

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

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

(Original.)
NELA HASTINGS.

CHAP. IX.—FADING FLOWERS.

The autumn closed up the little flower-cups and gathered the beauty of the forests to itself, and the trees were bare and the fields crisp and brown. It had been a golden summer to the children, for they had been gathering many a sweet blossom of truth and weaving garlands of love while they were watching the roses and lilies in the gardens and meadows.

Nela's mind burst forth like an opening bud, and she felt the full joy of gathering knowledge to herself. Mr. Graves spent much less time in hearing lessons than he did in illustrating them. He fixed all difficult tasks in the memory by means of some story or picture. If in geography they were studying of China, he found pictures showing the costume of the inhabitants of the country, *fac similes* of their hand-writing, described their customs, and made imaginary journeys to their principal towns. Thus they had an animated picture, a moving panorama in their minds, instead of a dull map of towns and boundaries. In arithmetic a hard sum was always put in the form of a puzzle, or simplified by being made practical; and history was a pleasant story of events. It was a glad and beautiful summer, for toll was made a pleasure.

But Lucy faded day by day, as flowers fade, or as brightness goes out of the sky at eventide. She tried to be interested in the lessons, but she liked better to sit near Mr. Graves and lay her head in his lap and listen to the others than to speak herself. Sometimes she would fall asleep thus, and when she awakened it would seem as if she had come back to a strange place. At last a couch was arranged for her, and she would lie on it, scarcely moving, looking up to the sky or into the faces of those that loved her.

The children did not dream that she was going from them, but talked of all they would do before the spring came. Tony had gathered for her autumn flowers, and made garlands of the gayest leaves for her; and he had brought home clumps of bright green moss, in which she would half hide the sprigs of aster and golden rod, and encircle with the leaves of the maple, and carry the gift to Mr. Graves and beg him just to hold her hand a few minutes and tell her why the flowers had to die. Nela and Rosa were so full of fresh, young life that they could not think of the silence that seemed to be shutting down about Lucy. They roamed the fields, hunting for forsaken bird's nests for Mr. Graves. They climbed trees and went nutting, and always carried their treasures to Lucy, but hardly wondered why she was not with them to share in their wild sports. Nela grew so strong and full of active life that her grandmother was as happy as a child when she looked at her.

"If only Joe will let her stay—if only I can keep him from wanting her a little longer, then she'll be like a young tree that nothing can bend or dwarf. She'll grow the stronger for every wind that sways her; but now she's just like my little chestnut out there—it won't bear a bit of cramping."

It was in the February sunshine that seems to have the summer's power in it, that Lucy sat looking as white as the calla lily that bloomed on the stand close by, except that a faint blush tinged her cheeks. There was a pause in the school, and the books seemed no longer to interest the children, and Mr. Graves himself looked as if he wished to let the sunshine warm him, for he was very sad. Mrs. Jones had been over and insisted that Lucy should go home.

"This learning is just killing her! If she had been with me, washing dishes and keeping her blood warm sweeping, she would not have been the white sheet she is now. I never did believe in books for girls, and now I know it's no use to them, but only a harm."

But Mr. Graves had suggested that Lucy would be a care at home, and so she was allowed to stay. But he felt sad at the thoughts that had followed this effort to keep Lucy with him. A messenger would soon come for her that could not be sent away. This he knew, and his sadness seemed to affect the children. One by one they came near the sunny window, and at last arranged themselves where they could look out to the white fields and on to her white face.

"I have been thinking," said Mr. Graves, leaving his seat and taking one close to Lucy, "about the fairy princess, a sweet little story I dreamed out last night as I lay thinking about you all."

"And you will be good enough to tell it?" said Nela.

"That is just what I wish—to be invited to tell it, for I do not think I should quite have a heart to tell it of myself, for it may seem a little sad—just a little. But I will begin: In a lovely land where flowers bloom the whole year, and summer sweetness lingers until spring beauty comes, dwelt a community of little folk."

"You mean fairies, don't you, grandpa?" said Tony.

"I don't believe in fairies, so I shan't believe in your story."

"Wait till it is finished, my boy. All stories are filled with imaginary beings; fairies are nothing less. They illustrate our own lives very beautifully sometimes. In this land of joys and delights, there was a little world of active life. Every flower-cup had its little family, every shady nook was consecrated to some social life or some active use. There was bustle everywhere. In the heart of a lily dwelt a large family, a mother and ten children. A rose-cup was the home of a dozen; a hare-bell swung over quite a colony. And all these separate families had their joys and sorrows; very trifling joys and sorrows they might seem to us, but, by their measurement, they were comparable to the flower-cups, and sometimes seemed as large as a hollyhock leaf instead of the size of a mountain, as our troubles to us."

"Oh grandpa," said Nela, "you make me laugh, when I was just thinking I had to cry."

"Well, well! laughing is best; let me go on. In one quiet little nook grew a moss rose, and it was the home of three lovely sisters. One of them was a gay young sprite, and liked nothing better than to sit from flower to flower, and tell stories of the golden country over the sea, or to spin threads from the thistle down, and twice them among the flower stalks, to tangle the steps of the passers by. She was a brunette, and had eyes that flashed and gleamed like a dewdrop.

Her next older sister was as grave as a pansy, and always shook her head at Fanfan's roguery and fun; but still she loved to watch her gay young sister, and was as proud of her as the sun is of a rose in full bloom. Her name was Wewee.

The next and oldest was called Lulu, and she was like all the sweetness that is found in all the lilies that bloom in June. She loved all beautiful things, and took a part to herself, till she became lovelier than all the flowers. Ah, a happy life it was they led, for each one was what the other was not, and so brought something beautiful to each other one.

But these little ones were forced to go a journey. They were all made princesses over a kingdom of beauty, and so had to start forth to bless and be blessed, to love and be loved, to take and give. Ah, what merry times they had! the fairy kingdom seemed to them to be made of sun-gleams. Fanfan was never weary in her mission. She put brighter tints on the roses, and richer fragrance in the lilies. She shed the light from her glowing garments, like a silver star, and everywhere she brought gladness and beauty.

Wewee was to her sister what a dewdrop is to a sun's ray. She reflected her brightness, she gave strength to her effort. She said, 'I will make the earth more beautiful, because you are in it, my sister.'

But Lulu wearied of the journey. The steep paths seemed hard for her to climb, the way was difficult, that to her sisters seemed lovely. When she arose in the morning, she only thought, 'How soon will it be evening, that I may rest?' She longed for something warmer than the sunshine, and sweeter than the flowers.

Then there came to her one silent night a little vision, and she saw the land of rest and of strength, and there stood beside her a messenger from that home of beauty, who told her the way was short, and she might go, for if she was weary of her journey, no one ought to make her travel further.

Lulu told her vision to her sisters, and they said at once, 'You cannot go. You shall travel with us. We want you; what could we do without you?' And so she wrapped her mantle, woven from the silken floss of the milkweed, about her, and tried to journey on; but her feet became sore, and she could not hold her garments about her. She dropped them one by one. The night dew chilled her, the sun's rays scorched her, but they dragged her on. They grew so selfish, that they had no longer any beauty or loveliness, and they ceased their labors of love. They dragged her up and down, over the tangled grass, and through the sharp sedge, they went on and on, never stopping, for fear Lulu would look again at the beautiful vision.

'My dear sisters,' said Lulu, 'let me go? Oh, how tired I am, the way is so long, and I see such an easy track over a bridge of light.'

But they still answered 'No,' and they bound her about with strong cords, and fastened them with keys, and then she lay with the beautiful land in view, but they would never say yes to her pleadings to go.

And then they kept her for a long weary time, because of their selfishness, but at last the messenger cut the cords that bound her, and took her to the land of rest and beauty. When the sisters knew what they had done, and that she had really gone, they fell to lamenting. And they bound the silver cords about themselves, and went far back on their journey, gathering up what Lulu had lost, and trying to carry it with them.

But they did nothing well, for they moaned and wailed, and wasted their strength. One night when the stars were out they slept, and in their sleep Lulu came to them and said, 'This is indeed a beautiful home, but I have brought the golden cord with which you bound me hither, and I cannot rest, for you drag me every day away from the sweetness. Oh, dear sisters, let me be, and when you work again at the sweet work of beauty, I will come of my own will, and tell you how to make the roses hold a richer tint, and the lilies a sweeter fragrance.'

Then the two sisters dropped the golden cords and Lulu's garments, and putting their arms about each other, they went about their work once more. The whole earth seemed changed in a moment. The sun shone out with a new splendor, and the air seemed like the breath of life.

'Look here,' said Fanfan, 'Lulu, has, after all, not gone, for I saw the print of her little step on the silver sand.'

'She means us to go that way,' said Wewee.

'See here,' said her sister. 'No one could have put that pearl tint on my lily but the sweet Lulu.'

'She means us to dwell there,' said Wewee.

'Listen to that singing! None but Lulu sung like that.'

'She wants us to be glad,' answered Wewee again.

Everywhere they went they found traces of Lulu, and they knew each day of her loving presence; and after a time the land of rest seemed only a step above the lily, and in their dreams they rested with their sister.

Mr. Graves paused, and the children were all silent for a time, not being satisfied whether the story was ended or not.

'Now, grandpa,' said Tony, 'you mean something besides what you have been telling. I can't tell what it is, but I believe you mean some of us. Will you please tell us who the three princesses are?'

'I guess he means me,' said Lucy, 'for I am just so tired, and my feet hurt me so when I walk. And last night I dreamed that some one would take me to a beautiful home, and you all said no; and you put your arms right about me, and held me tighter and tighter till I waked, and then I could not hardly breathe, and I could not help crying.'

'And do you really want to go?' said Mr. Graves.

'When you all tell me I may,' said Lulu.

'Will you not say yes, Nela? for you hold me so tight; and Tony, too, every little thing he brings me makes me want to stay with him.'

Nela burst into a torrent of crying. 'Oh, Lulu, don't, don't go away,' she sobbed. 'I won't drag you, but Tony and I will take you up so softly, and we will not let your feet get tired.'

'I can't be rested any more,' said Lucy. 'I've tried ever so long, but I can't go when you all sit glad, for it's just like the princess. I feel little shining cords everywhere, and my feet are all tangled up in them.'

'Dear little one,' said Mr. Graves. 'I've said in my heart you might go; but we do want you so, our sweet lily-bell.'

And he took her in his arms, and held her as gently as a mother holds a baby.

'Come, little children,' he said, 'let us think if we will be like Fanfan and Wewee. It is our selfish love that is woven about Lucy, and by it we drag her through weary ways. There is a beautiful messenger ready for her, as soon as we are willing to let her go. She can't travel our way any longer; we only drag her through the dust. But let us not talk more about it. I told you my story would be sad. But look! There is the sun shining on the hill yonder, and making the crust glow like a mirror. Run for a good coat, while Lucy has a little nap; and come over again by-and-by, to tell us of all you have found in the frosty air.'

'I have opened one door for her going,' said he to himself when they had left, 'but the one whose lock I hold is harder to unfasten.'

'The doctor says she can't get well,' said Mrs. Jones to Aunt Prue. 'Oh, oh, if I had only known that she was so poorly, I would not have kept her at work.'

'Lucy has always had one hand on the door of heaven,' said Aunt Prue. 'God gives us earthly angels as well as heavenly. There are a great many ways to open the kingdom of heaven, but none so easy as through the heart of a little child. When Lucy goes thither, it will be as if the glory shone through a wider door than before. I am getting to be an old woman, and I see I cannot live so very many years, and it seems as if I had better be the one to be taken, like a withered plant, rather than that our fair flower should be gathered. But if I should go to my home up there, I should not send back the silvery glory that these fair, sweet angels can. Do you know, I think that the angels are just as glad when a child goes to them, as I was when Nela came to me? And how miserably mean we are, when we want to keep all the good to ourselves.'

I remember once when Mr. Hastings had some little lambs. We kept them in two pastures. One pasture was like a soft, green meadow. Through it flowed a running brook, and there were groups of trees that cast a pleasant shade. The other pasture was on a hillside, and was rough with stones and hillocks. Whenever the lambs got tired and laid themselves often to rest, we used to say, 'Little ones, you need the green pasture and the still water,' and we carried them gently thither, and they seemed to say, 'bless you,' in every look of their tender eyes. Do you think we did a great deal for the little wee things? We should have been cruel to have done less. Just so the gentlest of shepherds takes the little children from the pastures they cannot feed in, and puts them in greener places, where they can feed at will and grow strong in the freshness and beauty. Let us let Lucy go, and say to her, 'Darling, the blessed Shepherd has come for you; you will find a fresh, green pasture, and the still, clear water.'

'I feel just as if I was at meeting listening to Parson Smith,' said Mrs. Jones. 'But I must go. I kind of hoped Lucy would grow strong, and be able to help me when I got older. But as you say, there is no use of fretting.'

And so Mrs. Jones was comforted.

[To be continued.]

Original Essays.

"INFANTICIDE AND ITS PENALTY."

FROM A (SCIENTIFIC) STANDPOINT.

BY AN OLD M. D. AND SPIRITUALIST.

Yes, I am a Spiritualist, and a "Modern Spiritualist." I have known "Modern Spiritualism" to be true since the first "knockings," in the city of Rochester, N. Y. I was there then, and saw and heard those manifestations, that, at that time, so arrested the attention of the world. Since that time I have witnessed and experienced almost every phase and variety of the "modern Spiritual phenomena"; and at the present time, as well as ever from my first acquaintance with the same, have I as firm faith, as full confidence in the reality of spiritual "manifestations" and "communications," as I have in my own existence. Nevertheless I have no more confidence in "spiritual manifestations" and "communications," than I have in human manifestations and communications. They are just as much in accordance with natural law, and just as likely to err and falsify as are the human, and no more so.

According to science, as well as good sense, when a person leaves this mundane sphere and enters into the spiritual spheres, his character, or rather his disposition, is no more changed than it would be in crossing a territorial line. As far as his disposition, his natural inclinations, are to be taken into consideration, he is the same being still; although in the spirit-world the parties would not be able to gratify their desires, in many particulars, as here; therefore they would naturally lose such desires in a very short time, comparatively. Thus people may enter the spirit-world with a disposition to lie, cheat and steal—to deceive and be deceived, or not to do so, just as the case may be, according to the individual disposition.

You may ask spirits' information upon any subject, and they may tell you what they really believe to be true; yet they may be deceived, they may be in error, and thus innocently, though unfortunately, misrepresent the truth to you. It would be the same there, in that particular, as here. When we enter the spirit-world we do not, cannot know everything there, more than we can here. We are not at once omniscient or omnipresent—Progress is the great work of all nature.

