

# BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XX.

{ \$5.00 PER YEAR, }  
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }  
Eight Cents.

NO. 22.

## THE LOST RELIGION.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

Belong on a certain day in one of those semi-trance or somnambulant states in which glimpses of another world and its inhabitants come flitting across the open eye of the soul, whose vision becomes clear in proportion as the outer eye is sealed to the external scenes of life, I beheld a venerable man approaching me, whose countenance was radiant with kindness, and that peculiar intelligence which apprised me ere he spoke that he came to me as a messenger.

"Daughter," he said, without waiting to be questioned, "when thou dost write of me, as thou wilt, forget not to tell mankind from whence I received that peculiar religion for which my name has become remarkable, and which, as differing from many other accepted forms of belief, has been stigmatized as 'heresy,' 'infidelity,' and other harsh names significant of antagonism to the opinions of those who pronounce judgment on me."

"Instruct me, my father," my spirit replied, for in the lucid state of clairvoyance I then enjoyed, I was able to perceive that instruction was both the purpose and capacity of him who conversed with me.

Approaching me nearer, his angelic presence and fine spiritual nature so entirely permeated the atmosphere that I knew him at once, and we instantly assumed the relations that belonged to our different states: we were pupil and teacher, pilgrim and guide.

"When I was quite a little child," said my companion, "my father, earnest for my intellectual progress, but still more so for my spiritual welfare, placed me under the care of highly accomplished men as tutors in the sciences, but left me with them under the most solemn charge that they should not attempt to indoctrinate me with any of their own peculiar views of religion. 'Polish his intellect until its lustrous surface may reflect all the truths of Nature,' said this anxious father, 'but his soul is my charge, and none may tamper with that, for whose integrity I shall hold myself responsible through all eternity.' When I had arrived at the verge of manhood, my studies were interrupted by a summons to visit my father. He was about to proceed to a far country, and the nature of his expedition rendering it doubtful to his mind lest he should ever again behold me, his only child, he deemed the time had come when he was called upon to entrust me with that which in his eyes was the most sacred of all things to man, namely, the truths of his religion. As these, he informed me, were many in number and grave in import, they could not be communicated orally in the short space of time which circumstances allotted to our meeting; hence he had committed them to writing, and now bestowed them on me; and as the most precious of all gifts which an earthly parent could confer, he handed me those sacred truths in the form of a roll of papers.

Again we parted. Father and son each passed on their way, the sire to the far country, the son to the seclusion of home, there to enter upon the new course of study which this priceless treasure of religion opened up. Stimulated by the deep and novel interest which my father's words had awakened in the writing confided to me, I halted in a lonely path of my path of travel, tied my well-laden mules to a neighboring tree, and sat me down beneath the forest shades to investigate the nature of my scriptural treasure; but alas! my eyes had scarcely glanced down one sheet—the first upon which I accidentally opened—when I was set upon by banditti. My mules and baggage were taken from me; I was beaten and maltreated by the robbers, in the hope that I should be compelled to yield up the knowledge of where I had concealed treasure, and when, after hours of unconsciousness, I came again to my senses, I found myself not only bruised and robbed of all my property, but oh, grief unspeakable! the precious manuscripts containing the way of salvation—my father's Scriptures of religion—were stolen from me. As soon as I could command sufficient reflection to guide my future conduct, I determined to retrace my steps back to a great city through which I had passed at midday, and there seek not only the hospitality I stood in need of, but also something which my brief glance at those sacred pages had advised me of.

Even in the single minute that my eye had rested on the contents of my father's Scriptures, I read that a young man who had been sent out by his father to look for his lost cattle, had resorted to the aid of a "seer," or "prophet," to help him find them. I had heard of conjurers, magicians and fortune tellers, and been accustomed to think of them as impostors, or wicked persons in league with the cunning spirit of evil; but when I read in the very guide to salvation which my father had given me that such practices were a part of the religion I was to learn, my mind was entirely set at rest on the subject. I determined it was God's plan for detecting crime, and my very first act on entering the great city to which I was bound was as much in obedience to the dictates of my first lesson in religion, as anxiety to discover my lost property; and thus I went to seek out a 'man of God,' or 'seer,' or 'prophet,' to aid me in the detection of the thief who had stolen my religion. I soon found such an one as I sought, although he was not called 'a man of God'; on the contrary, though almost every one I inquired of seemed to know, trust and commend his powers, he was called 'a man of the devil,' and I was assured he was in league with the powers of darkness. Wholly indifferent to what men said, so long as my father's religion sanctioned what I did, I made my way to the famous one they told me of, from whose oracular powers I trusted I should fare like the young man I had read of in my brief study of my Scriptures. I found the seer much as was described in this page—a venerable man, who seemed to have a perfect knowledge of that I

came to seek, for without questioning me concerning my errand, he spoke, saying:

The papers thou hast had stolen from thee are destroyed. The robbers, after looking them over, deemed them worthless, and committed them to the flames."

"Nay, father," I replied, "that can scarcely be. Those papers contained the only true religion in the world. Could any creature whom God has created look upon His word and fail to know it? Surely, if God ever gave his word to man, he must have set such a mark upon it, that all men finding it should know it. We might mistake man's word, but surely we cannot err in detecting God's."

"Nevertheless it is as I tell thee, son," replied the seer. "The word of God, when man writes it, ceases to be infallible, for then it becomes man's assertion that it is God's word. Truly the robbers did not believe this, and so destroyed it."

"Alas! alas for religion!" cried. "What shall I do? what will the world do, since the only true religion is lost?"

"Be comforted," replied the seer, "and come thither. There, take thy choice."

Then opening a huge case full of manuscripts, he added:

"Here are more than ten thousand different Scriptures of different religions. Take any one from the number that thou wilt, and then depart in peace."

"But, my father," I stammered, in astonishment at his words, thou knowest there can be but one true religion, and all these ten thousand must be false. Of what avail, then, would they be to me?"

"How knowest thou these are false?" answered the seer. "True, as thou sayest, there can be but one true religion; but why mayest not thou chance to stumble upon that true one amongst this heap? Come, take thy choice."

"Nay, but, father, I have already had the true religion given me. It is that which I have lost. These, therefore, must all be false."

"Softly, my son. Upon what ground dost thou assume that thy Scriptures contained the true religion? Age after age, thousands of wiser men than thou have professed, some to search for it in vain, some to find it, and record it in these manuscripts. How dost thou know that thine alone was the true one?"

"Why," I answered promptly, "because my father said so."

"A good reason to thee, my son, but none to mankind; for every one's father says the same, when they teach their sons their religion, and men's grandfathers so taught the fathers, and their forefathers taught the grandfathers, and those who first invented or proclaimed these religions in the origin, only bore witness of themselves. Where, then, is the true standard for thy father's faith against the testimony of the ten thousand others I offer thee to select from?"

I listened to the words of the seer, but they only filled my mind with confusion. I contemplated the depository from which he offered me a choice with disgust and indignation. My teachers had taught me to regard truth as so sacred, that they had never permitted me to indulge in any of the affirmations of theoretical science until I had practically proved or demonstrated them; hence my mind was educated in the inviolable love of truth, and whenever I reflected upon the eternal interests of religion, as compared with the temporal ones of this earth, I felt that religious truths must be as far holier in their import than material ones, as the heavens were higher than the earth, or eternity was more comprehensive than time.

Plunged into despair—by the old man's unanswerable logic, and beholding all my hopes of discovering the nature of the highest and grandest of all truths—I regarded the author of my disappointment as himself guilty of my suffering, and in my frenzy and impatience I snatched a blazing brand from the hearth, precipitated it into the midst of the combustible papers, and cried in my insane vengeance, 'If I cannot discover the true, at least I can destroy the false. Perish, thou mass of deceit and error! Better mankind should exist without a religion, than worship at the shrine of a vain and delusive one.' But as I gazed upon the slowly dying embers of the crumbling mass, a sudden revulsion of feeling possessed my soul. Shame, rage, despair, and unbounded remorse seized me, and throwing myself in deep humiliation at the old seer's feet, I besought his forgiveness for kindling that fearful and devouring flame, that had utterly consumed out of the world all traces of religion, and amongst the mass of falsehood destroyed all chance of even finding a vestige of the truth. To my amazement the venerable seer regarded both my hasty and my fruitless penitence with the same calm and unmoved air of sublime pity, and even stoical indifference. At length raising me from the earth and seating me tenderly by his side, he said, in a quiet but slightly sarcastic tone, 'Thou destroy every vestige of religion from off the face of the earth! Presumptuous boy! nor thou, nor the entire millions of the race can commit so impossible a crime. Did not God exist before man? a creator before a creature? and religion and all its sublime truths before man's imperfect attempts to record his opinions of it? What religion is there in yon smoldering heap—though it should pile up as high as the heavens, and be destroyed so that not a single ash of its crumbling ruin should remain to tell that it had been—which is mightier than man's opinions, man's Scriptures, and man's views of his Creator's purposes? And can man's act ever blot from the creative essence, God's eternal, undying and unceasing revelations? Never!'

"Where, then, can this revelation be found?" I humbly asked.

"Where ancient men first sought, and unborn man will last read it," replied my companion, "in the eternal scriptures of God's works."

"Teach me to read them, prophet?"

"Take thy first lesson on the shining volume of the midnight sky."

Behold the immensity, or rather infinity of God in hosts of countless worlds. Behold his variousness in the differing glory of yon fiery army, where rank and file, legion and squadron worlds are marshaled on the endless armaments of infinite space, yet all are different in degree, size, power and age; yet all, though bound up in never-ceasing motion, clash not, nor interfere, nor jostle each other in life's eternal march, but give and take celestial influence, and interchange of gravitating force, with a justice so unique and a harmony so unbroken, that they move in their individual glory each a mighty sun, yet in their mutual interdependence one upon the other, an immortal family of rejoicing worlds.

Wouldst learn God's Providence in microscopic life? Turn then another page of creation's Scriptures; read thereon the history of the worm, that humble crawling thing that He has fashioned with such due provision to its state, that the earth on which it trails seems just adapted to it, it made for earth. It sips the dew, and revels in the sunlight—feeds on some humbler life which suffers no wrong in death, for the lower creatures only consume what would be noxious if left unconsumed, and they, in unconsciousness of their destructive doom, enjoy that humbler life with all the power and sustenance their state and time demands. And to show that the destiny of even the lowest of God's work is immortality, and in that immortal resurrection from death's sting a brighter life ensues, behold that dying worm, outworking in its self-spun winding sheet the ephemeral glory of the painted butterfly, the darling of the sunshine, sport of the flowers, and joyful creature of the sweetest hour of life that flowers and sunlight can bestow on sentient being.

Read from the pure white lily, whose cup at evening time is filled with dew, whose morning meal is sunbeam, how He clothes and feeds the humblest of His works.

Hear in the chirping robin's matin hymn, its notes of praise for food bestowed in season.

The monsters of the deep, birds of the air, or tenants of the wildwood, receive their life and meat and providential instincts, adapting them with wisest means to ends, at their great Creator's hand, as tenderly as thou dost. Dost puzzle thyself to learn the origin of races? Forget what scholastic pedantry has told thee, and see man spring, as flower and bird and beast have done, the fulfillment of the highest law of Nature, just when she was fitted in her laboratory to produce him, just how her special soil and climate best could fashion him, through the same eternal law which bids the sea bring forth its finny monsters, the air sustain the birds, or the forest-wild the beast. The jungle for the tiger, the desert for the camel, the murky swamp for reptiles, the meadow for the ox—why not God's ever kind and ever harmonious laws, of time and place and scenery, soil and climatic influence, to spend their force on races as well in human as in any other life?

All things in God's creation write their history. All laws explain each other, and permeate all being. The chemistry of dewdrops and of worlds are one and the same. The history of a planet and a man is one continuous epic of the great lawgiver's writing. Physical laws and yet finer psychological laws may differ, but both, understood by unbiased observation and traced back to their source, will show the ever-repeating cell-life of the one, the ever-developing germ-spark of the other.

Wouldst learn God's matchless wisdom? Study the wondrous adaptation of all means to ends. Wouldst find His loving providence? Ask of the creatures of His providential care. Wouldst reconcile His justice with the sufferings of mankind? Study the noble uses of adversity, the lessons of privation, and the gems of genius, intellect and vast discovery affliction has wrought out. Wouldst thou learn how He, thy Heavenly Father, dost regard thee? Think of thine earthly one, or multiply thine earthly loves by all infinity, then judge how he careth for thee. Wouldst thou read in microcosm the sum of all His Scriptures, know thyself; study thy wonderful and fearful mystery; follow out from source to ultimate the mystery of time ever-restless life, and measure, if thou canst, the boundless powers of thy grand, immortal soul, and then, reflecting that thou art God's image, know thou and worship him through thy matchless being. Love Him in the creatures, whom, as poorer, humbler, weaker, or more ignorant than thee, He has condescended to thee. Serve Him through His creatures; worship Him in deeds of mercy to His helpless ones; praise him through thy knowledge of his works; pray to Him in a life resembling faintly His perfection, and then though all the written records of men's creeds should shrivel like these ashes, and scatter to the consuming wastes of air, thou still wilt have an unwritten Scripture of an imperishable religion, that shall survive the wreck of worlds, and live till the final consummation of all things that be."

Thus spoke the seer. I turned and left him, and though I knew it would require an infinite mind to read the pages of infinity, an immortal life to study eternal revelation, I sought no more for the records of man's religions, but went on my way to study day by day the unwritten Scriptures of that sacred page, inscribed by the finger of the living God, and labeled by its author, 'God's religion.'

Tact is matured judgment; a nice discrimination; a feeling along the wires of thought and expression of those you have to deal with in business and society; the happy faculty of weighing men and women in the scale of common sense, so as to come at their just and true value; the gift of knowing what to say or to do under given circumstances.

Dr. Richardson states that iodine placed in a small box with a perforated lid destroys organic poison in rooms. In cases of small-pox he has seen this method used with great benefit.

## Original Essays.

### NON-RESISTANCE.

"As a society, we affirm that human life is absolutely sacred, and can never be rightfully taken, by individuals or governments. We assume that all wars, and preparations for wars, that capital punishment, and all resorts to deadly force, to adjust individual or international difficulties, are opposed to the highest teachings of human nature, to the truest expediency, and to the spirit and teachings of Jesus Christ. We affirm that defensive man-killing is no less a crime against love and justice than offensive man-killing. We affirm it to be our solemn purpose, under all circumstances and in all relations, to act on the principle of good for evil, and we deem it our highest duty and privilege to suffer rather than to inflict suffering, to die rather than to kill."—Article Third of the Constitution of "The Massachusetts Radical Peace Society."

This, honest, earnest men and women have proclaimed as the Christian law of action toward enemies. This they accept and would seek to practice. The majority in the church and out of it, have pronounced their doctrine foolishness—their practice madness, as tending to the destruction of all law and order.

What shall we say of it? Is the doctrine or action which has been named non-resistance, no-resistance? If not, what kind of resistance is it? Is not all life a continued struggle for existence? Do we not all maintain our existence by resistance? Do we not all creatures and things, from the lowest to the highest, preserve their existence as particular beings, or organisms, by constant resistance of foes, or forces which ever tend to destroy them? The crystal has a continued warfare against heat, cold, drought and rain, and the abrasion of other bodies.

The vegetable, too, is continually active, repelling foes which would destroy it. Does it relax its resistance for a moment, straightway decay, death, seizes it at some point. Human beings exist only by disorganizing other bodies. Higher organisms feed upon the lower; the more perfect destroy and usurp the places of the less perfect. This appears as the method of nature, in the unfolding of life into higher forms. Is it not beneficent? The man-spirit putting on the human form, no sooner comes forth into the active arena of this outward life, than he finds a thousand foes arrayed against him. Even the babe must buckle on the armor, and fight the opposing legions.

We build houses that we may protect our bodies from the heat, cold and rain, which would destroy them. But to do this, we destroy thousands of other organisms, less perfect than our own, and Nature says well; for in so doing the destroyer and the destroyed are moving to more perfect life and forms; that we may be clothed and fed, this wholesale destruction is ever going on around us. How many vegetable and animal bodies are disorganized each day, that we may keep whole our bodies? We do not in any case kill the power, the spirit that animates the form. We can only disorganize the body, emancipating the spirit, which straightway takes on some new form.

We find certain animals which do not directly assail our own bodies, but they would appropriate certain organisms for the maintenance of their bodies which we have set apart for the nourishment of ours. Nature says, Let the higher exist, though at the expense of the destruction of the lower; so man, more cunning or more powerful in this struggle for existence, vanquishes, destroys those animals which would usurp the domain he claims as his own. Have they not the same right to live as man? Surely they have. By what law are we justified in killing them, that we may live? Only by the natural law, which ever reads, Let the higher maintain itself against the lower; herein are we justified.

We find enemies of still higher forms. Men assail, and would destroy men. What is to be done? One must conquer. Shall it be the higher, or the lower? When the question was between the man and animal, Nature said, Let the man rule, being the more perfect. Shall not the same law obtain between the higher and the lower man? If the lower conquer, then the races degenerate, sink backward toward chaos. But if the higher conquer, then is progression insured.

Does not this appear in the natural law of life in individual forms? Preserve your own individual organism by the use of your greatest defensive power, applied according to your highest knowledge. And this law in its practical workings insures the perpetuation of the higher forms, for ever higher conditions, unfolds higher powers and greater wisdom for the preservation of individual life. But how resist? That is the question of life. Each individual, tribe, or nation will answer this question according to its available power and knowledge, and each is therein justified. The bee is as fully justified in stinging, that he may live, as the man is in killing the lion that he may. 'Is condition that justifies all, from the lowest to the highest. Is man ever justified in killing man for the defense of life, or for the preservation of higher conditions of life? If he knows of no higher power than brute force, for defense, or if his wisdom is not equal to the applying of any higher power, then his condition justifies him, and he will reap the fruit of his condition, through its pains and darkness, as well as its joys and good, growing to higher powers and greater wisdom.

How shall we resist, by what wisdom and power conquer? Brutality says, 'Kill, destroy altogether, have vengeance, torment your enemies. Suffer not a man or form through which opposition appears, to live.' This is one way, the highest that was known in the earliest ages. What are the practice and results of this? We have only to read the record of some brutal warfare to learn. Men murdered, their bodies torn limb

from limb, women and children starved, thrown to wild beasts, their tongues torn out, their eyes dug out, then left to wander in darkness. This, to satisfy the fury of the conquering enemy, to insure the life of the conquerors by striking terror into the surviving foes.

