here, as everywhere, we find the church the great obstacle to reform, standing with her open Bible opposing every reform, and justifying every crime if committed under her institutions, and they are ever broad enough to cover every species of crime. Lying and cheating are so common as to need no comment, and can find no apology.

It is about time we set the church and her authority aside, and put up nature and reason, and had a rational religion which could see crimes the same in and under institutions as out of them. A crime against nature is the same in an act of marriage, in an act of war, in an act of court and law, in a white man the same in a black man or woman, by the judge, jury and sheriff as by the angry and passionate criminal. It is as much a crime against God and nature to hold one slave as ten, whether that slave be white or black, and is not different if called a chattel or a wife.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE N. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 30, Station D, New York City.

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

(Original.)

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

"Now here is a question worth putting to you, Aunt Zera," said Will, "even if it does stop your knitting-needles, and delay the progress of those socks. Grace says that I oughtn't to disturb the doves—this cold weather, just as the doves have got fairly settled and begin to feel at home. But as I propose to make them a better habitation in the new barn, I say I am right in breaking up their little homes and moving them."

"Do you think doves have any rights?" said Aunt Zera with a smile. "If they have any, they have a right to choose their homes; supposing you let them try their new quarters, and coax them there with a little grain."

"Oh, I've done that," said Will, "and the pretty white dove and the younger ones all seem disposed to like the change—all except that old one, the first settler—the one I brought from Mr. Dunbar's. She is as willful as any old woman that you ever saw. When I think I have coaxed all the others nicely, and am winning over her, she says by a sly wink of her eye, 'not so easily done, sir.' And then she begins such a cooing and coining, and all the other doves watch and listen, and soon she starts off to the old spot, and all the others follow her."

Now I want to tear down the old nests, because father has given me the place for a hen-house, and I don't want doves in both places. I threatened to tear down the old nests this morning, but Grace came around and told about injustice, and respecting the rights of the weak, and so I concluded to ask you what you think?"

"Well," said Aunt Zera, "I don't see but I shall have to tell you one of my everlasting stories, as Stephen calls our talks."

"Do, do," chimed in Kate and Grace, as they took their seats beside their youthful aunt.

"There was once a powerful king whose kingdom was in one of the eastern countries. He lived in great luxury and magnificence, but he was not altogether selfish like many monarchs. His power did not make him unmindful of the weakness of others, nor did his wealth make him forget the poor and their necessities."

But of all his virtues, his justice was the great and crowning one. He respected the rights of others, and helped them to gain them. He was willing to give up his own pleasure rather than to deprive another of what was his due.

Notwithstanding his palace was decorated with great splendor, and his hanging gardens looked like wreaths of flowers crowning its walls, yet he thought that his glory would be increased if he built himself a more magnificent residence. And as he was willing to reward the workmen faithfully for all their labor, it seemed to be a work that would serve others as well as himself.

He chose for the spot where his palace should stand a locality of great beauty. But there were a number of small cottages just where he determined that his palace should stand. They were the homes of the poor. For these he offered quite large sums of money, enough to compensate the owners handsomely for any loss they might sustain.

The cottagers were only too happy to accept the proposals that he made to them, all except one old woman.

"Now, Aunt Zera, I believe you are making up this story to suit the case of the doves," said Will.

"Most certainly I am not," said Aunt Zera. "I am giving the account, as nearly as I can, of a monarch of Persia; but as I cannot tell you when he reigned, you will be obliged to trust the record that some writer has given of this remarkable man."

Well, this old woman refused to accept his offer. He was willing to give even a larger sum to her, considering her age, than to the others; but she refused all his offers. She declared that she was born in that hut, and would die in it. She said:

"Was it not here that mine eyes first saw the glory of life in the eastern sky? And here will I behold its final setting. Take back your gold, I have something more precious here, (pointing to the walls of her humble home.) Take back your gems, there is a brighter gleam in the light that has never faded from that hearth."

Instead of being angry, and asserting his rights and authority, the good king said:

"Well, that is a pity; but the cottage is truly hers. If she had not owned it, she would have deserved it by the love she cherishes for the place of her birth. It is such women that give me the men that will fight for their homes. Let the old woman live in her home in peace."

And so he chose another place for his palace, I suppose," said Kate.

"By no means; he wanted his rights as well as the old woman hers. 'Build my palace,' he said, 'just where I ordered, and let the hut remain.'"

"But," said his architect, 'the design that I have executed will enclose this miserable hut. It will be directly in the courtyard.'"

"Good," said the king; 'the old woman will not then wait for the light that has so endeared her home. I should have lamented to have deprived her of a single blessing.'"

"But," said Will, "I think that she was stupidly foolish, and that any king of sense would have torn down her miserable cabin."

"That is what his courtiers said: they declared that she was a foolish old drone, and that it was beneath a high and noble sovereign to yield to such an one; but he replied, 'She may be a fool, but I will be just.'"

And so the palace was built enclosing the old woman's hut. It was a magnificent edifice, far surpassing anything in the kingdom. It was ornamented with gold and gems; its architecture was faultless. It seemed like the dream men had of heaven—and as it gleamed and shone in that radiant atmosphere, with its towers and turrets, its delicate fingers pointing over to the sky, it looked indeed like a realization of a dream of heaven.

It was the admiration of all who beheld it. No foreigner ever came to the country that did not envy the glory of a kingdom that could produce such a wonder of beauty and magnificence.

"But," said an ambassador to him, "I venture to say, that I am surprised to behold in the midst of such magnificence, anything so mean and unworthy as that poor hovel."

The king then gave him his reasons for allowing it to remain.

"But a woman that would venture, in my

country," said this ambassador, "to dispute the wish of her sovereign, would deservedly be put out of the way in the quickest manner possible; I must say that I am surprised that so great a monarch as you should seem to be so timid."

"Allow me to think still that the old woman's cottage is the greatest ornament of my palace. It proves that I am just, while all this splendor only shows that I am able to gather about me the wealth that an hour can sweep away. But what wind of heaven or fiery tempest can take away my justice? That little home of the poor widow delights me in my hours of weariness more than all the beauty of my own residence. I early learned that there is no rule that brings so much peace as that which commands nothing to be done to others which, one would not desire done unto himself. Besides, I have always noticed that some evil was almost sure to befall him who deliberately injured others."

It so happened that, although this monarch was just and benevolent, yet he had in his court those who sought to injure him. They envied his greatness, and coveted his glory, and so they resolved to seek to become possessed of his honors. They formed a conspiracy to take his life, thinking thereby that they should be able to gain some higher posts of honor. In the evening they repaired to the courtyard, thinking that in its seclusion they could talk over the prospects of their success in attempting to take the life of their sovereign. It seemed to them a very secluded spot, and one well fitted for their private conversation.

But the old woman, who was quietly resting in her hut, heard their wicked designs discussed. They thought her a silly fool, and quite unable to understand anything she might hear. But gratitude gives a quick understanding when danger is threatened to a benefactor, and the old woman was not dull to perceive that the life of the good king was in danger. She stole out softly from her hut and demanded an immediate audience from the king. He had always been willing to humor the whims of the old woman, and so she easily gained an audience.

"Most noble monarch," said she, "the Great Spirit of Good has permitted me to repay you for your condescension. Your enemies consult behind my cabin; send and secure them immediately."

The guards hastened to the spot as she directed, and found that the two conspirators were men of high office and trust in the kingdom. In hope of the king's leniency they confessed their crime, and others were found to be leagued with them, and the danger was indeed threatening.

The king was not only grateful to the old woman, but thankful that he had not forgotten to be just. He was wont to say afterwards, "Did I not tell you that the old woman's hut was the greatest ornament of my palace? See how it has gleamed with the light of gratitude. What darkness would now have reigned in my splendid palace, but for that light that proceeded from the despised hut. My courtiers! remember this: Justice is greater than a kingdom, more to be desired than riches, and its light and its wisdom will out-shine the most magnificent gems."

The old woman, in her hut, thanked the Giver of life for permitting her to live, that she might express the thankfulness of her heart, and as if she had served out the purpose of her life, she soon died, while chanting the song of the Persian Fire Worshipers:

"Valley and hill,
Forest and mount,
Ocean and rill,
Silver and fount,
Awake! awake!

He comes, the God
Of the streaming ray,
With his glance to chase
The clouds away.

They break! They break!

My life burned low,
Through the night's dark hour,
But the glorious glow,
And the quickening power
I feel! I feel!"

"The moral of this story is, I suppose," said Will, "that hawks will carry off my chickens or my doves, if I don't let Mrs. Dovey have her way; and, come to think of it, I believe she is right; the new place is not half as well protected as the old. I think I will let the old lady dove have her way."

"But, auntie," said Aunt Zera, "you said that the Persian King believed it was right to do to others as you wish to be done by. I thought that was a Christian rule."

"So it is; but the same sentiment was uttered by wise men before Jesus was born. Confucius lived over five hundred years before Jesus was born, and one of his precepts was, 'Never do to others what you do not wish them to do to you.' Confucius was a prophet of the Chinese nation."

"Why, I thought they didn't know anything," said Will.

"There are wise men in all nations," replied Aunt Zera, "and they become the teachers of the nation. There were prophets, too, in the Persian nation. Their great teacher was Zoroaster, and he was very wise, and gave many excellent instructions. His disciples thought the sun was presided over by superior spirits, who sent pure influences to the earth; for that reason they adored and praised the sun, but worshipped God. There is something beautiful to me in this devotion to light, for I feel like praising it myself when it brings us so many blessings, and is the source of so much beauty."

"Well," said Kate, "if the King of Persia was a fire worshiper, I think he showed himself more of a Christian than many other kings, and I wish we could have some more such to take care of the poor women."

"I am so glad you told us of him," said Grace, "for now Will will not move the doves, and we shall see them in their old place, sunning themselves in the warm sunshine. I think they must be fire worshipers. But why did they not call the Persians sun worshipers?"

"They worshipped fire with particular reverence, for they thought it represented the life within us that came from God. They never let the fire be extinguished in their temples. It was said that the same fire burned on their altars that was kindled by Zoroaster, who is believed by some to have lived in the time of Moses, and they say four thousand years ago. Their priests tended their fires by night and day, and when a king went to battle a portion of the fire was carried before the army on silver censers. They had many beautiful ceremonies, also, such as throwing garlands of flowers into the sacred fire, and fragrant oils."

"Well, I dare say they meant all right," said Grace; "but do let us go now, Will, and feed your subjects with some grain, in commemoration of the great peril they escaped."

"Through the grace of Lady Grace," said Will.

(Original.)

THE PAPER NAUTILUS.

This is a beautiful little fish with a white shell, which is as thin as paper. It is found most abundant in the Mediterranean Sea, but it is often seen in the South Atlantic. It has several long

tentacles, or arms, two of which it raises aloft and spreads for sails, and when spread they look as if made of purple silk. Its remaining arms it uses as oars, and in this way it will take quite long voyages, and the traveler in tropical waters, when the ocean is calm, will often see it floating leisurely along, as if taking a voyage of pleasure, or rowing in haste over the waves, as if it was on business of the greatest importance.