Thomas R. Hazard, of Vanclose, R. I., in the 5th No. of the 22d Vol. of the Banner, writes under the head of "INFANTICIDE AND ITS PENALTY," from a SPIRITUAL STANDPOINT, and bases all his conclusions upon the "thus saith the Lord"—or rather thus saith spirits. The immortal Franklin once said that "the great difficulty with the world (of mind) is, they believed so much and knew so little." It is evidently one thing to believe, and another thing to know; and there is a very great difference between simple belief and positive knowledge. We ask how we can reason except from what we know? PHILOSOPHY is the constitution of truth. No truth exists without Philosophy. Every truth is an effect; every effect has a cause. The philosophy of truth is nothing more nor less than the phenomena that intervenes cause and effect; and reasoning either analytically from cause to effect, or synthetically from effect to cause, do we, can we, may we know truth? And in no other way can we demonstrate truth and know it. Thus SCIENCE teaches us truth, and we are not deceived.

Now there are some things that we know; things that are demonstrated to our understanding; great, immortal truths that are taught to us in text books used in schools and colleges, and authors in common. One of the first of which great truths is, that matter exists, and for aught we know it ever existed, and ever will exist; that matter is subject to change, and that the studying of the changes of matter embraces, strictly speaking, all our knowledge; that matter is constantly improving in quality and character, and that it is impossible, as we said, to destroy matter—it will exist in some form; therefore, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as DEATH (Death is a relative term used for our convenience, but is in very bad taste, for it conveys a false impression, and ought not to be used in any vocabulary); that we have two kinds of matter—ponderable and imponderable—and that the former develops the latter; that, again, imponderable matter or is, or may be, divided into two parts: COGNITIVE and INCOGNITIVE; that cognitive matter THINKS, and that incognitive matter DOES NOT think.

Now, then, if these facts are truths, capable

of being demonstrated to our understanding, that we may know them positively, then does it follow that Mr. Hazard's spirit-communicator misrepresented the truth to him when they presumed the spirit of man to emanate from any other source than the soul of man, and the soul of man from the body of man; and that time intervenes the existence of each of these three parts of man's nature; and that until the spirit—the third part of man's nature—the thinking, immortal part of his being, is developed and has its place within the soul, there is no such thing as disturbing or "cutting off" that spirit, for no spirit yet exists to be disturbed or "cut off." That such spirit has individuality or "exists" "at the moment of conception" IS FALSE, as false can be and every teacher and author of physiological science tells us so. The law of comparison teaches us differently; and actual observation in post mortem examinations proves the utter absurdity of such an idea.

Physiological science teaches that the spirit, the thinking immortal part of man, does not exist within man's grosser nature in the process of fetal development, until about the fourth month of the same. No truth is taught more positively, or can be demonstrated more clearly.

I do not write this to justify infanticide. No. The Gods forbid! I write it to correct a false statement, and to acquit myself, as a professional man, of unjust accusation in relieving the poor and unfortunate—weighed down into the very dust of the earth by terrible care—and, perhaps, at the expense of some human angel mother's life, or some poor unfortunate, innocent and unprotected being, who in an unguarded moment yielded to over-persuasion or passion, that made wreck of all her hopes and privileges in this earth-life, and doomed herself as a slave to utter despair here, unless rescued in time from the fiery jaws of hell and damnation, (public opinion,) and in justification of the deep heartfelt anxiety and anxious care of millions of the same unfortunate to be FREE! What won't one give for life, liberty and happiness? And what is life worth without them?

Infanticide is an awful thing! It is a crime! It is MURDER in the first degree! And thousands and tens of thousands will have to answer for this crime. Some ten or twelve years ago, J. B. Conklin, of New York City, the celebrated test medium, related to me an incident which took place in his rooms, in a certain city of these United States, that, at the time, greatly excited his interest to study the facts in the case. He never before had had his attention called to the subject. It appears that a gentleman and lady of one of the first families in the city where he was stopping, came to his rooms for the purpose of testing Spiritualism, or of getting communications from their spirit-friends, when two children, with spirit pet names, announced themselves as their children, and wished to be recognized by them as such. The parties did not recognize them as their own children, but upon explanation they were presumed to be children ushered into the spirit-world some time during the fourth or fifth month of fetal development, and the particulars of those circumstances were so positively and precisely communicated to those parties, by these children, through Mr. Conklin, although he was a stranger to them all, that they were forced to acknowledge the truthfulness of the same, and to acknowledge the children as their own, even to their own shame and confusion!

These things will all meet us in the future, and it will be a terrible meeting! Many will there, to their surprise, shame and condemnation, meet their own little innocents that have been sacrificed upon the altar of selfish disaffection. Of the consequences God only knows!

I pray to be delivered from such apostasy and crime. May God save us all!
Lamont, Ottawa Co., Mich., 1867.

"THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST."

In the Banner of Light of Oct. 12th I noticed the remarks of your correspondent, "Justice," in the article headed "Criticism," in which he labors hard to prove the divinity of Christ, or that he was differently constructed from other men; and in order to do this he quotes Scripture, naming the prophecy of Isaiah, vii: 14-16, which reads as follows:

"Therefore the Lord shall give you a sign: behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil, and choose the good. For before the child shall know to refuse the evil, and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings."

How any one can distort the above passages into a prophecy of the coming of Jesus Christ, is beyond my comprehension. He might with as much propriety say they were a prophecy of my coming. We shall find by reading the chapter through that Ahaz was in great trouble and fear on account of the two kings, Rezin and Pekah, with whom he was about going to war. The Lord is represented as saying to Ahaz, verse 11:

"Ask thee a sign of the Lord thy God. But Ahaz said, I will not ask, neither will I tempt the Lord."

Whereupon the Lord, in order to convince Ahaz that he should succeed against his two enemies, kings Rezin and Pekah, concludes to give him the sign recorded in verse 14th, as aforesaid. Now this sign, in order to be a sign of success to Ahaz, must of course take place, if not immediately, at least during the lifetime of Ahaz, as it would be of no use to him after he was dead. We find in the very next chapter, verses 21 and 31, the child in question is spoken of again, as follows:

"And I took unto me faithful witnesses to record, I, Uriah the priest, and Zechariah the scribe; and they went unto the prophets; and she conceived, and bare a son."

Verse 4th further says:

"Before the child shall have knowledge to cry, My father and my mother, the riches of Damascus and the spoil of Samaria shall be taken away before the king of Assyria."

As regards the other passages quoted by "Justice," Micah v: 2, where it is said—

"But thou, Bethlehem, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."

I would say that this also is not a prophecy of Christ, but of a person of a very different character, which may be learned by candidly reading the rest of the chapter. The 6th and 6th verses partially describe him, as follows:

"And this man (mark you: this man, not God, or Son of God) shall be the peace, when the Assyrian shall come into our land; and when he shall tread in our palaces, then shall we raise against him seven shepherds, and eight principal men. And they shall waste the land of Assyria with the sword, and the land of Nimrod in the entrance thereof; thus shall he deliver us from the Assyrian, when he cometh into our land, and when he treadeth within our borders."

How different this from the character of Christ! These quotations have about as much reference to Jesus Christ as they have to a man in the moon. I do not think it possible for "Justice," or any other man, to point out a single prophecy of Jesus Christ in any part of the Old Testament. We shall invariably find that all those passages claimed as prophecies of Christ relate to something that was to take place in the immediate future, or in the time in which the writer lived, and having no reference whatever to the man Jesus.

Newton Corner, Mass., Nov. 11, 1867.

If going uncovered indicates a reverent spirit, as is claimed in some countries, many of our ladies in fashionable circles are patterns of reverence. They are head and shoulders in advance of the world in general.

Correspondence in Brief.

L. ARMSTRONG, SACRAMENTO, CAL., writes, Oct. 20th: Our Lyceum reopened the first Sunday in October, with one hundred and eight children. Our prospects are good. Mrs. Laura Cuppy came in this city, I think it is this Fall, the best medical man, would come to California, and would have a powerful effect upon the minds of the people just now, as the clergy are using great exertions to put down Spiritualism by lectures, by preaching, by the press, and by every means in their power; all of which, so far, have not the people investigating for themselves. After operating for fourteen years as a medium, I am obliged to abandon it for the present, in consequence of loss of health. Spiritualism is increasing in numbers very fast in California and Oregon.

AN OPINION ON SPIRITUALISM, by a Searcher for Truth.—I am in the pursuit of light, and for that purpose take the liberty of inflicting you with this communication. I have for some time been investigating the subject of Spiritualism, and in it I have found much comfort. I was not induced to commence the investigation by the recent loss of any relative or friend. I think my only reason was that I had heard so much against the belief, that I thought there might be something in it. But I find that I have formed my own ideas of Spiritualism, and I also find that they disagree to a considerable extent with the generally accepted belief. Now my mind has been influenced only by what I have personally seen and heard. I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with a person with whom I can converse intelligently upon the subject. I would much like to either meet, or hear through the mediumship of your paper, some one who could state the fundamental principles of Spiritualism. I contend that no two persons can think alike, and consequently hope that Spiritualists have no creed. I look upon the belief as one that will be of much benefit to the world in general, if not confined to the limits of a sect or creed. I have seen many intelligent sectarians, of different denominations, who could believe with, or at least admit, the general truth which I have found, and on which I have based my belief in spirit intercourse. I look at Spiritualism as something more than mere intercourse between the spheres. To me it has been an influence controlling my actions, a continual incentive to noble and pure deeds, and a constant monitor to prevent every dishonorable or low inclination. It is not long since a gentleman called to me, 'Spiritualism is nothing more than mesmerism.' Now it struck me that he had placed the cart before the horse, and that mesmerism was Spiritualism, or the medium of spirit intercourse. I have found that a person whose mind or will power is stronger than or superior to another's, can, in the body, mesmerize or control the body of another, and drive therefrom his mind or soul power, and cause that body to act as he may will, and thus be admitted by scientific men, and labeled mesmerism. But if that same mind out of the body controls another in the body, causing him to say what the mind controlling wills, that is Spiritualism, and is not admitted as a fact, but is rather scouted as delusion. Yet the same individual will admit that the soul never dies, and that it is cognizant of all that is taking place on the earth long after death. Why then do they stop there? They do not allow that the same laws that control the minds of men in the body, do the same out of the body? I have found nothing miraculous in Spiritualism. I should like better opportunities than I have yet had to investigate. Still to me it looks like the simple continuance of natural laws in the future state, and showing the infinite wisdom and goodness of the controlling intelligence.

TOW SPIRITUALISM SPREADS IN CALIFORNIA.—A friend, writing from Grass Valley, says: Would you like to hear of the progress of the new faith in the golden land? How the tree, transplanted, takes deep root in its kindly soil. It is but a little while since the doctrine of progress in after life found a foothold in our mountains; and like the snows on our lofty peaks when first exposed to a summer sun, small rills gave evidence of the breaking up of winter, till by degrees the bright luminous approached its zenith, when the rills increased to streams, then torrents poured down the mountain side, forming rivers of irresistible force and volume. A year ago a few Spiritualists among our population of ten thousand souls, were the butt of ridicule of the world-wide among us. A year ago last June, Mrs. C. M. Stowe lectured to an audience of twenty-six, in our theatre. It was a "beggary account of empty boxes." Nothing daunted by this slender array of numbers, at the close of her lectures she made this prophetic declaration: "I shall be with you again next year. Trust me, omniscient, and I shall see this house crowded with hearers. The germ is planted; it will grow to a beautiful tree, and bear its abundant fruit. Instead of having an audience of twenty-six faithful souls, this large hall will be filled to overflowing."

Never was prophecy more fully verified. Mrs. Stowe did come again in one year, and gave a series of lectures. Every night the hall was crowded with interested listeners. The trees had borne their fruit, and was ready for the gathering. During her whole course the interest was kept up; every seat was filled; and even on Sunday evening, when every church held its service, she had a larger audience than could be seated. Members of different denominations attended her lectures, and the strong, forcible, yet kindly manner in which she presented her subject, if it did not convince them of its truth, gained respect, without exciting a feeling of antagonism. She never confessed to me that her deductions and arguments were rational, and certainly seemed like common sense.

Although Mrs. Stowe is a rapid speaker, she is a graceful and forcible one, while her deductions and comparisons are often beautiful and sublime. She has not only made many warm friends for herself, but has awakened a spirit of inquiry, which has fallen to the ground in our mountains. To the cause. Mrs. Stowe stands among the most talented lecturers who have visited the Eureka State. With such an earnest, energetic and faithful laborer in the field, one who recommends precept by example, the doctrine of progress, of a true and beautiful hereafter, must become understood, and once understood, be properly appreciated. We hope to have other lecturers soon, for the field is a large one.

Mr. Cuppy is doing much in San Francisco. She seldom visits the country, though she gave two interesting lectures here, which were listened to by large and appreciative audiences. She, too, is a highly intellectual and interesting speaker, and I regret that she cannot extend her usefulness all over the State.

A Shaker Prophecy.

[As the Shakers have proved themselves true prophets in regard to Spiritualism, this prophecy is somewhat striking.]

"The wonderful and almost incredible openings of light and truth pertaining to this and the external spiritual world, and which address themselves almost exclusively to the external man, by sensuous facts and physical demonstrations, and which, in former times and other ages, were suppressed and condemned, as the effect of unlawful communications with the powers of darkness, are now being received with joy and gladness by thousands of persons, as proof of a telegraphic communication established between the two worlds, and no more to be disputed or doubted than is the existence of that marvelous submarine telegraphic cable that connects the Eastern and Western Continents."

The natural and spiritual worlds are now coming into a state of rapport with each other; and the spiritual faculties in man, which have for a long time been in a state of dormancy, are being aroused and developed very extensively; and soon the religious nature of man will be quickened, and religious revivals will commence on a grander and more effective scale than have ever been witnessed; for they will rest upon the basis of and spread over the ground prepared by Spiritualism."

The postal law of Congress forbids the opening of a newspaper by a person not addressed or authorized, under penalty of \$20 fine; stealing the same is punishable by imprisonment.

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Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, Editor.

LEWIS D. WILSON, Assistant Editor.

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

The Riches of Faith.

How to "bring life and immortality to light" was a mystery until it was solved by a simple method. Faith, however strong and simple, was at the bottom of it. Except by faith none of us can see and know those glorious realities which are in store for us all, which are continually about us, and for the enjoyment of which we were born. The Independent, of New York, publishes some liberal articles from time to time, and not many weeks ago contained one on this very subject—a "Living Faith." It appears that the writer of the article, a son of Senator Howard, of Michigan, had not long before attended a funeral service at which a Spiritualist officiated. Although he protested against much of the (to him) "vague, triteness and sentimentalism" of what he listened to from the speaker, he comes to what he styles "the redeeming point," and of this he says that it lay in the fact that "all the services seemed penetrated through and through with a cheerful hopefulness, a simple and hearty faith in a triumphant immortality, that *did not die*." And he added that, while thinking the whole matter over, he "blushed for the inconsistency of Christian Church members."