Is this the best way of resisting enemies? "No," says modern civilization. "Restrain the enemy. Suffer him to do no injury. Seek not vengeance, only safety. You must meet the enemy on his ground, first against fist, sword against sword, fight, kill, until the enemy is conquered, then spare, even forgive, for this is Christian." What are the workings of this method? Excess of numbers, cunning and arms prevail; thousands are killed; tens of thousands maimed for life; years of entailed misery and woe; enemies still enemies, the weaker held in subjection by the stronger, availing only a fitting opportunity to slay its conqueror; in its subjection nourishing hatred, and the spirit of revenge. We see this illustrated in modern warfare. Our own country is a living example of this. The North has conquered the South outwardly, not inwardly; guns and cannon never can conquer the enemy within. It requires another power for this. The South stands disarmed, but inwardly fuller of hatred and the spirit of vengeance than ever before. Even now, they are plotting for vengeance and destruction of the North. This is the legitimate result of the method adopted by the North. It is the utmost that can be done by swords and guns. The North had not wisdom enough to use a higher power to conquer. They must reap the fruits of their present civilization, led thereby to that which is higher. Even such warfare is greatly in advance of brutal resistance, in that the spirit of brutality vengeance is in a measure outgrown.

Is there a higher kind of resistance than modern warfare? Yes, responds Christianity. Yes, proclaims the handful who to-day are denounced as fanatics, whose doctrine is ridiculed as madness. Those, to-day, who are named non-resistance, manifest their weaknesses and inconsistencies, yet they are zealous in the faith, seeking for that which is highest. They proclaim: We have found a higher law, a better force, by which to resist and conquer. "Love your enemies." Feed and clothe them when hungry and naked. "Bless those who curse you." There is nothing passive in this; it is the most vigorous action. This is no non-resistance, but the most effectual kind of resistance. Non-resistance is a misnomer; a stumbling block to the unbeliever. Misled by the term, the opposer has mistaken the idea, been blind to the power of those falsely called non-resistance. To us, Jesus of Nazareth appears no non-resistance, but the most thorough resistant the world has ever known, whose idea and power are conquering the world.

The excellence of Christian resistance is, that it does the work thoroughly. The sword and gun may conquer the enemy outwardly, but within he is more of an enemy than before, while Christian resistance conquers the enemy throughout. In Christian resistance strength is not in numbers, cunning, or arms; but in love and good will. One man, resisting under the Christian law, by the power of love and good will unto all men, can conquer a thousand opposing with swords and guns. What is the result of the Christian method of resistance? The enemy is conquered, not only outwardly but inwardly; made lovers instead of enemies. Brutal warfare kills for safety, torments for vengeance. Modern, civilized warfare kills for safety, punishes for common good. Both methods leave the enemy still an enemy. Christian warfare, through love and good will, restrains the enemy, reforms and blesses him, making him a lover instead of a hater.

The law of Christian resistance is love. What power is there to be used under this law? Not brute force through swords and guns. Love and good will toward an enemy can never lift these against him. If he oppose you with brute force, one must conquer. What force is there available to the true Christian in such a crisis? First, there is an individual, spiritual force; second, the immeasurable forces of the unseen spirit-world.

Overflowing with Christian charity, meekness and good will, the man or woman meeting an enemy has an individual resisting and conquering force, not measurable by pounds or numbers. The simple wave of the hand of Jesus of Nazareth embodied a power which could resist a whole company of men armed with swords and staves. The kindly look of his eye could make manacles, which the double chains of brute force could not hold, sit as little children at his feet; his voice, murmuring, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" went forth a power mightier to conquer the world than Alexander's armed millions. The one was the power of the highest civilization; the other was of barbarism. Within, behind the one was charity, good will unto all men. The spirit of the other was hatred, selfishness. The spiritual force of one man, overflowing in love, meekness and patience, is sure to conquer a thousand of ten thousand opposing with swords and guns; animated by hatred and selfishness. The ten thousand may kill the one, as to his body, but his spirit, victorious, will bind their spirits sometime, subduing, leading them as little children.

The hatred of the Jewish priests and rulers crucified Jesus, but his love will conquer the world. The same law or power which is good or available for one, is for a hundred or a million. The resisting or conquering force of a State or nation will sometime be found to be not in numbers, forts or ships, but in the love and truth of the people. If a nation be Christian, no numbers or force of the spirit of barbarism can conquer it. Sooner or later the higher spirit and power conquers, though the lower count ten men and forts to the one of the higher. The higher ever prevails, though it be one man to draw a thousand.

In resisting enemies, under the law of hatred and selfishness, the individual or nation, under the law of Christian love, put themselves in pos-



tion to receive the higher, unconquerable force of the spirit-world, or those higher, unseen forces which ever control the lower.

The ten legions of angels which Jesus said his Father would send to protect him from his enemies, if it be well for him to live, were no fable. They represent the spiritual power available to all those who resist as Jesus did. The heroes and martyrs for truth and right, in every age, have ever conquered through these two forces, or rather the same force in two conditions: First, the power which their higher law represents in their own souls; second, the infinite power which their truth has allied them to in the spirit-world. Each must work according to his condition. The barbarian must plant and reap with barbarous implements. The civilized man with patent machines. The Bushman must write in scrawling pictures. The man of the nineteenth century may talk across the Atlantic in electric symbols. He who is barbarous must fight as a barbarian. And Nature says: Well for him; through it I will lead him to a higher. He who stands on modern civilization must fight with swords and ridges; he has not grown to the use of anything higher; his ignorance justifies him. Nature says to him: Bear the burden of pain and woe, which is the fruit of your ignorance; through it you shall be lifted to the condition of Christian love and benevolence may stand calm and invincible in the power which he has become heir to.

The opposer and unbeliever says: The theory non-resistance or Christian resistance is beautiful, all good; but the failure is, it is impossible to carry it into practice. We grant the imperfections of our fighting, the misery and loss resulting therefrom. But the enemy must be conquered. There is no other way. We must meet him on his own ground. Brute force must be opposed to brute force; the loss and pains must be endured as necessary evils to the attaining of a great good. The test of power is the force withstood or overcome. If, in practical working, the spirit and power of real Christianity proves itself weaker than barbarism and brute force, then let it go down, be lost; but if it prove itself more efficient to resist, conquer and reform the enemy, then expediency, as well as wisdom, demands that men should employ it. But timid, conservative men await living illustrations of its safety and efficacy. We hope for this from the handful who, full of faith and freedom, have declared their position and purpose. Men naturally love and strive for higher ways, more perfect laws and powers. The restraining fear is that they are not yet practicable. Once made fairly manifest, through living examples, people will eagerly seek and obtain the higher defensive and reforming laws and powers of Christianity. Thus will the old social and political law and powers pass away with their forts, prisons, galleys, swords and guns. In their place Christian men and women will outwork the Christian law of love and charity. W. A. C.

## THE ADVENT OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

BY JAMES LAWRENCE.

It is very often asked, Why has the advent of Spiritualism been so long deferred?

Through all ages has Spiritualism, or rather the principles which underlie the doctrine, existed; but through the ignorance and superstition of men, it has not been assigned a dwelling-place amongst them; and thus having no recognition, continued unheeded and unknown. This has been the fate of every science in its incipient condition, and so far as man is concerned, has it ever been treated with contempt and scorn; and those who have strenuously advocated its recognition, have generally fallen sacrifices to their own convictions of a truth, which has been opposed with bitterness and cruelty unparalleled. Is it then to be wondered at, that science, when introduced or attempted to be so, should progress so slowly? For all things in an infant state require to be cherished with the tender touch of appreciation, in order to become matured. Has this, we would ask, been the fate of science in any of the bygone ages? We feel we need not ask a second time, for ever has it met a deadly opposition from those whose claim to omniscience it was ever thought a sin to doubt—men, who in colleges of learning have spent years, and even a lifetime to acquire knowledge, (not of a general but sectional character,) sitting them to become bigots in religious matters, to the destruction of their own immortal happiness, and of those who have unfortunately fallen under their guidance. It is to this may be attributed the myriads of undeveloped spirits who are continually wandering their way to the earth sphere to be relieved from the stings of conscience, for having become (under such teachings) devotees to a blind and ruinous conception of their God and his behests.

Yes, these are the most bitter opponents of every scientific movement. And why is it so? Is it from a conviction of its wrong? Oh no; but they know just enough to perceive that every step made by science is an encroachment upon their own self-conceived rights; therefore do they attempt to strangle it in its incipient or infant state. Knowing full well the rottenness of their own foundation, they dread the close researches made by science in every direction the moment it has burst the iron fetters of its but transient confinement.

Oh, what a mistaken idea, that science and religion are and should be at enmity with each other! None but the most acute can entertain such conviction. They should and must be bosom friends and co-workers in the common cause of humanity; delving into Nature's works (not mysteries) for man's present and eternal happiness.

Then, if such be their aim and it is God sanctioned, accused be the hand that would attempt to stay its progress, and the voice that would urge its downfall.

Yet your pastors, your self-appointed guardians of man's eternal destiny, in sacred vestments clothed, and eyes bejeweled with sanctimonious tears of sorrow, dare to stand up as the calumniators and destroyers of that which man's own reason tells him in plainest terms is God-given.

Can such things be, and in this nineteenth century of glorious enterprise and general enlightenment of man's mental forces? Oh no; for we clairvoyantly perceive the clouds of darkness, superstition and ignorance dispersing rapidly before the dispelling sun of righteousness, permeating the minds of men and women with holy and devout aspirations, for its more general diffusion amongst the darkened souls of earth's unguided children.

Who then, we would ask, can for one moment advocate the narrow policy of a priesthood, who, with a view to promote their own benighted schemes, would hazard the eternal safety of their fellow-beings, by crying down, if possible, every attempt to improve the moral condition of humanity, by the introduction of philosophy and science, by which those who have been darkened the religious horizon through old and error-

stricken theology may be blessed out, even from the recollection of those who have suffered thereby for ages past? Oh Science, thou gift from the angel-world, for so thou must be, by eschewing the absurdity of theologic teachings, which have so long cramped the best energies of man's nature, making him a fear-stricken instead of God-loving being, ready to acknowledge himself the grateful recipient of all his bounties.

But we are somewhat digressing from our subject. You desire our opinion of the reason why Spiritualism has been so long withheld? We may not perhaps give you as clear a view of this matter as we could wish, but we will do the best we can, promising also to answer such queries as you may suggest.

The opposition of religious teachers, or as we would designate them, the Church, is one grand means by which all departments of science have been retarded. History bears that record, therefore it needs no further proof from us; for you know the Church takes history, (sacred, as they call it,) for their foundation, which we consider a very frail foundation, because it has been and is universally deemed unreliable, and therefore but a very poor, miserable authority to rest upon, for the religion of the present day.

Let us now speak of Spiritualism, the only ism of this or any other period worth attending to; for no other ism or doctrine presents so wide a field for action, embracing, as it does, all of every clime, black or white, bond or free—all have the same right of selecting it from the innumerable forms of worship, leaving it to the soul's discernment to make his or her own selection, based upon its own merits and efficiency, to meet the soul's cravings.

It may therefore well be asked, why its so long deferred advent upon earth?

This is a very natural question, and no doubt by the skeptic, thought to be a very important one. And here we perceive a something in the nature of man to work upon; for if God be infinitely good, and infinitely able to bless and benefit the human race, and Spiritualism is such a glorious culmination of all that is good, why has the infinitely good God so long debarred man of its blessings and advantages. Here, then, the skeptic pauses, from a consciousness that he has asked that which cannot rationally be responded to; and therefore feels himself victorious over the crest-fallen advocate of Spiritualism.

Is there, we would ask, that man in existence who could for one moment desire that so glorious and beneficent a doctrine should be found untrue? Recreant indeed must he be, to all that should form an intelligent human being, to indulge a sentiment to be found only in the heart of an inhabitant of hell, (were there such a place,) but not within the bosom of humanity. Let not such a desire enter the human soul, for it is fiendish; and no mortal, even in his most abandoned condition, could understand it.

We therefore take it for granted that while there is an absence of such a wish, man should be ready to admit the free, untrammelled exercise of his reason in judging of a question of such vital importance to the entire universe of man.

Why has this blessing and boon been so long retarded in its advent? We answer, its advent has been directed by that law which governs supply and demand. In your commercial districts and communities this law is ever obeyed, and yet man's wants are ever supplied by his fellow-man. The intelligent merchant would not transport or import certain goods or merchandise, unless under the conviction such would be acceptable to the occupants of such city or town, because the result would prove an entire failure; the people not requiring would not receive. Hence the analogy. Mankind in every condition of life are governed by this immutable law; therefore is it to be wondered at that the framer of this and every other natural law should have more foresight than the puny being of his own creation; and under that foresight withhold from many and many, a blessing which angel clairvoyance pronounced as useless to man in his unregenerate and blind condition?

Again. Does the acute merchant present to the acceptance of his customer the best and most precious article at his first assay? We think not. And why? Simply because it is natural for man and woman to claim a choice, which oftentimes is unwisely based, and in its exercise has thus deceived him or herself. Now this experience is good; and so it is with man in the reception of God's blessings. Perhaps he shows fastidiousness, and treats with indifference that which was beneficently intended, but soon a suspension occurs, and then it is as during a suspension of health, a return to it is fully appreciated. And so it has ever been in the ordering of Almighty wisdom. The advent of Spiritualism has been deferred, until the minds of men have been daily preparing to accept that which is to revolutionize the world of mind and matter; until man shall become convinced that of himself he can do nothing. But as the sacred writer observed, "It is the spirit of God working within man, to will and do of his own good pleasure." Yes, this is the point man must be brought to; and then will vanish all those absurd and crude notions of his own incapacity to perform life's functions by and through his own imperfect will. This he will have to acknowledge as futile only so far as it is incompatible with Nature's laws. By them must he be bound and directed; and then he will require no paid priesthood to negotiate with a fabled Saviour to endorse or give him a free pass to the realms of ethereal bliss. But he will at once accept upon the conviction that the course marked out for him is so plain and well trodden, that no error can occur. And on his arrival at heaven's portals, he may feel that he is about to claim that which, through tribulation and suffering, he has at last attained—that condition where the weary and heavy laden can obtain rest in tranquility and happiness; but not that lazy retirement of spirit, useless to humanity or itself.

We think we have now answered your question; for God or Nature acts but upon the principle of universal equity in proportioning all his gifts and supplies to those who need them; and further express that need by a grateful acceptance of such supplies as will make them whole, and satisfied with each dispensation as presented.

Then who shall murmur at the doings of such a God? Who dare whisper discontent of one whose every thought seems directed toward the happiness and prosperity of erring, ungrateful man.

Yet has this holy being, been each moment of passing time, tacitly accused of cruelty, neglect and inattention to the wants of ungrateful man! Perhaps not directly in so many distinct words, but in spirit and in act emphatically so. For we would ask, what are the continual cravings of a Church communion? For renewal, increased and continuous benefits to be conferred, (not on the poor,) but upon those who are roving in luxury of every kind. Oommunicants as they are, whilst they are cramming down their greedy

throats luxuries of every kind, cry more loudly to feed their unsated natures. Should such be the conduct of the meek recipient of God's bounties? Is not the quiet heart-response or plaint more acceptable to our God of mercy?

Oh ye pampered votaries of Mammon! it is time indeed a change took place, and that saying be fulfilled, "The last shall be first, and the first shall be last." Yes, indeed, the law of compensation calls aloud to the poor but honest child of one common God and Father, to taste in his turn, not of luxury, but a sufficient supply of the necessities of life which have been wrested from him by the usurper of his rights; and thus a day of retribution be experienced by the sons of wealth—amendatory of these conditions—are they take their journey heavenward, strangers to that clime by them now unknown? Think you their reception will be flattering to their worldly vanity? Will the hand of purity and holiness be extended toward them? We opine not; for sympathy they never possessed, with angel purity, nor held intercourse with holy spirits. The erring soul will launch its bark upon the ocean of eternity, with no experienced hand to guide the rudder of its destiny.

Is this a picture soothing to the worldling's mind? We think it cannot be; but it's a truth, and therefore should be told; for truth can never err. And being told, may lead some poor benighted soul to investigate those spiritualistic truths spirits are ever ready to impart to suffering humanity.

And now may the light of Spiritualism reach and enlighten the minds of men throughout the universe of God. Amen.

No. 25 Mandrake street, Cleveland, Ohio.

## THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

Henry S. Chapman, Esq., has requested that I write and send to the BANNER OF LIGHT for publication my views of the ten commandments, to which he will reply by sending his views to the same paper for publication.

The ten commandments, by profession and pretension, are outwardly acknowledged as the special utterance of a Divine Personage of infinite capacities and dimensions, while, by the inner lives and real practices of the people, they are heeded no more than the voice of the multitude or the blowing of the idle wind. The ten commandments, given from Mount Sinai, as Moses claimed, and as the people proclaim, are the utterances of God. All that is spoken on every mountain and in every valley, in every town and in every city, God speaks. The voice of Moses and the voice of the people is the voice of God. In all the vast dominion of Nature there is not a sound that is not the voice of God. No sound can stand outside of God's infinitude. God is truth, and always utters truth. All that is written, all that is spoken, comes from the soul of things, and is inspiration, while all is not yet harmony, is not yet melody, is not yet understood as such. Every sentence of the Bible is true; true to the cause of its production, and so is every sentence of every book true.

Divinity is made manifest in the ten commandments in their obedience, and, also, more significantly in their disobedience. It is divinity that makes man put forth commandments in his blindness, and in the solemn earnestness of outward profession makes him try to keep them, and at the same time with irresistible power makes him violate them with his inner thought and secret life. The infinitude of God can stand apart from nothing. God is in obedience and in disobedience, in force, and in force that is against force, in the hateful and in the lovely deeds of men. The violation of the ten commandments, by secret thought or deed, is, in real virtue, common to all. The merit claimed for obedience and the demerit pronounced for disobedience is simply human judgment, which is to be outgrown before Christianity is gained. Some violate these commandments more openly, and others more secretly; which open violation indicates a more mature development, while disguise covers a more tardy development.

The drift of human actions, the current of human feelings, over which commandments have little if any influence, may lead to the unavoidable conclusion that the divine use of the ten commandments, unwitting to the people, is in their violation, not in their observance; it lies in the sins and sorrows, which come of the experiences that educate the soul, which their disobedience produces; not in the happy, tame and joyous experiences that come of physical successes in the perishing treasures and baubles that sensual life takes unto itself and lays up in consequence of their observance.

The soul is prior and superior to the physical body, which body the keeping of commandments alone benefits, protects, cherishes, embellishes, adorns. Divinity, in the breaking of commandments, spontaneously educates man's prior, superior and yet invisible being, which is greater, higher, nobler than his perishing body. So far as man's earthly well being is concerned, obedience to ten commandments is of importance; but, so far as his spiritual well being is concerned, disobedience to them is of greater importance.

The making of the ten commandments and the unexceptionable and universal breaking of them, in the whole land of the civilized world, is for the special purpose of giving pain and sorrow to the human world, which pain and sorrow alone can redeem the world from darkness, can lead the people from Moses onward and upward to Christ, can make the scales of selfish blindness fall from the eyes of the unselfish soul, so that God may be seen in every place and in every thing.

Commandments have done a cruel work. They have taken for their maintenance money and blood from the people. They have produced and supported everything which is commanded by them not to be. They have stolen human life and human liberty. They have made the slavery of the world. They have made our prisons, and filled them with men and women. They have made scaffolds and blocks of execution, and have furnished victims for them. They have created armies and navies for tolling hands to support, and have colored the earth and sea with the blood of human hearts. They have supported riches and continued poverty. They have made the oppressor and the oppressed. The governments of the earth are the dominions of the ten commandments, and Lucifer is the unseen commander. They have created the painful forebodings of hell, and a hell of earthly suffering is their dominion.