When thus floating along like a fairy ship, it is a most beautiful little object, and the writer of this brief sketch has watched them for hours, leaning over the gangway of a ship when on a long sea-voyage across the blue Atlantic, and has often wished that he could take one of the bold little navigators in his hands and examine minutely the structure of its elegant little craft.

This little sailor has been endowed by Nature with a wonderfully keen instinct for detecting the approach of a storm, and long before the most weatherwise seaman can perceive the slightest indication of an approaching change, he will fill his little gossamer sails, draw in all his oars, fill his little shell with water, and sink to the bottom of the ocean, where he will remain till the skies are fair again, and the troubled bosom of old ocean has become sufficiently calmed to allow it to venture forth again on its voyages.

Sometimes its shell springs a leak, and then it is curious enough to see the little fellow go to work and pump the water from its leaky craft. If its shell becomes so damaged as to render it unfit for use, then it is entirely deserted, and a new one sought.

There is another kind of Nautilus with a harder shell, which suggested to Oliver Wendell Holmes his exquisite poem, "The Nautilus," published originally in the Atlantic Monthly, and which, after reading this sketch, you will enjoy finding in a copy of his poems and reading for yourselves, or getting some kind friend to read to you that you may better comprehend it.

I will add that comparatively little is known concerning the nature of this little navigator, although it has for many ages attracted attention and excited wonder and admiration.

Word-Puzzle.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 1 is in peace, but not in war.
My 2 is in gospel, but not in law.
My 3 is in corn, but not in weed.
My 4 is in truth, but not in creed.
My 5 is in heart, but not in head.
My 6 is in iron, but not in lead.
My 7 is in better, but not in worse.
My 8 is in money, but not in purse.
My 9 is in gladness, but not in wee.
My 10 is in substance, but not in show.
My 11 is in right, but not in wrong.
Then add this line to close the song.
My whole is one of the best possessions in life.

Answer to Anagram in our last by P. G.

When the spirit takes its flight
To realms of everlasting light,
Will it, can it e'er return
To those who mourn?

In the summer-land so bright,
Where midday never comes, or blight,
Shall we our friends still recognize
In Paradise?

We thank thee ever, Father God,
For this our faith and hope so broad,
And now for all thy blessings free,
Thanks, thanks to thee.

MORNING INSPIRATION.

After a night's refreshing sleep, when Nature has thrown about the soul her mantle of rest, soothing and lulling the tired energies of mind, it is then we are in a condition to hear angel voices. Rising early, throwing open our windows, we may shake hands with the unseen—those of our own household who have passed over the river. Even while we sleep angels attend us; but when we wake refreshed, then our souls respond to their gentle notes. Oh! why will not men and women of to-day more fully recognize these heavenly visitants, yielding their minds to the teachings of knowledge, that they may understand the teachings of the soul?

The more fully we open our souls to these divine teachings, the more freely shall we receive the inspiration of unseen intelligences. Not only to mind are we to look for inspiration, but as a preparatory degree let us wander forth amid the great universe of divine matter. Longfellow names flowers "Stars of earth."

Let us all become astronomers, learning lessons from these beautiful stars.

This universe of ours is full of Spiritualism. Spirit and life are in all things. The thickest flower is full of the Divine hand. The rippling brook, tracing its way amid the mountains, rocks and glens, over the sloping meadow, and through the birch-wood, murmurs its praises to Him who guides the stars in their unerring course.

The towering mountain reaches upward, as if knowing whither to look for Him who holdeth the ocean waters within his hand. Oft on some midsummer's night, when sleep comes not to our eyelids, we go to our window and gaze out upon the moonlit waters of the placid Merimac—then we know our God—that Divine Life which permeates all things. Yea, the minutest particle of matter recognizes the creative power. Shall man, "the noblest work of God," fail to understand the divinity of his own soul, and the relations which he bears to all below him? That the soul of man contains within itself all possibilities, who can doubt?

The Infinite dwells in the finite; and to-day angels are helping us to strip off layer after layer of the grossness which clouds the vision of the mind, that we may know our own souls, and that in knowing our own souls we may know our God.

For this we will listen in the morning; ever knowing that the work of angels is redeeming from ignorance the minds of men.

Yea, woman! open thine intuitive soul to these lessons of redemption.

Beautiful is thy mission, ever giving to generations yet unborn the

FREEDOM OF THE SOUL.

Tarry not the winds of morning,
Waiting over land and sea
All the knowledge of the dawning,
Bringing gladness, soul, to thee.

Bright in yonder vast horizon
Beams the coming king of day;
Strip from off the orb of vision
That which now impedes his ray.

Pander not to creeds and dogmas;
Free the God who in thee dwells;
Strike the fetters from the bondman—
Bound have been the souls of men!

Tarry not—the winds of morning
Sounding to earth's furthest bound—
"Look! behold the Day-Star dawneth,
Freedom, freed in the sound!"

French ye Freedom, men and women;
Freedom to the fettered soul!
"Traitor!" this shall be the watchword
Echoing loud from pole to pole.

Ignorance has long enshrouded us,
Long we've groined in Error's night—
Might no more shall bear the conquest,
Truth shall conquer might with right.

Written for the Banner of Light.
INVOCATION TO ANGELS.
 [Written by a lady residing in Washington, D. C.]

Angels, guard my erring footsteps,
 While life's mazy path I tread,
 Till my days grow long and weary,
 Till the morn of life's full,
 Till the deepening shades of evening
 Gather round my sinking form.

Then, kind angels sent from heaven,
 When the night of death shall come,
 Lead me safely through the valley,
 Take, oh take my spirit home—
 Angels, take my spirit home.

When I fly my homeward journey,
 Grant me wings as pure as thine;
 Place a crown upon my forehead,
 There forevermore to shine.
 On a harp of heavenly music
 Teach my willing hands to play
 Anthems such as angel choirs
 Chant through everlasting day.

Holy angels, sent from heaven,
 When the night of death shall come,
 Lead me safely through the valley,
 Take, oh take my spirit home—
 Angels, take my spirit home.

When my evening sun is setting,
 Gently let the shadows fall
 When I leave this earthly temple,
 To obey the Master's call.
 Guide me through the chilling waters,
 Light my pathway to the tomb;
 Rob the arrow of its sharpness,
 And the churchyard of its gloom.

Gentle angels, sent from Heaven,
 When the night of death shall come,
 Lead me safely through the valley,
 Take, oh take my spirit home—
 Angels, take my spirit home.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Spirit-Life and Manifestations—Interesting from Williamsburgh, N. Y.

On reading the Message Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT recently, my curiosity was specially excited by a paragraph stating that "the séance was opened by Theodore Parker; messages answered by Charles A. Davis." Now, myself and others have naturally been anxious to know whether this was the same Charles A. Davis who lately departed from this city, widely known, and greatly respected by his numerous friends. And, of my own accord, I ventured to address a letter to your office, making the inquiry if it was so. I also desired to know whether he could give us further proof of his identity? How it was that he so soon became acquainted with Theodore Parker in the other life, and whether he had the ability to say who wrote the letter containing these inquiries?

Mr. White, publisher of the BANNER OF LIGHT, courteously and very kindly replied, that (as a test, I suppose) he had placed my letter, in an envelope, upon Mrs. Conant's table at one of her free circles, when it was written upon by the medium, "Can tell you all about it by speaking."

Mr. White then returned the letter to me unopened, recommending that if I would take it to a medium in New York, he had no doubt should obtain satisfaction. I therefore soon after proceeded to the office of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, No. 102 West 15th street, New York, who, at my first interview, readily gave me a specimen of his wonderful powers. I was desirous to keep the letter in my pocket—which I did, in the envelope as received from Boston—and simply to write upon the end of a long slip of paper the name of my spirit friend, and my own name, this being folded so frequently that it could not possibly be seen.

Slightly tapping the paper, the medium almost immediately wrote as follows: "Well, my dear friend W—, I am with you and have much to tell you. It bothers you to know how I found my old spirit friends, but of that I will tell you, will you but give me the chance to do so. Your friend, Charles A. Davis." After some remarks, another writing was given, of but little interest to the general reader, addressed to me, by name, spelt out in full. Here then I found that I had already received a full answer to the most material of my questions.

On Wednesday, January 2d, I called again on Mr. Mansfield, with my friend Mr. M—, who was also a friend of Mr. Davis, in his life time, when the following took place. I give the questions and answers nearly, if not quite, in the order in which they occurred, the names being spelt out in full almost invariably.

No. 1.—We first received, almost immediately on entering the room, without any questions being asked, the following: "Well, dear W—, I am with you, and will do the best I can to respond to your queries, but am not able to magnify fully. Your friend, Charles A. Davis, to H. W—."

Ques.—No. 2.—Will you send some message to your friends B—, M—, and others, and to your wife—mentoring their names?

Ans.—"Well, say to them one and all, that I will be with them in their sittings, and give them unmistakable evidence of my control. As to my dear family, I would rather talk directly to them. Say to them, however, that I am with them from day to day. Oh, thank God for this blessed opportunity! Come and allow me to talk with you from time to time. Yours as ever, Charles A. Davis."

Q.—No. 3.—Were the communications through Mr. D—, and Mr. M—, certainly and truly from yourself?

A.—"Friend W—, they were as true as that the sun rises in the East and sets in the West. G. A. Davis."

Q.—No. 4.—Have you seen Prof. Bush? Was he present at one of our meetings, and did he manifest through Mrs. Bullene?

A.—"My dear friend W—, I recollect you kindly. I have much to say to you of my previous views touching my belief in the new church doctrines. I was with the God-gifted lady, Mrs. B—, and will discourse to you through her again. Your old friend, George Bush, to H. W—."

Q.—No. 5.—How? By what means, my dearest sir, can you speak to me?

A.—"I can do so through any one I can control. Be you a judge of that. I do not intend to be selfish, so leave it to you to select the source. George Bush."

Q.—No. 6.—Can you be, and are you often with me when in private?

A.—"Scarcely a day passes, my dear W—, but I am with you some portion of the day. Your old friend and brother, George Bush."

Q.—No. 7.—Our first employment after departure from earth-life?

A.—"They are various; as various as they are while in the earth form. George Bush."

Q.—No. 8.—When we pray, do spirits or good angels aid or dictate in a degree the prayers we utter?

A.—"Yes, that is even so; hence the necessity of having pure thoughts at all times, for you attract just such spirits as you are thinking about. George Bush."

Q.—No. 9.—Can I be made a useful medium? If so, of what kind or character? Will you please bless and assist me in this respect?

A.—"Well, I find you are a medium indeed, and in truth you are the medium of doing much good, for you are willing to impart whatever is given you that will benefit your fellowman. I think after a while I can control you impressively, to be very reliable, but at present I have not perfect control. Let me speak to you from time to time, and I will do you good. Your friend and brother, George Bush. January 2, 1867."