"For who," he goes on to observe, "has not attended some funeral service in his own denomination, when the gloom of despair seemed to rest over all the assembly, and when every word spoken by the minister only seemed to draw the pall down deeper and deeper? What gloom of *heavenliness* can exceed the depressing sadness which prevails on some of those very occasions when, if ever, the human soul needs all the wings of faith."

There is where the religion of Orthodoxy, groping for the light through the "gloom of heathenism," comes fatally short of the positive needs of the human soul. This writer says truly that the mass of people are not led to religion by their heads, but by their hearts; and he instances mothers who have been bereft of loved children, who need in their souls "to feel sure that they are with their fellow-angels, yet still near to them." These things, says he, "are the great realities of life." And he proceeds in such a strain of hope, with such strength of trust and faith in the immediate present as well as the yet undiscovered future, that we gladly give place to an extract bodily from his article:

"By their fruits ye shall know them"—is a creed always popular. Men prefer a live Spiritualist to a Doctor of Divinity who is spiritually dead. These great "delusions," that take hold of men's strongest convictions, cannot be scolded down, nor can they be argued down; but must be lived down, by showing a more excellent way. When the London apothecary, Boyer, had cured Louis XIV. of his intermittent fever, after the court physicians had failed, they summoned him before the Royal College to define what an intermittent fever was. "An intermittent fever, gentlemen," he replied, "is something which I can cure, and you cannot." They asked no more questions. When a sensitive heart is depressed by the fear of bereavement or death, or even by the overwhelming cares and labors of life, it needs the thought of immortality to cheer it. It needs then to be brought in contact with some specimen of living faith. "We abound with precept," wrote Andrew Marvell, in his fine letter on Bereavement; "what we want is examples." There are men—clergymen and laymen—whose personal faith is so joyous and abounding that it makes itself felt all around them. Such a man's very voice and face communicate such strength that fear vanishes before him, and unbeliever shrivels away. His presence in a sick-room is a benediction. His hope is strongest beside a death-bed, for he knows that what we call death the angels call birth. A funeral service in his hands is the celebration of a solemn yet joyous sacrament. No sect is wholly without such men; but they are guided by a spirit greater than any sect, and more useful. It is to such men of living faith that the Independent habitually appeals. With bigots and formalists it has nothing to do, save to labor for their conversion."

In all this, the more advanced and liberal Orthodoxy, such as the Independent represents, simply asserts that "we walk by faith and not by sight"; but Spiritualists deny to a faith that is slight itself. Therein do they know that a new revelation has been given to the world. There is no evidence that the day of revelations is over; on the contrary, they are continually making their appearance to men. The heavens are opened anew, and angels are ascending and descending. All visions were not ended with Jacob and his ladder, any more than all virtue was exhausted with Paul. So long as the world stands, there will be communication with the powers that rule the world by the mediumship of their angelic messengers. From age to age, and era to era, the earth and the heavens come nearer and nearer together, and in the approach, the earth and its inhabitants receive new light into their souls.

We are in the midst of one of those epochs of illumination now. The heavens seem to close in upon the earth like a vast belt, from which descend influences that are calculated to change the current of men's thoughts, and to modify the character of the planet itself. That such changes are at present going on rapidly, we have no reason to go in quest of evidence; it is about us on every hand, and presents itself with an urgent emphasis to every soul. The faith of this age is not the faith that once satisfied believers. This has eyes, while that had not. It distinctly sees what the men of former times yearned for but "died without the sight." Than such a faith what could be richer, more consoling, more full of encouragement, more elevating, more perfecting? It lays hold on things that were once "hoped for, but not seen."

Missionary Work in the States.

We are gratified in the extreme to chronicle the fact of a thorough awakening among Spiritualists in the several States, as is evinced by their combined movements, made with decided vigor, to send speakers through their limits. The Spiritualist Association of Massachusetts is working steadily, and with marked effect. That of Connecticut has put A. T. Foss, an efficient worker, into the field. That of Michigan has made an excellent choice in selecting J. O. Barrett. In Wisconsin, they have engaged the active lecturing services of Leo Miller. In Ohio, A. A. Wheelock goes into the field for the harvest there. And we are glad to add that New Hampshire is

moving, and will soon have a lecturer regularly employed. All they now wait for is the raising of the necessary funds. New York has organized a State Association, and will soon have a lecturing agent in the field. There is no other way as good as this, of making active missionary work of it. Thousands have had to take their impressions of Spiritualism, its religion and its philosophy, from denouncing credulous who know as little about it as themselves; and it is proper, as well as the truest policy, to send round our blessed Gospel to these thousands, that they may in due time be able to enlighten their own ministers on a subject about which all knowledge has hitherto been denied them. Spiritualism is sure to take root and grow in every State by this process of voluntary preaching, and those who contribute to support it liberally, are sowing good seed which they will live to see bringing forth fruit a hundred fold.

Working-Women's Home.

We gladly took occasion to speak somewhat in detail of this new project in New York, in a previous issue of the Banner; and we return to the subject now because the plan is so near ready to be carried out into execution. On the first of December, or the present week, the Home for the Working-women of New York will be ready to receive its occupants. It is situated on Elizabeth street, and was once an immense tenement-house, accommodating—if that word could be properly used in such a connection—nearly one hundred families. The entire ground on which it stands was purchased by the corporation for one hundred thousand dollars, and forty thousand more have been spent in reconstructing and readapting the building. In height it is six stories. In the basement are engine and boiler-room, laundry, drying-room, ironing-room, kitchen, bakery, a dozen bathing-rooms and eight cellars; and the passages to be used in reaching these several apartments are well-lighted, airy and spacious.

The first floor contains a reception-room, an office, counting-room, three parlors and a dining-room. In the latter five hundred persons may conveniently be seated at the tables. Each parlor has a piano, an organ for devotional music on occasion, and noiseless sewing-machines. There is also a library-room of good dimensions, which at present awaits contributions of books from the liberally disposed. On the second and other floors, including the sixth, are eighty dormitories, calculated for the accommodation of six times that number of guests—four hundred and eighty. Of other rooms, there are nine that are called common, eleven industrial and business rooms, and others that are necessary minor apartments for sanitary purposes.

This is no charity, in the language of the trustees of the corporation. It is organized as a business scheme, on purely business principles, its sole object being to afford to the class of females who earn low wages and find it next to impossible to keep body and soul together, accommodations for living comfortably at the lowest price possible. It is the plan of the trustees to put the price of board at such a figure as shall return a moderate profit, reckoning legal interest on the sum invested in the enterprise, and making no allowance for unpaid board-bills, which are not to be thought of. Every week's board is to be demanded in advance. Here is a comprehensive and practical plan, now, for the amelioration of working-women in our large cities, which we should be glad to see copied, and improved upon if possible. It is time Philanthropy bestirred itself to do something for a class of persons to which the world is really so much indebted, but which it rewards so grudgingly.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend has spoken acceptably to the First Association of Spiritualists in this city, the Sundays in November. There is an earnest truthfulness in all this zealous worker for humanity says, that comes home to the heart of the listener with a pointed meaning. Her last lecture was an earnest appeal for a more liberal and practical demonstration of the grand and beautiful philosophy of Charity for erring mortals. She goes hence to Worcester, and her successor here is Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, (sister to Mrs. Middlebrook.) Mrs. W. is from the West, and is a lively lecturer.

We are pleased to see a growing interest manifested to encourage and sustain the Children's Lyceum connected with this Society. The school increases each week, and is becoming more perfect in its exercises. Friends, do not forget to attend the entertainment on Wednesday evening. It is for the purpose of raising means to carry on the Lyceum. Every little helps—so buy a ticket even if you cannot go.

The Long Evenings.

The best part of the winter season is its long evenings. They are, in fact, the solidest parts of the day. The necessity for being out in the snow and slush and cold is past, and we are gathered at home around cheerful tables or hearths, in warm and well-lighted rooms, and made doubly comfortable by hearing the whistle and howl of sharp winds that we know cannot reach us. The condition is as favorable as it can be for real improvement. To be sure, pure recreation and entertainment take up much of the time, but there is enough left for following out, a little each evening, a course of studious and thoughtful reading, whose pursuit will bring us a decided advantage.

It would surprise one beyond measure to see what can be accomplished by resolute and faithful application, during a single season of evenings. A person may come out into the spring almost a new being, so conscious of new developments will he have become. The suggestion will prove as profitable as any we can make to our readers.

Louis Napoleon.

This astute ruler of the French has laid before the Senate and Corps Legislatif of France his views on the whole European situation. They are that Rome will be left to itself, and the Italians to settle their own affairs, as soon as such disturbers of the public peace as Garibaldi are once put out of the way of making further mischief. As for Prussia, and matters beyond the Rhine, he expresses himself satisfied with what has been done, holding that every nation has a right to dispose of its own destiny. He is no friend to republicanism, as his speech will convince any reader, yet he adopts methods that genuine republicanism would recommend for France, among which is the most important one of developing the internal resources of that nation with the greatest possible rapidity. In a nation's growth he believes its strength consists. Yet there are ideas, without which no nation in these times can grow great. France must dwindle at last if it ignores them.

Dr. Livingstone, the English explorer of Africa, is reported to have been alive in April, notwithstanding the account that he had been murdered previously by the natives.

Rev. Mr. Towne on Theodore Parker.

FOURTH LECTURE.

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 24th, Rev. E. C. Towne delivered the fourth lecture of his course on "Theodore Parker and Christianity." In pursuing the criticism already referred to in his previous lectures, he found the objection advanced against Mr. Parker that he had no recognized ideas of the holiness or justice of God, and that it was impossible to find in his writings any direct confession of a "consciousness of sin," or an inward struggle, such as are to be found in those of "Augustine, Luther and Edwards." Theodore Parker was accused of having "dropped out" of his creed all reference to these characteristics of Deity—justice and holiness. But was not this the old accusation which had always covered, to the mind of the Church, every deviation from her belief; the heretic was misled, and had not proper views of the holiness and justice of God? Did Jesus ever refer directly in his teachings to the justice and holiness of God? did he necessarily "drop out" from his creed all idea of these attributes, because he only spoke of the goodness of God?

The lecturer said he could produce fifty instances from the writings of Mr. Parker, to prove that he had an idea—and the correct one—of the Divine justice and holiness. Among these, he mentioned that he (Mr. Parker) made continuous mention of five points, the sum total of which was, to his view, Love—the eternal God! viz: Power, Wisdom, Goodness, Justice, Holiness. He objected to the commonly received idea of Christ, because it was impossible to centre in one individual all excellence; and ascribed as possibilities to man, goodness and holiness. He declared Justice to be the "pole-star of the universe"; and that he "loved truth more, for loving Justice." He asserted with confidence the final goal of all souls, because the Infinite Creator could not repudiate the claims made upon his justice.

Mr. Parker's idea of religion was, that which "enlisteth all our fear." "Loyalty to conscience" was "obedience to God." His analysis of the divine attributes were, that they were to the mind, infinite wisdom; to the conscience, infinite justice; to the affections, infinite love; to the soul, infinite holiness, or absolute fidelity. The question to be met, then, was who had the right idea, Evangelical Christians or this Disciple of Love. Orthodoxy declared that unredemptive penal evil bestowed on man was right. Mr. Parker believed in redemptive penal evil. Orthodoxy practically declared "Evil for evil" to be just; an everlasting evil to punish a small and transitory one. Mr. Parker believed only in that punishment which "wounds to heal." Orthodoxy found God's character for justice depicted in a blazing hell crowded with lost souls. Mr. Parker found it in a family of mankind, bound together by the merciful ties of God's universal fatherhood, so that it was impossible for one to be lost. Orthodoxy declared that were strict justice to prevail, hell would swallow heaven; but was obliged to insert the saving clause that faith in the Church would, in that case, re-create the ground under the saints' feet, while the smoke of the torments of the damned should "go up forever." Mr. Parker declared man's right to everlasting blessedness through God's gift of everlasting life. To be a Christian, in the Evangelical acceptance of the term, was only to be faithful to Eternal Punishment. Mr. Parker defined Christianity to be fidelity to Eternal Redemption.

It was a leading idea of Orthodoxy that God's justice was the foundation of his love, and it was wrong to worship only his love, as love was unjust and needed a correcting influence—retributive justice. Consequently lost souls, in their search after true holiness, treading upon the platform of the Divine Mercy, fell through into hell, for want of a belief in his justice to catch them in their descent. Orthodoxy also declared that the soul was naturally unclean before God—thus making a scrap of Hebrew heathen belief outweigh all the teachings of the Nazarene. Mr. Parker taught that true holiness was fidelity to pure love, and that the meanest soul was naturally akin to the Deity.

Was it said Mr. Parker did not make confessions of conviction of sin in his heart? Passages declaring that conviction, were to be found scattered through all his writings. He said of himself, that frightened in youth by the Orthodox creed preachers, he continued from the age of seven to ten to nightly repeat his prayers, and to cry, "Lord, forgive my sins!" till sleep closed his tearful eyes. Surely those years spent at that age in prayer should save him from the necessity of proclaiming "Lord be merciful to me a sinner!" in the market place, and at the corners of the streets.

Mr. Parker taught that God's justice was not like man's justice; that God was a physician, not a hangman; if man suffered, it was for his everlasting good. He believed that naturally no man ever turned pale at the thought of death, unless priestcraft had shaken his hopes of eternity. In the ancient days of Greece, before there was a caste of priesthood, there was no fear of God or death. He had stood by the parting couch of his fellow being while the life-tide ebbed away, and none, save the creed-bound soul suddenly awakened to the realities of the hour, had shudderingly murmured "I am afraid to go!" Did not the hireling shepherd go after the wandering sheep? Was God's love less than an hireling's? Did a mother desert her child when the clouds of sorrow and sin were around him? Did any one suppose she loved her child more than God loved it, if so, let such an one go and worship her! No grain of dust was lost from off the rolling world. Should God lose an eternal soul? It was true he sent punishments in our path to turn us erring Balaams wandering after woe, back to the paths of rectitude, but he set them ever as "angels in the way!"

What mockery then for a creedist to rise in his place, when Mr. Parker's work was done and he had gone to his Gethsemane and his Calvary, and proclaim that he could utter one word of love, not already enunciated in the broad teachings of him who went further even than the New Testament, and declared God not only the father but the mother of all created souls?

New Music.

