BANNER OF LIGHT.

ROMANCE LITERATURE A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. XXII. {$3,00 PER YEAR, In Advance.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1867. {SINGLE COPIES, Eight Cents.} NO. 14.

FACE THE SUNSHINE.

BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

[The following fine inspirational poem was originally given by Miss Doten at the close of a lecture in Philadelphia, Oct. 21, 1865, and printed in the Banner of Light Nov. 11, 1865. It was also read by Miss Doten at the opening of the Music Hall meetings, in this city, Oct. 6, 1867. We reprint it at the request of many who wish to preserve a copy. Those of our patrons who perused the poem two years ago will doubtless read it again to-day with the same interest, if not greater, which it inspired at that time.]

Oh, a morbid fancy had David Bell,
That across his path like a wizard spell,
A great, black shadow forever fell.
He turned his back on the sun's clear ray;
From a singing bird, or a child at play,
With a nervous shudder he shrank away;
And he shook his head,
As he gloomily said,
"This shadow will haunt me till I am dead!"

In the solemn shade of the forest wide,
Or in the churchyard at eventide,
Like a gloomy ghost he was seen to glide.
There, nursing his fancies all alone,
He would sit him down with a dismal moan,
In the dewy grass by some moss-grown stone,
And shake his head,
As he gloomily said,
"This shadow will haunt me till I am dead!"

Never a nod or a smile would greet
Old David Bell, in the field or street,
From the sturdy yeoman he chanced to meet.
The children fled from his path away,
And the good wives whispered, "Alack a day!
The Devil hath led his soul astray!"
For he ever said,
As he shook his head,
"This shadow will haunt me till I am dead!"

One Sabbath morn when the air was balm,
And the green earth smiled with a heavenly charm,
In the peaceful hush, in the holy calm—
Old David Bell, with a new intent,
Across the bridge o'er the mill-stream went,
And his steps toward the village chapel bent.
For he said, "I will try
From this fiend to fly,
And escape the shadow before I die!"

But all along on the sandy road,
His great, gaunt shadow before him strode,
Like a fiend escaped from its dark abode.
Sometimes it crouched in an angle small,
Then up it leapt, like a giant tall;
And as David noticed these changes all,
He shook his head,
As he gloomily said,
"This shadow will haunt me till I am dead!"

At length, he came to the chapel door,
But the great, gaunt shadow went in before,
Leaping and dancing along the floor.
Old David mournfully turned away—
He could not enter to praise and pray,
While that impish shadow before him lay.
And he shook his head,
As he gloomily said,
"This shadow will haunt me till I am dead!"

He wandered away, not heeding where,
To a lonely grave, where a willow fair
Whispered sweet words to the summer air.
But he saw not the long, lithe branches wave,
For only a weary look he gave
At his own black shadow, across the grave.
And he shook his head,
As he gloomily said,
"This shadow will haunt me till I am dead!"

"Nay, nay, good David!" a voice replied.
He turned him quickly, and close by his side
Stood old Goody Gay, known far and wide.
Though Time had stolen her bloom away,
And changed the gold of her locks to grey,
Her face was bright as the summer day.
"Don't shake your head!"
She cheerfully said,
"But face the sunshine, good man, instead!"

With a hopeless look, and a sigh profound,
He sat himself down by the grassy mound,
Where the bright-eyed daisies grew thick around.
"Nay, leave me," he said, in a sullen tone,
"For I and the shadow would be alone,
No balm of healing for me is known.
It will be as I said,
This thing that I dread,
This shadow, will haunt me till I am dead."

The good dame answered, "Oh David Bell!
Why will ye be ringing your own heart's knell?
For I tell ye this, that I know full well—
The blessed Father, who loves us all,
Who notices even a sparrow's fall,
Is never deaf to His children's call;
His love is our light
In the darkest night,
Just turn to that sunshine, and all is right."

"In this very grave did I lay to rest,
With his pale hands folded upon his breast,
The one of all others I loved the best.
And then, though my heart in its anguish yearned,
My face to the sunshine I ever turned,
And thus a great lesson of life I learned;
Which you, too, will find,
If you will but mind,
That thus, all life's shadows are cast behind."

He gazed in her earnest face as she spoke,
And then a light o'er his features broke,
As if new life in his soul awoke.
There was something so bright in that summer day,
And the cheerful language of Goody Gay,
That his morbid fancies were charmed away;
And he said, "I will try,
For it may be, I
Shall escape this shadow before I die."

He turned him around on the grassy knoll,
And flush o'er his forehead and into his soul,
The warmth of the gladdening sunshine stole.
The good dame lifted a willow bough,
And gently laid her hand on his brow—
"Say, David, where is your shadow now?
The shadow has fled,
But ye are not dead.
Look up to the sunshine, man! Hold up your head!"

Still athwart the grave did the shadow lay,
But his face from the phantom was turned away,
And lifted up to the sun's clear ray.
Then the light of truth on his spirit fell,
Breaking forever the magic spell
That darkened the vision of David Bell,
His trial was past;
And the shadow, at last,
Behind him there, on the grave was cast.

Oh, ye! who toil o'er your earthly way,
With your faces turned from the truth's clear ray,
Consider the counsel of Goody Gay.
Though shadows should haunt you as black as night,
Be faithful and firm to your highest light,
And face the sunshine with all your might!
Keep a cheerful mind,
And at length, you will find
That the grave, and life's shadow, both lie behind.

The Lecture Room.

SPIRITUALISM.

An Address by R. T. Hallock, M. D.,
Delivered in Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Sunday, Dec. 8th, 1867.

When the reality of a conscious existence beyond the grave first became an established fact in the mind of the Spiritualist, he felt himself to stand in the warmest and brightest mental sunshine that ever illuminated the intellect of man. Then, for the first time, he saw himself in the light of immortality; the mortal being suddenly transformed into the immortal; the "three score and ten years" of his earth-life lengthening into eternity.

Those of you who have been the subjects of this spiritual illumination will bear me witness that, in the early dawn of its consciousness in the soul, its auroral splendors were beyond the power of words to describe. So glorious, indeed, was the light in which the Spiritualist first saw himself—so absorbed were its rays by his own soul, that his attention became fixed upon the life which it revealed to his enraptured senses, and he did not dream that it was to be reflected back from himself as a centre, upon *this* life, as well as upon that which lies beyond the grave, showing the popular notions respecting both to be alike tinctured with error, and their true significance obscured to mortal vision by the darkness of universal misconception. At this period of his experience he did not realize but that he might retain his position in what is called society, his place in the political party and his pew in the church, and might pursue his merchandise or his agriculture with his accustomed satisfaction; or, rather, perhaps, with far greater, because, while his business made him rich and his church-pew made him respectable, his intercourse with the spiritual world gave him the assurance of a higher life still. And so, with a comfortable prospect of *the very best of both worlds* before him, it was but natural that, for a time, he should continue to accept, with the old compliance, his politics as dictated by his party, his religion as taught him by his priest, and should conduct his business, as of old, upon the universal maxim, buy the cheapest, sell the dearest, and leave his Spiritualism for the private delectation of his leisure hours.

This was "sitting under one's own vine and fig-tree" to some purpose. And, doubtless, while he realized that he was only a child to be fed and nursed, it was but right and proper that he should rock himself asleep in the cradle of his own spiritual security, and awake, not to labor, but to the delights only of that easy-chair around which cluster the ministering spirits of departed loved ones. He was not then a man to work, he was a babe but newly born. He could rejoice in the light, but it revealed to him no labor, no sacrifice of personal ease; nothing to do but to eat the spiritual bread and butter so bountifully provided for him, and swing on a gate all the day long, and be happy. He could not be expected to know that natural law has so fixed it that the cradle-pleasure belongs exclusively to infancy, and that, for a *man*, in all this universe, there *is* no easy-chair except at the end of an honest day's work. Idleness is not ease; the slumber of indolence is a nightmare and its pleasure a weariness. But he had not yet discovered that the law held with spiritual idleness and spiritual slumber as well. In the Sunday school he learned to repeat the parable of the ten talents, but he had yet to know that they were the expression of an eternal, spiritual law. In short he was not yet able to read what God writes upon the wrapper of each gift to man: USE IT OR LOSE IT. Indeed, he was not then conscious that any such condition encompassed his gifts.

I trust it cannot be true of many of us to-day that we have yielded to the childlike temptation to sit down in luxurious spiritual ease. We are old enough now to know that the "vine and fig-tree" whose fruit and foliage are to yield *us* food and shelter are to be planted by our own hands, and the seat beneath their protecting shade is to be made easy only through the exercise of the power that is within us.