Q.—No. 10.—Are we entirely free from these anxious business cares which oppress us here?

A.—"Yes indeed; were it not so, heaven would not be heaven. This is a land of rest, from all those perplexities incident to a life in the form. G. Bush."

Q.—No. 11.—May I have your permission to publish these remarks in the BANNER OF LIGHT?

A.—"Yes, if by so doing the world may be benefited. Would to my Heavenly Father I could live my life over again. How differently would I preach from what I did once; that is, more earnestly, more devoutly. I am yet a New Churchman in belief. I cannot be otherwise, seeing as I now do by the light of the eternal spheres. George Bush."

Q.—No. 12.—Can you name the book, I was reading on the afternoon of Dec. 23d, and page?

A.—"That I do not see now. I do not always notice so minutely. But it appears you are reading E. S.'s works now and then, I judge from your thoughts. G. Bush."

Q.—No. 13.—How shall I find you, my dear friends, Prof. Bush and Charles A. Davis, when I arrive, which must be soon?

A.—"Never mind that; we will both meet you and M—, your friend, on the bank of that river that divides time and eternity. Never fear; we shall meet again. George Bush."

It may be as well for me to say that my questions were not prepared in the way Mr. Mansfield required, and I had to write them all over again separately in Mr. M.'s office, hence some questions of equal or greater importance were omitted, answers to which I may possibly obtain at a future opportunity.

To myself and friend these answers which I did receive were very surprising and interesting indeed. I retain the original documents by me, for the inspection of the curious. There are several incidents in relation to them of quite a startling character, but which I cannot very well communicate for fear of trespassing too much upon your valuable space. One thing, however, I must record, which is the fact of the signatures to most of these papers being an exact fac simile of the original. This can be readily tested on comparison by any of Prof. Bush's friends and correspondents. I have my indubitable evidence of this interesting reality in my own possession.

The answer given by our friend Charles A. Davis to the question No. 3, as to the verity of communications given through Mr. D. and Mr. M., being considered satisfactory, several of your readers in this locality might be interested in knowing something about the nature of these communications. For their gratification they are subjoined—should you find it convenient to publish them. Yours very devotedly,

AN OLD SPIRITUALIST.

The subjoined communications from Charles A. Davis, were given through his old friends M— and D—.

"Well, you think of what you saw when you was last at my house. You saw my worn-out body lying in the robes of death. The young and worldly saw only this, but you, my friends, saw the spirit that had left the body. When you looked at my body, I was then looking at you—I looked at you and thought when we used to talk about the things that I now experience. You would not think that spirits perceive the mortal body, but they do. The new spiritual sense is able to observe many things that we used to think it could not. Would you think that spirits can perceive the body when it is in the grave? Yet it is even so. Would you think that the spirit could see the loved ones it left behind with all the vivid distinctness of its mortal life? That is also the fact. I see my wife and my friends; I see my worthy friends whenever I wish. The spirit vision seems to be like the picture that once was painted that was endowed with sight; it could see through stone walls—what I mean is, that I can perceive what I wish, whenever I please. Tell my wife that I see whenever I wish, with our little Corrie. I would like to communicate with her some time if she will sit with Mr. D—."

A few evenings after, by request, friend Davis again communicated as follows:

"I am here, your poor witness on the stand. I cannot enlighten you much about spirit life. I have been here so short a time, taking the sort of notice that I could take, that I do not know much about it myself. I was taken to a spirit world where I saw what my duty is. I tell you what, my friends, I was taken back when I found it was so love my fellow beings that I would be willing to suffer that they might be benefited."

On the next occasion, after the friends had been in conversation upon business topics, the following was received:

"You will be assisted, every time you sit, by the tone of your thought. Let your worldly business well alone, try to think only of matters of spiritual interest."

I will tell you, my dear wife, how the spirit-world appears. Everything around me is of the same nature that I have witnessed on earth. I am at the point of saying that I am still on earth, but I am warned by spirit friends that I am not. The wonderful phenomena of the seasons are here with all their glorious results. I have seen the living splendor of the summer sunset, and so late in the year I saw it on earth. I thought myself on earth then; I was told that this is the spirit-world."

Oct. 4th, 1866, was received:

"I will try to tell you what I saw in the world of spirits. I saw worldly spirits who were seeking the same pleasures that they had indulged in on earth. They were in trouble when they found that they were living in worldly memories, which prevented the development of their spiritual powers. To these spirits the truth is very disagreeable, for it clashes with their most cherished habits. They do not work to remove the scales from their eyes, but continue in their error till they are told by spirits of high development that they must reform and seek enlightenment. Then they try to learn their duty to their fellow-spirits, which is to help them to a higher and a nobler life. Oh, my friends, you must try to learn this great truth. If you would be happy you must try to make others happy."

CHARLES A. DAVIS.

The date, January 2, 1866, is of course a trifling error.

"Who made the world?" asked a teacher of a little boy who had not been long in school. The boy shook his head and said nothing. The teacher threatened to whip him unless he answered. The boy, feeling compelled to a confession of some sort, broke forth, "Well, master, I made it, but I'll never do it again!"

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things.

It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat.

Correspondence.

Notes by the Wayside.

Again we greet the readers of the dear old BANNER, as we halt on the royal road of itinerant labor to survey the field over which our peregrinations have taken us, and make observation of events as they are presented to our ocular and mental vision. Next after Keokuk, Delphi was the rallying place of the faithful, who, under the leadership of Dr. and Mrs. Beck, have once more obeyed the summons to duty, and are preparing for active measures for dispensing the living Gospel. For some time the public work had been suspended, but our appearance there was the signal for renewing the work in good earnest, and as many of the best minds there, among whom is Gen. Melroy of military fame, have espoused our cause, the work must surely succeed.

From thence to Crown Point we journeyed, to answer the call of Bro. J. H. Luther, whose efficient labors and liberal pecuniary investments have opened the door to the "Kingdom of Heaven" for all who enter the cozy hall which he has erected and dedicated to the use of all reformers.

There we met Bro. Pierson, now residing in Southern Illinois, who, with Bro. L., first engaged in the pioneer work in Northwestern Indiana, and he contributed largely to our entertainment with his superior musical powers. We were glad to unite in their rejoicing over the fruits of their labors—the rapid spread of liberal ideas, and the triumph of our humanitarian religion.

Thus it ever is—the world moves when the Archimedean lever of thought is placed upon the fulcrum of stubborn facts, and the power of logic and science is applied thereto.

Our next point of sojourn was at Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin, whither we went to visit a brother, and also to minister to the spiritual wants of the true and tried friends of our cause, who, with such valiant, fearless leaders as Bro. Chas. D. Cole and W. H. Prentiss, have there raised the standard of religious liberty and intellectual freedom, and battled against the superstition and bigotry that at first assailed them with relentless fury, till the foes of truth have been vanquished, and many of the most influential and substantial citizens have rallied around the shrine of Spiritualism to do honor to the brave pioneers who stood the brunt of the battle till victory was won.

Here our friends have an elegant free hall, open to all good works for the benefit of humanity—which even the Orthodox, whose doors are closed and barred against us, are permitted to use freely—a generosity for which some of them have paid, as did the viper that was warned in the bosom of the rustic—and though it has been dubbed as the "Depot of Hell"—or some such choice epithet, so current in the mouths of clerical saints—yet our good brothers relate by heaping coils of kindness upon their heads, which have already burned through into the consciences of some who "delt damnation" on the friends of religious liberty.

We spoke two Sundays in this place to good audiences, in which we saw a Congregational deacon and some other church members. It is evident that the heaven of free thought has been at work in this town, and the ferment is at work even in the churches. The Congregational minister is bursting the fetters of his narrow creed, and boldly preaching doctrines that a few years ago would have been pronounced heterodox. We heard him preach the spiritualistic idea of the "future life"—advocating eternal progression and the same diversity of character and happiness as is seen here—and the whole sermon, hating a few doctrinal points, was good Spiritualism. He prayed the good Lord to deliver his church from all "whining cant and long-faced religion"—a prayer we commend to all his brethren still in bonds of mental slavery! The cause of Spiritualism here needs only an organization of its numerous forces, which we trust will soon be consummated, to go on from conquering to conquer all enemies of religious liberty.

We sojourned at the hospitable home of Bro. Cole, whose worthy family spared no pains to minister to all our temporal wants, for which kindness we shall ever be grateful.

We next spoke at Sheboygan City, in the new Unitarian Church, the use of which was freely tendered to us by the trustees—a generosity that is in true keeping with the avowed liberality of their faith.

We had a large audience, composed of nearly all the Unitarians, several members of other churches, and the first avowed Spiritualists, who are among the first citizens of the town in point of intelligence, character, wealth and social influence.

The Rev. G. S. Shaw, a talented, and, we believe, inspirational speaker, who has recently engaged to minister to the spiritual wants of the flourishing young Unitarian Society, was also present, and assisted in the services with an invocation, which breathed forth the aspiration of a free soul for new light and truth. The church is one of the coziest, homeliest places we have yet spoken in, and was most beautifully decorated for Christmas. This Society was born of persecution from a clerical bigot, who attempted to browbeat freethinkers during a revival.

We honor their manly independence, and trust they will not forget their origin, and imitate the unworthy example of some of their brethren elsewhere by becoming sectarian and proscriptive, but will fraternize with all true souls, and continue to open their church and their souls to the ministrations of the Heralds of New Light.

Bidding adieu, with regret, to our friends in Sheboygan, we came to Fond du Lac—where we shall abide for a time—not definitely settled as yet. This place will ever be memorable to us as the scene of a spiritual manifestation of so unmistakable a character and of such a peculiar personal nature as to render it the rubicon of our destiny, for then "the die was cast" that shaped our earthly career. Previous to its occurrence, we had nearly six years of experience in mediumistic development, but it had been so slow and attended with so many obstacles, one of which was our stolid skepticism, that we had come to distrust our own oft-repeated impressions, and the repeated assurances of spirits through other mediums, that we would become a public instrument for their use, and for more than a year we had refused to yield to the influence that even then sought to gain frequent control. During this time we were engaged in the study of medicine, and were determined to complete the course of study despite the impression our guardians gave us in the outset, that we should never do so, for another field of duty was before us, &c. But now enough, in this, as in all other attempts to settle down in secular business, we had been thwarted, and for several months were drifting about upon the sea of life, seemingly without rudder or compass, buffeted among shoals that threatened to shipwreck our frail bark, and send us beneath the surge, "unknelled, uncollared, and unknown." But such was not the decree of fate, and soon "the chosen hour of a Mighty Power"

came, and the decree of Heaven was made known to us. One morning, in the last week of Nov., 1862, we awoke at daylight after a sound slumber, and while our mind was busily occupied with preparations for a journey, we were suddenly and powerfully influenced—as we had been hundreds of times before—and with the magnetic force, which produced violent shocks in our physical system, came a vivid and startling impression as of an audible voice calling our name, and saying, "Your mother is dangerously ill, and if you wish to see her on earth, you must go home immediately." The influence then abated, and our old skepticism, ever prone to occupy our mind, induced us to call the impression imaginary, a mental illusion, &c. Again came the power—the "forewarning" was repeated three times, and we were rebuked for our skepticism, for having distrusted the promises of our spirit guides, and it was said to us, "You may regard this report of your mother's condition as a test of the fact of spirit-intercourse and of our truthfulness," and it was then added, "You will soon have a telegram announcing this fact." So determined was our unbelief, that we did not heed the injunction, but went our journey, determined to wait for something more tangible and positive before going more than a thousand miles to verify the "test." But a few days verified all that was told us; the telegram came; we arrived at our home, then in Rochester, N. Y., just in time to see our mother ere her departure to the Summer-land. And now our doubts have all been driven to the winds by overwhelming facts, and we rejoice in the knowledge of immortality, and go forth to publish the "glad tidings of great joy," wherever "led by the spirit." More anon. DEAN CLARK.