We have received from the publishers, Butterfield & Co., Chicago, four splendid songs. Each has an elegant lithographic title page, representing a sweet-faced little girl not yet in her teens. The first is called "Snow White Blossoms," music by G. Barker, words by J. H. Eccles; 2d, "Oh, mother dear, why did you leave me?" with chorus, words by G. W. Moore, music by Blamphin; 3d, "Angel Footsteps," with chorus, words and music by Jessie Williams; 4th, "Sweet Flowers of Purity," a ballad, by C. Blamphin. Price of each piece forty cents.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICES in honor of John A. Andrew, at Music Hall, in this city, Nov. 26th, by the City Government, was a worthy tribute to a good man. The eulogy by E. P. Whipple was an excellent production.

Music Hall Meetings.

MRS. NELLIE T. BRIGHAM'S LECTURE.

A large audience was in attendance at the Music Hall Course of Sunday Afternoon Lectures on Spiritualism, Nov. 24th, notwithstanding the wet weather, to listen to Mrs. Nellie J. Temple Brigham, it being her first appearance in this city as an inspirational lecturer, though she had previously won an excellent reputation as such—and fully sustained it here. In a long time we have not heard more general expressions of satisfaction with a lecture or the speaker. Mrs. B. is quite young, and her countenance wears a sweet spiritual expression. She is slender and graceful in form, and possesses a soft voice, that rings out with silver clearness to all parts of the hall. Her style of speaking partakes of a subdued earnestness that commands attention and wins the admiration of her audiences. In expressing the hope that she may be heard again in Music Hall, we but give voice to the wish of hundreds.

Next Sunday that able and eloquent scholar and lecturer, Dr. R. T. Hallock, of New York, will deliver the address. The bare announcement is sufficient to insure a large audience.

Below we give a synopsis of Mrs. Brigham's lecture on

THE DAWN OF TRUTH.

Our subject at this time shall be the dawn of truth, or the coming of the Saviour. We have no idea of laying before you truths that are wonderfully new. The world has sought long enough for new truth, rejecting the full understanding of the old. That which we call new is not new in the nature of it, only in the understanding of the people. "What do Spiritualists say?" "We say, 'These are but simple repetitions of the old theories.'" No. We have had these truths a long time in our churches, only in a different form.

We would endeavor to show you something of the theories of Spiritualism. The Church says, "What do you ask more than these heaven-born truths which we possess? Is there anything better than the truth of the Saviour? Take these things and be satisfied. Do not pursue phantoms."

Now true Christianity is the doctrine of peace and love, and comparing it with all other religions, we find it better than all others, because it is based on this law of love and kindness. Whoever seeks to be a reformer, must be willing to accept truth from whatever source it may come. Whatever is good and beautiful in other religions we should accept. But in all save Christianity there is an intermingling of injustice and cruelty and oppression; while the grandest law of Christianity is the law of love and kindness. But we find that those who have held the Christian religion sacred, have not always been consistent. Through the dark ages, Catholicism, while it taught the doctrine of a loving Saviour, yet tortured people because they did not accept his faith; yet they claimed to be followers in the path of that teacher who could say to the greatest of sinners, "Go and sin no more. Thy sins are forgiven thee." Where is the result of the Christian religion? Through the whole history of the Church, we find the same thing. It has been fully brought forward in the glory of practice. We say give us teachers who can illustrate their teachings in their lives—those who can bear out in their lives the principle of Christ. Remember this principle is sacred to us, not because of him who gave it to us, but because of the enduring beauty of the principle itself. From any other source it would have been as pure, because the nature of a truth is never changed; it is a part of the eternal of God, a manifestation of Divine Presence. Wherever we can find no philosophy without its truth, no class of people without their theories that bless and elevate them. When we speak of Jesus, we refer to the teacher; when we speak of Christ, we refer to the principle he taught and illustrated in his life. When we speak of the Saviour of mankind, we know what a wide difference there is between our opinions and those of others who use the same terms. The Christian Church believes that it is by the life and death of the individual that mankind can be saved. And saved from what? From eternal torture; the result of our sins. Another is permitted to stand between the guilty person and the result of his sin. Would this be wise or humane? Would we look upon it as an evidence of love in an earthly parent? No; punishment is a corrective, and produced by love.

Any person who gives a truth to the world becomes a saviour. In medicine, the remedy that cures a disease becomes a saviour. The law of love and kindness that Jesus brought before the world, was the saviour of the people. In that sense the giver becomes a saviour, but not in the sense of changing the purpose of the unchangeable. He simply came to be a teacher and guide. The Church, instead of worshipping the principle, have worshipped the teacher and forgotten the truth. They have worshipped the source, the fountain, and while they thirsted for to drink of the life-giving waters. We can simply say, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." "Verily I say unto thee, their sins shall be forgiven them. The spirit of persecution is not dead. It is dying out gradually, yet we find there is a lack of that principle of love, the Christ-principle—what we call the divinely human principle.

In human nature we find a mingling of light and shadow. Man is made up of the demon and the angel, of the animal and the human, or of the human and that higher development of humanity that becomes purely spiritual in its nature. Some recognize this evil as a positive and enduring principle. We say it can be changed—melted in good. The Church begins by teaching men of his utter sinfulness. It says there is nothing in him worth saving, and straightway tells him that God will save him; that he deserves eternal torture, but because God is loving he will not get what he deserves. But when we bring in the floods of reason this house must fall, because it is built on the sand. When you would educate a child, do you begin by teaching him that he is an idiot and cannot learn? If we teach a man that he is a sinner, and then tell him to love, let us teach him that there is something in his soul worthy of that beautiful life. There are thousands and thousands of souls so evil that the heaven of purity would be a hell of discord to them. There is no harmony within. The happiness of the future life, when we reach it, must find an echo in our own souls. We must teach humanity by showing it the infinite possibilities of the human soul, the wonderful path of eternal progress. Truth seeks not to satisfy, to bring sweet contentment, but shows the soul how man has yet to learn, how much beyond to attain, thus constantly being an inspiration to it. Truth guides mankind, and the soul receiving is never satisfied—its work never complete.

Looking through the Church and seeing its inconsistencies, there are those who say it is all evil, and we should only seek to tear it down. There may be those whose work it is to do this, but we are thankful it is not our work. We only seek to tear down evil and leave the good. We would give the people truth, and the truth will of itself tear out the error. There are those who believe that this human nature is totally corrupt and depraved. But there never was a man or woman so bad that they did not have hours when they wished they were better; when they formed good resolutions. Nothing is so totally evil that no good can come out of it. If they have made one effort, had one wish or prayer for a better life, there is something good in their souls. Somewhere in the darkness of his misery and gloom are redeeming traits of character. There was a time when the Church believed in infant torture. You find very few professed believers in it to-day. To-day they believe that God's mercy will shelter the child because of its ignorance and innocence. But they tell us that every soul must be saved through Jesus; and they seek out the heathen, because there is no other name under heaven by which man can be saved. All those who have not turned to the arms of Christ shall go to the realm of misery, because they are ignorant! Is this theory consistent? If the wing of God's mercy covers the little child—if the child is saved because of its ignorance—is not the wing broad enough to cover the heathen because of their ignorance also?

We ask what they believe of a future life? They believe in immortality. They believe it is the same nature, the same spirit, but after death it ceases to dwell on earth, and settles down into the result of this earthly life, and remains thus through the

wasteful ages of eternity—is sole occupation in praising God! But if God is being of wisdom and justice and love beyond the highest there on earth, is this consistent with his character? Does the philanthropist demand unceasing praises and gratitude from those he has benefited?

No; if we believe in immortality, let us prepare ourselves for a life of future action—lay a strong foundation of noble purposes and deeds here to build upon when we reach the other shore. But people say, "Shall we not worship the name of this great teacher of the soul?" We answer: "Let us give more time to the practice of these truths, and less to vain repetitions of our faith." It is the truth that we are to receive, not that we are forever to remember his death, and take that instrument of torture, the cross, as the emblem of our religion. Taking this truth and making it consistent with our daily lives, we are blessed by it.

What we want is a philosophy that will bear its own weight; that comes both to the intellect and the emotions; that reaches the head and the heart alike. That is the religion we want. Now we ask, where is the dawn of truth?

It is the law of love and kindness, the truth that is to bring harmony into our lives, the foundation of all that is pure and good in human life. Spiritualism has come before the world with its own peculiar theories. It has not opposition, because it comes from popular sources. But we would not apologize for its existence. If it is true, let it stand before the world, and some day every soul will receive it. If false, it cannot live. But look at its great age. Look at the Bible. Spiritualism is the vein of gold running through all its pages. Take Spiritualism out, there would be nothing left but the covers. Verily, the world has had it for a long time. That is, it has had the acorn, but has not put it into the soil where sun and dew could feed it. Spiritualism lays the acorn in the ground, and lets the students find it. All Nature's voices call it, and lo, the brown shell is broken and the oak is growing out of it. Spiritualism is simply the outgrowth of old truths you have held and cherished, but never asked what they meant.

Spiritualism begins by teaching us immortality. It shows us we are immortal, because others are so. It gives us their thoughts, their individual peculiarities, in messages from a purer and higher life.

The mortars have ceased to languish, and the beams of truth have shone upon the human soul. We know we cannot die. But do not imagine that is all of Spiritualism. A man may call himself an astronomer, because he can see the moon and the stars, and name the planets; or may fancy he understands the secrets of geology, because he knows limestone from granite. It does not constitute a man a Spiritualist, because he believes that spirits can communicate. He has proof of the soul's immortality. But that is not the end and aim of this grand philosophy. It has brought just what the Churches have failed to bring, positive proof of immortality. People say it is undignified for spirits to manifest in this humble way. But the tips have tipped over the foundation of sectarianism, and the raps have stolen the breath of the Churches. Remember some of the grandest sciences came from the smallest sources; all great truths have been born in a manger.

Yet we have seen manifestations of so-called spirit-power for which we could only blush. There are those who would lay their sins at the doors of evil spirits. But learn this great lesson: You cannot excuse yourself by saying that somebody else has made you sin. Your sins must lie at your own door. Where one has been led astray, there was the inclination in his own soul that invited temptation. Let us learn to be true to ourselves, honest in all the relations of life. Practice truth and spurn falsehood.

There are those who expect that spirits will guide them in all business, in their marriages, in the petty details of their daily life. But do you delight in making the acquaintance and seeking the advice of scandal-mongers and match-makers and meddlers in this world? But if you throw your doors wide open to such spirits, you have no right to complain if you are deceived and led astray.

Go seeking for truth and you shall find it. Go seeking for anything else and you shall find that also. Go into Spiritualism as investigators; seek for light. It shall place the veil of darkness and show you a bright hereafter. But remember there is never to be a time, here or hereafter, when reason can be folded up, wrapped in a napkin and buried in the ground. Reason shall always be the brightest jewel in the human soul.

In the morning, when the smile of day lights up the heavens, it rests first on the mountain-tops. But remember that dawn between these mountains are deep and dark ravines, valleys which the sunbeams do not reach. So the dawn of truth has shone upon you, seek for the mountains, but remember there are dark ravines which the sun has not yet reached. You must wait till the morning has deepened to the later hours of day for the shadows to die out. Then may the hungry soul be fed, and the sinning be lovingly guided into the path that leads to beauty and truth.

Spiritualism does not come to tear down any old truth. It only builds upon it, for truth is eternal. Let him be our guide in all the relations of life. He is here and ready to help and comfort the angel who goes forth into life and takes his faith with him, in his business place, in the home-circle, making it beautify his present.

This faith shall be our guide, not only here but when the day of mortality grows dim and the dawn of the immortal life shines over the dark river of death; our friends shall greet us in the better life, and we shall carry them all the usefulness and kindness that has governed us and blessed us here on earth.

New Monthly Magazine.

J. H. Powell, of Philadelphia, proposes to publish on the 1st of January, 1868, a new monthly magazine, to be styled, "POWELL'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE," a literary and progressive record, combining instruction and amusement. An original and humorous novel, entitled "Nathan Stitch," will be commenced in the first number. The plan of Mr. Powell, in bringing out this new monthly publication, is a broad and attractive one, well illustrated and set forth by the motto he has chosen from Dr. Johnson—"To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition." Few men are better qualified by experience, education, and training, to launch a publication of this character, with the certainty of pushing it forward to complete success. Although himself a well known Spiritualist and reformer, he does not propose to make his magazine anything more than the organ and exponent of all that is beautiful and desirable in domestic life, and to shed over that life every possible attraction from the fresh resources of a creative literature. We wish him the largest success in his enterprise, and from what we know of his ability and character we believe he will speedily secure it. The prospectus offers a wide array of first class contributors, whose pens are to furnish essays, poems, biographies, reviews, novels and miscellany. Address J. H. Powell, Proprietor, 18 South-Third street, Philadelphia.

The Great Hurricane.

The desolation wrought among the several West India Islands by the recent hurricane that seemed to sweep down the entire Gulf Coast, at a distance from the land, and to strike with full vehemence on the islands in question, surpasses anything on record in the history of that part of the world. The storm first swept clean over the island of St. Thomas, where its devastation was awful. Houses were leveled, vessels dashed to gither in a mass of wrecks, trees torn up by the roots, people killed by concussion, or hurled into the water and drowned, and ruin was left where yesterday was smiling activity and prosperity. The gale next inundated the island of Tortola, afterwards struck Porto Rico, and finally crossed to Hayti, and laid a part of San Domingo in ruins. It is not often, even in a course of generations, that such sad work is made by the elements in any single section. It is almost too fearful to describe.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

An educated Indian girl (in costume) will recite a characteristic Poem at the entertainment for the benefit of the Children's Lyceum in Mercantile Hall on Wednesday evening Dec. 4th. This will be a novelty not often witnessed. The other portions of the festival are attractive. Those who are anxious to attend would do well to secure their tickets in advance.

The only opportunity of hearing Henry Ward Beecher this winter in Boston, will be Dec. 11, before the Mercantile Library Association.

The "Pigeon-tale puzzle" is a puzzling affair, isn't it, Jo Cose?

In a few days postal cars will run between New York and Boston, and the mails will be sorted while in transit.

The Boston Pilot thinks if the Pope should visit Boston, "he would be invited to a public reception, and accorded all the honors due his exalted position."

Printing with movable types was known in India at least one thousand years ago, according to discoveries recently made by English savans.

Those who support ritualism contend very plausibly that all they desire in church matters is to have their rites.

Mr. S. W. Payne, a writer of some note, is on a pedestrian journey from New York to San Francisco, and expects to accomplish the undertaking in 150 days, being at the rate of 22 miles a day.

Mrs. Latham, clairvoyant-physician, is very successful in her practice. See notice of locality, etc., in another column.

Why are railroads the most important invention of modern times? Because they connect people together by ties not easily broken.

A child, like a letter, often goes astray, through being badly directed.