It is an invaluable experience, for the education of the soul, for every man in the civilized world to pass the ordeal of an earthly hell, created by having, obeying and disobeying the ten commandments, the chief of which is disobeying them, and for which end divinity has given them. "Thy will, oh God, be done." No man or people is perfectly trustworthy who lives and acts in the spirit of commandments. And every man and people who judges and punishes another by

the law of commandments, is, in their real nature, guilty of what they judge and punish others for.

Fear him who says, "Thou shalt not kill," for he has murder in his soul. He will go to war and kill, or he will go to law and hang the murderer. Look out for him who says, "Thou shalt not steal," for the nature that prompts the words will steal the best possessions of another man who stole, viz., his liberty, by imprisonment; and, also, he will steal, by *lawful* trade and *lawful* speculation, the last dollar of the widow or the orphan. Mark the man who says, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," for it is crude, adultery in his heart that prompts the utterance. He does not see it; he does not know it. He needs the curse of this commandment, and the curse of the violation of it, through long and painful experiences, it may be, to rid his soul of that for which he would give another the penalty for committing. He who says vindictively, as speaks the Church and State, "Thou shalt not swear falsely," is full of lies waiting for an exit; undeveloped falsities, whose character for truth is to be broken by committing the falsities he would punish another for.

It is not here intended to convey the impression that the ten commandments should not have been. They have been a necessity in Nature, a necessity to the condition of the human world, but for different uses than the world supposed; are of vast importance for the painful ordeals of their disobedience, which disobedience is their chief influence upon the people. They are divinely presented and divinely carried forward. Divine purposes come forth from deepest darkness, where the deeper use of the ten commandments is yet hidden from the outward sight of man, and the world will be slow to acknowledge it. But the purposes of wisdom are steadfast and immovable; and, though given often in darkness, will be revealed in light sometime in man's vast hereafter. Recognize the Divine Power that makes every thought, action and feeling in all the world; observe the thoughts, actions and feelings of the people; see what they are; see how they break the ten commandments; then ask—admitting God's omnipotence—what his purpose was in giving them to the people? and the answer comes, as the result has proved, that they were given to be broken.

## ORTHODOX "PLAN OF SALVATION."

I have been a reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT for more than a year past. I buy it at a book-seller's, so you will know I pay for it. While I am not prepared to accept all it contains, yet I regard it an intellectual treasure. In it are found liberal opinions and wisdoms to be publicly obtained nowhere else—so its perusal affords a rare pleasure. But it seems to me you are hardly sufficiently belligerent toward the blasphemous and illogical creeds of Orthodox phariseism. Their "plan of salvation," as it is called, demands a more thorough, unceasing criticism and exposure than has yet been given it.

They make their God all-sufficient in wisdom, foresight and other attributes, to create a world of mankind in the best estate. Also, they endow Him with justice, mercy, goodness, and a desire to do the best He can for His creatures. In this we agree. The true God is all this, certainly.

But with these attributes, they make their God create a world and endow it with humanity, his children. Having done this, He pronounces His creations good—in other words, perfect. Because nothing He would create, His attributes considered, could be otherwise. How then has the good—perfect—brought forth the bad and imperfect, so as to need a "plan of salvation"? Is not the tree known by its fruit?

Yet the Orthodox God soon sees that the work of His hands is bad. He repents that He made man, and is grieved at His heart. Thereupon a "plan of salvation" becomes necessary. He first proceeds to drown all mankind, except a family reserved for future seed. After the flood these propagate, and the race becomes worse than before the drowning.

Now comes the "plan" attributed to Him. He resolves to come into the world Himself, in the person of His son, and die to appease His own wrath against His own creations. He has not only made a premeditated botch of His work of mankind, but deliberately plans His own suicide to mend matters. It is none the less a suicide because third persons do the murder upon Him. He planned that murder and procured men to commit it. A man who procures another to kill him, is as morally guilty of suicide as though he had committed the deed with his own hand. Whatever is true with man is true with God as well, because absolute truth applies everywhere, to all degrees.

If the Son was not the Father, and was innocent of the creation, and the "plan," so much the worse. The Orthodox God purposely made a bad piece of work, and had an innocent person killed to gratify His rage at it. He further commits the illogical and barbaric atrocity of conditionally accepting the life of the innocent person for the guilt of others.

These are points, in my view, that cannot be sufficiently pressed home to the orthodox. Firstly, because their affirmation of them is blasphemous to the true God. Secondly, because they are totally illogical and untenable. Thirdly, because the children of God need to have inculcated into them a better and higher idea of their Sublime Father.

Pittsburgh, Pa., 1867.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIGHT AND HEAT.

BY RICHARD EDWARDS.

According to my information thus far, the philosophy of the evolution and evolution of light and heat has never yet been thoroughly explained. The old philosophy that light is the radiation of something from the centre outward, will no longer avail. Since radiation is the law of heat, and heat is the necessary counterpart of light, it is only reasonable to suppose that light proceeds by the law of attraction toward a centre—convergence, the counter to the law of radiation. If this idea is correct, then that something which is attracted toward the flame must pass outward through the eye, instead of passing inward, as by the old theory. I feel quite confident that this suggestion is correct, but am rather astonished at the backwardness which has not yet dared to cope with the old hypothesis. The powerful attraction of bright light weakens the eye toward the weaker or light, by exhausting the stock of nervous spirit; hence, on entering a shaded room, or when the light is in some other way diminished, temporary weakness of vision is the well-known sequence; the pupil must have time to expose a larger surface to the weaker attraction, and the stock of nervous fluid must be reinforced before the eye can be sufficiently sensitive to the diminished force of the demand upon it. The power of lamp-light over small insects, and the effect of sunlight on vegetation, are instances, so well known that no comment is here necessary; yet somehow the old theory that the eye receives light is still dominant. It is my opinion that light is almost identical with magnetism, and I am quite willing to concede before my fellow-men this theorem: 483 Third Avenue, New York City.

## A CRITICISM.

Editor of the Banner of Light:

Are you certain that your reporter gave a correct account of the organization of the New Church, on the 9th and 10th inst, called the MASSACHUSETTS State Association of Spiritualists? If so, we out here in New Jersey may congratulate ourselves upon our happy distance from the "hub of the universe." I am not a little surprised that, at so short a time from the birth of religious freedom, even before the first sounds of mutual joyous greetings have died upon the ear, we receive the thunder-stroke of horror, in the announcement that a CREED has been concocted and sent to all the Spiritualists of Massachusetts, for the future regulation of their thought and action, and thus the very life of Spiritualism is in peril by the same intolerant spirit which hung "medlums" in Salem, and drove out of the State whiffling and cruelly treating all persons who dared to differ in opinion from itself—that Mayflower spirit.

I did hope, and cannot give up the fond thought, that those who have escaped the crushing fangs of Christianity and "church cramps," would not again make fools of themselves and become the dupes of cunning Jesuitism, however specious the appearance of the artful deception. To be sure, I have heard of a "Society of Christian Spiritualists," but took no thought other than that they were only partial, and not perfectly developed; that so soon as their eyes were opened by the strong light of scientific (God's) truth, they would come all right; not immediately, not by sudden conversions, for that is not a doctrine of Spiritualism, but by *daring* to look into the horrible dungeon of religious ignorance which has long confined them in its sulphurous stench. But let us look at the creed of the MASSACHUSETTS STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS. They say that "they wish it known" that the above Society declare and teach the following:

Article 1st, The Spirituality of Nature.  
Article 2d, The Correlation, Equality and Universality of Law.  
Article 3d, The Spirituality of the Soul.  
Article 4th, The Equality of the Sexes, and the Moral Integrity of Sexism.  
Article 5th, The Humanity of Progress.  
Article 6th, The Eventual Fraternization of Nations.

The imposing display of pompous words composing the above creed, and the slight knowledge of their import possessed by most people, renders the task of analysis not so easy nor pleasant as might have been supposed. In the first place, what can we say of the spirituality of Nature? I, for one, am not prepared to go with Bishop Berkeley in denying a belief in MATTER, for I never ran against a post in the dark but I was reminded of the materiality of Nature. The unity of this materiality is not quite so clear as we would like to have it; perhaps it was written with "shut up eyes" and we would recommend the recommendation for reconstruction of the entire article.

The 2d article is, the correlation, equality and universality of law. The article does not state what law, nor any law, so we suppose it means natural law and not common child-flogging law, as practiced in that State by *education*. We will not examine the correlations of forces in Nature, to try and find out their actions in the case of immateriality, or, to be more precise, on spiritual things in a "church" view. Old theology has always recognized the correlativeness of God and the Devil, of good and evil, of right and wrong; however much we may differ in regard to equality in this matter, for some will be so radical as to give the devil the lion's share of power, and allow that evil has triumphed over good here at least, but say nothing about the universality of the law of nothingness, which is, I suppose, the meaning of the phrase in the articles. This whole subject has been too much for the greatest adept in natural science to fathom; although much has been written, yet the light is not sufficient for the complicated ramifications in so vast a field. I would, therefore, humbly ask the committee to take back this article with the first, until they know better what they talk about. I hope I shall not be considered censorious, but only inquiringly suggestive in this matter.

The 3d article, in the spirituality of the soul. From long and unbroken thought in this direction, we have formed our minds, or I should have said, our guardians have formed them for us, to believe that we have souls, and that those souls are immortal, never to be attacked in sickness, nor death, and were made to dwell forever in the presence of the "God of glory," that the material part alone, i. e. the body, suffered decay, sickness and death; so this being our educational life, we have taken for granted the immateriality of its Nature. I recollect that when, as a young man, I was speaking in Burlington or Bridgewater, I do not remember which, but at the close, an old clergyman rose and said, "Mr. President, am I to understand the lecturer that the immortal soul is material?" "He will probably answer for himself," was the President's reply. Upon the suggestion, I again took my standing position, and replied as follows: I am happy to notice that Zion has such a watchman upon her walls, ready to challenge any suspected invader of its sacred precincts. I did, sir, in the clearest manner that I could, set forth that idea; for I cannot conceive of an existence in which, as attributes, we place memory, love, hate, etc., as also identity of person, without an organization. Nor, can I conceive of an organization of nothing, for certainly if we claim immateriality for the soul, we rest our claim on nothing, and shall secure all we ask for. It may be said that we are miniature Gods, and as children, we are like our parent. Well, be it so; can any one suppose the immateriality of God? Such an idea may go with the personality of the Jew-God. But to an enlightened Spiritualist the soul must be material, and so must God, or the creative energy of eternal existence, that infinite power which extends through illimitable space, I have said so much on this subject, and shall be brief as possible in speaking of the 4th article, which is the only one I intend to notice. The 5th and 6th are of no great importance, so we pass them.

4th Article. The Equality of the Sexes, and the moral integrity of Sexism. In this article a belief is enjoined in the *Equality of the Sexes*. In this advanced age of mental illumination, I did not think that a person could be found so blind to all about him as to talk of the equality of the sexes. That is a matter which cannot be; the law, that great barrier, is directly in the way and cannot be set aside, so as to admit the masculine wish of such a change in nature. Who does not know, in spite of the prejudice and pride of education, that woman is the manifest of all the desirable qualities of the great first cause; that indeed she is the nearest visible to that creative energy called God? How then can you talk of equality, without showing your ignorance of *Love*? If it is meant that woman should be restored the rights she has so long been kept from exercising, by being made a domestic animal, through the strength of male force, then I am with you. I say she should be our equal in *all things* pertaining to civil rights; all that is useful in the affairs of life, or the government of nations. Allow her to be intrusted with a sensible education, remove the barriers to her filling professorships in any of the schools or universities, and you will never again hear of female inferiority, nor of equality of sex, but you will see professors/chairmen radiating with mental illumination, sending a benign and hallowed influence on the world, through the lovely teachings of a sister from that pure source of maternal affection, our ETERNAL MOTHER, GOD. Yours in Love, JOSEPH DIXON.

Jersey City, Jan. 28th, 1867.



## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.  
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39,  
Station D, New York City.

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

(Original.)

## AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

NUMBER TWELVE.

"I do not see," said Will, as he closed the door against a clever looking peddler, "why women are such fools as to patronize those roving vagrants with packs on their backs."

"Why Will," said Grace, "I do not know when I have been more thankful than when I saw our old visitor coming up the yard. I wanted some silk, and some embroidery cotton, and some needles and pins, and here they all are, just by the accommodation of that despised pack. All hail to peddlers, or travelling merchants, as I prefer to call them."

"Well said," said Aunt Zera. "I was just thinking I would ask Will to define that despised traveler's occupation. It seems to me that it is quite as respectable for him to accommodate us here, as for us to go to some counter and be accommodated. I believe it is the spirit in which any labor is done that makes it noble or ignoble."

"But, Auntie," said Will, "did you ever know of a peddler that amounted to anything? Are they not always ignorant, and—and not gentlemen?"

"Perhaps I shall play Yankee, and answer you by asking a question. Please define a gentleman?"

"Well, you know, Auntie, what I mean. Do you think that peddlers have much refinement?"

"I am sure they have the very best of opportunities for becoming refined. Nature is ever before them. I almost envied our merchant this morning as I saw him coming up the road through the frosty air. I thought what glorious sights he must have just left in the woods yonder. I fancied how his spirit was elevated as he turned to the wonders of Nature, and lifted his thoughts above his weariness into the presence of Infinite Beauty."

"Oh, Aunt Zera," laughingly said Will, "to find sentiment in old Peter's march through the snow! I'll venture he never thought of a thing but the very excellent bargain he made with Mrs. Smith, and to wonder just how much he could make out of you here with your faith all abounding, as the old hymn says."

"But, Will," said Grace, "I saw the old man's eye kindle in an instant as I said, 'the view must have been fine from the hill there.' I do believe he noticed everything, and that he took all the beauty in, and has it safe locked up like the pictures Auntie told us about."

"Well, I'll give up the case," said Will, "if Auntie can tell me of any great man that was ever a peddler. They are sordid Jews that want your money, and do not care in how small a way they get it. But come, Aunt Zera, put by Peter's yarn, and put on your thinking cap, and I'll venture that in five minutes I'll be out skating just because you have nothing to say."

There was a little pause, and Will looked triumphantly, when Aunt Zera began.

"More than two thousand years ago—"

"You don't mean so!" sighed Will, with a comic expression.

"Yes, far—far back—before the Christian era—a youth sat intently thinking. He had a noble face, beaming with intelligence. His benevolence was so great that it expanded his forehead, and made him look older than he was. There was nothing gloomy in his expression, but just at this time a shade of trouble sat upon his countenance. A friend came near him and rallied him on his gravity."

"Tell me that your affairs are more prosperous, and that at last you will drive away these evil thoughts, and enter again into those pursuits that give you such renown. Do you know they call you now the wisest head in all Athens?"

"I do love my studies," replied the youth, who was none other than Solon, "and I love my home, but I am resolved on leaving both."

"Not that wild scheme again?" said his friend.

"If I am wise in any sense," replied Solon, "then I must not be a fool. My father has wasted our patrimony. What folly in me to think to live in peace with debts pressing on me. What folly, also, in me to think to gain wisdom by remaining over in one place. I long to see the world. I long to hear of the wonders of other cities, to behold their beauty; but most of all, I desire to know what I cannot learn here."

"Then you do not mean," said his friend, "to forsake your studies?"

"I feel," said Solon, "as if I was about to begin them. What more noble study than human nature. I want to see men. I want to learn their customs, their laws, their thoughts. Yes, I am determined. My goods will be ready in a week. I only wait until the signs in the heavens arrange themselves for fine weather, and then farewell, my beloved Athens, and nearer, dearer, my own city, Athens. You shall never be ashamed of your son."

"Then you are determined to retrieve your fortune by merchandizing?" said the young man.

"It is an honorable occupation, and will give me great opportunities of meeting men and visiting countries. I have wisely chosen my goods."

"But why not send some one else with your goods, while you receive the profits?"

"A wise man will attend to his own affairs. Besides, I would not miss the great advantages of this journey for a dozen fortunes."

"If you will go—then a long and a good farewell!"

The shadows passed from Solon's face, for talking with his friend had given him renewed courage. He was no longer timid, for if he failed to gain wealth for his purse, he should surely win it for his mind.

And the great Athenian peddler—beg your pardon, Will—I believe Solon is one of your great men."

"I liked some things he did, Auntie, as I read of them in the history, but I do not see how you make him out to be a peddler."

"A travelling merchant who goes with his goods, is not that a peddler? Our Peter does no more or less. It was an honorable occupation no doubt, but it was entered into by the great Athenian with a spirit already well disciplined, and with a love of knowledge. His thought of trade was less than his wish to gain wisdom. Poor Peter said this morning, 'I did not think much of the color of that ribbon, but when I saw the sun rise over the mountain, and that's 'nearly what I come this way for, and to get a look at yere folks run' 'erp."

So, after all, the two travelling merchants had

the same object. But let me give you a little more of the history of Solon, one of the seven wise men of Greece.

He returned to his native country with wealth enough to satisfy him, and he was more than satisfied with the mental wealth he had gained. He had well improved his time and opportunities. He had studied not only the manners and customs of the nations that he visited, but their philosophies and literature. His spirit had opened like a beautiful flower that feels the touch of fresh breezes. He had become both poet and philosopher. He had searched ardently for knowledge, and had gained it.

He was welcomed back with great delight by his countrymen, for the nation was then in a sad condition. The Athenians had lost in their contests with neighboring States, and had become timid, and resolved not to attempt to assert their rights. They passed a decree that any one who should dare even to propose to renew hostilities should be immediately killed.

Solon determined to arouse his people in some manner. He composed a spirited poem, and assuming the manner of a mad-man, he rushed into the market place, mounted the herald's stone and recited it. The hearers caught his enthusiasm, and his friends applauded. They were roused from their timidity, and they resolved once more to assert their rights. They were triumphant, and Solon was greatly beloved and respected.

He determined to use his power wisely, and began to heal the differences of his people—for the rich and poor were at enmity, the rich trying to oppress the poor, and the poor seeking some change from their degraded, oppressed condition, which was little better than slavery.

Solon wished to gradually lead his countrymen to adopt willingly, and without contest, their reforms. Therefore he strove to prepare their minds for the new laws which he hoped to cause them to adopt. He sent for a famous man to come to his assistance in this course. This was Epimenides, of whom many marvelous things had been told. It was said that he went out in search for sheep for his father, when he was a boy, and entered a cave and slept fifty years. He then went among his friends, the Cretans, with great power to heal diseases, and with wonderful knowledge of plants and herbs. It is likely that he had spent many years in some quiet, retired place, and gained a good knowledge of nature, and her remedies. He also had a wonderful gift; we are told he could commune with spirits."

"Oh Aunt Zera," said Will, "how you do love to find humbug."