Spiritualism in Western Illinois—W. T. Church—Manifestations, etc.

THE BANNER has been a constant visitor in my family for the last eight years, and we feel less like doing without it now than ever before. It would seem like banishing light and warmth from our humble home to stop the weekly visits of this fearless advocate of free thought and investigation.

Our city has a population of over four thousand, and not a spiritual lecture has ever been delivered in it; and yet there is a large number of liberal minds that have lost all relish for the dry husks of old theology, and are fully ready for the living Gospel of Spiritualism, whenever its facts and philosophy shall be fairly presented to them. The few avowed Spiritualists here are not able to bear the expense of sending for lecturers to come and labor for us; but lecturers, passing from the East to St. Louis, by making this point, might soon build up a society that would support any good speaker or test medium who might, at any time, find it convenient to give us a call. Litchfield is located on the St. Louis, Alton and Terre Haute Railroad, fifty-five miles northeast of St. Louis.

I was much gratified to find in the last BANNER a vindication of W. T. Church by the friends of our cause in Decatur, Ill. Such a vindication was not at all needed by any one at all acquainted with Mr. Church's mediumship, for I am convinced that no man of ordinary capacity can witness the manifestations that take place in his circles, under favorable circumstances, and then say, with the approval of his own conscience, they are not performed by some power outside of the medium.

I have witnessed these manifestations both in the dark and in the light, and I must say that I was no more convinced by what I saw in the light than I was by what I heard in the dark, though I was glad to be able to add the sense of sight to the witnesses already in favor of the genuineness of these phenomena. In a séance, which I reported to the BANNER some time ago, we plainly saw three spirits fully materialized, with one of whom we were very familiar in earth-life, and we had often conversed with the other two in the dark circles. During all the time that they were exhibiting themselves the medium sat in full view of the circle, as much delighted and astonished as any of us at these new and strange manifestations. I hope these phenomena may again occur in the light. I believe they would often occur if circles were sufficiently harmonious. I am firmly convinced that I could select a number of persons to whom the spirits would be able to show themselves in the light, after a few sittings, and hope yet to have the opportunity of so doing. Yours very respectfully, J. N. WILSON. Litchfield, Ill., Jan. 13, 1867.

From Kansas.

Thinking that perhaps there are many good Spiritualists throughout the Eastern States who are desirous of emigrating to the far West, let me say we should like their company; and as Kansas is one of the most desirable localities of the West, having a congenial climate, with a very rich and fertile soil, we invite them here. For health, there is no newly settled country that equals it, especially north of the Kansas river. The railroad enterprise, and the rapid strides making toward the Pacific, are great inducements, I think, for your coming out this way, if but just to take a look at this beautiful country. There is a twofold advantage in coming here: you can secure for yourselves good and cheap homes; then as missionaries you can have new fields to labor in for the progression of humanity.

I invite you to come to the Central Branch Railroad, which starts from Atchison City, then take the cars and come to this place, Monrovia, fourteen miles from Atchison City; then come to my house, and I will take great pleasure in showing you the country. The railroad company have just located their several depots, or stations, on this road, for the first sixty miles.

We want mechanics, tradesmen, farmers, doctors and lecturers. We can surely have a desirable village and vicinity of the friends of the Harmonical Philosophy built up here.

BOAZ W. WILLIAMS.

Monrovia, Atchison Co., Kansas, Jan. 1, 1867.

Lycium Anniversary in Cleveland, O.

The first anniversary of the Children's Lycium came off, according to announcement, at National Hall, on Tuesday evening, 15th inst. The large hall was densely crowded with spectators, who had been attracted there to see "something new under the sun." And, no doubt, many did; especially those accustomed to attending sectarian Sabbath Schools only. There were one hundred and twenty scholars present that took part in the exercises, with a full complement of officers and leaders.

The usual ceremonies and exercises, in accordance with the manual, were gone through with in the most approved style, reflecting great credit on all those who had devoted their time and energies to prepare so large a number of children for the occasion. At the close of the exercises appropriate gifts were distributed to all the scholars of the different groups. The Conductor, Guardian and Musical Director were also agreeably surprised by handsome presents, as an earnest of the appreciation and regard they were held in by friends and contributors for the support of the Lycium.

The proceedings closed with a bountiful repast, which the young folks enjoyed hugely. After supper the juveniles were all let loose. The building was a strong one, otherwise there might have been some bills for repairs brought in for adjustment. The intention was to give the children a good time, and this would not have been done (according to their ideas) without something after the style of "Pandemonium let out for noon." The whole affair was a grand success. The Lycium will be continued. In the great work of reform and progression, I remain yours truly, D. A. EDDY.

MILTON'S LAST POEM.

[The following beautiful poem is from the Oxford edition of Milton's works, and as the work is rare and the lines comparatively unknown, we reproduce them.]

I am old and blind!
 Man point at me as smitten by God's frown,
 Afflicted and desorbed by my mind,
 Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet dying;
 I murmur not that I no longer see;
 Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
 Father Supreme, to Thee.

Oh merciful One!
 When men are furthest, then Thou art most near;
 When friends pass coldly by, my weakness shun,
 Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
 Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
 Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,
 And there is no more night.

On my bed I kneel
 I recognize my purpose, clearly shown;
 My vision thou hast dimmed that I may see
 Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
 This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
 Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
 Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
 Trembling where foot of mortal never yet had been,
 Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless hand,
 Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
 Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
 From angels' lips I seem to hear the flow
 Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
 When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
 When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
 That earth in darkness lies.

In a pure elixir
 My being fills with rapture; waves of thought
 Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime
 Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
 I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
 Lit by no skill of mine.

Dr. Bryant in California.

The regulars of the medical profession must be disgusted at the extraordinary and speedy cures performed by Dr. Bryant, says the Golden Era, of Oct. 21, 1866. His medical tactics are analogous to those of the first Napoleon in his celebrated Italian campaign, being without rule or precedent, contrary to the rules and regulations of war, an insult to the *Materia Medica*, and an outrage on every aromatic druggist and drug store. Consisting simply of manipulation by the hands, or as it is more commonly termed the "laying on of hands," the doctor's practice involves neither mercury, rhubarb, castor oil nor pills, in all their various ramifications. It affords no chance to put a sick man to bed and keep him there, a living repository for drugs until either his purse or constitution show unmistakable signs of giving out.

At the hall on the corner of Post and Kearny streets, Dr. Bryant devotes several hours every day to the gratuitous treatment of the poor. Daily the hall is thronged with a crowd of men, women and children awaiting treatment, and the cases and cures are chiefly abundant. The sight of so much disease and ailing humanity is not particularly calculated to soothe the nerves of a sensitive person. The patients approach one after the other; a few words pass between them and the doctor relative to the nature and locality of the disease, and then the manipulation commences. He strokes the face, the arms, the back, as the case demands. Dr. Bryant is a slight built man, the very embodiment of a nervous temperament, and one, judging of his bodily strength by his appearance, might suppose him capable of lifting about twenty pounds. Yet he moves some large human bodies around in a most energetic and forcible manner, and turns and twists and pulls, and hauls them about in a fashion sometimes to the intense bewilderment of the patient. We confidently expected, as a final summary to the performance, that he would take some of his larger patients up by a convulsion, and then, as they appeared and threw them over his head—cured. Some he pats strongly on the back, an operation in some cases attended by the uprising of a dense cloud of dust from very ancient coats, which floats into the physician's eyes, and promotes sneezing for several yards around. The principle feature in Dr. Bryant's treatment is that he cures. He tells paralytics to walk who have not taken a natural step for years—and they do walk. Some are at once wholly relieved, others greatly benefited. He does not profess to cure every case brought before him. He cannot set a broken arm, or restore an amputated leg, or supply a lack of brains, or any other missing members by the laying on of hands. Probably he could afford no relief to the author of that ponderously jocosely article relative to the subject which appeared in the *Bulletin*. He does not claim to be possessed of supernatural powers. He does claim that, through his peculiar organization, he is possessed of those healing powers which belong as much to the world of science as the working of the telegraph or the taking of a photograph.

We saw and conversed with several at the hall who had been instantaneously relieved by this treatment. Several cases of paralysis (a disease the name of California) were shown us, who a few days before were scarce able to move their limbs in walking, now locomoted with tolerable facility.

A lady residing on Sacramento street, one door from the corner of Leavenworth, left the hall in a ecstatic state of mind, cured of pain and lameness arising from a partial dislocation of the hip joint, from which she had suffered for years. We intended giving names, but after it was discovered that a "newspaper man" was taking notes he was besought and implored by all parties concerned not to put their names in the paper. The matter assumed a new and, to them, a horrid aspect when it was discovered that it was a "newspaper man" who sought for information.

There is an intense and, it may be added, foolish fear regarding such publicity on the part of partly deluded females. They have no objections that their case should be talked about from Dan to Beersheba, but the spectacle of their names in print seems to be viewed as a catastrophe of the most appalling nature. Gratitude to their benefactor, besides rendering themselves a means of information to the rest of suffering humanity, might induce them to lessen their scruples in this matter. It is just possible, too, that there may be a little assumed modesty in this regard, and that seeing their names in print may not be so hard a thing to take after all.

Well, to return to our mediums, people have come to acknowledge that the physician cures, but it is a common remark: "Oh, it's only mesmerism, or psychological power; it's only temporary." The hard facts thus far do not bear out the assertion. The wife of a prominent lawyer in this city who was relieved at once of a paralytic affliction by which she had been confined to her bed for years, has suffered no relapse. She, also, a lady residing at the Mission, cured in like manner of a complaint from which she had suffered for months, is still a well woman. Her little boy was cured of deafness. He still hears. We intended to speak of numerous other cases, but space is lacking and we must stop.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
ROOM NO. 3, 1ST STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
EDITORS.

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Ritualism in the English Church.