CITY HALL DINING ROOMS.—These spacious and elegant dining rooms, for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen, are situated in the most central part of the city, namely, City Hall Avenue, where are served all the edibles usually found in a first-class hotel. The proprietors, Messrs. C. D. & I. H. Presheo, are experienced caterers, give general satisfaction, and of course are well patronized. We recommend those of our friends who desire good dinners—and who does not?—to visit No. 14 City Hall Avenue.

Mr. Story's bronze statue of Edward Everett has been placed in the Public Garden, in this city.

A special despatch, dated Naples, Nov. 21, says that Mount Vesuvius, famous for its volcanic eruptions, is still pouring forth an immense volume of fire. Seven distinct streams of the molten mass have been formed, and as they press on in their winding paths down the sides of the tremulous mountain, a scene is presented which is magnificent in the extreme.

"I hope this hand is not counterfeit," said a lover, as he was toying with his sweetheart's fingers. "The best way to find out is to ring it," was the neat reply.

The citizens of Charlestown, Brookline, Brighton and Jamaica Plain are taking measures to bring about annexation to Boston.

Joshua B. Smith, the well known colored caterer, has been received into St. Andrews lodge of Masons, in this city, this being the first instance of the kind ever occurring in the State.

In another column will be found authenticated reports of the cure by Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders of thirty-eight different diseases, some of them very extraordinary. As for example, the case of consumption; the case of bleeding at the lungs; the girl with chronic dysentery; the soldier with chronic diarrhoea, and especially the case of the young lady who, after ten days' use of the powders, was enabled to lay aside her crutches which she had used for four years previously.

A telegram, dated Florence, Nov. 24th, says it is reported that Garibaldi is lying seriously ill in the prison at Varignano, and that his sons have both hurried to his bedside with medical aid.

An Irishman, speaking of his children, said: "They are all well but the one born in this country. I must take him to the Green Isle, for I believe he is languishing for his native air that he never smelt at all."

The defeat of the Female Suffrage Amendment in Kansas, is attributed to the influence of Rev. Mr. Kallach, formerly of Boston.

The body of Maximilian has been given up by the Mexican Government, and will be taken to Europe for burial, with honors becoming his rank.

Charles Elliot Norton, in his lecture at Music Hall, in this city, recently, on "Thought in America," said: "One peculiarity of our country, is the general diffusion of a moderate degree of intelligence, with a lack of high culture." In no other country is there at once so little gross ignorance and so little thorough learning.

General Sherman reports that immediate peace with the Indians is certain, and recommends the employment of Indians in the service.

"The ocean speaks eloquently and forever," says Beecher. "Yes," retorts Prentice, "and there is no use in telling it to dry up."

The prize ring—The wedding ring.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke has commenced his duties as professor in the Cambridge divinity school.

Not the rich, but the wise, avoid misery and become happy.

Official reports show that the Government has lost by the non-collection of the whiskey tax alone the past year, upward of a hundred millions of dollars. The loss on tobacco is set down at twenty-five millions. The losses are attributed to the corruption and mismanagement of collections.

More rain fell in 1867 than in any previous year since observations were kept at Central Park, New York.

Invective and personality prove nothing on either side but a lamentable want of good taste and sound argument.

Tell a man in a slug word that he took a late breakfast—At-ten-u-ate.

One of the most original of juvenile inventions was that of little Fanny, who, instead of saying her prayers at night, spread out her alphabet on the bed, and raising her eyes to heaven, said, "Oh Lord! here are the letters; arrange them to suit yourself."

What word is that of five letters from which, if you take two of them, only one is left? St-one.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,
244 BROADWAY,
(Opposite the American Museum.)

WARREN CHASE,.....LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.
FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Our Book Trade.
Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty volumes, seventeen cloth, three in paper. Nature's Divine Revelations, 39th edition, just out. 8 vols. Great Harmonies, each complete—Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker. Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author. Penetration; Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions. Morning Lectures (26 discourses). History and Philosophy of Evil. Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse. Philosophy of Special Providence. Harmonical Staff, Free Thoughts Concerning Religion. Present Age and Inner Life. Approaching Crisis. Death and After Life. Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual—full set, \$24.
Four books by Warren Chase—Life Line; Fugitive Wife; American Crisis, and Gist of Spiritualism. Sent by mail for \$2.00.
Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$6; postage 10 cts.
Self-Contradictions of the Bible, 25 cts.
Peep into Sacred Tradition, 30 cts. London Spiritual Magazine, and Human Nature, each 30 cts. monthly.
Palms of Life, and Minstrel, and any more our friends wish for, we will send by mail, or by express, when it does not exceed book rates. Send post-office orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.
Woman's Secret. New and rich. Price \$1.75; postage 24 cts.
Hiccupping, 21; postage 12 cts.
Queen of Arc, 21; postage 12 cts.
John Mah, 75 cts.; postage 9 cts. Seventy-five varieties of covered pamphlets.

Popular Medicines.
Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. Dr. H. B. Spence's preparation of Dodd's Serravallo and the Neutrophic Balm all continue to bring words of approbation to our office. Ring's Ambrosia for grey hair is also on our shelves.

Sunday Morning at Dedworth Hall.
Nov. 24th, Rev. Wm. Fishbough—well known as an editor, author and scribe for the first great book of Mr. Davis, (Nature's Divine Revelations,) but who has for the last ten years been on the shady side of Spiritualism, and very little seen or heard—gave the discourse to a very intelligent but not very large audience, for the First Society of Spiritualists in New York.

In the opening ceremonies, had we not known the place and many familiar faces, we might have thought we had blundered into the wrong place, and taken a seat in one of God's Orthodox churches. The formal reading of Scripture had the old solemn cadence and Orthodox ring to it, and the prayer would not have disgraced any Unitarian or Trinitarian pulpit in the city. God was formally invited to do for us many things, which most reformers have learned are attained only by "God working in the working soul and helping those who help themselves." The discourse was well written, well read, and well received; about as heterodox as some of Beecher's and Chapin's; more logical, and resting more upon practical truths and rational conclusions, but not so far from popular radical sermons as to exclude it from the outer circle of Christian literature. The gist of the discourse was progress in the physiological and psychological structure of society, and a comparison of its features and strata to the natural world and human organism. In his reference to the people comprising the society in New York City, he made some sharp points and severe but truthful applications, which they all ought to hear. We hope Bro. Fishbough will stand out, and be seen and heard more than he has been of late, as he evidently has much talent which should not be hid in the commercial soil, or under the upper pavements of New York society.

The conferences at Dedworth's are highly interesting and useful, calling out a large amount of talent in the discussion of many important subjects, and often bringing out parties who are not Spiritualists, and questions involving the whole system of "life, death and immortality." At the close of the evening lectures, public healing by spirit power is performed, and the testimony of patients taken to the effects upon them. Dedworth Hall is evidently exhibiting more real religion now than its near neighbor, Grace Church, with its dry forms and husks.

A Liberal School.

We are pleased to learn that our younger brother, J. Madison Allen, is making arrangements to open a school at Blue Anchor, N. J., on the first of January next, and we trust of such liberal character as to secure the patronage of the many who are already tired of the long prayers and foolish ceremonies of the sectarian institutions of our country. Many popular tuition schools are largely advertised as liberal, non-sectarian, &c., but when visited are found saturated with prayers, Scripture catechisms and religious dogmas, and almost entirely under the control of clergymen. In a country as liberal as ours, it is a shame that nearly all our schools are controlled by priests of some sect. Catholic schools are of course expected to be Catholic, for they bear the name; but liberal schools are not expected to be Methodist or Baptist, and ought not to be even Christian, for this is not a Christian country or nation, except in name—or if it is, it is so bad that its religion should be changed, as no other could make it much worse, and almost any would give a chance for improvement.

N. Frank White.

This gentleman has just closed his monthly engagement at Masonic Hall, giving the most entire and complete satisfaction to the large, intelligent audiences that assembled there and elsewhere to hear him. We are glad to announce that he is engaged again for March by the same Society. He will be most cordially greeted and heartily welcomed again to the platform in New York. This brother is yet young, has a good constitution, is devoted, soul and body, to the good work, and is certainly one of the main pillars by which the spirit-world rests on the waiting and willing minds in this life. During his short stay in New York his happy countenance often greeted us in the office, and scattered sunshine wherever his words could be heard or his smile seen.

Mrs. Towne.

Friends call at our office, bearing good tidings and testimony of the honesty and good mediumship of Mrs. Towne, of Bond street, N. Y., whose notice will be found elsewhere. We have not time to visit, as we would gladly do, the many good and faithful workers in our cause, and they must excuse us for the seeming neglect, while other duties have stronger claims upon our time, even though they deprive us of much social and spiritual enjoyment. Our book trade is steadily on the increase, and deserves, requires and shall have our close and careful attention, hoping everyone will remember this and try us with calls through the mail or express for spiritual literature.

J. R. Newton.

Yesterday our strength was renewed and our heart beat quicker and stronger for the few minutes' presence of Dr. Newton. He brought the sunshine in a rainy day right into the office and the heart. He is sending a messenger with

"healing in his wings." It seems good to get hold of him, but he only speaks and runs, for thousands of voices are calling for him, and we could only say, "Good-by, doctor."

"Our Practical Mission."

If unanimity is attainable anywhere, we may reasonably look for it among the Spiritualists of the United States; and of all the interesting subjects which from time to time are brought forward for discussion, there is probably not one which is more likely to bring out the ultimatum than the simple right to discuss—freedom of speech. What will be the probable result of the religious-philosophical discussion here in America? And what is the practical part of the candid Spiritualist in view of that result? The imbecility which fortifies itself behind a breastwork of mere "doctrine," is about as ridiculous as that assurance which "denies everything and insists upon proof," and the Spiritualist has obviously no mission toward either.

We have among us so many self-styled religious sects and diverse schools of philosophy, that really no man may venture to define the future. But this, at least, we may rest assured of: that free discussion will elicit the truth; and truth, in the fullness of time, must have the effect of crystallizing the now scattered elements of religious enlightenment into a homogeneous whole. The office of speculative science is to induce the practical, and the utility of the practical is what stamps the value upon the whole. The Spiritualist, therefore, can have no higher interest in speculative science than that which probably promises him in the practical result. To the extent that metaphysical creations are physically represented, we are bound to recognize them as positive realities, but in no case beyond this extent.

Behind the prerogative of free speech, and invested, if possible, with a still more sacred character, is the right of individual judgment. None of those who have lived before us had any better claim to judge for us than we have to judge for those who are to follow. And just here it may be useful to call up the very questionable authority of John the Evangelist, Swedenborg, and others, who have assumed to dictate certain codes of belief and practice to their subsequent fellow-men. Perhaps no argument is here required to convince the Spiritualist, at least, that every man and woman is the lineal inheritor of a certain grade or status of spiritual existence. "We come into the world as the creatures of a continuous succession of events and circumstances, over which we could have had no control," and whether we deteriorate or improve in our spiritual grades, severely, depends upon the exercise of our judgment (or power of choice) between the evil and the good. Very well. Now it is easy to perceive that some of the doctrines of Swedenborg have a practical application in our every-day relations; but in that there can be no real humanity without individual judgment. It is not so easy to understand the utility of prescribed formulas, either in doctrine or in practice. Practically, then, there can be no safety for the Spiritualist outside of his own reason—that incomprehensible something which distinguishes the man from the mere tenant of the tomb.

The English Magazines.

The London Spiritual Magazine and Human Nature, for November, full of good food for the mind, are on our counter. We can supply full sets of Human Nature, with Mrs. Farnham's Ideal Attained continued in each number, and will send four or more numbers at twenty-five cents per copy by mail; only eight numbers are yet out, but Bro. Burns seems well sustained thus far in his effort, and his Magazine is being appreciated in this country. Both the London monthlies are worthy our support, since we have none in our country.

New Publications.

LOVE IN LETTERS. By Allan Grant. With Biographical sketches of the writers. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

The idea of this very convenient and impressive volume is an excellent one. It was to bring together some of the letters of the most famous men and women of the world, who had conveyed sentiments of love in them to others. From the famous ones of Aelard and Heloise to those of the modern times, running through those of Lady Wortley Montague, Ninon de L'Enclos, Swift to Vanessa and Sacharissa, Sir Richard Steele, and the rest, the author makes copious extracts and painstaking selections for the entertainment and instruction of the reader. All shows that Love is still a master passion of the world, and that it manifests itself variously through various persons and temperaments. Most of these letters are of the pick and cull of light literature, and are indeed models of airy thought and elegant expression.

THE NURSERY.—We have several times called attention to the beautiful little Monthly Magazine for youngest readers, begun in Boston last January, and which now enters on its second year, with a very high reputation, which it has fairly won. We predicted long since its success, and our prediction has been more than verified. The Nursery is now an "institution." Every intelligent family where there is a little one beginning to read, thinks it must have the Nursery. If Miss Severns had done nothing but introduce the drawings of Oscar Pletsch to the American public, she would have earned her success. The December number of this little work now before us, is most liberally illustrated, and contains original contributions by Marian Douglas, Emily Carter, Wm. Godwin, and other good writers for the young. Send for a specimen number of the magazine. It may be had gratis by addressing the Publisher, John L. Shorey, Boston. The subscription price is \$1.50 a year. It is the only magazine in the country that is really adapted to the capacities of children under nine years of age.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for December is the first number of the 35th volume, and a capital issue it is, too. It contains an attractive list of articles, illustrated and otherwise; among the former are "A Pilgrimage in Sunny Lands," "The Nurseries on Randall's Island," "Troveville, a new French Paradise," "A Day's Fighting in Queretaro," and of the noticeable papers of the latter sort are, "Fish-Farming in Western New York," "The Love Romance of Benjamin West," "Some Scotch Stories," "Macquard," "A Bowl of Brotherhood," and "Darwin and Domestication." There is every variety for the most varied tastes.

For sale by Williams & Co.

AMERICAN NOTES for General Circulation, by Charles Dickens, is republished by Ticknor & Fields. The publishers do the public much service in offering a forgotten book at the present time. Dickens will be found, on reading him over again, to have set down naught "in malice" against us, while we shall all agree with him that his exaggerations of our exaggerations are irresistibly droll or positively disgusting. Both he

and we have grown wiser and more refined since 1842, and a perusal of "American Notes" will prove it.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for December is a truly holiday issue, full of pleasant, instructive and fashionable things, with plates and engravings and patterns and receipts, and altogether one of the most sparkling melanges produced by the trained wit and industry of Magazinet. For sale by Williams & Co.

J. P. Mendum publishes two timely and useful pamphlets, by Judge Hertell, of New York, entitled: "AN EXPOSE OF THE CAUSES OF IMPERFECT DRINKING," and his Remarks in the New York Assembly on the bill to restore to married women the "Right of Property." Both of these pamphlets contain efforts made many years ago, and are interesting for offering the essence of doctrines held and defended to-day by reformers.