At the first it was necessary and therefore natural that the affection and intellect of the Spiritualist should be absorbed by himself, because his first work was self-verification. The lever is not a lever unless with a fulcrum to rest upon; and if it is to be of the Archimedean type, that is to say, a lever capable of moving the world, it must needs rest upon a fulcrum, the immovable solidity of which is first to be made sure. Theologians, with more honesty than wisdom, have essayed to move the world by placing their lever upon a *book* by way of fulcrum; *spirits*, with the scientific knowledge which comes from a broader observation of ways and means, place it upon the *illuminated human soul.*

Hence it was in due order of law that the spiritual world should take care to make the Spiritualist sensible of a degree of independence and security, which, pushed by his own folly beyond their proper limits, make of him a thorough egotist, and extinguish in his soul every spark of genuine sympathy with the common interests of mankind; but which, properly understood, make of him a substantial fulcrum for that spiritual lever which is to move the world of thought from centre to circumference.

Of all movable things, there is perhaps nothing so hard to move as an opinion received from tradition during the plastic state of the intellect and affections, and solidified by the pressure of long established custom. To say to a mountain of mere rock and sand, "Be thou removed and cast into the sea," we have only to use a proportionate number of Irishmen by way of fulcrum to the lever of our will, and it disappears. But, for example, that mountain of *Jewish belief*, which the Jewish people did *not get from Mount Sinai*, but from *Moses*, when, in *spirit*, he had come down from thence, not only denied the power of Jesus in his time, but to this hour it stands unmoved and immovable as against the combined efforts of the world's Christianity and the world's infidelity to get it out of the way. Heathen Rome could lay waste their sacred places; blot their territory from the map of the world; leave no stone upon another in the foundation of their beloved city. Turk and Christian could shake to the very center their respective thrones in deadly conflict for the possession of its ruins; but they could not shake the Jewish faith, and they never can. Error against error, tradition against tradition, is not the adequate lever. *Truth* against Error, *fact* against tradition, if any lever will remove *that* mountain, this.

So it will be seen that the labor of the Spiritualist is more than Herculean. It even exceeds that of the fabled Atlas, who only bore upon *his* shoulders a ball of sand and other temporary rubbish, whereas Spiritualism is set to lift a *world of error*, the density of which, compared with any mere earthy matter, is as that of granite to hydrogen gas. For this reason it was indispensable that the light which has revealed to the Spiritualist this great labor, should first reveal to his external consciousness his real selfhood. He could verify nothing until first assured of himself. He must needs realize the darkness that was in him, before he could perceive the night in which the world is. The truth must be born in his own understanding before he could know it anywhere or in anything. As from the darkness that was in him aforetime, he could only exclaim with the multitude who have no eyes, "Behold, there is no light!" so now only by authority of his own awakened vision can he affirm that men may see.

It is alone from this inward concentration of light that man can see anything as it really is; and through it he becomes a light, and this light is his power. The candle makes no speeches; it does not gesticulate—it simply shines. But there is this difference between a man and a candle, namely: A man who is interiorly luminous cannot be hidden "under a bushel." That is to say, he cannot be overshadowed by church creeds, nor obfuscated by French philosophy, nor put out by American rationalism. Being a light, he must shine; and through the emanation of its rays from within himself, objects without himself take their true forms and natural uses. It has not been in the power even of scholastic theology to wholly obscure that *human luminary*, lighted of God in old Judea some eighteen centuries past. It still shines. Its rays do yet penetrate the fogs and mists which tradition has generated; and although the owls and the bats may prefer the darkness of ecclesiasticism, all beings with sound eyes in their heads do hail it as a "bright particular star," whose glory shall be undimmed forever. Could certain animals express their sensations in English speech, they would say at midday: "There is no light," but the sun shines nevertheless.

The power of a man is in the ratio of his spiritual illumination. Power is silent, like the sunbeam—like "the word of God," which speaks all things into form with unmoved lips. Force is turbulent and disposed to noise. At best, it is no more than the handmaid of power; and when it is not that it simply represents weakness. We read that in the olden time, upon a certain rather serious occasion, there was a great to-do with the whirlwind and earthquake and fire-forces; but when these had passed (having effected nothing) and God came, *his* voice was exceedingly small.

Therefore, as I read the stars, or "discern the signs of the times" in the light of history, this modern focalization of spiritual light, what is called modern Spiritualism, is to the end that it might ultimate in a *new center of radiation*, transforming, as it were, the comet into a fixed star—a solar orb in a new system of thought worlds. No orb has yet absorbed all the light in the universe, nor reflected it all. Infinite space has still ample room for new stars. For ages all the spiritual light of our so-called Christianity has been cometary. No continuous, fructifying ray, as from the light of the sun within the tropics, has warmed it into a healthy growth. As with the arctic inhabitants, its sun went down ere its disk had fairly cleared the horizon. Then came winter, in which there appeared no green thing, and thick night, and then a nebulous mass of theological speculations with a fiery tail was seen in the umbra of middle-age scholasticism, which, elongating its orbit so as to embrace the first half of the nineteenth century, makes a short curve around the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, as by the law of England "established" for its eternal centre and ultimate limit of progress.

But, says the dissenter, in all honesty of soul, "The Church of England by no means constitutes or expresses the ultimate possibility of Christianity." Now, the truth of this depends entirely upon the degree of dissent reached; that is to say, upon what the dissenter deems Christianity to be. Thus if it amounts to a dissent *in toto* from all that is popularly claimed to be Christianity, then may he say of a truth not only that the English Church does not *exhaust* Christianity in its thirty-nine "articles of religion," but that it does not even touch it. But if the dissenter stop anywhere short of a total repudiation of the entire "*scheme*" which passes for Christianity so far as advance is concerned, he is concluded by the Episcopal Church. He may step to the right or to the left; he may call himself by whatever denominational term best pleases his fancy; or, he may go back to Rome. But while he acknowledges any authority in religion outside of his own soul, *forward* of these "articles of religion" he cannot go. Nor does the majority wish to advance beyond them. It is the ceremonial of that Church, and not its doctrine, to which objection is principally made by dissenters, where dissent is a matter of conscience.

But even this discrimination was only true in the days when dissent meant something. At present, one of two things is rapidly approaching consummation—that is, either the *conscience* of dissenters is swallowing the Episcopal ceremonial, (by way of sauce to the doctrine,) or the *ceremonial* is swallowing the dissenters' conscience. For certain it is, one has only to observe our Christianity as an *acted* instead of a *professed* faith, to know that nothing beyond "The Book of Common Prayer," with the accompanying "Rites and Ceremonies" of the Church which put them forth, is expected or desired. Beyond? The fact is that the English Church herself, which originally dissented from Rome, together with every sect which subsequently dissented from the English Church, are traveling *back* to Rome. Every one of them are on the march thitherward; the English Church, in the estimation of some of its more steady-paced adherents, absolutely with indecent haste.

And thus it has come to pass that our American civilization is refreshed, on the one hand, by the steady march of its most cherished English Church back to Rome, and on the other by that of the entire body of dissenters back to the English Church; the former every year introducing more and more of the Roman ceremonial, and the dissenters more and more of the English. The butcher's ledger will prove to any one who cares to know, that the diminution in the sale of meat during Lent is not by any means, as of old, wholly owing to the devout stomachs of Episcopalians and Roman Catholics proper. And although, at first thought, it may seem incredible that the *meat-market* should throw any light upon the direction which our self-styled Christianity is taking through the glorious constellations of science which constitute modern civilization, nevertheless the butcher's block in any fashionable market-place is a better observatory whence to note the astronomy of that splendid comet, than the priest's pulpit in any fashionable church. For the priest will only give you a sort of astrological account of it; while the butcher will deal only with its astronomical, or true character. That is to say, when, during Lent, the dissenter repudiates the sirloin and takes to the codfish, the priestly or astrological view of the matter refers it to a planetary influence of a super-celestial character—to a reverence for God, in short; while the butcher, considering only the science of the phenomenon, reveals the rather prosy fact that it is neither the stomach nor the conscience of dissenters which of late years is giving such an increased impetus to the fish-business during the time of the Catholic fast, but simply their extreme desire to be as genteel and as much thought of as the best Christians in the land.

But in any case, that Episcopal luminary—the thirty-nine "Articles of Religion"—is not a light for living men to work by. For those who accept it in all sincerity of conscience, it is a luminosity which emphatically "leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind"—a phosphorescent phantom which does not enlighten, it only *frightens;* while in the estimation of sober reason, as a guide to the solution of the problems of life here or hereafter, it has not the importance of a swamp-born jack-o'-lantern. In these years, reason, which affects to quote science, is revolving around quite another center than this. Its luminary is dark, to be sure—*black*, in fact, as annihilation—but it is to a certain degree solid, with a sure prophecy of ultimate light and vision; but with that purely gaseous meteor of the Middle Ages, clear up the scholastic bog whence it originated, and it is gone forever.