There are some twenty-five hundred priests in the Church of England, who are wedded to the new-fangled practice styled Ritualism. In few words it is a worship of forms and ceremonies, and disregard of the spiritual substance. The opposition to the practice by the prelates and most distinguished of the clergy only excites the ire of the ritualists all the more. They cannot bear criticism, and are as mad as March hares when brought into the focus of ridicule. The corruption is at work in the Episcopal Church on this side the Atlantic, too. It has broken out in Trinity Church, New York, by the introduction of "processional hymns." A paper—the Protestant Churchman—has been established in that city to write the movement down. There are prospects of its creating a schism in the Episcopal Church in this country and in the ranks of the Church of England.

Bishop McVane, of Ohio, has written a letter in opposition to it, characterizing it as nothing but Romanism returned. That our readers may not be unadvised of all interesting ecclesiastical movements and doings, we give the space to a few extracts, better illustrative of the business than any mere description of our own, however faithfully drawn, could be. In denouncing and protesting against the innovation on the established practices of the Episcopal Church, Bishop McVane says as follows of the whole movement: "It means return to what the Reformation cast out with indignation. It means recision of what, as a Protestant Church, we have protested against ever since the Reformation. It means turning our backs upon all our great Protestant divines, and the repudiation of our chief Protestant Articles of religion. It means Romanism, in all its strength and substance, and antagonism to the true Gospel of Christ. It means transubstantiation—the sacrifice of the mass—auricular confession, the subjection of the minds and consciences of men to the dictum of the priest; the closing up of all access to Christ and his salvation to the narrow gate of the ministrations of a priest; justification by the efficacy of the sacraments, through a righteousness in ourselves by works, instead of the righteousness of Christ by faith. It means penances, prayers for the dead, and purgatory, the necessity of a priest's absolution to the remission of sins. It means the full priestly character of the Christian minister, the full sacerdotal and proprietary character for the living and the dead, of the Lord's Supper. It means Roman bondage for Christian liberty; a sensuous, sentimental, deceitful formalism for the worship of God in spirit and in truth."

The (English) Bishop of Carlisle says of it, in very plain terms:

"Dogmas, as these ritualists themselves openly avow, apart from which, candles on the misallied altar lighted at noonday, stoles and chasubles, and copes of costly fabric and gorgeous lin, fragrant incense and incense, would not be worth contending for. And what is that dogma? One which they may, indeed, themselves believe to be distinguishable from transubstantiation, but which no scripturally instructed Christian mind can discover to differ from it in reality."

The following will serve to give one an idea of the "goings-on" of the ritualists in a church in London:

"The chancel was crammed to overflowing with priests, chorists, acolytes, and other actors in the mummery, the congregation consisting of thirty persons, chiefly women. The service was filled with the smoke of incense, which at first had a soothing effect upon the uninitiated. The altar was decorated with white and crimson drapery, and the Host was exhibited exactly as in Roman Catholic churches. While prayers were intoned, the incense was swung about vigorously. The Rev. Mr. Lee preached the sermon, after which a species of 'Miserere' was chanted; and the priests, with their backs to the congregation, administered to each other what appeared to be consecrated elements."

The World in Motion.

Just as was foretold by angel messengers to men, years ago, not only this country but the whole world is in motion from causes which have been in activity this long while. The state is as greatly exercised as the church. There is nothing apparently settled, but all things are unsettled. The clergy are as much unable to hold back the revolutionary tide as are the politicians. It is a movement that works both destruction and revival. It is progressive and conservative together. It preserves while it overturns. Nothing is so good and so sacred in the popular esteem as to be out of the reach of its searching investigation and remodeling hand. Nothing is so bad as that it may not be bettered by its correcting ideas and plans.

In the Old World and the New this renovation is proceeding. The institutions that are hoary with age yield to its aggressive advances, and feel compelled to give up answers to its irresistible questionings. The Church of England is rent asunder by its power, and the temporal rule of the venerable Papacy comes to an end at the same time. People are dissatisfied with rulers and constitutions. Nothing promises to stand that cannot undergo the challenge offered by this spirit. We have long had the promise of the coming of this era, the latest and newest of all in history, and it advances with its hands full of gifts and benisons as well as of judgments and fearful visitations. The world to-day is in an up-river of changes. None of us can tell what will be by what has been. We can only put ourselves in harmony with the movement.

What War Costs.

Europe is to-day no better than a great camp. Arming is going forward on all sides. Prussia and Austria are at it; England and France are nowise behind; Russia is taking time by the forelock, too, and Sweden and Denmark, Belgium and Holland, are carefully looking out for their future. The rulers do not stop to inquire what it all costs in money, in labor, in the diversion of industry from productive pursuits, in every way in which warlike preparations are certain to be a costly charge on the nation's treasury. And it is to be remembered, too, that war is a much more expensive game now than it was in Napoleon's day. The forces he handled in his early Italian battles, in which he brought himself permanently into the world's notice, were really diminutive by the side of anything now brought into the field for decisive engagements.

Prussia and Austria had a quarter of a million of men each at Sadowa, determined on effecting the greatest mutual slaughter possible. Think of what it costs to uniform, arm, feed, move, and supply, in every way, such immense armies. Think, too, of the withdrawal of so large a number of able-bodied men from agricultural operations. Think, further, of the havoc they make in the wide districts and the many towns through which they march. Think of what it costs to fire their guns, in the items of powder and ball; also the cost of discharging heavy cannon; also of the horses and mules used in transportation; and a faint idea is got of the expense of the war.

Warren Chase says, owing to his *bad* *chirography*, the printer made him use the word *Socrates* instead of *Servetus*, in his article on "Religion and Law," in the BANNER of Jan. 20th, under the New York Department. Bro. Chase we accept your truthful confession, and suggest that an improvement in your chirography will prevent such imperfect translations in the future.

Official Record of Injustice.

There are men in Congress who exhibit undoubted signs of being ready to do justice to the Indians at last, believing them not all bad and barbarous, and convinced by this time of the nameless and numberless tricks by which they have been deceived and the white settlers found enemies instead of friends. We are glad to welcome this beginning of a much needed change in the public sentiment on the subject of the character, condition and proper treatment of the Indians.

We have looked through with a great deal of interest the late Report of the Commissioners on Indian Affairs, and must confess to profound surprise at finding that the white Government agents are convicted of being the aggressors and usurpers in so many instances. How many people know, we would like to ask, that some four hundred of the savages are held in slavery—peon slavery—in the territory of New Mexico? or that these poor creatures are voluntarily remained to their pursuing masters from Mexico, by officers in that territory commanding the United States forces? We read in the Commissioners' report, a correspondence between the commanding officer in New Mexico and the captain of a certain post, in which the latter is ordered, against his distinct protest, to give his aid whenever solicited in returning escaped Indian peons to their condition of slavery. His mere inquiry of his superiors whether such a practice is not officially forbidden by Government, is met with a rebuke from the latter which it raised our indignation to read.

All along through this report occur evidences of the existence of peon slavery among the Indians. We likewise find it admitted by the agents and superintendents in many instances, that but for the harsh treatment and cruel frauds of the whites, the Indians would settle down in quiet to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. How, let us ask, is it possible to expect docility and honest conduct from the Indians, if we teach them the exact contrary by our dealings with them? Let us stop to consider that, as a body, numbering some three hundred thousand all together, they are practically treated by us as outlaws and barbarians. Their assassination and extermination are enjoined by the State and Territorial legislatures. A price is in many localities set upon their heads, as if they were only wild beasts, to be hunted down. Rewards are notoriously offered for their scalps. Their evidence goes for nothing, even if admitted at all, in the courts. There are no laws for the protection of their women and children, who are massacred without remorse.

Self-preservation is accounted the first law of nature. We may just as certainly, therefore, reckon on continued violence from the Indians as that we permit the existing system to be further pursued. It is a disgrace to the nation and to civilization. When will it come to an end? When shall we see that the Indian is not made a slave; that his wife and child is protected from the ruthless hand of those who shall be their friends and protectors?

The Crosby Opera House Lottery.

The following schedule is said to be a correct one of the Crosby Opera House lottery concern, recently drawn at Chicago, leaving a balance sheet in favor of U. H. Crosby of \$650,000, viz: U. H. Crosby creditor by two hundred and ten thousand tickets at \$5 each, \$1,050,000; debtor to thirty thousand tickets not sold, \$150,000; to advertising, \$150,000; to paintings, \$75,000; to engravings, \$100,000; to commissions, \$45,000; to printing and traveling, \$30,000; paid Mr. Lee, \$200,000. Total debt, \$750,000; profit, \$900,000. Value of Opera House, \$350,000. Total profit on the undertaking, \$650,000.

The "Mr. Lee" spoken of above is the lucky man who drew the Opera House; and Mr. Crosby took it off his hands at the price named. The New Albany (Ind.) Register gives the following history of him: "His name is Abraham Hagaman Lee, and he is a resident of Prairie du Rocher, Randolph county, Ill. He is a native of Ohio, was for several years employed on Mississippi river steamers, first as cabin boy, then as clerk, and finally as captain. At the breaking out of the war he raised a regiment of Illinois troops, and was appointed its Colonel. He married a French lady of wealth, and owns a large landed property."

Had those contributors among the two hundred and ten thousand who did not draw the Opera House given their money to feed and clothe the poor and needy all around them, they would have secured a valuable prize that would serve them through all eternity.

The Yachtmen in Europe.

Our English cousins have had a Christmas surprise in the safe and speedy arrival of the three yachts from the shores of America, in stormy midwinter. It opens an entirely new chapter in vessel racing and yacht management. Since their arrival the yachtmen have been the recipients of almost unbounded attention. The Queen has paid them her respects in person, and the Commodore of the fleet has been presented to her. Mr. Bennett, the owner and captain of the winning vessel, has been personally complimented by the Emperor and Empress of the French, at a ball at the Tuilleries, and the Americans in Paris have united to welcome his advent with a sumptuous festival, at which General Dix, the new American Minister, was present. There is much rejoicing among all the Americans in the European capitals, over an event which few dared hope would occur. We are still at the head.

Meetings in Charlestown.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen gave very general satisfaction in her discourses before the Independent Society of Spiritualists, in Mechanics' Hall, Charlestown, on Sunday, Jan. 20 and 27. The subject of each discourse was selected by the audience, as was also that for a poem given at the close of her evening lectures. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. N. B. Greenleaf follows her for two Sundays. Edward S. Wheeler lectured for the First Society of Spiritualists in Washington Hall, which was crowded. He gave two excellent discourses, which the audience seemed well pleased with.

Scandal-Mongers.

Covert calumny is the weapon of the coward, always. But it ultimately covers all those who resort to it with shame and sorrow. God's millions of Justice turn slow, but they grind to powder. We heartily despise scandal-mongers, and once for all request them to keep away from us, for our time is more profitably employed than listening to their tirades.

J. M. Peebles's Photograph.

We have obtained a supply of *carte de visite* also photographs of Mr. Peebles. The hundreds of friends who have made application for them, can now be supplied on the receipt of twenty-five cents.

Poems by Amanda T. Jones.