WOMAN'S STRATEGY; or, The First Time I Saw Her. A Novel. Illustrated by Morten. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

An English republication of a rattling story; the end of which is that "Edith becomes Mrs.——." Many will like such a story.

THE MASONIC ALMANAC for 1868, by Thos. Adams, is a handsome and convenient publication, which members of the Order will duly prize. For sale by Williams & Co.

Dela Marsh has just published a new edition of "THE ERRORS OF THE BIBLE," by H. C. Wright, which attests its deserved popularity. The author holds that these errors are demonstrated by the truths of Nature, which is man's only infallible rule of faith and practice.

A. Williams & Co. have "HINTS TOWARD A PROFESSION OF TEACHING," by Chas. O. Thompson, delivered before the American Institute of Instruction in Tremont Temple, last August.

To Spiritualists Everywhere in the United States.

A few months since I commenced a Bureau of Spiritual Statistics, and appealed to you to aid me in perfecting this work. Some few earnest souls responded. The National Convention has sanctioned the project; and I now make a second appeal to you, to give me the necessary information to forward the work. My time and labor will be given without cost. It will consume hours daily for months, perhaps years. Can you not afford the time for one letter with needed information and a single postage? The particulars required can be found in the Banner of Light of August 31st.

Please respond freely, and address, JOHN MAYHEW, Box 607, Washington, D. C.

Notice.

There will be a social party at the Union Hotel in Andover, Ct., Tuesday eve, Dec. 31st, the proceeds designed to promote public speaking on the Harmonical Philosophy. Come, one and all, old and young, and participate in the Festival. Let us have a good time. An oyster supper will be provided; good music will be furnished for those that wish to dance. By order of Committee, Mrs. J. D. STRICKLAND, Sec.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

If H. R., who dates his letter from Melbury, and encloses \$1.50 as subscription for a "poor neighbor," will send the name of said neighbor, and also inform us definitely where he wishes the paper forwarded, we will promptly comply with his request.

Business Matters.

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

CORBIN BURNIA'S POEMS, for sale at this office. Price \$1.50.

DR. L. K. COOLEY, healing medium. Will examine by letter or look of hair from persons at a distance. Address, Vineland, N. J.

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

MRS. E. D. MURPHY, formerly Mrs. E. D. Stinson, clairvoyant and magnetic physician, 1162 Broadway, between 27th and 28th streets. D74w.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE is received regularly at this office, and sent to any address upon the receipt of 30 cts.

MRS. ANNA KIMBALL, Business Clairvoyant and Electric Magnetic Physician, Residence 108 East 24th street, New York City. Office Hours, 9 to 4. N165w.

MRS. MATTIE K. CARRIE still continues to receive and answer sealed letters, at No. 248 Piano St., Newark, N. J. Inclose \$2 and 3 red stamps. D72w.

CONSUMPTION AND ITS CAUSES can be cured, by E. F. Garvin, M. D., the discoverer of the first Solution, and also Volatilizing Tar. Send for circular, No. 462, 4th Avenue, between 28th and 29th streets, New York. N2.

TO CONQUER and subdue the pains of NEURALGIA, nerve-ache and all other painful nervous diseases, headache, hysteria, affections, and to invigorate an enervated nervous system, partake of DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. Apothecaries have this medicine. Principal Depot, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. PRICE \$1 per package; by mail two postage stamps extra.

PARTICULAR NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Those of our subscribers having occasion to change the destination of their papers, should, in order to save us trouble, and insure the regular change, be very particular to name the State, County and Town to which the Banner is sent. Without this guide, it is a tedious job for our clerks to hunt through the thousands of names upon our subscription books for the one to be changed, and perhaps then fail to find it.

Special Notices.

Every town, city, village and neighborhood in the United States should have an Agency, male or female, for Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. It is particularly desirable that women should engage in the sale of this invaluable preparation. Those who do not desire to make a business of it, can at least supply their own neighborhood. Those who desire to do so can obtain the Note Agency of one or more Townships. With the extended reputation and increasing popularity of the Powders, the Note Agency will be a constant source of revenue to the possessor, with comparatively little trouble or loss of time. The prices to Agents, Druggists and Physicians have also been reduced, and in all cases Prof. Spence pays the expressage on the postage. Agents near the Powders are sent. Send for new terms to Agents, to PROF. FATTON SPENCE, Box 801, New York City. Nov. 9.

THE HAIR AND SCALP.—Dr. George W. Babcock, Scientific Dermatologist, 28 Winter street, Boston, successfully treats all diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Loss of Hair, Premature Greyness, Baldness, &c. Dr. Babcock treats the Hair and Scalp as a physician—not upon any "One Remedy System"—but adapts the remedies to the special requirements of each case. He devotes his attention exclusively to diseases of the Hair and Scalp, and in the imperfect manner hitherto generally adopted in the United States. No charge for consultation. A pamphlet with the State Assayer's report upon Dr. Babcock's thirteen remedies free.

TO PERSONS AT A DISTANCE.—Dr. Babcock is treating parties in all parts of the United States, Canada, &c., personally, when they visit him otherwise by correspondence. No charge for consultation by letter. Remedies sent carriage prepaid to all parts of the United States. Send for circular. Nov. 30.—17

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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.

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

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

Invocation.

Thou Holy Spirit, our Father and our Mother, we breathe thee a prayer of thanks for the gift of this handsome day. For it seems to say to the husbandman, I have come with my fruits and my grains to requite you for the toil of spring-time. And it seems to say to every soul, Rejoice in the God who made me, and made you, also. And oh Father, Spirit, while this day of beauty sings its song of praise and offers its prayers to thee, so would we pray unto thee. Not because thou requitest that we should pray and praise, but because, like the glory of this day, our souls are overflowing with love for thee and all thy works. Oh, grant that while the sun and moon and stars and all thy creations are chanting ceaseless anthems of praise to God in the highest, thy children may find cause to sing peace on earth and good will among all men. And grant that the strife and contention that exist to-day upon the earth, may soon be remembered only as a thing that has been. Oh, grant that thy children may spiritually come to a knowledge of thy great truths, and may they learn that peace is better than war; may they learn that justice is horn of thee; may they be willing to grant each one of their fellows that which they would ask for themselves, and may the golden rule find a place in every soul and be recorded within and learned by every household, so that when the poor ask for charity they may not be sent away empty; and when the poor in spirit ask for these gifts that belong to the spirit, they, too, may go away richly laden. Oh, grant that thy gifts everywhere may be as liberally distributed by thy children as they are by thee. Grant that all souls may learn of thee in thy great benevolence, and may they learn from our Mother Nature to give unsparringly as the great Father has given unto them. Grant, oh Spirit of Truth, that thy light may find way to every soul, and when this generation shall have passed and another taken its place, not one shall be left who will ask: "How shall I live in the land of souls?" and where is that land? How shall I know God? and where is God?" But may every soul know thee, may every soul worship thee in spirit and in truth. Then indeed shall the wilderness blossom as the rose, and the barren places become vineyards of the Lord our God. Amen. Oct. 14.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your queries, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider.

Q.—Is human life, so great a mystery to man, less a mystery to spirits by reason of their superior knowledge of it?

ANS.—It is impossible for any spirit or class of spirits to be able to thoroughly analyze and define life. They may approximate it, but they can never fully understand it, because life is infinite, but individualized spirit is finite. The individuality of every spirit is constantly changing, for its individuality consists simply in its characteristics, and what they are to-day they may not be to-morrow. But, as the spirit advances, by virtue of the law of infinite progress it becomes more and more familiar with life, and the further it advances the more it becomes convinced that it never can reach the outer boundaries of life because of its immortality. If there was such a thing as death for the spirit—such a thing as absolute annihilation, then we might expect that some souls, ere they reached that further bound, might be able to analyze life. But as there is no death, and as infinite progress is the law of all life, so no soul, nor class of souls, can ever fully understand life.

Q.—Can you give us an idea of the language in use in spirit-land? We have an impression that you have neither speech nor laughter as known to us; that all thought, "from grave to grave, from lively to severe," is understood rather than expressed.

A.—If there were no expression there would be no external; there would be no individualization; there would be no form, but everywhere one vast void which, to the soul, would be meaningless. But, thanks be to the great, wise Master-Mechanic, form is carried into the spirit-world. Outward expressions are seen and felt and heard even there. There is music in the land of souls, so far beyond the music of earth spheres that were you this hour to be translated there you would scarcely comprehend it. And if you had any devotion within your inner life, you would be very likely to fall down and worship the God of Music. Oh, yes, there is sound, sight and feeling in the land of souls. It is not a mere world of imagination, a something devoid of beauty, a great chaos with neither form nor fashion. No. It is more beautiful than this earthly sphere of action—having forms and various conditions of being.

Q.—If there is no disease in spirit-land, and all are physically perfect, why is a medical science there—what the motive for its pursuit where there is no object for its exercise?

A.—There is disease in the spirit-land, for there are quite as many mental ailments as there are physical ailments. Every kind of sorrow is a disease, and souls experience the keenest sorrow in the spirit-land. It is far more acute than that you take cognizance of here in this world. There is quite as much need of soul-physicians as of physicians to take charge of the human body. And it would be well for those medical men whose business it is to restore diseased physical forms to health, to carry their science a little further and seek to become physicians of the soul, that they may carry their practice into the spirit-land and be of use when they shall enter there.

Q.—If our spirit-friends are with us in earth-life and are acquainted with our surroundings,

why is it that they do not control those surroundings for our good? and why is it that they are not conscious of their presence? Your inquirer has long prayed for some manifestation of their presence, but without success.

A.—It does not follow that because they may understand the surroundings of those with whom they come in contact in the earth-life, that they should be always able to control those surroundings, nor does it follow that they would always wish to. It should be understood that each soul has duties of its own to perform. You may as well ask why a certain merchant on Washington street, or any of them, do not leave their own business to interest themselves in the business of some other merchant, because, forsooth, they know of the business affairs of that merchant, and know perhaps that he is in trouble? Simply because duty to self is not only the first law of earth, but of heaven; and, because it is, every spirit should depend upon its own internal and external sources for happiness—for what it desires. That that comes from the external, from another, is rarely appreciated by the spirit; but that which is outgrown from its own life or gathered from the external by the earnest workings of its own inner life, is always best adapted to the needs of the spirit. Therefore it is that those millions of sympathizing spirits who have passed through death, though they may be in the fullness of sympathy with their suffering friends, yet you may hear no sound from them. They may be, as it were, shut out from their consciousness, having no interference with your earthly affairs, because it is better that it is so. It is better, perhaps, that they let you work out your own salvation, though it be with fear and trembling.

Q.—The followers of Ann Lee believe she was inspired and uttered many things which they say were communicated to her from the spirit-world. Were those influences from the spirit-world, or was she under the influence of liquor at the time, as many suppose? They believe, too, that their peculiar manner of life and mode of worship came from the spirit-land, through the mediumship of some of her followers. Is that so? And, if the system is what they believe it to be, why do they not increase as other sects do?

A.—I believe that the founder of Shakerism was a very superior medium, and under the special direction of a class of disembodied spirits—not ardent spirits—but souls, who once lived in forms of flesh. There are not many who desire to leave the pleasures of the world to enter a Society which eschews many of the so-called evils of the world. Therefore it is that there is not a large increase among them; nor would it be well for them to increase largely. They are acted upon, I believe, by a spirit band in the land of souls, and are acted upon to this end: that they may throw out a certain magnetic influence that the world's people have need of. They are what they are, more for the benefit of the world's people than for their own benefit, though they know it not. They are laboring magnetically, or the spirits through them, for the world entire, not for themselves. Oct. 14.

William A. Walker.

I am scarcely able to understand even the outermost workings of this beautiful philosophy. I was a stranger to it when here; and he who goes forth from this world in utter ignorance of the world he is about to enter upon, is very apt to find it rather hard to learn the way back, unless they are like little children, who arrive at great truths before they know it, or are so well versed in the science of life that they can take advantage of surroundings and make them become servants. I was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1827. I remained there till 1847. In the spring of 1847, I came to Boston, and engaged in mercantile pursuits, and remained here till the year 1851—or I should say 1853. (I find it very hard to control here. The atmosphere of the room seems very heavy and hot.) I then removed to Greenfield, Mass., and from there I heard my country's call, and answered it by joining the 27th Massachusetts. I was mustered into service in '62, and mustered out again in '63. I fell at the battle of Cold Harbor. I should add, I was captain of Company C, and my name was Wm. A. Walker.

I hope to meet my friends, those dear to me in Greenfield, in Boston, and in many other places. I want to receive a call from my friends as soon as they feel willing to lay down all their prejudices, and come up to this open door between the two worlds, asking to enter in all sincerity. Now, I think there are points enough by which I may be identified, and I hope, when I shall come again, to come to meet those who know me. Oct. 14.

Chas. P. Chandler.

Be kind enough to say, sir, that Major Charles P. Chandler, of the 1st Massachusetts regiment, desires to communicate with his friends. I fought and died under Gen. Cowdin, one of the finest officers and noblest men the army ever boasted of. We were in action at Glendale, when I was shot, and ordered to retire, which I did very speedily. As this thing is quite new to me, I am hardly prepared to use or take advantage of it. I only anticipate that this is the way by which I am to meet my friends, and if they think half as much of me as I do of them, they will give me a call as soon as they can. Oct. 14.

Lieut.-Col. Hill.

Yes, shot—and by my men. That is one of the fortunes of war. I am, or was, Lieut.-Col. Hill, of the 4th Virginia Infantry. My Colonel had been shot, and I was acting-Colonel at the engagement. I was told I was the 1st Massachusetts regiment that we were hand to hand against; and as it was among our regiment considered a mark of victory, of success, to deal roughly with any who were from Massachusetts—for we hated the State and its offspring—so, of course, every officer on duty did his best to send as many souls yonder as possible, and to cover the ground with as many bodies as he could. That was war. And no doubt you may look upon it as a very hard kind of warfare, yet all war is hard. And every soul that stands on enlightened ground, should do all in his power, I believe, to suppress war and promote peace. But I am not here to speak of the evils of war, or the blessings of peace. I am here to reach, if possible, those I have left. I am here to assure them that they are more dead than I am, and to give them a key by which they may unlock the door leading to the mysteries of God. For every soul may become possessed of a certain amount of God's mysteries, if it will.

I would have my friends know that I live, that I can return, that I know their condition, and that I shall do all that is possible for me to do for them, for their happiness here and hereafter. I am aware of all their sorrow. I am aware, also, that by-and-by they will see cause to be thankful that it is just as it is with them.