"I love to find truth. And I am glad to know that two thousand years ago, a good man had faith in God and angels; for according to a late teacher, faith is all that is wanting to give us such power. Epimenides was often entranced, and saw visions of heavenly things, and it was said that he had the power of sending his soul out of his body. He was what I should call a very excellent medium, a man that honored his gifts, that coveted spiritual things. In his visions, no doubt he entered very closely into sympathy with divine things, and for this reason, Solon knew that he was able to be a wise teacher to the Athenians of those truths that he wished them to learn."

The Athenians invited him to Athens, and he gave them religious and spiritual instruction, and lifted their thoughts above the petty contentions in which they had been engaged."

"Why, Auntie, I think you must be mistaken," said Will, "for Stephen says there's nothing better than talking with spirits to make people quarrel and contend. He says since old Deacon Jones got converted he's on the rampage all the time, and because everybody won't believe all he says, he calls them fools and hypocrites, and wishes them all sorts of evil."

"No doubt Deacon Jones shows his faith by his works, but I haven't heard that he had been admitted into the third heaven, or that he saw holy visions and opened his eyes with the glory of heaven still resting on them, making the earth radiant with beauty. Solon's friend and helper was a great and good man, and had a sincere faith in spiritual things. He considered his gifts as great powers of good, and so Solon considered them, and desired the Athenians to trust to his revelations and inspirations. The people became much attached to him, and when he left them they desired to heap honors upon him as a reward for the truths that he had revealed, but he refused to accept either honor or gifts. He considered his spiritual gifts too great to be bargained for—and left Athens as he came."

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He now enacted those laws that have made him forever celebrated. They were framed for the benefit of the suffering and helpless. He endeavored to place the power of government in the hands of the people, that they might form a nation governed by mind and not by force."

But like most men who toil for the benefit of others, he was misunderstood and distrusted, and after a time he was so disturbed that he determined to retire from public life and devote himself to the muses."

"That means he wrote poetry, does it not?" said Grace.

"Yes; the muses were believed to be spirits that inspired those who sought their influence. One of the best poems that has been preserved is a 'Prayer to the Muses.'"

"How unkind," said Grace, "to turn him away after he had done so much good."

"It certainly seems very hard, when one has toiled for the good of others, that he should meet with misunderstanding and reproach; but the man who can bear that and not grow nervous shows his true greatness. The reason the world does not understand its great men is because the world is not great enough. But after a time, true greatness is sure to be appreciated."

For example, here are we, two thousand years after his death, thinking on the virtues of a great man, and seeking to understand his success, and his failures."

"Poor compensation that, I should call it," said Will. "I prefer a present glory. I don't think I care what people think two thousand years hence."

"The life of a good man," said Aunt Zera, "does not go out like a candle. It seems to me like a little thread of gold, forever glowing, and shedding abroad light. If we cross this track of light, we get a glimpse of heaven. I can almost imagine that we here have caught up this golden thread, and by its light we can be made stronger and better."

"But, Auntie," said Will, thoughtfully, "if I believed that it was possible to be great, let my occupation be what it will, I should not be fretting as to what I would do; I'd chop wood if need be."

"Great thoughts must always come before great deeds. And now let me tell you something that I happened to find out about your poor peddler, Peter. He came around this way for the sake of

bringing those poor children at the almshouse some little gifts. They belong to the town, and so nobody thinks of doing anything for them, nobody but poor Peter, who could well afford to feel his fingers pinched, and his toes numbed, for the sake of the warm place in his heart. Do not despise any one for their occupation. I'll warrant that Peter's pack is lighter to him than some of the loads that the merchants you call gentlemen have to bear."

"Why did not you buy all the thread and needles that Peter had, Grace?" said Will, vehemently. "I believe I am a stupid fool, and that you women-folks are a deal wiser and better. I'll take a little run now and see if I can't overtake that pack, and make amends for my discourtesy, for I did slam the door in the fellow's face, didn't I, Grace? I wish you could say so."

"I think he imagined that it was the wind, for he nodded and smiled, and went on his way as if nothing had happened."

"The best return for an act of ill breeding is to do some act of love and tenderness to some one else. If you told Peter that you were ashamed of yourself, he would, perhaps, for the first time feel hurt. Let us follow up his good deeds and thoughtful kindness, by some gentle act to those he wished to bless."

(Original.)

## DIFFERENT METHODS OF WRITING.

It seems strange to us to hear of those who perform any kind of labor in a manner entirely different from what we are accustomed to perform it. Our way seems always the very best to us. For instance: the Chinese do not use a pen in writing, but a kind of brush made of rabbit skin. When they write they hold their pen in an upright position, and in what would be to us a most awkward manner. They write from the top to the bottom, commencing at the right hand corner, following perpendicular lines instead of horizontal. Of course the hand covers up entirely what has just been written. This would be to us a very awkward proceeding, but the Chinese find it very natural and quite easy.

It is quite singular that all the eastern nations write from the left to the right, except the Japanese and Chinese.

The ancient Greeks wrote alternately from right to left, and from left to right. Thus the pen was not obliged to travel over any space unoccupied, and the eye was not obliged to pass from one side of the page to the other, as is now necessary.

(Original.)

## THE DISCOVERY OF GLASS.

Pliny, an ancient writer, says: "Some traders had cast anchor at the mouth of the river Belus, in Phœnicia, having as a part of their cargo a quantity of soda in masses. The shore was sandy; some of the lumps of soda were used as supports to their kettles in the place of stones. The heat of the fire melted together the sand and the soda, and formed glass. This substance soon attracted attention, and was afterwards applied to many useful purposes."

When we think of all the beautiful ornaments that are made of glass, and the useful purposes to which it is now applied, we wonder how people ever got along comfortably without it.

The oldest glass windows now known, are to be found in the Church of St. Denis, in Paris. This was built in the twelfth century. Even as late as the sixteenth century window glass was very rare in dwelling-houses, but quite common in churches. Only three hundred years ago a window was a rarity!

## Miscellaneous Enigma.

Containing twenty-six letters.

My 10, 9, 21, 20, 16, 23, 19, 16, 11 was a king in the old time.

My 5, 4, 6 was a somewhat celebrated man's name, now in spirit-life.

My 26, 20, 12, 14, 23, 19 was a celebrated queen in ancient days.

My 3, 14, 15, 11, 13 is what some people are much afraid of.

My 17, 18, 19, 22 is a useful utensil in the culinary department.

My 9, 8, 1, 24 is used in devotional exercises.

My 25, 2 is a personal pronoun.

My 7, 4, 1, 26 should be the dearest spot on earth.

My whole is the exclamation of a persecuted man in his extremest need.

P. C.

Answer to Word-Puzzle in our last.

Contentment.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## EVER OF THEM.

BY DR. F. CASE.

"Ever of thee, I am fondly dreaming!"

Ever with thee I am living in love;

While my fond soul is silently toaming

With thoughts of that life that awaits us above.

Where the stars of the night look down on the billow,

And the low winds are wooing the summer flowers' breath,

And in slumber I lay my head down on my pillow,

I am dreaming of thee, and will dream on till death!

I have stood where the lights of dark eyes has been glancing,

And raven-hood tresses have flown on the air,

When looks that were felt, though unseen, were entrancing

The hearts that were sighing to win the soul there.

But I turned me away, for sadly and lonely

In dreams, my heart beating, was thinking of thee,

Ever the dearest and ever the only

That gleams o'er my soul like a star on the sea.

'Tis the dark hour of night, and I turn to my slumbers,

While above me thou floatest in radiant white,

And I hear the sweet music of song's wildest numbers,

And see all the tints of the Summer-Land's light.

I'll dream that I clasp thee so fond to my bosom,

And mingle my soul so sweetly with thine,

As Sharon's sweet rose and Isilly's fair blossom

Might tingle their fragrance in fondness divine.

Lafayette, Ind.

Self-confidence and faith are a power of mind that is not afraid of consequences; a feeling of security akin to heroism; a feeling of strength and power to control yourself and your surroundings; a power which says, Thus with the Lord, and it shall be done; a reality of mind that is not afraid of any power outside of itself to harm.

It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us wise.

## Correspondence.

## Spiritual Progress in Geneva, Ohio.

Having a little leisure at my command, I desire to let the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT know how the cause is prospering in this part of our State.

In July last, the "First Spiritualist Society of Geneva," was organized, and meetings have been held regularly once in two weeks, with one or two exceptions, since. We were favored first, with several lectures by O. P. Kellogg, of East Trumbull, Ohio, who is one of the pioneers of Spiritualism in this country. He is a trance speaker, and is doing a good work. He has a circuit over which he passes at stated intervals.

Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, of Cleveland, Ohio, has dispensed "the bread of life" to us on several occasions. She is a good speaker and test medium, and prescribes for the sick with wonderful success.

Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, of Hammon, New Jersey, spoke to the friends here six times, and all were well pleased with her lecture. Her health is very poor, and she is obliged to take the utmost care of herself, in order to keep up, and keep on in the good work in which she labors so successfully.

Dr. John Mayhew, with whom we corresponded at McGregor, Iowa, is pronounced by all to be one of the ablest lecturers who has ever spoken to the friends in this vicinity. He makes every thing plain and clear to the minds of all who will give him a candid hearing. His arguments are unanswerable. The great trouble is, those opposed to the doctrine of the "New Dispensation" cannot be got out to listen to our speakers. So far as I am concerned, all I ask is that the people hear what is said, and be induced to read the many good works that have been written with candor, giving the subject that thought which its importance demands. If they will do this, the result is sure and certain.

"Read and think for yourselves," is the motto, and do not pay any one to do your reading and thinking for you. Teachers should be employed, and well paid, for the laborer is worthy of his hire.

Who has not felt, as he sat in his pew Sabbath after Sabbath, that the person occupying the desk fell far short of his mission as a teacher? One can generally tell after the text is given out—if they are accustomed to attending church—the train of thought which the speaker will pursue. No new ideas relating to the every day duties and responsibilities of life are given. No new thoughts which might be suggested by the revelations which all departments of science are daily making, are heard; the "dead past and not the living present," being the theme they delight most to dwell upon. If ministers of the gospel would lecture upon the sciences, and lay before their audiences some of the many wonders which the handiwork of God presents to the gaze of man, they would be blessed with more intelligent, if not more earnest listeners than now.

Our Society owns a building known as Union Hall, which has been used for various purposes aside from those required by it. It is now proposed to add another story in the spring, and use this portion of it for holding our meetings only, and rent the ground floor for uses which may be required of it from time to time. I am firmly of the opinion that better lectures can be obtained in a hall dedicated and used solely for spiritual purposes; than in one used for a Town Hall—for dances; for law-suits; for exhibitions and such like purposes. The magnetisms thrown off by the mixed assemblies gathered at such places, exert a powerful influence upon many of our speakers. Mrs. Wilcoxson has often spoken of its effects upon her, and cited instances which tend to prove that the position taken in favor of using halls for the purpose indicated, and those alone, is correct.

Our Society has a choir, under the leadership of brother P. O. Olds, for the time it has been in operation, is hard to excel. Too much cannot be said in favor of organizing and keeping up, in all our societies, the singing department. The good influence of music upon the minds of those within its hearing, all admit. We urge upon the friends everywhere to organize themselves into societies on the plan often suggested in the BANNER, and join heartily in helping on the great cause. We have God and the angels on our side, and who can doubt the final issue. Let us all strive to lead upright and purer lives in the sight of our reason, and in the sight of the unseen friends who are always with us, ready and willing to assist us in all good undertakings.

Yours in the cause of truth,

MRS. NANCY H. CROWELL.

Geneva, Ashland County, Ohio, January, 1867.

## The Progress of our Cause.

Once more I resume my sketchings for the BANNER, having last reported from Westfield, N. Y. Passing on from thence, I stopped at Harbor Creek on my way, giving two lectures the Sunday I spent in that place. There are a number of earnest, whole-souled believers in the town, and the Methodist Church has been frequently occupied by such speakers as can labor on small pecuniary terms for the spread of the cause. Only a few are ready to bear the burden of pecuniary responsibilities, but truer hearts never beat than some I found here. I hope that all lecturers passing through, on the Lake Shore Line, will remember this point.

At Geneva, Ohio, I spent five Sundays and gave twelve lectures to fair and attentive audiences. Before I left, the society formed a promising choir, and intend to remodel their hall soon, with a view to permanent meetings. A good degree of harmony prevailed among the friends here, who are of the best minds in the place. Here I met the Davenport sister—Mrs. Coley—and was present at two sances, in which the usual manifestations occurred; and it is certain that the most inveterate skeptics are silenced by the to them inexplicable facts. On one occasion, I am informed by friends who were present, one spirit commenced singing through the trumpet, and, without any interruption of the music, another spirit of the band, named Hattie, called out, "That's not me singing; it's May." The medium was most tightly bound by the spirits themselves, and musical instruments were played upon while floating in the atmosphere entirely beyond her reach, the guitar being marked with phosphorus, as well as the medium's dress, so that their precise relation to each other might not, in the absence of light, be disputed. Hands were placed upon the heads of different individuals, bracelets of ribbon were braided with great ingenuity, in an incredibly short space of time for the labor bestowed, and explanatory addresses were given by the controlling spirit in the most forcible and philosophical language. Mrs. Coley seems a modest, unpretentious lady, and I have, as yet, seen nothing on her part derogatory to her high and holy mission. Long may she continue to walk the furnace of mediumistic trial, unscathed in the armor of truth.

Whilst in this place we laid away the beautiful

form of another glorified child—the third one adopted by the family of Mr. Battle, whose unostentatious love and goodness to these motherless or unfortunate babes will wake many an answering chord of music in the world beyond, and return upon their heads the blessings of accordant hosts.

"Go and do likewise," oh ye whose wealth has become a clog and burden. "Go and do likewise," ye who have strength and blessings to give, that "these little ones" may shine forth in your crown of redemption and light the world in its millennial way. How much can be done in this way for poor, starving, unloved children of this selfish age!

In Painesville and Chagrin Falls, O., I found an abiding interest in the cause, and lectured in each place two evenings. Passing on to Muncie my labor of four Sundays was rewarded with a quiet but hearty cooperation on the part of the friends, who have now secured a hall and fitted it up for permanent use. This is one of the places where they fling out their banner to the public gaze. A hall was engaged and two courageous and courteous ladies started out, after the fashion of other societies, to solicit funds "to fit up the hall for spiritual meetings." A few "hardshells" looked daggers and dealt in explosives, but the progressive spirit of the place politely and cheerfully booked a snug little sum, through the gentle and persuasive pleadings of the sisters, and while the offended minister of the Presbyterian Church was denouncing the ladies as "the devil's agents," the work continued to increase in every direction. There seems a beautiful state of pater-nity in this society, which is the secret of the present success. Everything is done to promote good feeling, and the Weekly Aid Society, combining the social, swells the contents of the treasury, at the same time that it gives healthy recreation and increases the influence of the order. Our meetings were well attended by earnest listeners, who were not only attracted by the philosophy, but by the sweet music of our trinity band, composed of our good president and the faithful Misses Mong, whose charming voices were, to me, as the harps of the glorified.

Onward! and the train sets me down at Terra Haute, Indiana, for another four Sundays. Was obliged to lecture in the old Court House, now deserted by its original occupants, and bearing its magnetism of crime. I could well appreciate the angelic love that shall yet rescue every soul from the meshes and toils which are spread in its path. I can well realize what a sifting of these factious elements must take place in the inauguration of the New Era. And I welcome it to Spiritualism as well as to the other isms, for it is preliminary to a more harmonious state.

Closing my eleven lectures in Terra Haute, I am now here in answer to "the Macedonian cry," which has been more recently called forth by the healing powers of one Mr. Buffington, of Mechanicsburg, Ohio. Mr. B. is a very unpretentious man, but has certainly proved himself a healer of no ordinary merit. Quite a number of cases might be reported in this section as confirmation of his power. One is the case of a little boy suffering from bone-disease and obliged to walk with crutches. He is now, after two or three treatments, entirely cured, and out on skates.

This place is about twenty miles west of Terra Haute, and, though the Orthodox element largely prevails, sufficient interest is awakened to warrant lecturers in stopping here; indeed, great good might be effected. Dr. Carl is the only active and outspoken friend of the cause here at present, but the field is whitening to the harvest.

Paris, Ill., Jan. 17, 1867. M. J. WILCOXSON.

## Correspondence in Brief.

JACOB RUMMEL, CENTREVILLE, IOWA.—My whole soul sympathizes with universal suffrage and universal peace, and the latter, in my opinion, can only be obtained by the former.

Dr. Mayhew has been lecturing here, and I assure you he has left a mark. He speaks with power, dealing very gently with the errors of the past, having due respect for the views and opinions of others who differ from him. This, in my opinion, is as it should be, the good results of which will be sooner or later realized. This is the example of the Nazarene. If the sublime doctrine of our philosophy cannot be taught without denunciation and bitter denunciation with those differing from us, it had better not be taught.

J. W. KINNAMAN, M. D., ASHLAND, O., claims that Spiritualists may differ in their views, as well as other people, about the abolition of slavery.

WILFRED WYLLIES, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The absorbing topic amongst the good people of this region at present is the temperance movement, which is going on with vigor all over the State. I find that all the Spiritualists are for tobacco and anti-whiskey men and women. If any one asks, "What has Spiritualism done for mankind?" I answer, "It has made them pure of body and pure of mind. It has lifted them out of degrading and filthy habits, and taught them charity, temperance, benevolence, and brotherly love, and its mission is only begun. It has in its centre the essence of truth which will conquer, reconstruct and regenerate the world. It is fighting its way like a wind-storm against the greed, the vice, the prejudice, the organized selfishness of the human race, and it will conquer."



## Notes by the Way—Letter from Dr. Willis.

DEAR BANNER—I have just closed a very satisfactory engagement in Providence, R. I. If large audiences, warmly responsive to a speaker's highest utterances, constitute a successful engagement, that may be ranked as one.

The friends in Providence are a wide-awake, warm-hearted, noble people, and it is seldom that a lecture engagement has afforded me more satisfaction than this one. It was with feelings of deep regret that I bade adieu last evening to one of the finest audiences I ever addressed, but the regret was tempered with the pleasant anticipation of a renewal of our relations to each other in April next.

The friends in Providence seem to be in a very united, harmonious and prosperous condition, and I assure you it was delightful to me to feel no far in the spiritual atmosphere; to feel no troubled waves of discord and antagonism rolling in upon me, shutting me off from the sympathies of my audience, and rendering me unfit to receive the inspirations of the angel world. Much of the Quaker spirit of peace and harmony seemed brooding over our gatherings, and many of us thought we had glimpses of the radiant forms of the ministering ones who made their beautiful presence felt in the glow of our hearts, as we rejoiced together in the divine principles of the living Gospel we profess.