We welcome the appearance of a new poet. Miss Jones is a resident of Buffalo, and wrote a number of poems during the continuation of the war which attracted wide attention and left a lasting impress on the popular heart. Such were "Fort Donelson," "The Night Battle under Lookout Mountain," and "The Prophecy of the Dead"—all in the volume just published from the careful press of Hurd & Houghton, New York. The poem which gives the main title to this volume is "Atlantis," which is a rehearsal of the mythologic story respecting that far-famed island which was rent by an earthquake and sunk beneath the western sea, in requital for the attempt of the sons of Neptune to wrest from the Atræans the possession of Acta, which had been solemnly decreed to them by Jove. The sunken island gave the name to the Western Ocean, now the Atlantic. Miss Jones has first recited the classic story, and so used it as to introduce the glory and greatness of this New World, of which we are the favored occupants.

Our space will not permit us to go into the detail of her poetical work; we can only speak, and speak with the utmost emphasis, of her poetry itself. Any reader who can in the higher sense appreciate it, will acknowledge that it is indeed inspired. Her thoughts, fancies and images, and in fact all her analogies are as truly spiritual as it is possible for any to be that flow from mortal pen. She shows plainly her familiarity with the old English models of verse. Her lines betray the same rich quaintness, the same affluence of imagery, the same strength and temper. She is gifted with an imperial imagination, but lacks perhaps pathos to contrast most effectively with it. Yet, for her range of subjects she shows exquisite tenderness, as observe in her touching little poem of "The Soldier's Mother." Her verses will bear the closest and most thorough criticism. She is never weak, nor faulty, nor tame. She rises on strong phantasies, and maintains a steady and equal flight. Those who would enjoy the indescribable pleasure of making the acquaintance of a fresh and new poet, will seize upon this volume of Amanda T. Jones with avidity.

The publishers have issued it in handsome style, which is their professional characteristic. So thoroughly persuaded are we that Spiritualists will recognize in the numbers of Miss Jones the evidence of a new and vigorous American poet, as well as the mysterious bond which links souls in accord, we have concluded to keep her volume for sale on our counters in Boston and New York, and are prepared to send it to any address on the receipt of the retail price of the book, which is one dollar and seventy-five cents.

Another Lecturer Married.

By the following note, it will be seen that Miss B. C. Pelton, of Vermont, a worthy and esteemed laborer in the spiritual ranks, has been "caught up" by one of the sterner sex from the West, whither he is to take his bride. Miss P. has been as a shining light to many benighted minds, and we trust she will ever continue to let her light shine, for there are millions still groping in spiritual darkness. May happiness and prosperity attend the happy couple through the earth-life.

Taking up our local paper, the other day, I read in its list of marriages the following announcement: "In Woodstock, Jan. 21st, by Rev. Moses Kildner, Mr. Samuel W. Soule, of Milwaukee, Wis., to Miss Betsey C. Pelton, of this town."

Although I trust that I may still retain those mediumistic powers that I have hitherto possessed, and may be guided, as I am confident that I have been, by angel love and wisdom, yet I find it impossible to remain longer in the field as a public lecturer, and therefore request that the name of B. C. Pelton will be stricken from the list.

Since my development as a medium I have visited the household and the circle, and there given communications from angels to individuals, far more than I have visited the lecture room, or spoken to large assemblies. Since I wrote you last, in autumn of 1865, I have lectured in New Village, Mass., and occasionally in other localities, as from time to time my services have been desired. Last summer I taught school in Reading, Vt. This last fall I remained at home, and now, in the course of a few days, I expect to go with my husband to our home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Permit me to send to your readers my heartfelt greeting, and ever may "God speed them" in their endeavors to extend the knowledge of the Summer-Land and its inhabitants, until the world recognizes the fact of spirit-intercourse, and advances on to a higher plane of development. Ever may the bright folds of your banner wave, until its light smiles the globe, (as light of yore was fabled to smite Memnon's statue,) until strains of undying harmony arise from it to heaven, melting in concord with the music that fills the eternal homes.

My friends, (all of whom are remembered,) can address me at Milwaukee, Wis., directing to the care of Sam. W. Soule.

Yours as ever, for truth and humanity,
BETSEY C. PELTON SOULE.
Woodstock, Vt., Jan. 27, 1867.

A Happy Exit to Spirit-Life.

The San Francisco Morning Call of Dec. 20th, 1866, under the caption of "A Child's Death-bed," relates the following incidents, which add another link to the chain of evidence proving the fact of spirit guardianship. The account says:

A little child, aged eight years, died in this city on Tuesday evening last, under circumstances which make the sad affair peculiarly interesting. When only four years old her mother died, and she fell into the hands of strangers, who did not treat her in the most kindly manner; yet the little one was meek and lowly, and never uttered a complaint; but after a time the father discovered the true state of affairs, and transferred her to another home, where she remained for a year at the end of which time she was again removed to another family, on account of the lady with whom she had found a home going to the States. Another year passed, and the lady returning to San Francisco, brought with her the little one and adopted her. She was then placed in the Bowdoin street school, where she gave promise of a smart scholar. A week ago she caught cold, in going to school, and was taken down sick. A physician was summoned, and the little child pronounced dangerously ill. Although she suffered greatly she never uttered a complaint nor hesitated to take the most nauseating dose. On Tuesday she awoke from a disturbed slumber, and, speaking to her adopted mother, said: "Mamma, I am going to die, and I want you to send for my father and brothers; send for them immediately, for I cannot last but a little while." Although the lady did not believe the child to be in danger, she complied with her request, and on their coming into the sick room, the little invalid said: "I have seen my mother, and she told me that I would be with her to-night, and wanted me to kiss you all for her. Now kiss me, for I feel that I am dying, and will soon go away from you." She then bestowed some words of kindness upon her father and eldest brother, and taking the hand of her youngest brother continued: "I want you to be a good boy; obey your father, go to school, and on Sundays visit my grave and plant roses upon it. After saying this, she closed her eyes and moved her lips, as if muttering a silent prayer, and then asking those around her to kiss her again, said, in a weak voice: "I am dying now," calmly dropped into the slumber of death. This is no fancy sketch, but a reality, and one that can be substantiated by many witnesses."

"Nature's Divine Revelations."

We have received a supply of the new edition of Nature's Divine Revelations, by A. J. Davis, just issued. This is a valuable and useful work, and has gained great popularity for its intrinsic worth. A number of plates have been inserted in this edition for the convenience of keeping a Family Record. It is a large volume, containing upwards of seven hundred and eighty pages. Price \$3.75. For sale at this Office, and also at our Branch office, 544 Broadway, New York City.

New Music Book.

THE SPARKLING STREAM is the apt title of a collection of temperance melodies, many of them truly pathetic, which are published in handsome form by O. M. Tremain, New York. Among them are many of the most popular songs of the day. The collection makes eighty-three pages.

A Good Psychometrist.

We have seen several specimens of character reading by Mrs. Abby M. Laffin Perce, of Washington, D. C., which were singularly correct. She is also said to be a good test medium. Her address will be found in another column.

Better the feet slip than the tongue.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Dr. P. B. Randolph, "the eloquent octo-ron orator," formerly connected with the Freedmen's Bureau at New Orleans, addressed an audience of over fifteen hundred people in the Boston Theatre, Sunday evening, Jan. 27, on the condition of the colored people of the South, urging protection for them and the means to educate them; these privileges secured, the colored men would soon be able to take care of themselves and educate their offspring. He spoke for nearly an hour and three quarters, securing the close attention of the audience. A mere synopsis would not do justice to so able a speaker. He is on a lecturing tour through New England.

We have a supply of the new edition of THE HEROPHANT, a highly entertaining and instructive book. Price \$1, postage free. For sale also at the BANNER Branch Office, 544 Broadway, New York.

Dr. J. B. Duntun, of Vineland, N. J., called on us last week. He is one of Nature's noblemen, and is earnestly devoted to the cause of Spiritualism. He is endeavoring to raise funds to complete a suitable edifice in which to hold spiritual meetings there. We trust he will be successful, for there are quite a large number of Spiritualists in Vineland, who need a place where they can assemble to hear the Spiritual Gospel; but they being mostly new settlers, have not accumulated sufficient funds to build unaided. The doctor intends to visit New Hampshire and other parts of New England before his return.

"LIFE'S QUESTIONS."—A correspondent informs us that the poem published by us in the last BANNER, signed by "C. W. S.," was not original, but one of the Dean of Canterbury's, written years ago. Our correspondent asks: "What is the use of deceiving?—or perhaps I am too fast; C. W. S. may be a medium, and have got it direct from the 'old Dean' himself; if so, why not say so?" C. W. S. is welcome to all the glory such an act of imposition carries with it. In selecting from the multitude of poems sent us for publication, we cannot always spare the time to give them a critical examination as to their originality. We are not familiar with all the poems ever written, notwithstanding the old saying that "editors know everything."

D. W. Hamblin, writing to us on business, from the Mountains of Sierra Nevada, California, says, "Spiritualism is not yet fashionable in those mountains, but it is taking a decidedly strong root in the opinions of the more enlightened thinking portion of the community."

We acknowledge, among our exchanges, the receipt of the BANNER OF LIGHT, a paper devoted to spiritual phenomena, and which, we believe, is the leading organ of Spiritualism both in this country and in Europe. It is a large quarto sheet, handsomely printed, and manifests much talent and vigor in the editorial field in which its labors are directed. It is published by Wm. White & Co., Boston, at three dollars per annum.—*Christian Temperance Age*.

The Grand Jury of New York have found a true bill against Rev. George T. Williams, an Episcopal minister, who was arrested a short time since on the charge of pocket-picking, and he is held for trial.

The clerical scoundrel, say our exchanges, who performed at Providence, R. I., several weeks since as an Episcopal minister, and was there arrested and taken back to Troy, N. Y., to answer for past misdeeds, is now at large again, escaped from jail by a shrewd dodge of his own invention.

A countryman on his first sight of a locomotive, declared that he thought it was a devil on wheels. "Faith, and ye're worse than me!" said an Irish bystander; "for the first time that I ever saw the creature, I thought it was a steamboat hunting for water."

A statistical genius calculates that the cost of washing linen that might just as well be worn two days longer, amounts to enough, in this country, to more than defray the expenses of the American board of foreign missions.

A foolish friend is, at times, a greater annoyance than a wise enemy.

A Dutchman, being asked how often he shaved, replied: "Dree times a week every day but Sunday; den I shaves every day."

"Pray, Miss C.," said a young gentleman the other evening, "why are ladies so fond of officers?" "How stupid!" replied she; "is it not natural a lady should like a good offer?"

One cannot sweeten the mouth by saying "honey."

Mr. John Bright, in a late speech delivered at Glasgow, Scotland, put the following questions: "Are you aware of a fact which I saw stated the other day on this subject, that one-half of the land of England is in possession of fewer than one hundred and fifty men? Are you aware of the fact that half of the land in Scotland is in the possession of not more than ten or twelve men?"