I was very glad to meet the old gray-headed friend of our family, yesterday; so glad to be able to tell him that the way was open by which he could return. And I hope at no late day to be able to assist him to return. I know all that

he has done for those I left. I knew it before I came here, and it was I who received him. It was my influence that made his death but a pleasant passage. And I hope to be able to do as much for all my friends, and for all with whom I come in contact, whether they are friends or enemies. I desire that my friends on earth should open the way for me to come to them. I desire that when they shall go to New York, as they contemplate, that they will visit the medium Foster, and there I will come and speak with them, and identify myself to them, so that they will understand that I am living and not dead. Farewell, sir. Oct. 14.

Jonathan L. Clarke.

Well, stranger, I have to take the middle rank here. How do you do? [How do you do?] I am pretty comfortable. You see I came here to tell my folks I died in Newbern. I wasn't taken prisoner and carried down to Andersonville prison, and carried here and there and everywhere, as they heard. Never saw the inside of a rebel prison. No, that's a mistake. And I come back to tell my folks about it. My name is Clarke, sir. They used to call me Jack here. I suppose I ought to give my name, Jonathan L. Clarke. That's my name. I don't know whether to say I hail from Missouri or Michigan. I was recently moved into Michigan—I don't know—if I say I hail from Missouri, they will say I lived in Michigan; and if I say I hail from Michigan, they will say I lived in Missouri. So I'll say I hail from both, so I'll be sure, won't I? I was in the 1st Michigan Cavalry—a private—high private—way up as high as they could go. Should have been something else if I had waited longer. But I got the fever somehow or other. I don't know how. They got it down on the record that I was taken prisoner, but I'm here to speak for myself.

I've got my sister Sarah with me. She was of the Methodist faith when she was here, but I reckon she don't know what she is now, more'n I do—don't know as we are anything. But we're folks, and good live folks, and we propose to go home the first train, if we can. I don't know how, but I rather guess this will wake 'em up—I rather think it will.

I heard something like this: that Joseph Clark, my uncle, had turned first an Infidel and then a Spiritualist—our folks said, went from bad to worse. It is to him, I suppose, I should direct my letter, from—heaven, I suppose. 'Taint 't other place. I don't know where to direct from—from where I live, wherever 'tis—cause if he is one of them folks that knows about our coming back, he may be looking out. I hope he won't ask me for the two hundred dollars I owe him; I aint in condition to pay. Just you tell him, if he should call on you, that I am would clear up—so far up that I aint got a copper. [You don't need any, do you?] No. But maybe he will think he does, and maybe he will think he can get it out of the folks I left. But if he does, I will just drop this ere hint. He had n't better try, 'cause there aint anything worth trying for. And as for the money they got that I received in the war, it aint enough to feed a hungry rat. So I don't think he had better try to do anything about it—better let it go, 'cause he has got enough without it.

Now, what I want the folks to know is, that I did n't die as they think. I died a natural death of fever, at Newbern, and I am all right; and as for eating rebel shavings, as they heard I did for the last week, tell 'em I had something better, and did n't have no occasion to call on their pile of shavings. I've heard plenty here say they did n't have much better, but I was n't so conditioned; so they can save their ugly feelings for the rebels, for some other purpose. Good-by, stranger. Hope you will have something better than a mudscrew when you come across to bring you over.

I am just as happy here as I ever was. They used to say, "Nothing ever troubles him." But that's a mistake. I did use to sometimes get into trouble, but I was generally pretty happy. And, by-the-way, I will just put this in: Mr. Evans—he was a kind of a traveling preacher, I guess—looks out for souls in general wherever he goes. He once said to me, just afore I went to war, "Mr. Clark, just so sure as you don't seek the Lord Jesus Christ before you go into the army, if you get killed you will certainly find hell." Well, I only just want to send him back my compliments, and tell him I aint never hunted for that place, and perhaps that's why I aint never found it. He was always hunting for it—never saw him in my life that he was n't hunting for hell. And I hope for his benefit he will find it when he gets here. I want folks to find what they are hunting for. Oct. 14.

Flora Jones.

My father was killed in one of the battles before Richmond, and mother and me was left in New York. That's where we lived. I first lived in Tennessee, but when my father went into the army we came to New York, because he didn't want to leave us in Tennessee. Mother tried to go back after father was killed, but all the folks there, or the most of them, was against her, because—well, they were more secesh than they were Union, and my father said so when he moved us to New York; and they cheated my mother out of all that should have been hers. And then we lived in New York because my father had a brother there, and he was to see to us while father went into the army.

My name is Flora Jones. My father's name was William Addison Jones. He was killed before Richmond; and I died. I was not with my father: I was with my mother. I was only eleven years old. I died of fever, and I took it of a little girl that lived in the house; and she died, and I took the fever, and then I died too. It will be two years this winter what's coming since I died, and my mother do n't know I can come back, and don't know that my father can; and we want to tell her as how we can. Father says, tell her to go where—where Lieut.-Col. Hill wants his folks to go, and he will go there and see what he can do. And my father wants me to thank my uncle for him, for his kindness to my mother and to me; and to say to him that he shall try to repay him—not in dollars, but in something that will last a great deal longer. Oct. 14.

Scéance opened by Theodore Parker; closed by "Cousin Benja."

Invocation.

Thou Spirit who art in the heavens and in the earth, we would bow down and serve thee through the worship of all that thou hast made, for it is through form alone that we can recognize or understand thee. And we beseech of thee, oh Spirit Eternal, to so baptize us with thine own infinite truths, that we shall become one with truth and one with thee. Grant that thy children who are clothed with the flesh may learn that thou art God everywhere. And may we ourselves learn to worship thee more devoutly, to understand thee more perfectly, so that wherever we are we can reverence the place because it is thy holy temple. We can see thee throughout all the

workings of the outer and the inner life. We perceive thee in the great ocean of thought. We perceive thee in every form; though we cannot fully comprehend yet thou art our Father and our God; we are all thy children, bound to the kingdom of wisdom; bound to the kingdom of peace. When the mists and fogs of ignorance have passed away, and the clear sun of thy truth shines upon us, then it is, oh Spirit Infinite, that we shall better understand thee, and then we shall worship thee more truly. Grant that it may be our mission to walk long through the earth, teaching thy children, and clearing the dark ways through which the souls may be called to pass as it journey toward heavenward. May we be enabled to no illumine the grave that there shall be no darkness there. May we throw such a halo around all death-scenes that they shall be scenes of life. May we strip off all of their darkness, and clothe them with morning sunlight; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen. Oct. 15.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Do the spirit intelligences who control at this circle, approve of the Massachusetts prohibitory liquor law, or otherwise?

ANS.—Restraint, when guided by wisdom and love, is of good; but when it is guided by ignorance, and is wanting, then it is apt to be a very large amount of power over those who are in the flesh and over the conditions of time. That class of spirits who favor the so-called license law, are those who believe that this generation, and particularly the class of mind that finds expression upon this continent, this republican people they believe will be better governed by moral suasion; better governed by erecting for them a certain standard which they themselves subscribe to—rather than an altar which they are willing to recognize and worship at. "Then," say these intelligences beyond the grave, "the end sought for by both parties will at last be reached." Your speaker has no opinion to offer, save that he believes that as God is walking through the nations, he himself will finally purge you from all the so-called evils that float in social life.

Q.—I would like to ask if a large number of those who are among us addicted to the inordinate use of alcohol, are not, to a great extent, influenced by the other world who have not yet been able to rid themselves of the habits and appetites they possessed here; and if so, whether it is not possible to reach the parties suffering, rather by calling back the spirit of one in the spirit body and treating him through a medium or otherwise, so as to deliver him from the condition from which he has been suffering? We wish to ascertain your opinion as to the possibility of ridding ourselves and others of those habits, which are a curse, and equally of other physical ailments in that way.

A.—A certain amount—I may say a very large amount of all diseases, either physical or mental or moral, are augmented by the interference of foreign spirits; therefore, if you would gather in their caprices, entire, so far as you are able to, you must gather them in, also. If you would rid the little branches of disease, you must commence at the root. Then you will commence right. But generally it is the habit of mortals to deal heavily with evil effects, failing to touch upon cause, so the effect is fought against and fought against, and it continually rears its head like a monster in your midst, over which you seem to have no control. Sometimes mental, physical and moral diseases have their source entirely within the human physique, and no outside interference can be traced. But those are the exceptions, not the rule. When you understand the laws governing through all the minutiae of life, you will know how to live in health. Disease will depart from you, and a heaven upon earth will have begun. Oct. 15.

Arthur L. G. Palmer.

Speaking of prohibitory liquor laws, has led me to reflect a little in another direction. I think there should be a law prohibiting the inordinate use of morphine and its attendant retinue of angels in the shape of narcotics. It is exceedingly fashionable, I find, for physicians, when they do not know what to do to relieve one of pain, to give him a dose of morphine. It will put a quietus upon him; if not in one way, it will in another. Now I would vote for a law prohibiting that, and I don't know of any law that would be more good, for the use of narcotics upon the body is engraven upon the spirit, and it carries the fog with it into the spirit-land, and when it gets there it is bewildered, befogged, benighted and bedeviled generally.

I beg your pardon for using rough expressions, but I am in the habit of speaking just what I think. I speak from experience, and that is the only reliable school-master. You may go to school to theory to all eternity and realize but little, compared with the amount of wisdom you gain by one good solid experience in any direction.

Two years ago I was sick and maimed. I lost a limb in the service, and when it was found by the surgeon in attendance that I must die, and as he had a good many patients on his hands, and they were all calling for something to relieve them, it was, "Here, nurse, give this powder to this man, and such a powder to another man. Still that man." And the result was, that all lay very quiet—exceedingly quiet.

Now I don't know whether that may be called murder or ignorance, or whether it may be called murder at all. But if the pointing of a pistol at a man's head and blowing his brains out is murder, it is murder to give him what is inimical to life. I was going to say, but I suppose I should modify that somewhat, because I know there is a great deal of ignorance among the medical faculty, they don't know much, any way; the very best way you can fix it, they don't know, and I don't know of them as a body. There are grand exceptions, I know, and those exceptions save the whole from going to destruction.

Well, a voice has come to me from my people, and it sounds very much like this: "Oh, I would give anything to know if our Arthur could have been saved. I wish I could know what was the real cause of his death. They said he was doing well, and would soon recover." Well, the real cause was the want of something to assist nature in carrying the work, while some outside influence, call it the great God or whatever you please, could act upon the body to restore it to comparative health. That was one great cause, and another was an overdose of morphine.

I see, from scrutinizing the mind of the surgeon who administered it, thoughts like these: "That man should never have taken so much morphine. I could n't have ordered it. I must have been drunk." I beg your pardon, Surgeon Brown, but you did order it, for I heard you three times tell the nurse to give such a powder. "Willy, doctor," said she, "is n't that a large dose?" "Oh, no; that is only what he needs. He will bear it all." So I did bear it to the other world.

Every man's sins are apt to keep close to his heels, no matter whether they are sins of ignorance or something else. They are sure to follow, and you have got to eat every one of them yourselves. That is the experience of all who come here; so take care, all you folks, that you sin as little as possible—that you do the best you know how; for you will have to eat every one of them, and your stomach may be overloaded. You may get the dyspepsia by doing it. I hail from Ohio, and I have very dear friends in Columbus; and if those very dear friends want to know how it is with me, Arthur L. G. Palmer, and want to know all the story, want to have all the little facts worked in, let them come personally to me and I can tell them what would n't sound very well if given here. But as this is the only real good reason for a whole-souled offering for the spirit to return, I like thousands of others, have made use of it, and can bless God for it. And if they do n't like it, they know very well what I would say if I was here, and I can't say anything different now—"That is my way, and if it do n't suit you just turn the other way." It was my way to come here, and if my good Presbyterian friends do n't like it—if they are afraid of their own souls, let them just turn the other way, turn their faces toward Zion, and keep them there till doomsday.

I once said to an old family friend of ours who was talking to me on religion—as high as I can remember, I told him something like this: Mr. Collins, you've told us many times that your face was always white, and if that is true, how can you be constantly turning your face toward Zion, and never an eye toward the Holy City and your face is ever toward Zion—don't want to catch you upon any weak point, but it is always toward Zion; how is it that you can turn it toward me and others of my style so often? His reply was, "We are commanded to look after all lost sheep." "Well, now," said I, "if I am lost, the term 'me' implies that I've gone so far away that you can't bring me back. Now what's the use spending your time, if I am lost? I contend that I am not lost, never was lost; and if there is any lost about it, I think it is on your side."

Now if he has a word to say about my return, I have only to say, in return, I have learned in this spirit-world that God's Zion is on all sides, and which ever way you turn you cannot get out of it. It is always before you, so do n't be afraid to turn to Spiritualism, for who knows but man's Zion is there?

Well, I've talked, I suppose, rather hard against the medical faculty and Old Theology, but then I could n't stand on natural ground unless I did. And I have a natural foundation upon which to base all my dislike to both classes. Good-by till you hear from me again. Oct. 15.

Maj. Daniel McCook.

My sons and myself have visited this place before. Three of my sons have manifested to me, I never found the way exactly clear for me until to-day. Soon after my change I became conversant with the method of return, and I became aware that my daughter Mary was a medium, though she did n't know it; and I was told on one occasion by those who understood the process of acting upon those bodies better than I do, to see what I could do toward making her obey my will. I did so, and found I was very successful. But I was obliged to remain away all the while, because she was unacquainted with the phenomena, and I should have been obliged, I was told, to wait until she had become acquainted with it, if I sought to influence in that direction. But I see recently many of the members of the family I have left are possessed with an earnest desire to know how much of truth there is in modern Spiritualism. Mary says, "It must be true, for I have outward proofs of its truth, and I have an inward sense that it is true." But there are others who are greatly in doubt, and have become very earnest in their hopes that some of us who have gone beyond would return with such power as to sweep away all skepticism, if Spiritualism be true.

Well, the first thing to be done is to adapt ourselves to some medium or mediums, and the next thing is to induce those mediums to become our subjects—to allow us to use them—for they are not always willing, they tell me. As I find my daughter is a medium, I think, under proper circumstances, I could manifest very clearly; but I would rather at present manifest through some other source, so that I may be better understood. In the course of my investigations recently I have learned that some of the best mediums for those who are children in modern Spiritualism are soon to travel our way, and I would counsel my friends to take advantage of their nearness, and if they do I hardly think they will regret it. For if I cannot come, some of the boys will—perhaps we all can. At any rate we shall endeavor to give, if the right subject is furnished, ample evidence of our life after death, and that there is no very great hindrance to the change of separation between spirit and body.

I am, sir, Maj. Daniel McCook, and I would like to have you address my message to Mrs. Martha McCook, Steubenville, Jefferson Co., Ohio. Oct. 15.