They have a large and very prosperous Lyceum in Providence, which seems to be in fine working order. I was unable to visit it as often as I would have liked, from the fact that my duties in New York necessitated my making the trip between the two cities every week, and as the month has for the most part been very inclement, it frequently happened that I did not reach Providence till nearly noon on Sunday. One Sunday, I had to leave the steamer, which got ice-bound, and walk five miles over the ice, in order to get to the city in season to meet my afternoon engagement. But I saw enough of their Lyceum to know that it is most successfully managed. In their marching, I noticed some innovation upon the regular plan. For instance, the national flag is carried by the Assistant Guardian, who is preceded by the Guardian, bearing a large silk flag, of snowy purity, with a heavy gold bullion fringe. And the members of the groups, instead of carrying the small national flag, carry white flags with different mottoes. In other respects, I believe the Lyceum is conducted after the original plan. I was told that the national flag had been thus largely discarded, because it was looked upon by many as the blood-red symbol of war, and therefore unfit to represent or symbolize the beautiful precepts of a gospel of peace, such as Spiritualism claims to be.

The friends there are now busily engaged making arrangements for an annual fair and festival, which they hold in February, for the benefit of their speakers' fund. This has heretofore been with them a very successful institution, rich in profit and pleasure.

Nor are our Providence friends by any means absorbed in their own selfish pursuits. Their hearts are ever responsive to the wants of suffering humanity. Not long since they raised the funds necessary for giving an old lady a comfortable home for the remainder of her days, in the Old Lady's Home of Providence, one of those noble benevolent institutions of modern times. And during my engagement with them, they gave a public entertainment in their fine hall, for the benefit of a poor medium, sick, and a stranger in their midst, whom scarce any one seemed to know anything about, save that she was ill and destitute. It is by such deeds as these that the beauty of Spiritualism is demonstrated to the world.

It gave me great delight to read, in a recent number of the BANNER, of the success our friends are achieving in Springfield, Mass. I was there two Sundays in November last, and it will be a long time before I forget those meetings. One afternoon in particular the spirit was poured out upon the audience in a manner that I have seldom seen equaled, and all felt that we had truly a Pentecostal season. I regretted exceedingly that I could not spend more time with them, but it was by the merest accident that I was enabled to give them those two Sundays. Many thanks, Brother Williams, for your welcome assurance that those two Sundays are not forgotten.

It is most cheering to note the signs of active life in our cause. Now places are everywhere being occupied, and old places where the friends had become lukewarm, and in many instances discouraged even to the discontinuance of meetings and the abandonment of all effort, are being revisited by a season of refreshing from on high; and everywhere I read the signs of a great reawakening. If I can trust at all my perceptions, I believe we shall soon have a mightier outpouring of spirit power than the world has yet known.

This world is becoming rapidly educated in spiritual things, and the world of spirit is thereby enabled to come constantly into closer rapport with it. Men are everywhere wishing to know of Spiritualism. It is everywhere discussed, in the counting-room, the rail-car and at the fireside. Never were mediums in such demand. They are even advertised for in the New York Herald.

"Wanted.—A medium for spiritual manifestations, who will hold two circles a week," &c.

What does all this mean? Simply this: The heart of humanity is hungering and thirsting for this bread of life brought by angel hands. Long has it starved upon the husks of theological teachings, striving to nourish itself upon the stale manna of the past, like the Israelites of old, forgetting that the Divine mandate is that it should be gathered fresh every day, until in the last extremity of spiritual starvation they have cried out for the living fountains.

That cry the angel world has heard, and its efforts to respond are being felt by all classes of men, and hence the wide-spread interest in this subject; hence the agitations of thought upon it. Men's minds are being acted upon, they know not how or by what power, and they are impelled to turn their attention to these things. We who are engaged in disseminating these truths, who spend a large portion of our time in rail-cars and on steamboats, and who stand before large audiences on Sundays, have rarer opportunities than most men for feeling the pulse-beats of the people; and we know of what we affirm, when we say that never were the truths and facts of Spiritualism in such demand as to-day, by all classes of people. And I offer as proof positive of this assertion, the fact that there has been a general revival of proscription and abuse on the part of the so-called religious world. You can scarce take up a religious paper that does not contain a lengthy tirade against Spiritualism, and the most of them are so stupidly, so senselessly written that a child ten years old ought to be whipped for perpetrating such composition.

I am convinced that if Spiritualists themselves were only alive to the exigencies of the hour, we might see our cause asserting its triumph and demonstrating its power as never before. I see that in Bro. Peabody's Department of the BANNER there is mention made of a flower manifestation that occurred in my presence at the house of a friend in this city. In my next communication I shall have something to say regarding that singular phenomenon. Till then adieu.

FRANK L. H. WILLIS, M. D.

New York, Jan. 28, 1867.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,

ROOM NO. 2, 2D STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE. CHARLES H. CROWELL.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LUTHER COLBY,

EDITOR.

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

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

## About Hell and Infants.

Once in about so often, a sort of speculative and dogmatic discussion (much mixed,) springs up concerning the locality and character of hell, its furnishings, its inhabitants, and their occupations. We have recently read a review of the whole subject of "Infant Damnation" in the Universalist, published in this city. It was called out by the editor of that paper from an Orthodox clergyman, profoundly versed in the tenets of the Calvinistic authors, who asked to be informed all about this fearful dogma, and if it ever was an accepted portion of the "evangelical" faith. The answer was, that "we evangelists laugh at such a question;" that there is no warrant for affixing such a stigma to their faith; that proof of the existence of such a point of faith in all their theological literature was asked for by Lyman Beecher, but he never got an answer to his demand. This reply, in its general and its details, is reviewed by a Universalist clergyman in the columns of the paper alluded to. He expresses his surprise that such a flat and full denial is presumed to be made, when it is notorious that the point has always been regarded an article of the Orthodox or Calvinistic faith.

And the reviewer takes up this denial and proceeds to refute it in its several particulars. He cites the writings of old Dr. Bellamy, an acknowledged light in New England Congregationalism, to show that this atrocious dogma was received in his day, in all its horrid meaning. Dr. Bellamy excuses the procreation of children by Godly parents, expressly on the ground that their character is likely to save their posterity. He further remarks on this subject, that "those who die in infancy may as justly be held under the law, in the next world, as those that live in this." Dr. Jonathan Edwards, who is held in the highest esteem by Congregationalists at the present day, likewise held to the "imputation of Adam's sin." Edwards fully believed in infant damnation, holding infants to be just as guilty as Adam was. Calvin himself, in refuting Michael Servetus, who was burned at the former's instigation, attacked him vigorously on this very ground, that he did not hold that hell yawned for infants, as well as others, who were not personally, but only imputedly, guilty of sin. Tanetius, a Calvinistic writer who died in 1737, whose Institutes are used by the Orthodox clergy, to this day, as a text-book, says distinctly, "The Orthodox Church has always held the doctrine of the damnation of infants."

Now suppose we look at the Confession of faith, made by the "Westminster Assembly" of divines, in the seventeenth century; which Confession was afterwards adopted by the New England Orthodox Church at Cambridge, in 1648, and reaffirmed by the Orthodox Congregational Council, held in Boston, in 1855. That document affirms that infants are damned unless elected either through their parents or by grace. Its chapters are full of both hints and assertions to this effect. An article was prepared for the Christian Examiner, and filled with quotations from this source, going to prove the fact of the creed which Dr. Beecher challenged a proof of, and he in vain attempted to bring discredit on them all. But his effort only extorted shakes of the head from those who held to it, as well as from those who did not.

And now about this Hell which is a fundamental point of Orthodox faith, although its professors are ashamed to be heard admitting it. A volume has recently been published in London, by a Rev. Mr. Furness, giving a description of this dreadful place. This Mr. Furness, be it known, is a Catholic priest. The title of his book is "The Sight of Hell," which we should judge ought to bear his "reverend" eye-balls. The devil himself should shudder and quake to peruse his description. "Hell," says he, "is boundless; its plain is of red-hot iron; its rivers fathomless streams of seething pitch and sulphur. Take the least spark from Hell, throw it upon the ocean, and in a moment it will dry up all the waters and set the whole world in a blaze." He says, also, that if it were possible to snatch a body out of it, and lay it on the earth, "the stench would be so overwhelming that everything would wither and die." This writer condescendingly announces that his book is specially intended "for children and young people, who are often lost for want of being early smitten by terror." They will not fail to be most direfully smitten, if they follow his advice and read his awful book. Now is not all this as horrible as it is possible for the human mind to conceive? We read nothing in the life of barbarism any worse than this. Orthodox accepts and embraces it as an article of faith, although ashamed and afraid to publicly preach it. Is it not true that humanity was injected into religion, and the divine love made the inspiration of our common faith?

## Radical Lectures.

The Parker Fraternity have arranged for a course of lectures on religion, to be delivered in their hall, 551 Washington street; and they are truly of the radical kind, judging from the two which have already been given. Most of the lecturers are ministers who are too liberal and large-souled to be longer held in spiritual bondage by the illiberal creed and dogmas of high-toned and scarlet-robed Unitarianism.

Rev. C. A. Bartol, D. D., of the "West Church Society," of this city, gave the first lecture in the course. It was a grand and noble exposition of his broad and liberal ideas. The Doctor can see with a clear eye the truths of Spiritualism and feed from its fount of knowledge.

Rev. Francis Ellenwood Abbott, of Dover, N. H., who gave the second address, was so radical as to assert that if Unitarianism could not advance from its present narrow and illiberal position, the sooner it went down the better. From the whole tenor of his discourse it is evident that Mr. Abbott's soul is seeking for a goal which he will find nowhere except within the broad enclosure of the Spiritual Philosophy—to which the liberal world is fast tending.

## A Chance for Kindness.

Authentic reports make it appear that there are districts of territory in most of the Southern States, hundreds of miles square, whose population is at the present time famishing for want of food, and suffering almost the last extremities for lack of shelter. These extensive districts, thus smitten by the visitations of want, are to be found in both the Carolinas, in Georgia, in Alabama, and in Mississippi. The people are suffering for food and shelter without regard to their classification, the former masters being placed on a level with their slaves in this respect, and the poor whites being reduced to a destitution they never dreamed of in their very worst estate before.

Now there is no question that all this was brought upon them remotely by the war; or, if that mode of statement suits better, they brought it upon themselves. They are just about to be given over to the mercy of famine, which usually does not fail to decimate its victims. If they are left to themselves, and no relief is tendered them, they are certain to die by the thousands, tens, and hundreds of thousands. We shall then, for the first time, have an Ireland in America, from whose horrors we should turn away with sickness at heart. So fearfully reduced are these doomed people at this time, their ministers are leaving them for the moment and hastening to the North to acquaint our people with the details of this terrible retributive. They describe their condition as surpassing even the worst which we are able to conceive. Men and women who have heretofore been in the enjoyment of plenty, as well as blacks and whites whose living has always sufficed for them without costing them any solicitude, are on the verge of starvation.

A mayor of a little town in South Carolina appeals to the charity of the people of Boston. A Northern clergyman writes to the New York Tribune that there are lines of straggling population all around Atlanta, in Georgia, who are making such shelter as they can for themselves out of bits of canvas, old boards and scantling, and the tents that were torn from the roofs of that destroyed city, and living in them the best way they can. As for clothing to cover their nakedness and protect them from the weather, they fasten upon their persons the worn and ragged relics of a few years' war, securing old, cast off shoes to their feet by strings and strands of rope, and displaying a looped and windowed scantiness that is but a sad premonition of the near approach of a more dread visitor. Hundreds of thousands of people, it is prudently estimated, will fall victims to want, if we of the North do not make haste to relieve them. They raised no meat, and produced nothing to buy meat with. Their corn crops were a failure, almost a complete one. First the late frosts cut down the plants, and then the floods washed away the greater part of what remained. Throughout the Southern territory it was set down on all sides as one of the most disastrous years known.

There are those who are quick to say that all this is but vengeance visited upon them for their crimes and errors. Such must feel that they possess greater authority to judge others than we do. We will not admit with Mr. Beecher, that the opportunity is now given us to wreak a sort of "exquisite vengeance" on them, by showing them the kindness they crave. Such is furthest from the inspiring motives of our religion. We behold in them all, black and white together, only our suffering, famishing brethren. The very Indians whom we kill because we hold them to be too barbarous to live near us, would put all our revengeful thoughts to shame; they would willingly share with these sufferers the measure of parched corn which is to lessen their own supply for the winter. Let us, then, take a timely lesson from the Indians. A large relief meeting has been held in New York, and one is projected for Boston. To make our charities effective, the aid which we organize must extend over the entire North, every village, town and city contributing of its abundance. The food and clothing that goes forward must go by the millions of dollars worth. It is almost an entire population that is to be made the recipient of our kindness.

What is done must be done quickly. It is the best test, too, of our charity that it get up and make a positive and strenuous exertion, showing its character for vigor and earnestness. Never had a triumphant section of a country such an opportunity to convert recent foes into permanent friends and brethren. Never was a nobler means of punishment held out to one half a people, the nobler if they do not choose to regard it in that light. It really seems providential, to such as believe in the interpositions of Providence, that we should be summoned so soon to relieve from a slow death the very people whom we have been trying to kill. We are taught a lesson by this, as well as they. Let us not fail to heed it, either. We should banish everything like animosity in a time like this. Let us only remember that we are all brethren, all of one nation, all members of a common family. We cannot leave our own kin to die of want at our doors.

## John Bright and the Reformers.

It is charged by the Tories of England that the speeches of John Bright come as near to open revolution as anything of the kind can come; but that may be because matters at large are in such a state that no one of mark can well express himself in opposition to the government, without being guilty of the political crime thus imputed to him. The recent speeches of Mr. Bright, both in Ireland and England, leave no Englishman in doubt concerning his sentiments, or his purposes whenever the time may come to put them in practice. He leads the opposition everywhere in the United Kingdom now. On the same side are such honored names as William E. Gladstone, Thomas Hughes, J. S. Mill, and others, to merely mention which will make a tory either grow pallid or angry.

The fact about the matter is, Englishmen—by which term we mean the great body of laboring and thinking Englishmen—demand an extension of the franchise. Grant them that, and the results which of course will come of it, and the government itself is practically changed. It is that which so excites the apprehensions of John Bull. He knows too well what is to come of all this agitation. He dreads to have power pass from his own hands into that of the people. A usurper from the beginning himself, he is afraid that others would play it the same game, and beat him. But the form and spirit of the English government is certainly to be revolutionized, and that, too, by the people themselves.

## Dr. L. K. Cooley.

Dr. Cooley returns to Vineland, N. J., the first of February. During the winter he has been lecturing and healing in New England, but mostly in Massachusetts. He has just closed a second engagement in Chateaufort, where his audiences were quite large, and his discourses satisfactory. Next Sunday, Feb. 7th, he speaks in Morrisania, N. Y. He is an earnest worker for the good of humanity. Success attend him.

## The New Movement.

The great success of the Convention of the Massachusetts Spiritualists, held in Tremont Temple the 9th and 10th ult., resulted not only in uniting the various cliques and parties of Spiritualists for one common object—sending an agent to disseminate the fundamental truths of Spiritualism through every village and hamlet in the Commonwealth—but in raising a large fund on the spot, not by the passage of resolutions, recommendations and the like, but by persons handing to the Secretary the genuine "greenbacks."

Many gentlemen who contributed to the fund, not satisfied with giving ten dollars for themselves, passed in ten more for their "better halves," and the ladies, in many instances, returned the "practical joke" by contributing for themselves and husbands. A lady, after giving five dollars for herself, added five dollars more for "her husband in the spirit life." This was all done in a spirit of earnestness truly commendable. But we must weary not in well doing, for more funds are needed to put a number of laborers in the field to meet the growing demand and call for them from all parts of the State. One or two are not sufficient—more than that number, of both sexes, should already be at work. Also a reliable text medium—for the elucidation of our divine philosophy by lectures only, is not always sufficiently potent to awaken the soul of unbelievers; they must have the truth made clear to them by positive proof through the phenomenal phase of Spiritualism. The Corresponding Secretary, Geo. A. Bacon, No. 1 Boylston Market, Boston, to whom all funds are sent, is patiently waiting your action, friends. Several Children's Lyceums have contributed well and promptly of their spare funds.

Fathers and mothers who in the past have contributed their fifty or one hundred dollars to support churches, can you not do as much for the cause you now hold so dear? Many persons live in the back towns and the villages throughout the State, who know nothing of the truths and evidences of our philosophy, and those who are thus blessed with such knowledge should aid others to find it; and through this Association we can do much. Send in your contributions, friends, so more laborers can be put into the field at once. A splendid opportunity presents itself, and, like the zealous Catholics, our hearts and pockets must be put into the work. The State of the Puritan fathers must be redeemed. In the record of its deeds may their be found enrolled the name of every true Spiritualist as aider in this grand and glorious movement.

## Daniel Home Lyon, the Medium.

A London letter relates the following spiritual manifestation through this remarkable medium:

"Several weeks since Mr. Home, the noted Spiritualist, was in company with Mr. Fechter, the eminent tragedian, who is a Spiritualist, when suddenly his hand stretched itself out, and his forefingers pressed forcibly against Mr. Fechter's breast. The latter gentleman bade him remove it, as the pressure hurt him, but Mr. Home could not for the time, and when he did the spot on the bosom of the tragedian's shirt was found covered with blood. This appeared the more singular as there was no blood either on Mr. Home's finger or Mr. Fechter's chest, and while they looked at it the stain disappeared. The table then commenced rearing and reeling, in imitation of a horse, and presently Mr. Home declared that he was impressed with some impending danger to Mr. Fechter on horseback. The tragedian afterwards went to Germany, and was near the seat of war. One morning—weeks after the occurrence above mentioned—when his horse was brought up as usual, a shuddering seized him, and under an unaccountable presentiment, he ordered the horse away, saying he would not ride. A friend borrowed the horse the same morning, and a few hours after was shot through the breast. Persons of undoubted veracity attest the fact that the first part of it was told in several circles before the sequel came out."

Another letter from London, in speaking of the good fortune which has recently befallen Mr. Lyon, says:

"He was perfectly penniless and in great trouble; he clung to the valuable presents he had received—keepers he would scarcely have parted with to keep him from starving; and his expectations of property from the estate of his wife were only at the end of a tedious litigation. At this juncture a rich old lady, and an entire stranger, adopted him for her son and heir. She gave him twenty-four thousand pounds in cash just for his immediate needs, and a few days ago handed him his Christmas box of six thousand pounds—thirty thousand dollars. 'Why,' said he, telling of this little token of maternal affection, 'it is like a fairy tale, isn't it?' And the best of it is that adopted son and adoptive mother are entirely delighted with each other."

## How to Make War.

We so seldom find wisdom and truth manifest in the political partisan press of the day, that when we do read an article bearing directly upon the welfare of humanity, we like to give it an extra circulation. The extract is from the Pulsaski, N. Y., Democrat:

"If the people of the United States like war better than peace, let them pay well those who are most active in war. Let them pay Generals \$10,000 to \$18,000 a year, and the highest honors. Elect them to the first offices, civil as well as military. Let the people shout and applaud them, when they appear in public."

Follow the above directions, and they will find plenty of men who will labor hard and use all their influence to raise a war as often as the people can earn money to pay for it. If people wish to be killed—if they wish to have their fathers, sons, brothers or other friends killed—let them see that they pay well those who are most active in that kind of employment. If the people prefer peace and prosperity, let them pursue the opposite course, and pay and honor those who advocate peace; and be determined to exert their influence to prevent any warrior or advocate of war from obtaining civil offices. Take care that military men are kept in their place, where they can have no direct influence in the government, and depend on it war will be unfashionable, and cease."