A friend is of more worth than a kinsman.

Two of the church family of Shakers at Enfield, have "suspended" or severely fractured the rules of their order. Deacon John W. Copley of that family recently went to New York, exchanged his Shaker uniform for "store clothes," returned to Hartford, met by appointment and married Keziah Lyman, a Shaker schoolma'am, and started West with her on a bridal tour.

FROST PICTURES.
Wonderful pictures—silver white—
Glean on the window pane to-night:
Stately forests, and orchard trees,
Birds and blossoms, and honey bees.
No one can tell how the pictures grow—
Wonderful pictures—pure as snow.

What is it that by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? A noise.

The debt of the States of the Church, during the pontificate of Pius IX., has increased from sixteen million scudi to one hundred and twenty millions.

ALEXANDER SMITH, the author of the "Life Drama," "City Poems," and that beautiful prose poem, "Alfred Hogart's Household," died on the 6th of January, near Edinburgh, Scotland.

"Charlie, my dear," said a loving mother to a hopeful son, just bidden into breeches, "Charlie, my dear, come here and get some candy." "I guess I won't mind it now, mother," replied Charlie; "I've got in some tobacco."

It is rumored that the New York Liquor Dealers Association have resolved to send half a million of dollars to Albany to secure the repeal of the Metropolitan District Excise Law, which has just been declared constitutional by the Court of Appeals.

There is a statement going the rounds of the papers that slavery never legally existed in Louisiana. It was not abolished by law in Connecticut until 1847.

New York State can put twenty-five thousand militia into the field in five days after the call.

A HUMAN BRUTE.—It was testified to in the trial of Rev. Joel Lindsey, at Albany, for the murder of his son, that, according to his own confession, about nine o'clock on the night of the boy's death, Lindsey's wife (who was not the child's mother), went to correct the child for something it refused to do; she failed to make him mind, and asked him to do it. Lindsey said he commenced correcting him with a piece of a shingle; he whipped and talked to him alternately for two hours and a half; he reasoned with him and tried to make him mind; at the end of two and a half hours saw a change, stopped whipping him, laid him on a couch and called his wife; she came and said, "Why, Johnny is dying!" He said he guessed not, and took him off the lounge, and he died in his arms. The post mortem examination of the body showed that many parts of it were greatly discolored by the whipping, and that the soles of the child's feet had blisters the size of a quarter dollar, and that the blood run from his toes. The whole history of the case proved it one of the most atrocious on record, and that its author was in that and in other respects a brutal fellow.—*Boston Transcript*.

The case of this bad man has been decided by the jury finding him guilty of manslaughter in the second degree! Comment is unnecessary.

"Look well, before you leap," is very good advice in its way; but how can sickly looking people follow it?

The entire board of Iowa State officers, including the superintendent, commenced the new year by signing the temperance pledge. Reform in high places is what is needed. The clearer the head, the more equitable and humane will the laws be administered.

The Palmyra (N. Y.) Courier says a party of gentlemen of that village are about starting a paper mill there. The Courier adds: "We are inclined to the belief that paper mill stock is the best investment that can be made. We hear of one mill east paying a dividend of one hundred and twenty-five per cent. But then we are not so much surprised at this. Good print paper before the war was worth eight cents per pound, and now common straw paper is selling for eighteen and twenty cents. No wonder the poor printer groans."

The amount of poverty and destitution, pervading all parts of the English metropolis is frightful and unequalled, and it is feared that an appeal must be made to Parliament for Government aid.

Female suffrage has been up for discussion in the Maine Legislature. The women are bound to shine.

A contributor to the drawer of Harper's Monthly, tells a story of a certain deacon who was one of the best of men, but by nature very frascible. A cow was so exceedingly disorderly, as the deacon was attempting to milk her one morning, that the old Adam got the better of him, and he vented his excited feelings in a volley of execrations very unbecomingly in their character. At this moment the good deacon's pastor appeared unexpectedly on the scene, and announced his presence by saying, "Why, deacon! can it be? Are you swearing?" "Well, parson," replied the deacon, "I didn't think of any one being near by; but the truth is, I never shall enjoy religion so long as I keep this cow!"

Since the accession of Napoleon III., a sum of \$270,000,000 sterling has been added to the national debt of France, which now amounts to £483,000,000.

SOMETHING NEW.—Day's India Rubber Propelling Pencil, with indelible lead in place of ink, is valuable for business men who have occasion to write permanently with a pencil instead of ink. J. P. Snow sends these pencils to any address by mail, with a box of leads, from 47 Liberty street, New York, on the receipt of the price, \$1.50.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, has presented a petition in the Senate, asking Congress to prohibit any person addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors from holding office under the United States Government. This is considered by some the first proposition yet made for the total abolition of the Government.

A fine new art gallery has been opened in New York, by Mr. Derby.

The Italian Government intends to tax church property to the extent of six hundred million livres.

There are many more men in the one city of London at the present time, than there are in the kingdom of Denmark.

A gentleman met another in the street who was ill of consumption, and accosted him thus: "Ah, my friend, you walk slowly." "Yes," replied the man, "but I am going fast."

The cattle plague has cost England nearly twenty millions of dollars.

Nature cures, and the debtor takes the credit. Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

"What are you at now?" said a ragged newsboy to a well-dressed lad. "I'm in a store." "What do you do?" "I sweep out the store and run errands." "Well, tell me—you don't feel as good now as when you were in business for yourself, do you?"

QUERY.—Would the ladies of New York be willing to stifle their delicate faces by bearded persons, if they knew that the poor girls who perform the labor receive only "twelve cents" a piece for doing them, and in many instances sitting in a cold room in the depth of winter, without a fire, and without sufficient food to sustain life?—*Sun*.

The bishop of Carlisle recently asked a youthful scholar if he had read the thirty-nine articles. "No," said the boy; "but I have read the 'Forty Thieves!'" He probably found more real instruction in the latter.

A gentleman, walking with two ladies, stepped on a hoghead hoop, that flew up and struck him in the face. "Good gracious!" said he, "which of you dropped that?"

J. M. Peebles lectures in Philadelphia during this month. His address is 634 Race street.

Orphic Saying.

Thought is the soul of the universe. It leaps from sphere to sphere with lightning speed, and permeates every avenue of Nature with its subtle forces. It gathers the dancing atoms in the sunbeam, and forms them into worlds. Through the cycles of the ages it breathes the breath of life into inanimate matter, and lo! the human is born. From the illuminated human, it rises to the celestial. On, on, through the corridors of Wisdom it wings its way, yet never reaching the Infinite. How sublime is Thought, in all its devious windings! It is indeed the soul of things. It is Lord of Lords, King of Kings, God of Gods! It is EHOVAH—the Past, the Present, and the Future!

Hard at Work.

Rev. S. C. Hayford lectured in Newark, N. Y., on Sunday, Jan. 27. Hereafter he will organize Children's Lyceums in places where he lectures, &c.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,
544 BROADWAY.

WARREN CHASE, AGENT.

City Items.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.
The pressure in the market begins to bear heavily on the poor. The demands for laborers are not equal to the supply, and the expensive rates of living crowd many poor persons into the ranks of criminals, some to their physical and some to their moral injury, and some to both. There seems to be a foreboding of still harder times not far distant. There is great stir and commotion among the speculators; few of them seem to know how to set their sails to catch the spring breeze. Many, no doubt, will capsize, but the world and the city will go on just the same. As one step out another steps in, and the ranks are filled.

METTINGS.
Those who heard Lizzie Doten yesterday (27th), speak in the highest terms of both her discourses, but especially of the evening lecture, which was a discussion between two spirits on the subject of sin and its consequent suffering.
Those who attended Doolittle's Hall, and heard Emma Hardinge, were also delighted, and spoke in highest terms of praise; and some who heard one lecture of each, could not tell which they liked best. Both halls were crowded in the evening, notwithstanding the severe cold and slippery sidewalks.

"ANTONE."
We have some large and small photographs of Bro. Anderson's elegant picture of Antone, the half-breed. They are beautiful specimens of this wonderful spirit-artist's work, and can be sent by mail from this office, the large size for \$1.50, and the small for 25 cents. Other spirit-artist's who have pictures they wish exhibited or sold (small ones), should send to this office.

"SATAN'S RANDOM FALLING DOWN."
The exercise law holds the whiskey retailers to the air line. With hideous shouts the revelers are turned out and go home (or somewhere) at midnight, and thirst till sunrise. Poor souls, how they suffer!

TURKISH BATHS.
"A child's coming to the world, is like a man's, faith, he'll print 'em."

When you visit New York, if you have time to renew your health, quicken life and enjoy a luxury, go to 13 Light street, and take a Turkish Bath, and enjoy a luxury such as Adam and Eve never knew, nor the Jewish God ever revealed.

HIGH RENTS.
Several thousand poor, honest laboring people are to be driven out of New York in the spring by increased rents, which are already so high that they take nearly all the wages. Their places will be filled by immigrants and speculators, who cannot pay the rents, and who at last will force them down to a reasonable rate.

A SUCCESSFUL HEALER.
Dr. W. B. Smith, of this city, who, according to certificates and testimonials, is very successful as a healer by magnetism, has gone to Troy, N. Y., and taken rooms at the American House till May 1st. This kind of treatment of disease is rapidly increasing and gaining favor with the people.

CIRCULATION OF PAPERS.
The New York Ledger has a circulation of nearly three hundred thousand. Harper's Weekly circulates about one hundred thousand copies. Harper's Monthly prints an edition of one hundred and twelve thousand. The Independent has a circulation of seventy-five thousand. The New York Evangelist has an extended circulation, and has always taken a decided course in favor of the reforms of the day. The Observer, always a conservative paper, ably and skillfully edited, also prints a large edition. Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner prints a hundred thousand copies.

Where are the twelve millions of Spiritualists, many of whom support these papers, that they cannot give our BANNER a circulation equal to the least of these? Have we not labored as faithfully as the best of these to serve the public interest and advance the truth? If not, we will when patronage will pay us. Can you not get us a new subscriber?