There is no true outlook upon the things of this life save from the point of spiritual illumination. Only the spiritual eye can see men other than "as trees walking." While the spiritual consciousness is in abeyance, all is conjecture. There are fragments of truth perceptible, but there is no system—no eternal verity of which they form a part, and to which they are naturally subordinate. Within the circle of popular religion, science and philosophy we find no statement indicating a clear and comprehensive perception of human nature. Not in the entire round of popular book-making, lecturing and sermonizing do we meet with proof that author or speaker feels at all certain of what he says, or is in any satisfactory degree conscious of the real nature of what he sees. The *religio-philosophical literature of the last century was profound in its power of denial; that of the present is eloquent in the expression of its doubts.* There is quite as much cant in the nominally scientific as in the self-styled religious world; for, with respect to that of which the mind has no rational conception, *all speech* is mere cant.

The Spiritualist, therefore, who has to a good degree established his own reality as a fixed quantity in this universe, finds himself with a given quota of work due. All men do instinctively feel (like the boys in the thunderstorm who went into the woods to pray) that *something* must be done; but *what*, is the unsolved problem. Nor is how to do it quite as clear as could be wished.

Suppose, by way of being practical, we assume it as granted by all parties, that *America* is to be done; that these United States constitute "the garden" we are "to dress and to keep"—a not irrational supposition surely, seeing that it is the land we live in. This granted, the question naturally following is, How shall it be done? What planting, dressing and laying out of landscape does it require? To these questions various answers are returned, none of them quite satisfactory; and for the reason, as it seems to me, that there is a prior question which has not been duly considered. It is this: What, in the grand economy of nationalities, does America mean? What idea does she stand for? What truth (if any) does the universe require of her to express? That is the bottom question. Answer that and all is relatively easy.

Negatively, I think we may say with positive assurance that Nature does not require of America to be a *fac-simile* of Europe, from the fact that Nature herself furnishes no such examples of mere imitation. Her minerals, vegetables, animals, *men*, have each a distinct individuality. She cannot afford but one England, for example; nor would human nature bear another if she could. And, pursuant to the same economy, she gives us one Moses, one Socrates, one Jesus, one Jefferson—all great, all different. Columbus performed a worse than useless labor in the discovery of a new world, if its natural use be that of mere new soil in which to plant old, worn-out ideas. The Eastern Continent has ample space for these, were they worth the planting. But ideas, however venerable by the usage of centuries, which so exhausts the soil of society that it does not even bear the common privileges and comforts of life for the majority of its members, so that they annually run from it by tens of thousands, should be a hint to us, were there no other, that they are not worth growing here.

And yet, this is the very effort that is being made, the very work which is being carried on with ever increasing zeal and industry during these years, by nearly the entire population of the republic. Paris controls the fashion of the country, London and Rome its religion, a Frenchman and an Englishman its philosophy. To be sure, we have tried to get up a little Unitarianism on our own account, but we have signally failed; and with the religious and respectable *par excellence*, our rationalism is at a sad discount. "We want no philosophy, no rationalism here," said a very reverend divine recently, on taking possession of what the newspapers tell us is the most elaborately decorated church on all this continent—"We want no philosophy, no rationalism here; we are satisfied with the good old way." That is to say, the imported formula of faith and worship, which, from the time of Henry the Eighth of England to this hour, has been a perpetual curse to the English nation, these American religionists will be but too happy to revere and repeat forever, and *only* that. They declare that it fills up the whole measure of their souls. How large, think you, must be the cubic capacity of such souls? How strong? If there be any real life in the priest who uttered that vaunt of perfect satisfaction with the good old English way, or in the congregation which bowed their Amen to it, how are we ever to know when a man is dead? Shakspeare makes Macbeth to say that before his time there were simple folk who believed that when the brains were out, the man had gone; but, from a somewhat troubled personal experience, it appears that he was obliged to abandon that theory; and *we* know, from examples numberless as autumn leaves, that with the *spiritual brain* in a state of *asphyxia* men may still walk the earth self-deceived, and deceiving others by an *appearance* of life, which in reality is a *death* such as no mere animal carcass can be the subject of. Now, "for the dead to bury the dead," as advanced by Jesus, is sound economy; but when the dead insist upon burying the living, (which is the present effort of our accepted religion,) however gorgeous the sepulchre, or imposing the funeral ceremony, in a country not overstocked with live men, the work is certainly at variance with the practical character to which as a people we aspire.

But to return. Leaving both the dead creeds of the Church and the dead expounders thereof, as of no scientific account in the solution of any practical question under the sun or over it, looking carefully into Nature we shall have to admit that *New England*, for example, is not called upon to reproduce *Old England.* Whatever be her work, clearly by authority of Nature it is not *that.* And if not, then right here we run against a fact as real as dollars and cents; because the work of this New World not being the reproduction of the Old, it follows that those Catholic reverends who journeyed to Rome last spring, and these other of the Pan-Anglican type who visited London this present autumn, all at great expense of their own ease and the Church funds, have really performed no valuable work for us, for it was the express purpose of the one party to transport the church of St. Peter of Rome to the United States, and of the other, to bring hither in all its glory St. Paul's of London. That is to say, the object being, with one set of Bishops, to make this country everywhere Rome, and with the other, everywhere England. To succeed in either of these efforts, would be to annihilate America *in toto.* A fate which she does not quite yet deserve, although her snobbery, her fashion, and her religion (all European,) her threefold power, the only *Trinity* she knows anything about, are working for it with a zeal anything but commendable in view of its success.

We are but too apt to deceive ourselves by mere show. A body of men, acting in concert, naturally elicits the sympathy of the individual, and, if their action be popular, is almost certain to take his judgment captive. For example, imagine one of us in an English cathedral, witnessing that procession of church dignitaries (which the newspapers have described with such unction,) sweeping through ancient nave and aisle in full-robed splendor, and with burst of organ and roar of choir, shouting,

"The son of man goes forth to war,
A mighty crown to gain.
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?"

And it is more than probable that the most guarded of us would, for the moment, feel that there was really something more than mere wind in this outburst of sound; nay, it would be no more than natural, should one mistake their solemn, turkey-like strut and spread of tail for the veritable march of wisdom. And they, the august bipeds, are more than half inclined to believe it themselves, and are wholly disposed to make the world believe it, and, in fact, have pretty well succeeded.

But when the pageant has passed, and the imposing wind-worship of lips and organ has been hushed to silence in their respective bellows, one has only to *imagine* "the son of man" at the head of that procession, flourishing a "blood-red banner," to know that a soul who could conceive such a stanza, or *sing* it, can have a no more rational

idea of "the son of man," as he is represented in the accepted history, than the ancient Romans had of Jupiter. In fact, the Jesus of modern Christianity is as veritable a myth as was any god in their pantheon, and is an object of as fulsome worship.

There is no help, therefore, for America, in these men. They do not know America; they only know the Church of England; and their only labor is to promote its interests. Our literature is of the same, or nearly the same, unserviceable cast, because it must needs measure itself by the European standard. The magazine critic makes monthly complaint that there is nothing rotten behind it—nothing been dead long enough to lend it that mellow tint and delightful fragrance which decay gives to decomposition. Unlike Europe, it has no background of abominations so infernal as to become sublime, much to the *regret of the critic*-soul and to the infinite damage of the American novelist. There has been not a little ink shed in comparing our ablest American thinkers with some of the best book-makers of England. But the nearest approximation to a common genius which criticism has yet revealed, consists in the fact that neither party knows exactly what it would be at. Both have shown a commendable aptness for quarrying stone, but neither side of the Atlantic has yet produced an architect.

The literature, therefore, like the religion which plants its standard of excellence in Europe, *will never help America*. America can never be what these strive to make her. Nature forbids that a child should exactly repeat its parents. It may be greater or less, but it *must* be different. Hence, all work which aims at an endless repetition here in America to-day, of what has been doing in Europe, in the way of religion, ever since the birth of European history, is simply against Nature. *That solemn farce of religion, with Pope or* Bishop for manager, may yet keep the stage of Europe for a while; but it cannot live in America, unless in a spiritual sense it be enacted over her grave. We may remember, by way of parallel, that in the old Jerusalem, not until the crucifixion was accomplished, was there the least security for Chief-Priest, Scribe, Pharisee or Hypocrite.

But if *this* work is not to be done for America, then what work? And again the question returns, What does Nature demand of America—what idea is she required to express? History, it is said, repeats itself, but it is always with a difference (natural law so determining); and if so, then there should be some fundamental thought underlying this Western Continent of humanity; and the ground upon which it stands, being separated from the Eastern by an ocean, should be taken as a gentle hint that the brain idea should be, if not greater than has been heretofore wrought out by any nation, at least somewhat different.