## Notice to Lecturers.

The change of address of speakers, and notices of meetings, which do not reach us until the last of the week, do not appear in the next issue preceding their arrival, for the reason that we go to press every Thursday night. We make this explanation, because we often receive letters asking why the publication of such notices are delayed. When they arrive the first of the week, they always appear in the next week's paper. This will be readily understood, when we inform those who do not know that the BANNER is issued every Monday morning, although it bears date of the following Saturday. This dating weekly newspapers ahead of their day of issue is a very questionable practice, in our estimation; but as it has become a custom with most of the city weeklies, our publishers are compelled to run in the same groove.

## M. C. Bent in the Field Again.

In a note from Mr. Bent, dated Pardeeville, Wisconsin, he says: "There is a great and growing interest in the cause of Spiritualism in this region. Many have declared themselves sick and tired of the crude dogmas of the old theology, and are earnestly and candidly investigating the principles of our philosophy. My time is divided between Marcellon, Pardeeville and Oshago."

## Our Lecturers.

Miss Lizzie Doten is engaged to speak in Mercantile Hall, in this city, the Sunday afternoons of the month of March. Mr. A. T. Foss has been laboring in Portland for the last month with most gratifying success; quite a revival in regard to Spiritualism is manifest there. Mr. Foss goes to Plymouth during this month, where A. E. Carpenter did good service in January. Mr. Carpenter informs us that the Children's Lyceum in Plymouth is flourishing finely. Mr. C. has been speaking in Worcester since he left Plymouth. He is an earnest laborer in our cause, and is already a favorite speaker. Mrs. O. Fannie Allen spoke in East Bridgewater last Sunday. She is fast developing as a trance speaker, and will soon take high rank with her co-laborers in the field. Miss Nettie Colburn speaks in Mechanics Hall, Charlestown, the two last Sundays of this month. Mrs. S. A. Horton is instructing the people of Newton in the Spiritual Philosophy.

## Mrs. Taber—New Bedford, etc.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. C. F. Taber, (formerly Mrs. Works,) a well known lecturer on Spiritualism, who has been out of the field for some time past, has decided to resume her labors again in that capacity. Her address is New Bedford. Friends, see to it that she is kept at work. She will go wherever called; there is enough for her to do, and laborers are scarce.

In a letter to us, dated Feb. 4th, she says, "Yesterday we listened to two able, eloquent and logical lectures from Bro. E. S. Wheeler, agent of the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists. He has struck the first blow with the sledge-hammer of spiritual truth, in this city, through this new mission, and I earnestly hope it may break the flinty rock of doubt and unbelief, and prepare the way for the full display of the spirits' redeeming power in this city and vicinity. I hope he will feel it his duty to stop here another Sunday."

## Paine Celebration in Charlestown.

The annual commemoration of the birthday of Thomas Paine, (130th), was celebrated in Charlestown by a grand ball, on the 29th ult. A full account is given in the Investigator. These celebrations are honorable and praiseworthy, justly says our contemporary, for a Patriot, Statesman and Reformer, Paine richly deserves such a testimonial of respect for his valuable services and labors, which were not popularly appreciated, because he attacked prestatist and superstition, as well as kingcraft, despotism, and the "right divine to govern wrong." He was no half-way innovator on abuses and errors, whether entrenched in church or state, and so he made thorough work with them all, scattering them to the winds, and gave to the American Republic (as much, if not more than any other man) the great blessings of Political and Mental Freedom.

## Jordan, Canada West.

Our friend, J. Matlock, writing from Jordan, C. W., says: "The BANNER OF LIGHT is having quite a wide acquaintance since last fall and this winter, in these parts. It is loaned to readers from two to eighteen miles away, and is generally well appreciated, even by those who are inclined a little to Orthodoxy. I think if we could have a good test medium here for three or four weeks, that a large society of Spiritualists might be brought out, for I know of no place or locality where the prospects are better, or where people are more hungry for a change in their spiritual food than this section; and I know of no place where a respectable medium would be better treated, or more kindly cared for than here."

## Dr. Hall's Patent Voltaic Armor.

Since we first advertised for the Voltaic Armor Association, we have had numerous calls from strangers and friends to ascertain if we possessed any reliable information in regard to the utility of the armor, etc. We had not tested it, and could therefore give no information upon the subject. We have recently tested the soles, however, and find them well adapted to the use the inventor designed, viz., to promote circulation and prevent cold feet. The band, a brother of ours is now testing, and he assures us that it has relieved him of neuralgic pains, with which he has been troubled for a long time. Specimens of the soles and bands may be seen at 132 Washington street, Boston.

## The Little Bouquet.

The January number of the children's paper has made its appearance with a fresh smile. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown has assumed its editorial charge. In her salutation to the children she says, "Will you give me a generous welcome into this new flower-field, by putting your hands in mine and talking straight out—frankly, fearlessly, honestly? As for me, I love children; real, strong, romping, high-spirited boys and girls. Their good-natured faces, their glad souls breaking out in song, like spring birds, remind me of my own gala days, when the world went well with me."

## "Cousin Benja's" Book.

We have received a supply of the new book of "Poems and Letters," by Cousin Benja, whose sweet and touching effusions from time to time have appeared in the BANNER. The work is embellished by an excellent likeness of the author. Price \$1.50. An edition of only three hundred copies was printed, so that those who wish to procure a copy must apply soon.

## Meetings in Cambridgeport.

We learn that Mrs. M. E. Withee, of New Jersey, is engaged to lecture in Washington Hall, Cambridgeport, Feb. 17th.

## Our Free Circles.

Are suspended for the present, but we hope to be able to announce their resumption at an early date.

PAPER AND BOOKS.—The high duties have sent up the price of paper and kept it there, and promises to keep it there until readers and publishers are sick of it. The taxes and duties together have made such havoc with raw materials and wages, that the publishers of books do not pretend to do business on the old plane, but send their stereotype plates to England, whence they import the books printed from them, all bound and embellished, at twenty-five per cent. less than the same thing could be performed at home, freight, insurance, duties, and delay all reckoned in. This is really a deplorable state of affairs, and ought not to exist; it is no credit to a nation that can boast of over nine thousand new patents within a year, to be so entirely dependent on foreign powers from which it aims to "protect" itself. The avenues of intelligence ought to be kept open to the widest extent. There should be a revolution in this respect.

A good photographer, with a small capital, can obtain an interest in a well established gallery, in one of the Interior Territories. Inquire at this office.



## New Publications.

**THE SOLDIER'S STORY** of his captivity at Andersonville, Belle Isle, and other Rebel Prisons. By Warren Lee Goss, of the Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. Illustrated by Thomas Nash. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Here is a genuine and reliable story of the terrible sufferings of the Union captives in the various rebel prisons, from the pen of one of their number. What has hitherto been written on this subject came from those who set down what to them was but recital or hearsay; here is a young soldier who himself went through the fearful trials imposed on the Union prisoners, and tells the story from a personal experience; and a harrowing tale it is. No one can read it and not feel moved to the very depths of his soul. The illustrations of prison-life and sufferings are too graphic to be questioned for their faithfulness. In the future, readers of American history will be unwilling to believe that such was a correct picture of the experiences of Union prisoners during the great civil war. The book is presented to the public in very handsome form, and will not fail to meet with a very wide circulation.

**JOAN OF ARC.** Translated from the French, and condensed. Boston: Adams & Co.

The name of this woman is likely to live through all history, from the simple fact that she performed deeds that were born solely of inspiration. Everybody, in these reading times, knows her life and what she did for the redemption of her native country. The translator and compiler has made a very neat and portable volume of a somewhat extended history, and thrown into the pages the very spirit and life of the subject herself, so as to convey a more faithful idea of her character than if the story were sketched out. The style is impressive and picturesque, and striking thoughts, apothegms in fact, are to be met with in every paragraph. Of course it is not necessary to say that the biography is spiritualistic at its base and all the way through. It could not be an adequate story of the life of Jean d'Arc if it were not. The enterprising publishers have got up the volume in remarkably handsome style, doing great credit to their taste and liberality.

The "NORTHERN LIGHTS" progresses rapidly. The issue No. 6 is very fresh and attractive, containing articles in prose and verse by F. N. Shelton, Louise Chandler Moulton, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Julia Ward Howe, and other writers of viciety and ability. This weekly-monthly magazine combines elements that are to be found in but a single class of the other publications, the weekly or the monthly. It is of a high character, and making its way fast to a stable foundation. Lee & Shepard are agents for its sale in Boston.

**THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW** for February is another interesting number of a valuable monthly, of a wide circulation and with an uncounted host of friends. Its original and selected matter is the best of its kind, and gives perfect satisfaction to its patrons and readers.

**THE MONTHLY JOURNAL** of the American Unitarian Association for February has a readable list of contents, among the rest, a letter from Rev. John Weiss, the biographer of Theodore Parker, withdrawing from the Executive Committee of the Unitarian Association, on the grounds of "narrowness and illiberality." Hereafter to be longer connected with a denomination which is to have no future.

**THE RADICAL** for February is No. 6 of Vol. II, and contains some excellent reading. O. B. Frothingham has a paper on the New Birth of Jesus. There is an article on Goethe, one on "The Theological Dead Lock," one on the claim of infallibility for the Bible, one on Impeachment, besides others, with editorial comments and current matters. Published by Adams & Co., Boston.

We have received "THE LIFE OF JESUS," by Edmund Kirke, from the publishers, Lee & Shepard, and shall notice the same in the next number of the BANNER.

"THE STATE" is the title of a pamphlet by Charles Rosser, of Washington, with a brief introduction by C. W. Slack, Esq., of Boston, pertaining to political affairs at the present time.

**THE FRIEND** for February is full of thoughtful papers by writers of ability and progressive tendencies. It improves visibly with each number, and is very neatly printed.

## City Hall Dining Rooms.

These elegant and airy Dining Rooms for ladies and gentlemen, are rapidly winning favor with the public. They have recently been repainted and otherwise improved, and look as neat as a new pin. These rooms, where the best of fare can be had at all hours, during the week and on Sundays, are located in City Hall Avenue. Entrance for gentlemen, No. 12; for ladies, No. 10. Connected with the Ladies' Saloon is a dressing-room, where customers will find every convenience for arranging the toilet, which desideratum makes this establishment one of the most desirable places in the city for taking meals.

Special attention is paid to the culinary department. It is under the immediate supervision of the senior partner of the firm, who has the reputation of being an excellent caterer. The waiters are polite and attentive. The result of these complete arrangements is, that the proprietors, Messrs. O. D. & I. Fresno, are doing a large business, and winning golden opinions from their numerous patrons.

## A New Work on Spiritualism.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will be glad to receive any well-attested facts, phenomena, mediumistic experiences, or other records connected with the history of American Spiritualism, to complete her projected work on this subject. Any such contributions will be carried by Mrs. Hardinge to Europe, where her work will be written; but those who may be willing to lend her printed matter or MSS. for reference, or extracts, can receive them back within two years from the present date. Mrs. Hardinge starts for Europe in July. Those who are willing, therefore, to aid in this matter, will please send in their contributions as soon as possible. Address, after February, care of Thomas Ranney, Esq., 60 Federal street, Boston; up to then, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

## 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 appertaining to our work will be collected and distributed. Do not forget the place, nearly opposite Barnum's Museum, up stairs.

The daily pay of the Prussian infantry soldiers has been raised to seven cents!

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We have received a communication from a friend in Ogdensburg, N. Y., giving an account of Fay's doings there of late. If our friends will patronize him, after all we have published in regard to his duplicity, why they deserve to be humbugged—that's all. Our correspondent suggests that some reliable medium for physical manifestations visit Ogdensburg, for the people there are ready and willing to investigate the phenomena.

The last entertainment of the course of lectures before the Mercantile Library Association, consisting of a medley, covered by the title of "Too Late for the Train," by George M. Baker, author of "Amateur Dramas," was a complete success. Music Hall, on the occasion, was full, and the audience expressed their approbation by hearty applause.

The American colony at Jaffa is discouraged. They have been deceived by their leaders; many have died; others are sick, and they beg for a man-of-war to take them home. Meanwhile the Porte has taken a protest against the whole project of an American colony in Palestine.

A young man in Paris, tired of his dog, took him in a boat and threw him overboard, pushing the animal off with an oar every time he came near. While doing this the young man fell overboard, and not being a good swimmer, would have drowned, had not his dog held him up till assistance reached him.

When is a wrestler like a house that is being built? When he is flooded.

The American Bible Society issues a caution to the public against the quack doctor who advertises his nostrums from the Bible House, New York, and who endeavors to give the impression that he is connected with that establishment. No. 12 is occupied by the Post-Office Department at Station D; and it is no more the office of the reverend quack, than of any person who sends or receives letters from Station D.—Ez.

The reverend gentleman no doubt thinks he has as much right to send out his quackery from thence as the Society theirs.

A correspondent writes: "Long may the bright folds of your BANNER float over land and sea. It brings pleasure and profit to us every week."

A convict in the prison at Chatham, England, was recently sentenced to death for killing the warden of the prison. In his statement before the magistrate, the convict said: "There are men constantly dying in the prison now, air, with hunger and starvation. Men regularly eat candles and soap and tallow, potato-peelings, or anything they can get hold of, and drink the oil out of the oil cans. I do not wish to say any more now."

California is mourning that she can't get ship room enough to send a section of one of her big trees to the Paris exhibition. The section proposed was from a tree 400 feet high and 25 feet in diameter.

Success to All Labor.  
For toll in man's fate,  
And 'tis laboring men only  
That can build up our State.

Just about the time the Pope asked the American Minister to remove the American Church outside the walls of Rome, the Catholics of Boston were imploring the aid of our citizens, as an act of charity, in one of their religious enterprises here. What has the Pilot to say to this?

**SNOBBERY.**—Several young men have appeared at fashionable receptions in New York recently in something like court dress—maroon velvet coat and breeches, with silk stockings.

Why is Bihgen, in Germany, like a pig's bristles? It is on the Rhine.

**GIFT ENTERPRISES.**—In New York, on Tuesday, Judge Ingraham, of the court of Oyer and Terminer, called the attention of the Grand Jury to gift enterprises, as violations of the law against lotteries.

Why is a dog's tail a very great novelty? Because no one ever saw it before.

The Richmond Enquirer says, "Tis Satan's work to seek to supplant Christian churches with anti-slavery churches in the South."

"Mary, who died for you?" asked a parson of a blooming sweet sixteen. "Nobody, as I know of," was the prompt reply. But the parson repeated with zeal, "Mary, I say, who died for you?" Mary was irritated, but replied, "Why, nobody, sir; there was Bob Dawson lay bed-ridden for six months, but folks say he got about again."

The Protestant Episcopal mission in New York has undertaken systematic efforts for the recovery of abandoned women. Midnight meetings are held for them, like those so successful in London; tracts distributed, and those who can be persuaded to forsake their evil ways are placed in homes for the fallen.

A story is told of a young man in Freeport, Ill., who was crossed in love, and attempted suicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

A correspondent of the Hartford Courant states that that city has eight hundred grog-shops and forty thousand inhabitants, one grog-shop to every fifty inhabitants.

Almost any one can write a long newspaper article, but it takes talent to put the same amount of thought into a short one; and ten persons will read the latter where one will the former.

All things are cheap which are purchased with other's money.

An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked him how he was. "Well," said he, pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk."

An English clergyman recently preached a sermon, in which he said that the newspaper was a part of life's earnest self-culture.

Artemas Ward is guilty of the ungallant remark that a Ladies' Sewing Circle is the only substitute for a daily newspaper.

Rev. Henry Blanchard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached a sermon on the uses and abuses of New Year's day, on the first Sunday of the new year. He condemned the custom of miscellaneous calling on that day, as an abuse and perversion. The fashion of providing unneeded refreshments for a crowd of casual visitors, is an abuse of the spirit and act of hospitality, leading to extravagance and display. The last and worst abuse is intemperate drinking, a fashion which should be frowned down by the nobler sentiment of the community.

The subject of licensing houses of prostitution, now before the New York Legislature, is calling out much discussion, and editors and correspondents fill long columns with dissertations upon the "social evil," its restraint and its remedy.

## New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,  
544 BROADWAY.

WARREN CHASE, AGENT.

## City Items.

## NEED OF ACTION.

Twenty, thirty, forty, or perhaps fifty thousand Spiritualists in the city of New York, and yet not a church, not a hall, not a school house, in the city; two public meetings, running on short scrip, obtained with much hard begging; will not support a paper; do not half of them see the BANNER once a year. Some of them are hunting tests yet, and have been for ten years or more, and are as eager in the pursuit as ever; nothing but death will satisfy them, if that does. It is strange, for any sect of Christians with half the numbers would have half a dozen meeting houses and a score of Sunday schools. Christianity centralizes and crystallizes. Spiritualism individualizes and vitalizes, and ultimately it will harmonize and fraternize, and finally affectionize those who become fully imbued with its teachings. The great work has been to disintegrate society, and set up individual sovereignty in the soul of man and woman. But it seems to many persons strange that there are so few who see a need of some more concentrated effort for practical and useful results. There is certainly need of a great and radical change in our system of education, one that shall sift it and blow out the theological chaff which has been so carefully and persistently mixed through all our school books—one that shall unite labor with study, and gymnastics of body with mental and spiritual exercises. There is a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand as yet, at Blue Anchor, N. J., which promises a reward and offers a ground of hope for those who know of it and the earnest souls engaged in it. Dr. Haskell, Mr. Baldwin, and others interested in it have been in the city the past week, and have gained the confidence of all who have conversed with them. But what are we to do in New York? Are we never to own a hall? Must we always borrow and beg to pay rent and support meetings? Does it require the doctrines of damnation to draw money from the pockets to build churches and school houses? If so, we are rather hasty in putting on our phenomenal and final extinguisher of the fires of the brimstone fiat. We all like to be free; and after so many have been bound, it seems good to them to be free; yet freedom is not worth much that casts us off from social and religious enjoyments. We need not get cold because we are out of the church. There are many good objects we can accomplish unitedly that are out of our reach as individuals. Is it not time to talk and write about cooperative and organic efforts to reach the education of the young? True, our earnest and soul-devoted brother and sister, A. J. and Mary F. Davis, are cementing the little cobble-stones of society, nicely arranged, into PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS, and the work is a practical and a noble one. Already the effect is being felt, both in and out of the churches, and every prejudicial influence used to keep the children from even witnessing the exercises; but such restraint will not long succeed, for Nature will assert her supremacy sooner or later, and the depravity charged to her will fall back on the accusers.