The Return of Spirits.
A friend writes asking the publication in the BANNER of some positive proof that spirits communicate; not, as he says, for himself, but for others, to whom he cannot give the satisfaction. How we can give more positive proof than we do weekly, is difficult to tell. We give messages from some spirits every week, and often the relatives recognize their identity by these messages, when nothing is known by the medium, nor by any one in the office, of the facts related; and often the truth of the statements made by the spirit are acknowledged by the relatives, whose prejudices are too strong to allow of a public acknowledgment of them. Almost every week we give testimony of spirit aid in curing diseases that were beyond the reach of medical skill. Tests and individual experiences are in almost every number of our paper, and the testimony of living witnesses we are constantly presenting to our readers, enough, certainly, to prove any other fact, or this, unless a person is wholly crusted over with prejudice, or "died in the wool" in Orthodoxy. It might be said of those who receive all these evidences and yet do not believe, that "they have Moses and the prophets; if they hear not them, neither will they believe even though one arose from the dead." Some people seem to think we can put a fact itself into the paper, as they are not satisfied with the most reliable testimony, and our endorsement added to it. There are persons so skeptical that they cannot be convinced through the reason or the senses. There are persons who do not yet believe that the earth is round and turns on a central line, causing day and night, and some who can conceive of no way in which man could have come first into being here, except as related in the Bible. To such it is not of any value to relate the following fact: Mrs. S. Moore came recently to New York to visit a brother, and came to our office to subscribe for the BANNER. She expressed a wish to see Mr. Anderson. With some difficulty we obtained an interview with him, and she got a sitting, which resulted in several pictures of her husband, of whom she had no picture of any kind, except the one in her memory, and he had been many years in the spirit-world. The likeness is complete, as she says, and can be readily recognized by those who knew him. If there are no spirits in these transactions, why do not all artists make them?

Progressive Lyceums.
Our brother and sister, A. J. and Mary F. Davis, are engaged in starting a Children's Progressive Lyceum in Newark, N. J., with good prospects of success. The friends in Brooklyn are doing the necessary talking, preparatory to doing the same work there, and I trust by spring they will be added to the list of regular meetings and Lyceums.

Matters in Salem, Mass.

Another month has passed away, and our meetings have been well attended, notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the weather incident to this season of the year. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrne, according to previous announcement, has lectured each Sabbath afternoon, and evening, and her discourses have been listened to with unabated interest each Sabbath, not only by those who regularly worship with us, but by many others whose curiosity or inquiring minds have induced them to be present. Her addresses are always practical as well as logical, and delivered with that ease and freedom which always render a public speaker interesting.

When we contrast our situation with what it was a year ago, we have great cause for rejoicing; then we could hardly gather a hundred persons, whereas now we can number from three to five hundred every Sabbath. There is an interest awakened, which, like the electric wave, is spreading wider and wider, and gathering within its folds men and women from all societies. In short, our meetings are doing much to break down the barriers and obstacles which have so long obstructed and hindered many a credulous and trammelled soul from a realization of their own individuality, and thus are aiding and disseminating true religious light and liberty. T.

The Far West.

Many long months have passed since I left New England, to wander over the prairies of the West. The cause is prospering, and everywhere the cry is, give us light. I visited many places in Illinois, where they have had no speakers for years, and some not at all; and was met by crowded houses, and increasing interest. Here is a great field of labor, and great interest is felt. Everywhere do I meet the dear BANNER OF LIGHT, and like an old friend does it greet me with every word. Many places where they are unable to procure speakers, they are rapidly progressing under the beautiful teachings of the BANNER, whose folds are laden with rich gems of truth that brighten the pathway of many a weary, toiling soul. Go on laboring in the noble cause, and as angel hands hold back the curtains, and as you gaze over the vast field, you have sown, you will see thousands of souls marching upward, aided and cheered by the beautiful BANNER that moves before them.

SARAH A. NUTT.
Lawrence, Kansas, Jan. 17, 1867.

A Card of Thanks.

Will you allow me space, in the columns of your much loved BANNER, to return my sincere thanks to G. L. Burnside, of Oswego, N. Y., for the splendid oil painting (Sunset upon the Shores of Ontario), which he kindly transferred from his studio to me, as an exquisite memento of the time spent in lake-washed Oswego? Mr. Burnside is an artist of no mean order. He has a true spiritual organization, and as he is wedded to his art, you see the beauty of an aura about him, the almost soul-glowing pictures he produces.

SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON.

Our Office in New York.

No. 544 Broadway has been newly fitted up and neatly arranged, and will be kept open for the reception of customers and visitors, every day—except Sunday—from six A. M. to eight P. M. Every Spiritualist visiting the city, is invited and expected to call and see Warren Chase and the BANNER Bookstore, where information of all kinds pertaining to our work will be collected and distributed. Do not forget the place, nearly opposite Barham's Museum, up stairs.

DONATIONS

IN AID OF OUR PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES.

A Friend	\$10.00
F. Alger, South Boston, Mass.	2.00
William T. Child, Minneapolis, Minn.	2.00
Mrs. Eliza Wilson, Pawnee, Me.	1.00
Mrs. Janet Gibson, Bangor, Me.	1.00
A. Pinkham, Soudan Falls, Me.	1.00
Giles Spencer, East Greenwich, R. I.	2.00
W. W. Fletcher, Belfast, Me.	2.00

Eddy Fund.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following sums, to help defray the expenses of the trial of the Eddy mediums:

William Mitchell, Montpelier, Vt.	\$ 3.00
L. Lewis Tanager	1.00
L. W. Hylle	1.00
James Noble, Jr., Westford, Mass.	1.00
J. Rider, Plymouth, Mass.	2.00
Friend, Leominster, S. H.	1.00
Spiritualists, Ann Arbor, Mich.	1.00
John A. Day, North Wrentham, Mass.	1.00

Further donations are solicited.

Donations to Bread Fund.

Julius A. Willard, Springfield, Ill.	\$ 50
Cash	50

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]
HAMBURG, CONN.—We do not insert anonymous obituary notices. Send name as a voucher.

DEAN CLARK.—\$6 received, from Fond du Lac, Wis.

Married.

At the residence of the bride's sister, Flushing, Mich., on Dec. 25th, 1866, by Charles A. Antrim, Mr. Gordon Patterson to Miss Orilla Butterfield, all of Harrison, Mich.

Business Matters.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL—the world's great remedy for Coughs, Croup, Consumption, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat.

MISS M. K. CASSIN, Medium, will answer Sealed Letters. Terms, \$2.00, four 3-cent stamps. Address, 248 Plane street, Newark, N. J.

DR. URIAH CLARK'S LARGE, NEW INSTITUTE FOR INVALIDS AND STUDENTS, GREENWOOD, MASS., near Boston. Send for Circular.

THE BLESSINGS OF REPOSE are secured by the sufferer from NEURALGIA by partaking of DR. TURKISH PILLS—DR. TURKISH PILLS—DR. TURKISH PILLS. This is no fiction. Apothecaries have it. Principal depot, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Our Society has a FERTHY GALLERY at 739 Broadway, New York.

SITUATION WANTED.—A lady who is a thorough English and French scholar, desires a situation as governess, copyist, or to do any kind of writing. Will leave New England if a good salary is offered. References exchanged. Address Miss G., BANNER OF LIGHT office.

L. J. FARNSWORTH, Medium, answers SEALED LETTERS. Persons sending \$3 and four 3-cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply. Address, 1040 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

CHANCE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHIC OF THE LATE REV. JOHN PIERPONT for sale at our Boston and New York Offices. Price twenty-five cents. Postage free.

ABRAHAM JAMES.—Fine carte de visite photograph of this celebrated medium (the discoverer of the Chicago Astoria Well), may be obtained at this office. Price 25 cents.

Special Notice.

We feel compelled to urge upon our subscribers the imperative necessity of writing the name of their State plainly. Many omit the State altogether, and not a day passes that we do not receive one or more letters with an omission of either the Town, County or State, and often the writer does not even sign the own name. We can sometimes ascertain the name of the State from the Postmaster's stamp on the envelope, but not often, as in many instances the impressions are so light as not to cancel the stamp at all. The delay of our subscribers' papers is mainly attributable to their own negligence in this particular, and we earnestly urge them for their own as well as our convenience, they will read and heed and profit by this notice.

Special Notices.

This Paper is mailed to Subscribers and sold by day to Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.
J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENG.
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDER.
Immensely Popular.—The Proprietors of Cook's Corn Broom have succeeded in creating a demand in nearly every village of the United States. Reasons why? First, it is effective; second, it is cheap; third, it is pleasant to take; fourth, they know how to let the afflicted know it.

The great remedy of the day is unquestionably FRANK DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER, for the instant relief of neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism, and for pains in the stomach and bowels; it is used with encouraging success in sudden attacks of cholera and cholera morbus. No family should pretend to keep house without it always by them.

Are you aware that a simple Cough often terminates in Consumption? Why not be wise in time, and use Allen's Lung Balm, which will stop the disease and prevent the fatal consequences.
For sale by GEORGE C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Mass. Feb. 2-2c. Also by the Dealers in Family Medicines generally.

Such curative and healing power as is contained in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, has never before been known in the entire history of medicine. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.
Remember that Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders are the Greatest Family Medicine of the Age. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

The most liberal terms, and also the sale agency of entire countries, for the sale of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, given to Druggists, and to Agents, male and female. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

Physicians of all schools of medicine, use Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

Notice to Subscribers.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the BANNER, to indicate the number of copies of the paper which you have paid for. These figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time for which you paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send extra notices when the paper continues, should renew their subscriptions at least three weeks before the next figures correspond with those at the top and right of the date.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are for each line in Ante type twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

Literary Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

PIRENOLOGY.

WANTED: A good DELINATOR. One who can make the subject instructive and interesting, many specimens of a good illustration for a suitable person. Address: P. M. W., care of Bunker of Light office, 544 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Feb. 8-3w.

HOGG'S POCUS, or Magic Made Easy. 200 astonishing magical facts in legible English. Sleight of Hand, &c., as performed by the best Magicians and Wizards. A new book—150 already sold—illustrated, the paper, 64 pages. Price only 25 cents; 4 to \$1.00 for \$5.00 post free. Where. Send for it, and have fun for all winter. Only 20 cents 6 for \$1.00 post free. Address: H. HUNTER & CO., HISSDALE, N. H. Feb. 9-2w.


FUN! FUN! FUN! "FUN FOR ALL." A large book, double columns, over 100 comic engravings, full of "funny" things. It's fun for all winter. Only 20 cents 6 for \$1.00 post free. Address: HUNTER & CO., HISSDALE, N. H. Feb. 9-3w.

MRS. ABBY M. LAFIN PERKINS. PSYCHOMETRIST AND TEST MEDIUM. Reads from hand, writing or metals; also, gives directions to those wishing to become clairvoyants or mediums. Terms: Business Directions, \$2; Psychometrie R. & S. \$1; Directions for Development, \$2. Address enclosing two red stamps, P. O. Box 475, Washington, D. C. Feb. 9.

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM, Clairvoyant, has received her office to 120 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Office hours, 10 A. M. to 12 M., and 2 P. M. to 4 P. M. Feb. 9.

JEANNIE WATERMAN DANFORTH, (formerly of Boston,) Clairvoyant, Phisician and Trance Medium, 52 EAST FORTIN STREET, near the Bowery, New York. Feb. 9.

F. B. COLLINS, Iowa Falls, Iowa.
 GORA WILLBURN.
 J. BURNS, No. 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell, London,
 England.
 D. D. HOME, 22 Sloane St., Chelsea, S. W., London,
 England.

 Publishers who insert the above *Prospectus* three times
 and call attention to it editorially, shall be entitled to a copy of
 the Banner one year. It will be forwarded to their address on
 request with the advertisements marked