Perhaps history, *repeating herself*—with a difference—as she always does, may afford us some clue to its character. As we, for example, read the souls of ancient Greece and Rome through the bodies they have left behind them, we find the moving ideal of the former to have been the perfection of physical beauty; and of the latter, the perfection of physical strength. They attained their ideal and died as nationalities; just as every nation and every man must die—that is, lose the external form when this is accomplished; sooner, if there be not ability in them to accomplish it. These ancient nations fully reached it. In sculpture and architecture, representations of physical beauty—the beauty of form—Greece, by the common consent of all subsequent time, has never been exceeded. She produced great thinkers; but other nations have produced greater. Only in the attainment of her primary idea does she stand unrivaled. And the same is true with that of the Roman nationality—the perfection of *physical strength. Our professors of* "light gymnastics," or of heavy, have yet produced nothing superior to the Roman gladiator. This idea was the inner soul of the nation, and its gladiatorial combats were not from its delight in the mere spilling of blood, but from its struggle for the fulfillment of its destiny. It succeeded. What human muscles can, the Roman muscles did. France has far exceeded her in science, England in philosophy; but when the artist of to-day would embody his ideal of physical strength, he tries to copy the ancient Roman gladiator.

Now, we are not to imagine that Nature has exhausted herself in ideals, or that these are her highest, notwithstanding the apparent fact that all subsequent nationalities between these and the birth of our own seem void of any. These later nations are but the stepping-stones upon which Nature planted her feet on her way to this Western Hemisphere, where, if I interpret her aright, she had resolved to plant an *idea*, which in its *ultimate development should give to man* "a new heaven and a new earth," wherein there should dwell not only righteousness and absolute freedom of body and mind, but wherein there should be also a spiritual development worthy of both. That idea, then, deep down in the unconscious soul of this nation, I name SPIRITUAL PERFECTION.

Be not startled at the assertion, I pray you. Every hour of patient observation and careful thought will but more and more confirm its truth. History repeats herself—with a difference—does she not? And what have we here but Greece and Rome repeated—with a difference? This march of national ideas is not only in the order of Nature, it is according to Scripture. We read: "First, that which is natural, (physical,) afterward, that which is spiritual." Ay, marvelously does history repeat herself. Shall I say it? Greece and Rome were masculine and feminine. In their essential characteristics they were man and woman, brother and sister. The germs of our yet unperfected freedom were in them, and they live to-day in this nation. The South is Greece and the North is Rome, and *they* are male and female, but with this difference: they are not brother and sister; they are *man and wife*. And God having so made them and so married them, quarrel as they may, no politician will be let to put them asunder.

But for the signs of this idea which I have named spiritual perfection. Find them in the universal unrest of all truly living souls in the nation. The abolitionist—is he satisfied now that chattel slavery is ended? As an abolitionist only, is he content that *that* abomination has been swept away. As a man, he feels that there is infinitely more to be abolished still. Those noble women, striving for an equality of rights before the law, give them all they ask for within the power of law, and think you they would or could rest satisfied with its attainment? Who that thinks does not know of this America, that, though its commerce covered every sea, its every stream turned a mill—though its granaries were filled with bread and its coffers with gold, a *mysterious unrest* would still be there, to drive it on to the attainment of what a prophet's eye alone can see?

Find other signs of this slumbering, unconscious idea, in the fact that the spiritual world first made its successful and permanent communication with the outer world here, where this first national-spiritual germ was planted. Consider the idea underneath the State. It is wholly spiritual, and runs back to God. No other people ever had an idea underlying their nationality which appealed to the Eternal for its sanction. Other nations rest their governments upon men instead of principles. Kings, not God, create the laws for the State. Popes and Bishops, and not the "Great Spirit," lord it over the spirit in the Church. Our governmental idea is, that men are endowed by their *Creator*, by the great "Father of Spirits," with certain immunities. Theirs is not an idea at all; it is a *notion* that the life and liberty of the people may be *tolerated* at the discretion of the *Monarch*. The *notion* is wholly animal, earth-born—a copy from the barn-yard—where the *strongest horns* determine the freedom of the territory. The *idea* is purely spiritual. It states an eternal law in the spiritual nature of man. It is not a copy from the habits of brutes, it is an inspiration from the arcanum of spiritual principles.

The imminent work, then, for what living men and women there be in the nation, is to reveal its instinct to its understanding. A spiritual instinct minus external consciousness is shorn of half its power. It is the ever persistent effort of the spirit to manifest in the external. It is the effort of the Great Spirit in the creation of worlds. As a nation, in its intellect, it is not yet conscious of an individual, spiritual existence. Those who are, have only learned it from the external manifestations of spirits from the life beyond the body. And this is their use. Why we are Spiritualists, is that we may be made conscious of this bottom fact in the science of human nature, to the end that it may be outwrought in the life that now is.

By the charitably inclined portion of the multitude, the Spiritualist is supposed to be a mere enthusiast. He is looked upon as being most probably the victim of willful deception, or of his ignorance of natural law; or, if not deluded by his false facts, is at best with no practical use in *him, bothering himself about eternity*, while the great interests of this life are left to that purely practical, *wide-awake rationalism* which cognizes only the wants of the passing hour, and looks upon eternity as a bore.

The popular use of the word, at best, is always in its smallest sense, but most commonly with no sense at all. That is to say, the word Spiritualism or Spiritualist conjures up before the popular imagination a variety of phenomena which are at once ascribed to common jugglery or automatic action of the brain, (or to other wise words having no relation whatever to the real facts they are used to explain,) and—that is all. Spiritualism and Spiritualists, by this easy, popular conclusion, are thus easily swept out of the popular regard. Our American Dictionary indicates a broader meaning. According to Noah Webster, Spiritualism is "The doctrine in opposition to the materialists." That is it. The popular imagination has simply mistaken the proof of Spiritualism for Spiritualism itself. The facts are not the doctrine, they are simply the proof, and the only and all-sufficient tangible proof that there is a doctrine utterly opposed to that materialistic, self-styled Rationalism, which, that it *may be rational*, is obliged to close its understanding against the Spiritualism of the past, and its senses against the daily evidence of its existence in the present.

Rationalism, with its understanding closed against the past and its eyes shut against the *present, is not likely to render a just account of* either past or present. And for this reason Spiritualism is opposed to it. There is another class of persons—philosophers or philanthropists, so-called—who assume that Spiritualism, or the Spiritualist, has only to do with eternity beyond the grave. Without reference to a pun, this is a grave mistake. Spiritualism is at once a revelation and a demonstration of the inner life or eternal reality of man; and the Spiritualist, in contradistinction to the materialist, is simply one who from his demonstrated spiritual individuality, instead of his mere *animality*, looks out upon all that concerns humanity here or hereafter.

Eyes which merely look out from one body upon another body, as one animal in a drove sees another, improve the condition of neither. Improvement, progress, reformation is not in them. It is in the farmer, who, in place of their extra supply of legs and greater physical strength, has within him a soul of some sort, and looks out from thence upon their mere bodies and molds or reforms them at his will. So neither can a man from the plane of mere animal consciousness comprehend himself or his own necessities, or those of the nation of which he forms a part, or of the age in which he lives. They are only to be discerned from the point of spiritual observation. They do not yield to the gravity of an owl, nor to the cunning of an ape.

A man looks out upon the universe from himself, and he sees of it precisely what is in his own consciousness; no more, no less. With certain exceptions, which will take care of themselves, those who give tone to the popular religion and party politics of this nation, the priest and the editor, have no knowledge whatever of spirit, or laws of spirit; and hence, from their point of observation, they can have a no more real comprehension of what they see, than a cunning animal has of what it sees. When a Churchman speaks of spirit, he means body. Notwithstanding his *faith in "Holy Scripture," so far is he from any* consciousness *of being* "a living soul," that he does not even *expect* a soul when he goes home to God; he only expects, or rather *doubtfully hopes* that the scattered dust of the body which he supposes himself to be, will be gathered up in the incomprehensible resurrection which his creed sets forth, and he will be *that* again. The average editorial consciousness is oblivious of both soul and body. In his estimation, parties only have necessities. His two only actual realities are the paper which he prints and the party which supports it.