## SALVATION.

Never was there a time when salvation was more needed in New York than at present. Poverty and cold weather are starving and freezing the virtue out of many hearts, and driving them to resorts and crimes they would never think of in good and comfortable circumstances. The churches are glorifying God, saying prayers, singing praises, and many of the Christians living in such luxury as Jesus and his disciples never heard of, and would have condemned if they had. Lazarus and Dives are here, and going to their reward, to be judged by their own book of faith and belief. The city is rich in money, lore and creeds, in mammon rites and temple show, but poor in deeds of religious charity to its suffering ones below. If intoxicating drinks and tobacco could be forever expelled from the city, all its inhabitants would have abundance of the necessities and most of the comforts of life; and yet how strangely the poor cling to the vipers that sting them to death. Where is the voice of Christianity, that it does not sound in accord against these vices, and help reformers redeem the city? Salvation! oh, salvation for the other life is all they care about. Let the devil have his rule here, and take all but the church there also.

## SPIRITUAL BOOKS.

We are now ready to forward by mail or express nearly all the spiritual literature in the market, and shall endeavor to get and keep a supply of all that can be procured, or is worth reading, and also most of the popular liberal books published by J. P. Mendum and Bela Marsh of Boston. Strict and immediate attention given to all orders. We shall also be able to tell the day any book leaves our office by mail or express. All persons sending money for books, and trusting our judgment to select, will have our best judgment used in selecting for them. All of A. J. Davis's works can now be supplied, and will be put in strong and uniform binding for those who wish them rebound, thus making an elegant set of works on Spiritualism. Judge Edmonds's ten tracts, making a neat little work, highly interesting and instructive. Sent by mail for 70 cents. Life-Line of Lone One; Fugitive Wife; American Crisis; and Gist of Spiritualism, all sent by mail on receipt of \$2. Whatever is Right; Christ and the People; A B C of Life; and Soul Affinity; all by A. B. Child. Sent by mail on receipt of \$3.20. London Spiritual Magazine; monthly. Sent for 30 cents. We also keep for sale the Boston Investigator. Send subscriptions for BANNER in orders for books.

## COLD WEATHER, ETC.

January has been a cold month, with one terrible snow storm and a sequel. Trade has been slackened, business interrupted, speculators discouraged, and sharpeners with money to loan enriched. Lotteries have drawn blanks for most of the disappointed ticket-holders. Printers have worked hard, and editors have fared hard, as usual, and yet after all most persons who have not died have lived. Very few have actually starved to death, or frozen to death. There is a tenacity in human life in its lowest stratum, that better situated persons could not endure. It is indeed wonderful how the poor little half-clad and half-frozen children can endure the cold of these severe mornings.

## A SCARE.

An alarm of fire was heard in our office, with a volume of smoke beating at the front windows, about sunset on the 30th of January. "Next door is all on fire," cried a voice in the rear of our office. Bells rang, men in the streets cried "fire," and women screamed as they saw the frightened occupants of upper rooms getting out of the windows, and climbing along the front on the signs,

to get out of the smoke. Our loose scrip and account books were soon packed for exit, and, lo and behold, we were at the front door, to be informed there was no danger, as there were three stores between us and the fire. A little ashamed at our sudden alarm, we returned the books to their places, and walked out into the street to see the confusion. Engines were soon on the spot, and although the fire had the start, it was soon overtaken and subdued, with the destruction of the three upper stories, and a complete ducking of the elegant dining saloon of our friends Brundridge & Thomas, where we eat our macaroni, with cheese, almost every day. At nine o'clock the line of street business was again open, as if nothing had happened, and nothing but a mouse and dreams of cats and traps disturbed the quiet of our office for the night.

## Rochelle, Ill.

This is a lively town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants; and although only seventy-five miles from Chicago, still I think it must be a place little known to the active advocates of the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism. For although I have been a resident here for the past ten months, there has not been one lecturer or medium to represent it.

The cause of truth and progress seems to be slumbering here. There are in all, I believe, about half a dozen families in the place that profess Spiritualism; and these few seem willing to do what they can for its advancement.

I think could some good lecturer or medium come here and awaken the ideas of the people; arouse within them a feeling of interest; feed them with spiritual truths, that there are many minds that would grow more beautiful beneath the soul-inspiring influence.

Would that every city, town, and hamlet in the United States could afford some good earnest worker, to advance this noblest of all reforms. There are many poor souls who are starving for the bread of life, and the waters of salvation, who seldom have an opportunity to partake of this best of food.

May every Spiritualist in the country who feels an interest in the cause of truth, (and what true Spiritualist does not?) put a shoulder to the wheel, and do something for its advancement.

MRS. LIZZIE MOORE.

## From the President of the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists.

All letters pertaining to the affairs of the Massachusetts Association must be addressed to the corresponding Secretary, Geo. A. Bacon, No. 1 Boylston Market, Boston, solely.

Printed forms of the constitution (as revised) with blanks for signatures, are in the Secretary's possession for distribution. Our agent is now in the field, and will speak only in those places where meetings are not regularly held. An application has been made for his services where meetings are regularly held; but all such applications must be respectfully rejected, from the fact that the object of the Association is solely to send missionaries into the field as pioneers.

Very respectfully yours,

LYSANDER S. RICHARDS.

67 Purchase street, Boston.

## Radical Pence.

The members of the Rhode Island Radical Peace Society and other friends of reform, believing that war and non-killing, in all their various forms, are barbarous, inhuman, inexpedient, unchristian, and unworthy the practice of a humane, enlightened and free people, do invite such friends of Liberty, Justice and Mercy in this and other States as believe that man possesses the undivided right to life also those who hold other views upon the question, to assemble in Convention, in the Friends' meeting house, North Main street, in the city of Providence, on Tuesday and Wednesday, February 19th and 20th, 1867, at 2 and 7 o'clock P. M., of each day, for a full and free discussion of the whole question; and all persons, irrespective of sex, nationality, creed or condition, are earnestly invited to attend and participate in the proceedings. Able speakers from abroad are expected to be present and address the meeting. Signed by L. K. Joslin, and over 100 others.

## DONATIONS

IN AID OF OUR PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES.

Eben Snow, Cambridge, Mass.	\$2.00
Friend	1.00
Mrs. William Jumper, St. Louis, Mo.	1.00
J. B. Cross, Hingham, Vt.	1.00
Mrs. J. M. Allen, Charleston, S. C.	1.00
Friend	1.00
Friend	4.00

## The Eddy Persecution Fund.

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

Mrs. A. M. Stone, Cincinnati, O.	\$1.50
Prof. A. Goodman, Columbus, O.	50
Col. R. D. Goodwin, Kirkwood, Mo.	1.00

Further donations solicited.

## Donations to Fund to Send BANNER Free to the Poor.

Andrew Stone, M. D., Troy, N. Y.	\$1.00
Mrs. Glover, New York.	1.00

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]  
A. J. M., PROPHETSTOWN, ILL.—Money received.

## Married.

In Waterbury, Vt., Jan. 19th, by Rev. D. B. McKenzie, M. A. Alberto Davis of Simonsville, Vt., to Miss Alma L. Brown of Warren, Vt.

## Business Matters.

THE RADICAL for February is for sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

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

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

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

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

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

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS 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 photographs of this celebrated medium (the discoverer of the Chicago Artesian Well), may be obtained at this office. Price 25 cents.

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.

THE STANDARD REMEDY FOR NEURALGIA is Dr. TURNER'S TIG-DOLOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. This extraordinary medicine expels NEURALGIA from the system, after partaking of a few doses of it. Apothecaries have it. Principal depot, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

## Special Notices.

This Paper is mailed to subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass.

## VERMONT.

DR. URAN, of Boston, who has made so many wonderful and instantaneous cures of disease considered hopeless, will be in Middlebury, Vt., Feb. 16th, and at Burlington Feb. 20th, to remain a few days at each place. Notices of other places to be visited will be given hereafter. 34-Feb. 16.

Success.—The enormous sales of Cor's Dressing Cream are in a great measure owing to the fact that those who use it are cured, and tell their friends and neighbors of it; so thousands of tongues are advertising this conqueror of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and kindred evils.

Such curative and healing powers as are contained in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers, 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 Powers are the Greatest Family Medicine of the Age. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

The most liberal terms, and also the sole agency of entire countries, for the sale of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers, 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 Powers. 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 paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper held, then you know that the time for which you paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Those who desire the paper continued, should renew their subscriptions at least three weeks before the receipt-figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

## JUST PUBLISHED.

## JOAN OF ARC:

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THIS new and spirited narrative cannot fail to attract the special attention of all thoughtful men and women. It is a story of intense interest in this marked period of our world's history. It is embellished with an excellent photograph portrait, copied from the celebrated painting in the Louvre, Paris, and a Map of Northern France, showing the places rendered memorable by events connected with the life of the inspired heroine.

In one handsome volume, cloth, bevelled sides, red edge.

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ADAMS & CO., Publishers,  
Feb. 16.—25c  
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## THE MAN OF FAITH.

## ABRIDGED VIEWS

## OF

## MODERN MIRACLES

## AND

## SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 154 Washington street, Boston, and at our BRANCH OFFICE, 544 Broadway, New York City. Sent by mail on the receipt of 25 cents.

## ATLANTIS, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, and at our BRANCH OFFICE, 544 Broadway, New York. Sent by any address, by mail, on the receipt of the price—\$1.75. 16-Feb. 16.

## DR. GREER.

SPIRITUAL MEDIUM, No. 122 North Jefferson street, Peoria, Ill. ENDOWED with Certain Remarkable Healing Powers, offers his services to

## THE SICK AND AFFLICTED,

inviting the very worst cases, especially those given up as incurable by other physicians.

DR. GREER'S mode of treatment is simply a TORCH OF HIS HAND, a WORD OR SUGGESTION, and added by a POWERS OF HIS SPIRIT. The results are in most cases instantaneous. Dr. G. intends closing his office in Peoria, Feb. 28th; after then he, in connection with Dr. Blackman, will visit other States and Territories.

## "SPIRIT-RAPPINGS"

GIVEN UNDER INSPIRATION, BY CLARA MORRIS. Price, 30 cents per copy. Liberal deduction to Agents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass., and at our BRANCH OFFICE, 544 Broadway, New York. Hours from 2 to 6 and from 7 to 9 P. M. Circles Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Feb. 16.

DR. J. VOLLAND, MAGNETIC HEALER, will treat all chronic diseases without the aid of medicine. Office, 9 Huron street, opposite the Court House, Ann Arbor, Mich. Feb. 16.—2m

MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR, Business and Test Medium, No. 1 Carroll place, corner Hiecker and Laurens streets, third floor New York. Hours



## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

**Mrs. J. H. Conant.**  
While in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

### Invocation.

Our Father, and our Mother too, thou soul of Nature and Nature's God, we would commune with thee, and, through thy countless multitude of children, who do, seen and unseen, walk the earth, we would understand somewhat of thy presence. Lord, we would drink in of thy glory, as the earth drinks in the sunshine; and we would write the record of our being upon the tablet of Nature, that it may be owned by Nature's God. Oh thou Divine Spirit who quickenest all forms of being, thou who art everywhere, thou to whom all things are dependent, thou spirit of Time and of Eternity, let us understand thee. Let us talk to thee face to face. Sweep away by thine own sunlight of love all the mists and fogs that linger around us, and let the bark of our being glide swiftly on toward that haven of understanding that shall give us satisfaction. Lord, thou hast opened thy volume for our inspection. Teach us to read therein. Point out thy wondrous truths unto us. Quickened our understanding, so that we may know thy meaning. Let us preach the living word, the everlasting Spirit of Truth, that walks the earth to-day, as it did eighteen hundred years since. Let us preach, oh Spirit of Everlasting Truth, thy truths in all their simplicity, asking thee to crown them with thine own glory, and say unto us in the hereafter, Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Father, and thy Mother too. Amen.

Dec. 10.

### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, are ready to consider.

**Q.**—The "Practical Entomologist" says on the subject of the various insect pests that afflict the farm, the garden and the orchard, "It is calculated on reliable data that the annual damage done within the limits of the United States by these tiny creatures, foots up three hundred millions of dollars. The New York State Agricultural Society have demonstrated that in one single year, in the single State of New York, one single insect, the wheat midge, damaged the wheat crop to the almost incredible extent of fifteen millions of dollars. We cannot ignore these minute little beings. Do what we will, they force themselves upon our notice in all directions, picking the pockets of the farmer of untold amounts of money, and not even sparing the woolen dresses and the fur trimmings and the carpets of the fairest part of God's creation. We ask you, then, you men that cultivate the soil, if it is not worth while to look into this matter a little deeper than you have hitherto done?" B. F. Clark of New York asks, Will the spirits give us some information on this subject?

**A.**—Since it has agitated so many minds who are in agricultural pursuits on the earth, it has received a certain amount of attention with a corresponding class of persons in the spirit-world, and I believe it is generally conceded by them that this kind of insect-life, however much damage they may seem to do, is in reality a blessing, for it absorbs a very large amount of poisonous atmospheric life, that in all probability could be absorbed in no other way, and yet is itself by no means a poisonous insect. Thus while it is productive of good on one hand, it is productive of evil on the other. Good and evil always go hand in hand together, and however much you may strive to separate them, you never can be entirely able to do so. However, for the benefit of those who desire to rid themselves of such insects, we would recommend the use of pulverized borax, mixed with fine bolted wheat; the mixture to be strewn upon the little tendrils when they shall first shoot out of the ground. Some argue it is necessary to apply the remedy but once, and others, some half dozen times. But with regard to the number of times necessary, your speaker will not pretend to state; but at all events, I believe it to be very effectual in changing insect life. It would do no harm for those who desire to rid themselves of such insect life, to give it a fair trial.

**Q.**—Will the spirit controlling please tell us if John the Baptist, John the beloved disciple, and St. John the Divine, are all one person?

**A.**—It is believed by a large number of persons they are all the same.

**Q.**—By L. Kirk, of Pennsylvania: Does it always immediately attract the attention of a spirit to think earnestly of them?

**A.**—Not always immediately. Sometimes the thought of the spirit dwelling in an earthly form is taken up and carried on through very many distinct spirits before it reaches the one you desire it to meet. Sometimes it reaches them very direct.

Dec. 10.

### William Wallace Carrington.

I am exceedingly weak, have very little physical power, but I have sufficient to insure a short control; that's all I need.

I was strangely led into belief in these things, shortly before I was called to know their reality.

A young Russian, member of a noble family, was sojourning in England near my home, and I heard he was possessed of wondrous powers to commune with the dead. A strange earnestness possessed me to go and see him, and I went four or five times before I could receive admittance to his presence, as he was somewhat indignant at being called upon by a stranger for such a purpose.

But at last I prevailed upon him to let me see something of his strange powers, telling him I was seriously ill, and had no expectations of recovering, and I wanted to know where I was going. If there was a hereafter, I wanted to know it, and if he had a kind heart, I hoped he would open it to me on this occasion.

"Well," he said, "I have the power, as you will see." He invited me in, and I there witnessed some strange movements, entirely different from what I had expected, that nearly if not entirely convinced me there was a future state, and that those who had passed on could come back and manifest to the people of earth.

This is all I ever received in the way of what you Americans term spiritual manifestations, but

I think I believed, and I talked sometimes quite earnestly about it among my friends, creating much dissatisfaction, and quite an extraordinary amount of opposition. Seeing that there was nothing pending, nothing at stake in the matter, not even my reputation, I could not understand why I was so opposed. It was extraordinary on that account. But the matter between them and me was at last settled in this way: "Well, be it true or false, we will all know sometime, and, in all probability I shall be the first to know whether it is true or whether it is false. And, if it is true, I will most certainly make my way back to show you its truth, though you may forever remain silent concerning it." "Well," they said, "we shall never hear from you satisfactorily, if it depends upon the truth of this modern delusion."

But twenty-four hours ago I passed away, as the Spiritualists on this continent would say, in Florence, away from all those friends; and I made it my earnest prayer, the last hours of my life, that I might be able to fulfill the promise, should I find this Spiritualism a reality. The Great God, the Spirit so mysterious that no soul can define him, has been very good to me. I am blessed beyond my expectations. Though I am weak, yet the same spirit of determination to succeed in whatever I undertake possesses me to-day, and holds me so that I can do my work.

I have only to add, I am William Wallace Carrington. I was born in the city of London, in the year 1828. I died at Florence twenty-four hours since, happy with the hope of a safe conduct to the spirit-world, and a passage back again, should the Great Infinite Power see fit to so bless me. And he has so blessed me. Fare you well.

Dec. 10.

### Tom Hunter.

I am from Goldsboro, North Carolina, and I should think, by the way I feel, I was in the last stages of consumption; but I had no consumption, so don't put me down as a consumptive. [This spirit took on the feelings of the speaker who preceded him.]

I want you to say Tom Hunter's come back, will you? and if there's anything in the world he wants most, it is a chance to communicate, in some sort of a way, with his folks. I'm perfectly satisfied with this new life, but I want to try a little more of the old life. I expected to get a furlough to go home awhile, but was disappointed in that. So when I saw "greenbacks" and "greenbacks" and the whole lot coming here, I put myself in to come too. I'm not particular for coming on Southern ground; I'd rather go there, of course, because I should be near my folks; have a better chance to talk with them. But I could drink a canteen of coffee and eat a piece of "hard tack" with one of your Uncle Sam's boys, as well as anybody else, though I did believe in secession when here. I fought, that the Constitution might be preserved, and that individual State sovereignty might be established. I was nothing but a private, but I fought hard and fought well; lost my life—body, that is—and I'm sober, I am satisfied. I should like to come into distinct communication with Theodore Hunter, first of all, if I could, and Olive, if she's not afraid, or Sarah Jane, Charlotte, or Alice, or even "Little Tild," then, as the Indian would say, may come through the tight place. Your wires are never down, I take it. No cutting them here? [No.] That's good.

By the way, how do you like the influx of niggers that's coming among you? [We've had no experience with them.] Haven't? Well, if the North don't get more than they bargained for in niggers, I'm very much mistaken. The nigger is good in his place, I know; but I'm no abolitionist; oh, no; when you touch me there, you touch a very sensitive spot. But I'm really glad for the South that the nigger is free. The North has been contending for years about the freedom for the nigger. Now see how much she'll do for him. Educate him, pamper him in all sorts of ways, and he'll steal the coat off of your back, and he'll trip you up when you least expect it. No matter, so it's all right. I beg your pardon, stranger, if I've gone out of the usual way, but I'm used to saying what I like. Good-day.

Dec. 10.

### Minnie Thompson.

Oh, sir, I want to send a letter or message to some friends I have here, and I want to get word to my father, too, that I am gone, that I am—oh, that I am dead. Oh, I am thinking so much of what—of that terrible, terrible night, I can't hardly be myself. But I want Mr. Samuel C. Thompson—he is my father—to know I'm dead. Tell him Minnie is dead! Tell him I was lost in the "Evening Star," and I want the friends I've left to know I can come back.

I have a sister in Michigan; I have not seen her since I was thirteen years old. Tell her I feel kindly toward her, and will do my best now to repair all the wrongs I may have done on earth. I have no wish to return to live here on earth. I'm only too glad to be free. But I have not yet got thoroughly acquainted with this spirit-world. But what I do know of it I am satisfied with. Will you say so? [Certainly.] If I am well received I will come again. [Your place of residence?] New York City. You asked me where I last resided? Well, I resided for about sixteen months in Chicago, but I called New York my home. [Where is your father?] In New York, sir. He, I think, does not know that I was on board the steamer. He doesn't know I am dead. It will be news to him.