Alice Fletcher.

Blessed are they who believe though they have not seen. Oh, yes, they are blessed beyond all conception of blessedness. Some of my dear friends, whom eighteen months ago I left, used to say to me, "Oh, Alice! if I could only see, I should believe; but why can't I see spirit forms, and hear spirit voices? why can't I gather spirit impressions, as some say they can? If it is true, why is it not vouchsafed to all?"

Well, I can only say I think now, as I did before, that all are not physically constituted so that they can discern spirits. All are not spiritually constituted so they can realize the presence of spirits while they are in the body. Well, they never could understand it, and I am no better able to furnish them with what they will understand than I was before death. I said, "I will return. I am sure I can return." But they said, "What is the use of returning, since we cannot see you?" "Well," I said, "perhaps the great God will permit me to so solidify my spirit body as that you may be able to see it. At all events, I will try." I have tried, but find it is something which I cannot do. So I come to-day, not because I expect to overthrow their skepticism, not because I have been called for, but because I feel that it is a duty which I owe to my friends, to myself, and to the great God whom I hope to serve to-day, as I ever try to. One of my dear friends said to me, "When you have passed through death, and are admitted to the company of angels—which I hope you will be—then I think you will learn that it is not permitted unto those who have passed through death to return." Well, I am sure it is permitted, and I am sure that a great and perfect law governs our return, the same law that cares for every event in life. I know now that I can return; before, I only firmly believed it, because I knew that other heads had come, for they came to me. I said to one skeptical friend, who once said to me, "I am ashamed to tell my friends that you are a Spiritualist." I said, "Aunt Sarah, I don't want to be called her, though she was no aunt of mine."—Aunt Sarah was the name of a friend of yours that I can come back?" "Oh, you can't give me any," she says. "You would not believe it? Nothing would induce you?" "No, nothing at all." "Well, now," I says, "just to satisfy me, tell me something that I shall say when I return. Now we are all alone, and I shall never mention it, and if it so happens that I can come back I will bring the word or thought, or whatever you may see fit to give." "I tell you," she says, "I won't believe any way." "Not if you should see me?" "No, I don't know as I should." "Well," I said, "just give me something—some word by which you may know that somebody—some intelligence, at all events, must have been present to hear our conversation to-day, or else I have come back." "Well," she says, "your doctrine is all moonshine, so I will give you the moon. If you can come back, simply give that." "And will you believe?" "No!"

But, you see, I think she will; and I want that dear old lady to know that I don't come back on moonshine, but by the law of the great God she worships and I worship. I could not come back outside of that law, for the law is greater than I am, and I could not break it even if I would. But I am disposed to act in accordance with it; and so I return, dear Aunt Sarah, not upon moonshine, but I will say the moon, so that you will understand who I am.

You will call me, sir, Alice Fletcher. I have provided for the message to reach them, and I hope it will accomplish some little good. If not a great deal. Farewell. Oct. 15.

Scéance opened by Joseph Lowenthal; adjourned by Lester Lowenthal.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Oct. 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Samuel Hainemann, Elder of New Orleans, to his mother; Mary Letley, of Golden City, Colorado; Matthew McGinnis, to his brother, James McGinnis, of Springfield, Ill.; Sylvia Anderson.

Monday, Oct. 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Isaac Hobson, to his friends in Maine; Capt. William K. Hackett, to his friends in Pennsylvania; Frank H. Hall, of Lowell, to his mother; Lucy Tilton, of Dayton, O., to her friends.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

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Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT.

J. M. PEEBLES, Editor.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Letters and papers intended for publication, or communications for publication in this Department, should be directed to J. M. PEEBLES, Editor, at the Western Department, 56 East Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y. Those who wish to contribute to the BANNER OF LIGHT, should send their contributions to the Western Department, 56 East Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y. Those who wish to contribute to the BANNER OF LIGHT, should send their contributions to the Western Department, 56 East Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Editor's Appointments.

During the first four Sundays of December we lecture in Buffalo, N. Y. Address us care of Mrs. E. A. Maynard, 56 East Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Clergy on Secret Societies, Aurora, Ill.

An Anti-Secret Society Convention, composed of clerical and lay delegates from several Western States, recently assembled in Aurora, Ill., the Rev. Dr. Blanchard, President of Wheaton College, presiding. Representatives from four "evangelical" denominations were present. The resolutions they adopted declare the "secret orders now spreading over the country, their nature and structures, hostile to the religion of Christ."

These initial proceedings are to culminate next May in the holding of a National Convention of Christians, to take immediate action against secret societies. Saying nothing of Masons and Odd Fellows, this action will include the orders of Druids, Rechabites, Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, and other organizations instituted for mutual brotherly aid and moral reform. We warn these clerical gentlemen that they will have a hot time of it. Priestcraft may growl and threaten—it can do little more in this enlightened country, crowded with schoolhouses and abounding in free speech.

With what an ill grace does this movement come from the clergy. Did not that Catholic council of Baltimore, at a portion of the time with closed doors, and discuss their aims and purposes in Latin? The Pan-Anglican Synod recently held in England, commencing their pastoral call thus: "To the faithful in Christ Jesus, the Priests and Deacons, and the Lay Members of the Church of Christ in communion with the Anglican Branch of the Church Catholic," forbade reporters and representatives of the press to be present. Presbyteries, Synods, Conferences and church meetings, frequently hold their secret sessions to plan against increasing heresies, and in favor of church interests. In the city of Battle Creek, Mich., a few years since, the clergy formed a secret "Minister's League," to operate against the aggressions of Spiritualism. How pitiable, then, their tirade against secret organizations! The truth is, the clergymen of the country wish to monopolize all secrets, all influences, social, political and moral, to the upbuilding of their cliques, clans and church purposes.

Dr. Mayhew.—The Spiritual Harp.

In a letter recently received from the Doctor in Washington, we are informed that the Spiritualists have "completed their hall and dedicated it."

This is truly good news.

Purposing to have excellent music in their meetings, as every congregation should, and seeing the notice of a forth-coming volume of hymns, songs, anthems, &c., to be called the *Spiritual Harp*, Dr. Mayhew inquires:

I. Is it intended entirely for Spiritualists?

II. Is it to be a hymn and song book merely, without music?

III. Or is it to contain hymns and songs with the music attached?

IV. If music, what will be the style of it?

V. What will be the shape of the book, the size and the price?

VI. When will it be ready for delivery?

REPLY.

First, it is designed primarily for the use of Spiritualist meetings. But, in consequence of the great variety, it will be adapted to the gatherings of reformers, to home interests and all the social and progressive movements of the age, an eclectic repository of the best melodies, and adapted to all experiences in life.

Secondly, it is to contain hymns, songs, anthems, choruses, with the music attached. The phrase, "hymns and songs," is justly liable to the criticism "distinction without a difference." Conservatism talks of psalms and hymns; Progress of songs, glees, hallelujahs.

Thirdly, the music will be pathetic, fervent, earnest and vigorous, with the best poetic and melodious inspirations of the hour. This department is already in the hands of an able, critical and popular musical professor.

A friend, volunteering advice by letter from New York, suggests that we "weave in the operatic style in a good number of pieces." The opera is not native to American soil. It is originally Italian, and expressive of no national life but that of Italy. In English the opera is unnatural, in German clumsy, in French dim. It is not mainly the music of the great, beating, throbbing American heart. Our nation is strong, frank, fiery, manly, and too full of restless, progressive life to be wedded to any foreign element because foreign and fashionable in court circles. The trite saying that music is a universal language is not literally true. If so, it would be alike in expression and ministry in all lands. But the music of France is as unlike that of Germany as Germany is different from that of Spain, or as Spain differs from the rude attempts of the North-west Indians. Harmony, as a principle, is innate, universal. Anglo-Saxon music, in Anglo-Saxon words, full, free, spontaneous and grand, sung by the multitude, is the demand of the age. The spirit saith, "Oh, come, let us sing—let us sing with the angels, for our redemption draweth nigh."

Admiring quartettes and glee-clubs, still congregational singing in large audiences is preferable, because more thoroughly awakening the social and religious instincts of human nature. Our soul has been stirred to its depths listening to the fine Lutheran hymn of "lang syne" times, *Old Hundred*, sung by young and old. Going up from the "dying beds" of the sainted, our mothers hallowed it. Deaf to the church words that clog this tune with superstitious dogmas, we would sing of man's rather than God's exaltation, and substitute for "Father, Son and Holy Ghost," wisdom, love and truth.

Whilst the *Harp*, in its main body, will be congregational in music, it will contain popular ballads for the masses in beautiful variety. We are aware that the drama is one of the most powerful agencies, rightly employed, to reconstruct and regenerate society, and we doubt not but Spiritualists will soon foster it as an essential part of their inspirational and educational work. We shall, therefore, have a suitable number of operatic pieces, simplified to the tastes and capacities of our musical converts, both dramatic and social.

As soon as we can ascertain the cost of the *Harp* we shall announce it, and expectantly await the orders of progressive friends throughout the coun-

try, that we may know what amount will supply the first demands. In the meanwhile we again call upon the poetic and musical composers. Our task is great. We need help. Send us rhythmic poetry and music—music that laughs and plays like the singing waters of Minnehaha.

Address J. O. Barrett, Syracuse, Ill.

P. S.—The *Spiritual Harp* will be in shape something like the "Psalms of Life," only about three times the size. We expect to have it ready for delivery early in the spring, perhaps sooner. The price will be graded according to the bindings.

GENTLE WORDS.

IMPROVISATION.

BY MRS. CHAS. J. OSBORN.

Each gentle word is a bird of love,
That wings its way through the sky above,
To sing a song on the golden strand,
To welcome thee in the Summer-Land.

Each gentle word is a blooming vine,
That winds its way 'mid the stars that shine,
To weave a wreath on the golden strand,
To welcome thee in the Summer-Land.

Each gentle word is a music tide,
That passes on to the other side,
To chant a lay on the golden strand,
To welcome thee in the Summer-Land.

Each gentle word is a sweet guitar,
That blends its notes with the harp afar,
That angels touch on the golden strand,
To welcome thee in the Summer-Land.

All gentle words are the silver bells
That echo forth from the heart's deep wells,
To ring a chime on the golden strand,
To welcome thee in the Summer-Land.

St. Louis, Mo.

Happiness.

"Oh, happiness! our being's end and aim!"
More false theology could not well have been
crowded into a single line of poetry. Our being
has in itself the quality of endlessness, and to
write or talk of the "end" of that which is absolutely
endless, is absolutely absurd. And, then, to
make happiness the "aim" of our being, is the
quintessence of selfishness. The slimy serpent's
purpose is quite as high, when crawling from his
wintry den to bathe in the first sunbeams of March.

No true man seeks happiness. He seeks the
right, the just, the true—and in seeking and out-
living such practical life-deeds, happiness flows
into his soul, he submissively feels 'tis well. On
the other hand, if he turns his feet, his pillow
by night a stone, and the cross from his
front, with equal submission he says, "Thy will
be done!"

The divinest happiness results from self-denial
and a thorough consecration of all the powers of
body and soul to the good of humanity.

The insinuation of worldly wealth to confer
happiness, is clearly illustrated in the life of M.
Rothschild who died some forty years since in
London. For a long time he opened and closed
his coffers to Kings and Emperors, swaying a
mighty influence over Europe. And yet with all
his vast wealth he was a miserable man; down-
cast in spirit, and filled with fearful forebodings
concerning the future. Stephen Girard, when
reveling in immense riches, and supposed to be
exceedingly happy, wrote to a friend thus: "As
to myself, I live like a galley slave, constantly
occupied, and often passing the night without
sleeping. I am wrapped in a labyrinth of affairs,
and worn out with care. I do not value fortune.
The love of labor is my highest emotion. When
I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so
hard during the day, that when night comes I
may be enabled to sleep soundly."

First Snow-Flakes.

As early prophets of wintry windings-sheets,
how exquisitely beautiful fell the snowy crystals
yesterday—fell, telling of icy coverlets to pro-
tect the grasses and the grains. Kissed and
transformed by future sunbeams, they will moist-
en the mosses, and water the first flowers of
spring. They fell! The acorn falls ere it becomes
an oak, and so through our temporal defeats
often come our spiritual victories.

"The summer comes and the summer goes;
Will flowers be fringing the dusty lanes;
The sparrows go darting through fragrant rains,
And, all of a sudden—it snows!"

Dear heart! our lives so happily flow,
So lightly we heed the flying hours,
We only know winter is gone—by the flowers,
We only know winter is come—by the snow!"

It will soon be time to re-read that perfect rural
gem, the winter idyl, "Snow-Bound," by Whit-
tier. It is chaste as an icicle, and as home-like as
the old familiar clock that ticks departed time.
Winter is full of poetry. How oft we hear
"On the glass the unmeaning heat
Of ghostly finger-tips of ice!"

When a white-haired boy in Vermont, how we
used to listen, those long winter evenings, to
mother's ghost stories, and watch the blaze from
the logs piled upon the open fire,
"Until the old, fire-furnish'd room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom."

Précious those memories that linger around
that Green Mountain home. In soul we sing:
"Oh would I were a boy again!" "Make me a
child again, just for a time!" May we, should we
not ever be child-like, without being childish.
This poet takes us in the following lines to mid-
winter, when

"We heard the loosened clappings tost,
The board nails snapping in the frost,
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light sifted snow flakes fall."

The *Spiritual Harp*—Contributors.

Lowell says:
"No man is born into the world whose work
is not born with him."

By virtue of organization, each mortal has an
adaptive mission, and by following the inner
promptings of the soul, the efforts of such are
almost uniformly crowned with success. Period-
icals also have their mission. The *Banner of Light*,
inaugurated under the inspiration of an angel
in the spirit-world, was missioned as the ex-
ponent of Spiritualism in its broadest sense—Spi-
ritualism as a great moral power underlying all
reforms, all human interests. Such is its purpose
to-day; and as such it must be more impersonal
than personal—impersonal in its management,
impersonal in its objects, and absolutely free from
bitter personalities in its discussions.

The above may serve as a hint to several corre-
spondents recently sending us articles decidedly
denunciatory and personal. Remember, brothers,
there are battles in which the victors are always
the vanquished; that there are laurels which no
honorable man can afford to win. The *Banner of Light*,
firm in purpose, positive in conviction, and
leading the public mind more as a wise father
than a fanatical rantier, will not descend to par-
tialities or personalities.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—The First Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, every Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock. Samuel P. Towle, President; Daniel C. Child, Secretary. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. J. May, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian; Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. J. May, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield street.

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LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of any changes of appointments, whenever they occur, so that we may have a list of a party known to be a lecturer, we desire to be informed, at this column, of any changes of appointments.]

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