The knowledge adequate to a practical realization of this fundamental fact in human nature, the fact, namely, that man is (not will be) a living soul, can only be gained in one way—the way by which the student of Spiritualism has gained it. It is Nature's way. It is "object teaching"—a *Kinder-garten* to some purpose. It is in direct opposition to the popular method of word instruction, which is the only instruction our theological schools can give, in the topics they profess to teach. That is to say, it is instruction which confers no knowledge. For as well might a child expect to gain a correct idea of a horse by reading without seeing, as for a student in theology to form a correct conception of the other life without intercourse with its inhabitants, or to know aught of revelation or of inspiration without experiencing their light and warmth in his own soul.

America is big with something, but she knows not what. Nothing satisfies her. Judging by the specimens she sends us, there is far more social enjoyment—what we call solid comfort—in Europe, when the animal wants are in any fair degree supplied, than in this country. Compare the foreign with the native population at the opera, concert, in the public parks, or in any place where amusement or pleasure is professedly the object, and it is patent that the foreign soul is filled to the brim with the enjoyment of the hour, while the American is working at an unsolved problem; problem and solution alike a mystery to his puzzled consciousness. You meet him in the street with his bank-book in his hand, showing a comfortable balance of cash in his favor; but for all that, he looks as if something was the matter with his insides; and there is. Music in this country does not live on the American love of it. Opera in New York is mainly supported by fine dresses and German Jews. It is not possible that the American should look cheerful, or be content with his mighty unborn ideal struggling within him. To the European, in like external circumstances, the opera, the saloon, the promenade, pleasure in any form, rounds his wishes and ends his expectations.

The reason of this is, that the prominent European nationalities have culminated. They will, doubtless, still further elaborate what the peculiar *genius of each has evolved, but they will* never create anew. They are content with what they have, or can *make* of what they have. They have no aspiration reaching beyond; and the satisfaction of the nation reflects itself in the individual. With America, all is different. To the magazine essayists, who monthly shed bitter ink and lachrymal apologies over her need of literary culture, correct taste and want of sense in not submitting herself gracefully to European criticism, I have this to say: that the *real* America is too much troubled with the sphinx-riddle in her own soul, to be greatly careful whether her taste be of the purest or her culture of the highest, according to the ruling standard. In fact, that she is rather indifferent, especially after the experience of the last seven years, as to the opinion of Europe in *any* of her affairs; beginning dimly to perceive (let us hope) that her religion, her philosophy, her music, her poetry, her art, her freedom and her glory, unrivalled beneath the *stars, are all included in her spirituality yet to be!*

To this end, namely, that she may awake to the consciousness of herself, is modern Spiritualism. And here, again, is history repeated. Modern Spiritualism is *ancient* Spiritualism more perfectly expressed and better understood. Its saving power has grown with the ages; its influence keeps even pace with the march of mind. Always in advance of the current thought of the age or of the nation in which it repeats itself, it is the veritable sphinx-riddle of every age, and the nation to which it is propounded must solve it or die. When the crude, unreasoning Israelites accepted it through Moses, they prospered and became a great nation. But when the Israelitish mind, through years of spiritual decadence, failed to recognize its repetition in *Jesus*, its influence was withdrawn, and—we know the sequel. History repeats itself. This is the maxim of experience, and it cannot be too well considered. In the light of it compare the spiritual condition of the Jewish Church of the times of Jesus and his immediate followers with that of the Christian Church of our time, and *know* that the pomp, the pride, the love of domination, the display of ceremony and the utter abnegation of all that is spiritual and real, which characterized the ancient rational religion and genteel rationalism of that day, is more (if more be possible) than repeated to-day in the reputed Christianity and materialistic philosophy of this age and nation. And what occurred in Judea just previously to the eternal sunset of that ancient nationality, *also* repeated itself about the middle of the present century in this country. That is to say, the spiritual world, by fact and truth, *again* appeared and challenged the observation of man, seeking, as of old, through its outward acts of more than mundane possibility, to make a lodgment of their *inward significance* in the awakened consciousness of man.

In the light of these facts of history and observation, the question that should press upon the American thinker—upon the American statesman (if we only had one,) is, Shall the *fate* of the Jewish nation be repeated in this? Shall it, too, crucify its Saviour only to secure its own destruction? Must it pass into history with the basic instinct of its inner life, with all that can give it prominence before the ages, or favor in the sight of God, unrealized? Thoughtful minds, carefully considering the problem, must answer that the *tragedies of history need never to be repeated*. To that end *is* history, could we but read. The true, the real *must* repeat itself forever; ever becoming in the mind of the student more true and more real; for nothing changes but man's conscious relation to the true and real. But the *blunders* of history, only possible in the darkness of a slumbering spiritual consciousness, will fade into annihilation under the steady gaze of that awakened eye which is but just opening upon the sublime possibilities of *this* life, as they stand revealed in the light of a life which is eternal.

FAITH.

BY BELLE BUSH.

The secret of success in any undertaking is faith—faith in ourselves and faith in God; not the indolent faith that sits down with folded hands, waiting for blessings to take to *themselves* wings and come to *us*, but the vigilant, *active faith* that makes us *brave* and *strong*, the faith that takes hold of the plow, the anvil, or the loom, and, getting the mastery over those ruder implements of toil, reaches up, and, laying hold of the higher forces of Nature, gives us the steam-engine, the printing-press, and the electric telegraph. Such a faith is a power in the soul which is invincible. It stops at nothing, it is daunted by nothing; it has no craven fears to overcome; it always rejoices, always hopes, and always has reason to hope, for, seeing the end from the beginning, and knowing how just and good the Father is, it sees a divine use in every event in life, and *marches on*, slowly it may be, but steadily and with a force that clears for itself a path, turning all seeming obstacles into stepping-stones to its progress, and making labors light and burdens easy to be borne.

If I wanted to know the measure of a man's strength, I would inquire, not how large he is in stature, not how many hundred pounds weight he can lift, but I would ask, How much faith has he? Did I wish to ascertain his spiritual growth and development, I would inquire, not how much Greek and Latin and mathematics he carries in his head, but, How much *faith* has he in his heart? Tell me *that*, and I will tell you how much of a *man* he is, without stopping to ask how rich he is or what his rank in life, whether he be high or low in the estimation of the world.

Faith is born of experience, and experience begetteth wisdom, also, so that faith and wisdom are sisters dwelling in the same spiritual house together, and, with love, the heavenly visitant, making continual melody there. The soul that has this faith holds the key to that divine language by which angels commune with one another, and through which they interpret for us the mysteries of the inner sanctuary of thought, and reveal to us the heaven within with its *gates* of pearl and its streets paved with the gold and diamonds of *truth* whose treasures are abiding. This is the faith which enables us to see in God a *Father*, in *man* a brother, and in every child of earth a being of "infinite possibilities." It is the faith that teaches us to recognize in every event of life a divine guidance, and enables us to say with the heart and with the understanding, "Father, thy will, not mine, be done." It is the faith that makes us fearless in the hour of danger, calm and patient under trials, self-reliant and self possessed in seasons of excitement. Having this *faith*, we become the heirs of God and enter into his kingdom, which is a city of rest and peace everlasting.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 89, Station D, New York City.

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

(Original.)

NELA HASTINGS.

CHAP. XI.—THE UNTRIED LIFE.

Nela was fourteen years old. She had grown to be as tall as her grandmother, and there had come to her the same fresh beauty that comes to a half-opened rose. She had lived so pure and natural a life that her body had grown as the graceful mountain ash grows. Her cheeks bore the tint of health; her hair gleamed with its magnetic life as it hung in graceful curls; her arms were rounded with their trained muscles; her step was light and firm, and in her eyes sparkled the fire and life that filled her whole being.

Mr. Graves had given a part of every day to instructing Nela, Rosa and Tony, so that they were as well educated as most children of their age in all the common branches of education, and in all practical knowledge of the world and of men and places they had a rich store, for by anecdote and simple illustration Mr. Graves had impressed upon their minds daily lessons of life as it had been in the past and as it was in the present.

Aunt Prue had always offered one nightly and morning prayer that Nela might remain with her until she could commence life with her fashionable parents strong in body and in spirit. One autumn morning, as she looked at her standing in the doorway, with the bright light illumining her face and revealing her figure in its full proportions, for the first time she recognized in her darling baby the woman. Proud as she was of her in her strong beauty, her heart trembled and a tear came to her eye as she looked on her, for she knew she could not much longer keep her in the quiet of her country home. That morning's reflections seemed like a prophecy to her when the afternoon's mail arrived, bringing a letter from Mr. Hastings, saying he should be in Adams the following week. From the moment she read the letter she began the inward struggle. She knew she must give up Nela, although nothing had been said of it in the letter; but she said to herself:

"Joe has no more idea what a diamond is glowing up here, what a pearl is hidden between these hills, what a rose is blushing in our garden, what a lily is perfuming our air! He will not let her be here longer when he has once looked upon her. And why should I keep her? What is life given to us for? It is to gain from every condition and all kinds of experience. Nela's boat must be launched on untried waters. Would I keep her back if I could? No, no; she shall go as free as the bird goes to its southern home. I saw this morning a whole flock starting for a warmer climate, and I knew that very soon our pets would follow, and I said, Go, little ones! I know you will come back again. I know that all the glowing summer of the South will not hold you from your loved places when the spring shall return. And so, if Nela goes, and if she forgets us for a little she will come back again, for her heart is true as steel and nothing will break the cords that bind her to us, but they will sometimes be stretched to so fine and delicate a thread that we shall think them broken; but the cords are not like mine of flax that I spin. They are of divine life, and God has them in keeping. Oh, Nela! my baby! my darling!"