Dec. 10.

### Michael Devine.

I'm pretty well, sir, considering all the very tight places I been through since I was here in Boston last. I suppose, to come right straight to me folks, I should first give me name, which was Michael Devine. I was a tailor by trade. I have plenty of cousins here, and one brother; and I had some in New York, who wanted me to come there. So I did; and when the war broke out, I joined the 132d New York, and went out, and was killed; and am back here again.

Now the question that's all the time troubling me, is this: How will I be able to reach my friends I've left? That's what I want, most of all things in the world.

I have a sister Mary here, and I'm sure, she's, I think, in the way of hearing something about these things, and I hope she'll get my letter. I want 'em to know I can come back. I want 'em to know I'm under the protection of the great church of God. I don't know where the head is, or whether I'm in purgatory or out of it, or whether there is any purgatory at all, or nothing about it, and I care as little. All I know is, I'm well treated where I am, and when I was asked a question I answered it, and when I asked one it was answered. That's the way we get along; and it's no kicking this way and shoving you that way. There's room enough to move; and what is better, it's the right kind, too. [You have enough to eat, drink and wear?] Yes, sir, and it's the right kind, too. I never drank much liquor here, sir, about Christmas and the holidays I'd take a little. But I was not at all addicted

to it. I called myself a pretty steady sort of a person. I supported myself without asking anybody else's aid, and I went into the army to do what I could to save the American Republic that shielded me. Yes, sir, the American Republic was a shield to me. I had always succeeded under it, and I thought it was my duty to help her in her trouble.

Now here I am, sir; here I am back, to know just how far I must go before I can let me friends know I'm here. [You must give them an invitation to meet you.] Very well; I will give 'em the invitation to meet me here, or anywhere else, where there's one of these sort of bodies what gives you the privilege of coming and talking, manifesting through them, any one of 'em. I'll try; I don't know that I can use it. I will try. I'll say to them as I said to the man that was going to hire me. He said to me, "What can you do? Can you make a nice job?" "Oh, I don't know; I can try, anyway, and you'll see what success I have made after the trial." He says, "Oh well, go up into the back shop and I'll give you a job." I went, and the job was forthcoming, and I did the job, and the man liked me and I liked him, and so there was harmony between us, and we got along well together.

When I was told I could come back, they says, "Mike, why don't you go back there?" I says, "I don't know whether I can come; I can try, though." So here I am, here I am, in dear old Boston again. I'm very glad to be here; yes, I am right glad to be here.

Oh you don't know, sir, and you never will know until you come back as I do, what joy it is to know you can come. Oh, it is everything, I tell you. That gives you the most solid proof of your freedom you can possibly have.

[Who do you want your letter directed to?] Well, sir, to me sister Mary. I think she's the most liberal. She's a good Catholic, though. I don't know; sometimes there are liberal Catholics, you know. I've heard her say something like this: "If those we have that are dead can come back, I would like that some one come to me." I've heard her say it many times. Well, I have come here. I am—I am very much situated as the chief was in the play. I saw Forrest once in the play of Metamora, and he says to the Government, "You sent for me—I come. You don't want me, I go back again to my wigwam." Now, then, you send for me—I come. You don't want me, I go back again out of sight and hearing. Good-day, sir.

Scene opened by Theodore Parker; closed by Woodhouse Wheeler.

### Invocation.

Thou Infinite Spirit, whose wisdom exceedeth our understanding, whose perfect life filleth all forms of being, thou who art an ever-present existence, never absent from us, to thee we pray; asking for thy blessing to enter our consciousness; asking for the mantle of thy inspiration to fall upon us, refreshing our weary spirits as the dew falls upon the flowers, refreshing them after the heat of the summer day has passed. And we ask that if any there be who are bowed down by the cares of earth, upon whose spirit sorrow rests with a heavy hand, oh may it be our sweet mission to show them that every crown of thorns will eventually become a crown of glory; that all the sorrows of earth are finally lost in the joys of heaven; that no soul can bathe itself in the waters of human sorrow, without also bathing in the waters of everlasting joy. Father, and Mother, too, accept our utterances. Let thy blessing come into our consciousness; so that we may lift up our souls in thanksgiving unto the Great Author of all Life. Amen.

Dec. 11.

### Questions and Answers.

**Q.**—By H. A., of Palmyra, Mich: How is it that children—say from eight to ten or twelve years of age—can apparently control the medium with ease, and in a style peculiar to their age, while many adults find very great difficulty in doing so?

**A.**—It is simply because these spiritual manifestations or revelations are in perfect accordance with natural law, and the child is more obedient to that law than the adult. Now can you not see it is easier for childhood to possess itself of the subject than the adult, which brings with him or her all their preconceived notions; brings fear, doubt, brings all earthly troubles and sorrows, while the child comes free as the sunlight and bounds in, overcoming all obstacles, as the rivulet blends with the ocean and becomes one with it.

**Q.**—The London correspondent of the American Presbyterian says: "A general expectation prevails among the clergy of the Established Church that the personal advent of the Lord Jesus is near at hand, and that all things must grow worse and worse till he comes; and, therefore, they acquiesce in 'things as they are,' almost without a murmur." Will the invisible intelligence, or intelligences, tell us whether or not there is any ground for the above statement?

**A.**—Jesus said when he should come again he would not be known. He should come unto his own, and his own would not receive him. Now this Spirit of Truth that manifested so beautifully in the dark ages, eighteen hundred years ago, manifests to-day, and has ever manifested unto the people of earth. But we believe that a more distinct and positive revelation is being made to the people of this age, through modern Spiritualism. We believe it to be a distinct era in Christianity, a second coming; tangible, vividly, perfectly, of the Principles of Everlasting Truth. All souls receive this revelation, each according to their own way of unfoldment. The Second Adventists believe in the second descent of a personal God, that shall come in the clouds, surrounded by his angels, and that he will call upon those who are elected to salvation; that they shall rise to meet him. They are materialists in every sense. They have forgotten the spirit, and are dealing with the letter. They are walking according to the light the great God has given them, not given you. Everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the earth the cry is going out with regard to spiritual phenomena. And a certain few—few compared to the many—have a distinct understanding concerning that embodiment of Truth; that second coming of the Principle of Truth, Christ the Divine Life.

**Q.**—What is the mode of travel in the spirit-land—and laws governing?

**A.**—Spirit is life, thought; and thought is but sublimated matter. This sublimated matter moves in accordance with its own internal force, or power. It has been said that thought does not travel. But we know it does travel, and rapidly, too. So, then, as thought travels, spirit travels. Now, for instance, suppose your speaker desires to hold conversation with a friend ten seconds from this time in London. What shall he do? Why, he will detach himself from the medium by simply an effort of will, and by the same power will travel to London. This subtle power is but matter, after all; for whatever is capable of being acted upon by motion, is matter. This is as good

a term as we can give you, and meet your understanding. All these forms that are presented to your external sight that you call matter, are different aggregations of matter. The scientific man will tell you that the atmosphere is matter. So spirit is matter, thought is matter also. You cannot see either; you only see the manifestations of both. All these forms, these distinct, crude material forms, have their origin in the atmosphere. Everything you have on earth is contained in the atmosphere. One you can see through the organ of human sight, the other you cannot see. One you must propel by steam, perhaps, by horsepower, by all the various modes in use, while the other is propelled by the action of intelligent will. In a certain sense, all these crude forms that appeal to your external senses are in some degree moved by thought. Supposing the housemaid desires to move some article of furniture. Does she move it before she exercises her thought in the matter? Certainly not. Very well; thought, or will, is the motive power, the hands of the lever. But there is no need of the lever, steam or horsepower to propel yourself in the spirit-world, only that sublimer, yet more potent force, intelligence, will.

**Q.**—Do refined spirits travel more rapidly than those less so?

**A.**—No.

**Q.**—What produce the solar spots on the sun?

**A.**—That question could be better answered by one who had made the subject a study of life, than by your speaker.

Dec. 11.

### Samuel Rhodes.

I came here with General Lander, and I wish, sir, to send something to my mother, if I can. My father was Captain Rhodes. He was at Blooming Gap, at the time General Lander made his way there, and our folks surrendered. I was with my father, and always remembered him. I knew him as soon as I came to the spirit-world. I heard about his coming back, and so I asked him would he bring me here? He said he would.

My name was Samuel Rhodes. I was but thirteen years old—yes, sir. We lived at Warrenton, Virginia, but it's all broken up now, and everything is different from what it used to be. But I was all my mother had, and she's very unhappy because I was killed.

This General Lander helped me, and I don't want my father to feel hard because I came this way, because I got a Federal officer to help me; for it makes no difference now. We are civilians, now the war is ended, and I may just as well ask a favor of him as anybody. [Do you know whether your mother resides at Warrenton still?] I don't know, sir. I reckon she's in Norfolk. I reckon she is now.

I wasn't bayoneted by Federal soldiers. She heard so, and believes it; but I wasn't at all. I was shot; I wasn't bayoneted. I was at the front. My father told me to go to the rear, but I wouldn't, so I was shot. Cordelia is my mother's name, sir. I should be greatly obliged if you could get it through.

Dec. 11.

### Captain Joe Seward.

Better late than not come at all. [Have you been trying for some time?] Yes, I have, I have. Captain Joe Seward, my name. I died at the Eastern Stage House. I don't know how far I am from it now, whether it is standing or gone. And my object in coming here—I've tried hard, very hard these eight years, full eight years, to get back, and I've been gone twenty odd years. [Boston has changed much since then.] I suppose so; but I want to talk to my son Joe. I have tried eight years.

Nat Rogers helps me back. You know him? He says you do. Do you know him? He says so. [We know of a Rogers.] I don't know you, but he helps me here. [Was this one connected with the "Journal office"] No, no; Lord bless you! No. He's down to the house where I was. [Never mind.] Yes, it is never mind; that's so. I don't care anything about that, only to talk to Joe.

I died of apoplexy there; run fit, they said. Nonsense! No such thing. Never was drunk in my life. I'm just the same, I'm just the same, just the same. Twenty-three, twenty-four years haven't altered me any. I'm just the same.

I've got something of importance to tell him. I can't entrust it to anybody else, only to him. [Does he reside in Boston?] He was then quite young. Yes, he's here, or near; he is, I'm quite sure. I don't know—everything is mixed up here. You say the Eastern Stage House is gone?

[Yes.] Well, well, I could talk here a week, but it's all nothing. I don't want to spend my time for nothing. What I'm here for, you understand, is to get to him. [You want him to give you an opportunity to meet him.] Yes, yes.

Nat Rogers on a paper paper No, no indeed! [Perhaps it was Mr. Colby he knew.] Who's he? [The editor of our paper.] Yes, he says it was him he knew. Well, never mind about that, as I got here. I got him to help me. I wonder if it will be as long before I get here again. [We hope not.] I hope not too; or get somewhere where I can get that infernal thing off my mind. It's been troubling me a good while. Can't tell you how it feels. You publish what I give here? [Yes.] I know that. Yes, well, I'm just smart enough not to tell you what I don't want everybody to know; yes I am.

Dec. 11.

### Augusta Jennings.

I'm Augusta Jennings, and I've come to my Aunt Carrie, if I can. I'm ten years old now. I've been in the spirit-land most two years. My father was shot in the war, and my mother died of consumption, and I died of a fever. I lived with my Aunt Carrie after they died. She lives in New York City. My father sent me, so he might get the chance to come to Aunt Carrie, to tell her how she can get the money she's trying for, and to let her know, too, that we can come and talk this way. His name is Carrie Dempster, and she goes to the Catholic Church, but she isn't Catholic. I know she isn't, because she's never let me go; but I suppose, I think that Uncle Daniel is a Catholic; because she never went till she married Uncle Daniel.

And my father asks, sir, if you'll please to say that he wants to come back to his sister, Carrie, to tell her about the money that she's trying to get, and to tell her, too, that we can come back; will you? [Certainly.] Will your Aunt Carrie get your message? Father says she will. He's very sure she will. What will he do, when she gets it? How will he go to her? [She will probably go to some medium, and let you both speak to her.] That's what he wants to do.

I can come, can't I? And if I have to, can't I come again? Haven't got anything to pay? [We ask nothing but the good will to help others.] Well, good-by then. I thank you.

Dec. 11.

Scene opened by Reverend Arthur Fuller; closed by Levi B. Short.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

**Monday, Dec. 11.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Richard Alden, of St. Louis, to his brother, Jacob A. Alden, in Virginia City, Nevada; Dennis Winnick, of the 16th Mass., who lived on High street, Boston, to his sister, Mrs. Charles P. Benson, Editor, to Mr. Whitte, Lillian A. Grey, lost on the Evening Star, to her father and friends.

**Tuesday, Dec. 12.**—Invocation: Answer to a question on the origin of the Gulf Stream; Hiram Jarvis, of the 8th Illinois, to his friends; Wm. Sterling, to his mother and sisters in Maryland; Fannie Powers, to her mother; resident on Columbia street, New York City.

**Wednesday, Dec. 13.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edith Wilde, to her parents, Guild Hodgkins, to his brother, Philip, sister Nellie, and Uncle Stephen Guild; David Rogers, to his father, Richmond, Va.; White Adelaide (Indian), to the Warrior Nighthawk.

**Thursday, Dec. 14.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Ann, her mother; Isabelle Palmer, of Boston, to her parents, on Newmarket Avenue; Michael Downey, of Congress street, Boston, to his family.

**Friday, Dec. 15.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Sarah Brown, of Dedham, to her friends; the Hollins, to her parents, in Manchester, N. H.; Robert Jones, to the Chairman.

## HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

NUMBER FOUR.

BY H. SCOTT, M. D.

Has there ever, at any age of the world, been an intelligible voice from the invisible world? Has communion between spirits in the body, and spirits out of the body, ever taken place, and what are the evidences thereof?

These, to me, ever recurring questions, embodying the fundamental inquiry of immortality beyond the grave, now more than ever before engaged my whole attention; and I resolved never to rest satisfied until I had threaded every avenue to knowledge open to mortals.

I have always required indubitable evidence before yielding assent to any proposition. I would to God there were more as infidel as I have been; then I could hope for agitation and mental enlargement, and the ultimate triumph of truth over error, and of knowledge over bigotry and superstition. Then might we look for men to become qualified to give reasons for their hopes, fears and beliefs.

But whence came the belief that the Bible was Divinely inspired? Was the voice of God spoken through the mouths of the prophets, evangelists and apostles? were the reputed miracles of the Bible given by heaven in attestation of Divine truths? One thing we have the right to accept, as true; that the reputed miracles upon which the authority of the Book rests, did arrest the attention of the generations then living. And those phenomena were accepted as of Divine authority, because they were outside of or above the sphere of human knowledge. The right of Moses to be a law-giver and a deliverer, it is claimed, was established by miracles wrought before the eyes of the people; that is, the "great I am" spoke to the understanding of man. Who can conceive that the sacred volume ever would have received the sanction of man, as a voice from heaven, had not all its claims to be such been attested by phenomena addressed to the senses and which to the understanding were supernatural. Men thought they saw the finger of God in his dealings with their race, because, as they supposed, supernatural power was continually interposed to prove his presence and power; hence our Bible.

Was Jesus conceived and born of a virgin? Did celestial beings announce his birth by night to shepherds on the plain? Did he heal the sick, raise the dead, and cast out devils? was he transfigured on the mount? And did Moses and Elias appear in material forms, so as to be recognized, and hold converse with him? Was the temple's veil rent in twain from top to bottom? and did the dead leave their graves and walk at the hour of the crucifixion? Did the Saviour appear to his disciples and then vanish out of their sight, after his death on the cross? Were the multitude fed on two occasions upon a few loaves and fishes, and many baskets taken up after they had all been filled? Did Christ walk on the water? Did he curst the fig tree till it died? And did he ascend up to heaven in the eyes of the multitude? These occurrences may all have taken place in the manner recorded, or something approximating thereto. If so, it was testimony to those who were eye and ear-witnesses to the events, but the statement of them in history is not testimony to me; and more especially as they came down through long centuries of doubt and uncertainty, and have passed through many transcriptions and translations from languages now dead, before reaching my own tongue.

I might believe the general drift of the narrations, or I might not, as they are more or less sustained by corroborating circumstances; but I cannot rely upon such records for my eternal welfare. I recognize no sufficient reason why I should suspend my everlasting welfare upon the reported statements of dead witnesses, or why I should believe them at all, in preference to living testimony, and occurrences that take place before my own eyes, and that reach my understanding through my senses.

And here the question turns upon this point: Has God made a sufficient revelation of himself and his will, in times past, and confided those revelations to the keeping of minds that we can know nothing of except through a chain of uncertain records that may have been changed and interpolated at the pleasure of interested parties? or whether in fact every record was originally faithfully made? But let it be conceded that such revelations have been given, and transmitted to us without material alteration, then, I demand, where is the authority, even in the Book itself, that further revelations were to be suspended from a given date. Has, let me ask, the curtain been dropped between the terrestrial and celestial worlds, never to be lifted but by death? and where is the evidence?

But assuming the "miracles" of the Bible to have been wrought in the times and places and manner recorded, then do I perceive no difference in their kind or degree, from those phenomena that are taking place all over the world now, in the nineteenth century. Neither am I willing to say that we who live at this age of the world, or those who have preceded us, or who shall come after us, have not the same rights and demands upon heaven and the spirit-world for intelligible and ocular manifestations of spirit intercourse as those who lived thousands of years ago.

The foregoing reflections opened my perceptions to the fact that the Christian's faith, with its grand old system of theology, had, after all, no other foundation than the record of Bible miracles. From this very imperfect record alone I saw that they drew all their ideas of heaven, hell, spirit, eternity, immortality; and it was equally clear that to ignore the physical and visible manifestations of the Bible was to dismiss the entire faith. I know that, from my earliest recollections, Christians continually referred to the "supernatural" evidences of the truth of their religion.

I have never known a sect that did not, by its highest authority, teach, in some form or to some extent, celestial communion. Take away from them this argument, and they have really nothing to stand upon. Communion between embodied and disembodied spirits was the doctrine of the church during the early centuries; and many of its best writers used their pens in arguing from what they positively knew of the visitations of the departed. In more modern times, Rev. Dr. Channing, after writing a somewhat elaborate argument to prove the intercommunion of the two worlds, says, "A new soul, or a new eye, might show the spiritual world encompassing us on every side." Rev. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, in his notes on the Bible, says, "There is nothing absurd. It is no more improbable that angels should be employed to aid man, than that one angel should aid another." He further says that the ministry of angels "constitutes the backbone of the moral arrangements of the earth."

Why, then, I have asked myself, should man fight against the doctrine of the near proximity of his first and second spheres of existence. It is a comforting and consoling thought to me, and I dwell upon it with delight. I care not to live in the existence, are made of the consciousness that I am free to get rid of error and receive the truth. I never have believed that all truth is embodied in record; or that all that has been embodied is truth. I have believed that all truth is embodied in the living mind, and that the living mind is the source of all truth.

Lancaster, Pa.



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