And Aunt Prue whirled her wheel with unwonted swiftness, to drive off the tempest of tears that seemed coming.

Aunt Prue was fond of an open fire, and that evening she built one in her sitting room that lighted up the walls and glowed on the windows and sparkled and snapped till it seemed like a companion, a cheerful friend that shed its best and brightest gifts for the pure pleasure of giving. Aunt Prue had a motive in this illumination; she had gathered the best wood of her shed and had laid it with extra precision, and had brushed up every particle of dust and wiped off with greatest care the andirons, and had put two smaller chairs on each side of hers; and all this brightness was waiting for Nela and Rosa, who were out for an evening's walk, for it was not yet cold weather.

"If anything sad is to be talked about, have a cheerful place to do it in," said Aunt Prue to herself. "Let the brightest lights glow when you want to make trouble seem less. Twilight is all very good for lovers, but when there comes a grief to an old woman like me, give me the sunshine and the firelight. It is n't half as easy to cry in the light as in the darkness. I always practice the old hymn, 'Put a cheerful courage on,' by building the brightest fire that can glow, or going straight on to a hill where the sun shines."

Nela and Rosa came in with their faces all in a glow and their cheeks dimpled with the laugh that is so natural to girls—the foaming over of the exuberant life that cannot spend itself in any other way—the rippling of the waters that dance over pebbles. Do not check that glad life, or call it nonsense. It is Nature's expression of a heart untouched by sorrow, and that comes quickly into sympathy with the joy that lies within all life—in the fields, the flowers, the trees, in the very air.

"Oh, grandma," said Nela, throwing off her crimson shawl that her grandmother had dyed with her own hands, "how good in you to build this fire; it is brighter than the sunset; and Tony is coming over with some apples, and we'll roast them and pop some corn, may n't we? I'll brush all up again," and she kissed her grandmother as she used when a little girl.

"Of course you may; you shall have roasted apples every night," and a little sigh escaped her lips.

"But how sad you look, grandma."

"I was thinking, my little one."

"But I am not a little one, now, grandma."

"But it is only so short a time—only a day, it seems—since you were. Do you want I should tell you a story just as if you were still my little girl that I could hold in my lap and rock to sleep?"

"I shall never be anything but your little Nela, and I love the stories better than ever, and we will live together till you get to be ever and ever so old, and then I shall have on a cap and glasses, and we'll have such nice times, and tell stories together about the time when we were little children."

Aunt Prue wiped her eyes and went to the window as if to look at the stars, but it was to lift her eyes to heaven and pray for courage and strength. She came back in a moment, looking more like an angel than ever.

"Well, to begin, for here is Tony, who knows where his seat is, just there by Nela. When I was young, and my mother and father had still a watchful care of me, my mother used to wish to keep me in all her ways. She wanted I should do just as she did; she wanted I should turn my thread in spinning just as she did; she wanted I should make my dresses just as she did, and she wanted me always to stay at home. But my father said, 'Let Prudence try new things; let her go out into the world; there is nothing like it to bring out the good qualities in her, if there are any; if there are not enough to keep her from harm, be sure she will come back in good time to try the old fashioned ways.'

But my mother was determined in her way, and I remember listening to many discussions about the matter; but my parents never came any nearer to an agreement, so I was left to the same humdrum life at home—though it was a very good sort of life; but I wanted to follow out my own notions a little, and be Prudence Bowers.

It was no wonder that I fell to sleep and dreamed of what they had so often been talking. I remember the night was bright with the gleaming stars. I looked out and saw Orion coming up grandly through the heavens, and I remember thinking, I wonder if the stars like to keep always in the same track. Well, I fell asleep, and dreamed, and I can recall every picture of that dream as if I saw them last night.

I seemed to be walking in a lovely garden. I had my hands full of sweet, fragrant flowers. The sun shone and made them glow like the rainbow. I threw down those I held, and gathered more. I walked from side to side of this pleasant garden; I stopped in its arbors and rested under its trees; but after a time I grew tired of all I saw, and I thought, How much I should like to go into the fields and up the hills and down into the valleys; and as I thought thus, some one appeared beside me, and said, 'You can go if you will, but you will get scratched with brambles, and perhaps torn with thorns.'

'And what shall I find for all that?' said I.

'Oh, an abundance; your step will grow strong and your spirit glad. You will find flowers that you never dreamed grew, and gems that sparkle like the dew on the grass, and you can gather the gems, and they will not disappear like the drops of dew.'

'But how shall I know the way through that strange country?'

'Oh, you are to have a guide, a truly faithful friend, that will always come at your call, but will leave you at liberty to seek your own ways, only when you grow doubtful he will reassure you.'

'And you are sure that I shall not lose my way?'

'Oh, as to that it is impossible; but you may get into the morass or the dense forest, unless you seek to be led into the best paths.'

'Then I will go,' I said, and stepped forth with a courageous step. I do not think I had traveled six rods before I was in a thicket of brambles; my face was torn and my hands, and I beat my arms about till I got tired, then I sat down and cried; but all at once I thought to call on my guide, who appeared, looking more like an angel out of heaven than anything else.'

'Poor child,' he said, 'do you weep to go back.'

'No, no.'

'Then step this way;' and he led me into an open space, more lovely than anything I had ever seen. There was a stream of running water, clear as crystal, in which I bathed my hands and face, and then I looked about me. The sunlight fell like a sheet of living gold, and the vines twined in such grace over the trees, and there hung such clusters of living beauty, that I could not speak for delight. I bound flowers about my head and hung them from my waist. I was so glad I had come to this spot, I was sure I could never forget it.

But I was not content to stay forever in it. I wanted to climb a hill I saw quite near, and I started. The path looked quite direct, but somehow I lost my way, and slipped from the rocks and bruised my feet. I was silly enough to sit down and cry again, for I could not get used to the idea that I had a guide always at hand to help me out of my troubles. So I fretted awhile, but at length called on him for aid.

'Never mind,' he said, 'this is not an easy hill to climb, and even with my help you will be likely to get quite weary. But if you do not seek to go back I will show you the best way, and I can promise you some rich treasures in gems, that cannot grow dim through ten thousand years.'

'I will go,' I said, 'though I have to toil harder than ever before.'

I went on, and it was all true that my guide had told me. I found sparkling gems and glorious sights. I looked over a country altogether new to me. When I compared what I saw with the little garden, I was thankful that I had been led forth to so much beauty.

But even these glorious sights did not tempt me to remain very long here. I wanted to go down into the valley and up another hill I saw further on. So I started, but I had not gone far down the valley before I came to a stream that I had to ford. I tried to find some means of crossing easier than to ford it myself, but I could not; and as I had never attempted anything of the kind before, it was no wonder that I got into deep water at once. But I did not forget my trusty friend, who immediately helped me out, and put me on a shore more lovely than anything I had ever known before. The way now seemed so beautiful and the whole country so fair, that I was more thankful than ever before. Here I found the path sweet with the fragrance of flowers I had never seen, and the very air seemed to hold a radiance that made everything shine with a light I had never thought belonged to earth.

But I need not tell you all that journey of my dream. I went through bright and dark places, but always found the glory greater as I went on, and my guide was always near when I needed, so that at last I learned to trust him.

In the morning I told my dream to my father and mother. Tears came to my mother's eyes.

'May God forgive me,' she said, 'that I should doubt his loving care. Child, to thee has been shown the wondrous journey of thy life. To thee has been given the knowledge of a guiding angel, whom the Father gives to every child. Go thy way, my little girl. If God has thee in his keeping, why should I seek to keep thee in my garden?'

My father kissed me and said:

'Prudence, if thou shouldst ever forget that God keeps thee at all times, and gives his angels charge over thee, remember thy dream.'

After that I had the fullest liberty to seek for knowledge and truth, and though I often got scratched by brambles, and had hard hills to climb, I found life ever bringing me something better and more worthy of gaining. And I never doubted that the dear Father in heaven would always send a guide to lead me into the best paths. My father always ended his morning prayer after that dream with 'Guide us, oh thou loving Father; guide us all our journey through.'"

Aunt Prue sat still a few moments, and then she took Nela's hand in hers, and said tenderly:

"I have been trying, darling, to keep thee always in my garden, forgetting that the Lord might want thee to travel in his beautiful fields and climb his grand hills."

"What do you mean, grandma?" said Nela.

"Your father is coming next week, Nela, and I know he will want to take you home with him. I have been fearing lest you should have no guide through those dangerous places of fashionable life. I thought of the pitfalls and the brambles and thorns; but now, Nela, I am willing to let you go. Life is given us to gain the richest and best treasures in. No pebble is smooth that is not polished by the rough grinding of circumstance. But do not forget, Nela, that everywhere a loving care will keep you."

The tears gathered in Aunt Prue's eyes, and Nela laid her head down on her shoulder and caressingly stroked her grey hair. All at once she raised herself up and said:

"But, grandma, I need not stay."

"The ways will seem very beautiful at first, darling. Perhaps you will forget the old places, but by and by you will sigh for them, and we shall always keep the warm fire glowing for you. Come, Tony, let us have the apples, and forget but what we are to sit every night together. Here is where we shall be weaving those bright garments of love for you, darling, that will keep you warm, be the air ever so chill about you."

Rosa's face looked pale and Tony heaved deep sighs, but Nela's eyes glowed with an unusual fire. The dream of her young life had begun.

[To be continued.]

Answer to Riddle in our last, by P. C. Hispaniola.

JOY IN SORROW.

BY GERTRUDE M. HAZARD.

Fasten your souls so high, that constantly
The smile of your immortal cheer may float
Above all floods of earthly agonies,
Purification being the joy of pain.—*E. B. Browning.*

Oh thou, who art our Father and our Mother,
We bow with reverent love unto the Power
Which not in wrath, but tenderly and wisely,
Has led our trembling footsteps to this hour.

With souls that thrill to the deep bliss of being
As keenly as they quiver at life's pain,
And eyes that look beyond this mortal seeing,
We know we call not on Thy name in vain.

We thank thee more than for earth's fleeting pleasures,
For all our withered hopes, for grief and sin,
Which opened to our soul's pride-blinded vision
A hidden well-spring of pure joy within.

We lift to thee our hands, bereft of treasure,
Standing 'mid broken idols round us strewn;
Oh, not in gifts alone, but in bereavements,
Thy love is fully and completely shown.

We mourn no more our fairest dreams departed,
No tears fall fast above our buried youth;
The spirit knows no age, kept verdant ever
By streams unfailing from thy Fount of Truth.

Eyes, wet by sorrow's tears, have clearer vision,
Hearts, wounded, flee, oh Healer, unto thine;
And with the sacred joy of grief, Great Spirit,
We thank thee, kneeling at the inner shrine,

That life but shadow is of death, the real,
Whose touch diviner breaks the bonds of clay,
And forth to rapturous sounds of angel-singing,
Leads the glad spirit on its homeward way.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Interesting Physical Manifestations.

While in Haverhill not long since, it was my good fortune to find a home in the family of Mr. W. W. Currier, where I had a rare opportunity of witnessing the manifestations given through the mediumship of his daughter, Miss Mary E. Currier. I will endeavor to give the readers of the Banner of Light a brief account of what I witnessed, although my description may fail to carry that conviction of the truthfulness of the manifestations given that one receives by a personal investigation.

There were some four or five persons present beside the medium. Previous to taking our seats we had the privilege of examining the room thoroughly, in which were the piano and other musical instruments, consisting of a guitar, violin, music-box, harmonica and horns, all lying on the piano; several bells were on the floor, and a tambourine was suspended from the ceiling. The guests were seated upon two settees facing each other in the corner of the room. With hands joined, all were in such position that no one could leave the circle without the knowledge of the others. Miss Currier, the medium, was seated at the piano at the other side of the room, directly opposite the circle. The door was then closed, and the room made almost totally dark.

(I suppose that it will be urged by some that darkness was required only to enable the medium to practice deception. To such I would say that when they can produce a person who can do, unaided, what was done at that séance, through the mediumship of that innocent young girl, I will confess it is *barely possible* that they may be right. I have learned to trust to my senses of hearing and feeling, as avenues through which to gain knowledge, as well as my sense of sight. I have known many learned blind persons who gained their knowledge mainly through these senses. But this is deviating from my narrative.)

As soon as the door was closed, Miss Currier commenced playing upon the piano. Instantly the bells commenced ringing, keeping perfect time with the music. There were some dozen or more bells, and evidently they were nearly all used. One would be taken and then dropped for another of a different tone, which chorded more perfectly with the piano—the young lady playing the air and accompaniment, which required both hands. Query: Who played the bells?

After this performance the medium was entranced by the spirit of a little Indian girl, who gave us all a joyful greeting. Mrs. Currier then remarked to me that "the spirits will now play the piano without Mary's touching it." This was taxing my credulity rather heavily, but I listened all the more attentively to hear the new performance.

Suddenly the piano was played with skill, and with a power and style so entirely different from that of the medium, that I was at once convinced that another person was manipulating the keys. I have listened often to good pianists, but I never before heard such beauty of expression, brilliancy of execution, sweet melody and soul-stirring harmony as greeted my ears from that instrument, manipulated, as I believe, by angel fingers.

While the piano was being played, we could hear the medium, at different times, clapping her hands in approbation, and yet there was no break in the music! This was conclusive evidence that the young lady was not playing the piano. Tunes were played upon the strings of the piano without using the keys. This is a very difficult task to perform in the dark, especially with the top of the piano closed. In fact, it comes very near being a "physical impossibility." While this was being done, the accompaniment was played on the key-board.

The music-box was then wound up, and could be heard playing while floating rapidly about the room, the piano playing an accompaniment to it, and so delicately that we could scarcely distinguish one from the other.

The most remarkable and interesting manifestation was the playing on the harmonica by the little Indian girl. This instrument is very difficult to use, and the medium cannot play the most simple tune with it; yet a variety of tunes are performed in a perfect manner, with piano accompaniment.

Then the tambourines were taken by our colored friend "John," who proved himself to be very proficient in their use. The manifestations were continued for an hour or more, during which time several other things were done of minor importance, which I have not mentioned, that were very interesting and gave evidence of spirit power.

These séances, as a musical exhibition, are highly entertaining, to say nothing of the added interest produced by unseen intelligences.

Miss Currier will go into the circle room alone, leaving the door open, and commence to play on the piano, while the Indian girl plays upon the harmonica, and both can be heard playing very sweetly together.

One afternoon, Miss Currier and myself went into the circle room, and she sat down at the piano and I took up the violin, and we commenced playing together. The door was open, and the room was sufficiently light that all objects could be plainly seen. All at once the bells commenced to ring an accompaniment, and continued to do so for some length of time, in the same manner as they had done before in the dark! Thus I had the evidence of *sight* added to that of hearing, making the proof still stronger, though I was perfectly convinced before.

We are told that these things are of a low order, and unworthy of our attention. I beg leave to differ with those who hold to such an opinion. There was nothing in these manifestations that the most refined taste could object to, and there was certainly *very much* to admire. As for myself, I can say that my soul was thrilled with deep joy as its harmonies were awakened into responsive life by the sweet strains of music which were drawn forth from those instruments by the blessed spirit-minstrels. In what more beautiful way can the inhabitants of spirit-life manifest themselves to mortals than through the strains of heavenly music? There is nothing that so stirs the very soul-centers of our being in aspiration after a purer and better life, as sweet harmony of sound—and yet we cannot *see* it! Let us not reject the evidence because the ear alone is appealed to, but allow the spirits to come in their own way, without accusing the mediums of trickery because they (the spirits) require conditions!

My object in writing this is to do simple justice to at least one of our physical mediums, who is included in that sweeping declaration, "That darkness is never required except for the purpose of practicing deception."

What I have stated are facts, which I am prepared to substantiate; and it affords me much pleasure to be able to give them to the public. Hoping "that the truth may prevail though the heavens fall," I remain, yours for the right,

A. E. CARPENTER.

What is Modern Spiritualism?

[From the Round Table.]

This question has been suggested anew to us through reading an account of a "mysterious disappearance in Cincinnati, Ohio." Our object in introducing it is not to answer it, but to point out the direction which, in our view, any reply to it should take. At the commencement of that account, (by the author of "Margaret Howth,") promise is given, not only that the proper course will be pursued, but that the end will be the *unlocking of the riddle* of "Spiritualism." The narrator says, in her introduction: "The affair bears more fully than any evidence I have ever heard upon the curious matter called Spiritualism, and I have thought it offers a key to unlock the riddle." In the conclusion appears the following: "I consented to write down these facts, as I said, because of their bearing upon the matter of Spiritualism. In this case, as in every other of which I became cognizant, the mediums have only put into shape the thoughts of those who question them. To admit that certain persons can at will become possessed of the secret movements in the mind of another, will solve the whole mystery."

Now, we have no fault to find with the process by which Mrs. Davis draws her conclusion from her premises—rather, by which she reaches her premises from her conclusion, (for the process is backward instead of forward,)—save that the premises are not broad enough; that is, the characters of her "facts" are too limited in number. The conclusion covers one kind only—the kind which indicates the operation of mind upon mind. Not all the facts received by the theorist herself are brought to bear in the explanation. For example, in the stall of the Cincinnati market-woman, "out on the solitary street, a series of soft, double knocks, as if made by two knuckles of a gloved hand, sounded all about—under the pavement, on the roof, on the stall." Perhaps Mrs. Davis will inform us just how those operations upon inert matter are *solved*, in accordance with the idea that *the movement of her mind had become possessed by the mind of the market-woman?*

We take for our point of departure an extract from a letter written in the autumn of 1852, by Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, of Providence, R. I., to Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley heads the extract with a note to this effect: "The writer has received the following letter from Mrs. Sarah H. Whitman, in reply to one of inquiry from him as to her own experience in 'Spiritualism,' and especially with regard to a remarkable 'experience,' currently reported as having occurred to Hon. James F. Simmons, late United States Senator from Rhode Island, and widely known as one of the keenest and clearest observers, most unlikely to be the dupe of mystery or the slave of hallucination. Mrs. Whitman's social and intellectual eminence are not so widely known; but there are very many who know that her statement needs no confirmation whatever."

By the way, Mr. Simmons was in the Senate for another term after that writing, and he was looked up to as one of the ablest, most practical, and most upright of its members. It may be not improper for us to state, in the same connection, that we have examined some correspondence with Mrs. Whitman relative to the knowledge of her "manifestations." She states therein that her attention was called to the mystery in the latter part of the year 1849, about three months before, (mark this), *before* any intelligence had reached her of the singular exhibitions in Rochester. She noticed the sounds (gentle tappings, they were near the hour of midnight, while she was alone in her chamber) for the first time after the death of a friend. This friend was a boy by the name of Albert Helm, about ten years of age. He came to his death by drowning near noon of the day preceding the night on which the raps were heard. But to Mr. Greeley's letter:

"DEAR SIR—I have had no conversation with Mr. Simmons on the subject of your note until to-day. I took an early opportunity of acquainting him with its contents, and this morning he called on me to say that he was perfectly willing to impart to you the particulars of his experience in relation to the mysterious writing *performed under his very eyes, in broad daylight, by an invisible agent.*

In the fall of 1850 several messages were telegraphed to Mrs. Simmons through the electric sounds, purporting to come from her step-son, Jas. D. Simmons, who died some weeks before in California. The messages were calculated to stimulate curiosity and lead to an observation of the phenomena. Mrs. Simmons, having heard that messages in the hand-writing of deceased persons were sometimes written through the same medium, asked if her son would give her this evidence. She was informed (through the sounds) that the attempt should be made, and was directed to place a slip of paper in a certain drawer at the house of the medium, and to lay beside it her own pencil, which had been given her by the deceased. Weeks passed, and although frequent inquiries were made, no writing was found on the paper.

Mrs. Simmons happening to call at the house one day, accompanied by her husband, made the usual inquiry and received the usual answer. The drawer had been opened not two hours before, and nothing was seen in it but the pencil lying on the blank paper. At the suggestion of Mrs. Simmons, however, another investigation was made, and on the paper were found a few pencil lines, resembling the hand-writing of the deceased, but not so closely as to satisfy the mother's doubts. Mrs. Simmons handed the paper to her husband; he thought there was a slight resemblance, but would probably not have remarked it had the writing been casually presented to him. Had the *signature* been given him, he should at once have decided on the resemblance. He proposed, if the spirit of his son were indeed present, as alphabetical communications received though the sounds affirmed him to be, that he should, *then* and *there*, affix his signature to the suspicious document.

In order to facilitate the operation, Mrs. Simmons placed the closed points of a pair of scissors in the hand of the medium and dropped her pencil through one of the rings or bows, the paper being placed beneath. The hand presently began to tremble, and it was with difficulty it could retain its hold of the scissors. Mr. Simmons then took the scissors into his own hand and dropped the pencil through the ring. It could not readily be sustained in this position. After a few moments, however, it stood as if firmly poised and perfectly still. *It then began slowly to move. Mr. Simmons saw the letters traced beneath his eyes—the words, James D. Simmons, were distinctly and deliberately written, and the hand-writing was a fac-simile of his son's signature.*

But what Mr. Simmons regards as the most astonishing part of this seeming miracle is yet to be told. Bending down to scrutinize the writing more closely, he observed, just as the last word was finished, that the top of the pencil leaned to the right. He thought it was about to slide through the ring; but, to his infinite surprise, *he saw the point slide slowly back along the word 'Simmons,' till it rested over the letter i, when it imprinted a dot.* This was a punctilio utterly unthought of by him—he had not noticed the omission, and was therefore entirely unprepared for the amendment. He suggested the experiment, and he thinks it had kept pace only with his will or desire; but how will those who deny the agency of disembodied spirits in these marvels, ascribing all to the unassisted powers of the human will, or to the blind action of electricity—how will they dispose of this last significant and curious fact?

The only peculiarity observable in the writing was that the lines seemed sometimes slightly broken, as if the pencil had been lifted, then set down again.

One other circumstance I am permitted to note, which is not readily to be accounted for on any other than spiritual agency. Mr. Simmons, who received no particulars of his son's death until several months after his decease, proposing to send for his remains, questioned the spirit as to the manner in which the body had been disposed of, and received a very minute and circumstantial account of the means which had been resorted to for its preservation, it being at the time unburied. Improbable as some of these statements seemed, they were, after an interval of four months, confirmed as literally true by a gentleman then recently returned from California, who was with young Simmons at the period of his death. Intending soon to return to California, he called on Mr. Simmons to learn his wishes in relation to the final disposition of his son's remains. The above particulars I took down in writing, by the permission of Mr. Simmons, during his relation of the facts."

This case we have given as a fair representative of a class of cases—as one among a thousand similar ones, which have been testified to by tens of thousands of witnesses whose candor, truthfulness and common sense touching a usual occurrence, would not be disputed for a moment. Then, we may be allowed to offer it as the particular subject for consideration, just as if it embraced the whole matter seeking discussion and decision. We think it better so than otherwise; because any one, more especially one who is not much in the habit of arguing, can do his cause fuller justice while confining himself to particulars, than he can when going off into generalities—he is apt, in the latter way, to lose himself and his argument.

Well, what exactly is the pith of the cause before us? It is this: It in effect is affirmed by many thousand witnesses, who ordinarily would be reckoned trustworthy by any court in christendom, that a certain piece of information had been imparted to them in a certain way. There is not the shadow of a reason for supposing that they—the witnesses—were not in full possession of their every-day senses at the time of the phenomena. They had broad daylight and every other natural facility for those senses to be normally impressed. The communication was written by no visible hand—by the hand of no one of themselves present. The chirography is that of no one present; but it does bear a full *fac-simile* resemblance to that which they have been familiar with, of a person whom they have known previously, and whom they knew at the time to be away from among them. There was no possibility for the substance of the communication through common means to be known to them at the time it was given. That substance was proved afterward, upon normal evidence, to be the actual substance, both in general and in detail, of an actual event. Then, here is shown, unmistakably, an act, committed by no discoverable natural instrument, and presided over by an intelligence, by mind, which is outside of, apart from, distant from anybody within the neighborhood of the committal.

And now comes up the point which we desire to hold out to view, and upon which, as upon a pivot, all discussion touching the matter ought to turn. It is this: Where and what is that intelligence? Those tens of thousands of witnesses have been led, not hastily, but gradually, after careful sifting and weighing of evidence, to the conclusion that it is no other than the spirit which has dwelt heretofore in the body now departed. They find confirmation of their belief in their Bibles, which tell them distinctly of departed spirits not only, but of the returning of the same to earth. In that conclusion they are fixed firmly, rightly, according to sound law, until such time as their opponents shall array evidence equally strong to sustain their own contrary theory, whatever that may be. If they maintain that intelligence to be, for example, electricity, they are bound to exhibit to the actual eyesight the producing battery and the conducting wires, and to reveal precisely how it happened that the battery came into possession of just those materials out of which to brew electricity, such as should be identical with the knowledge possessed by a particular body before it parted with its spirit. If they hold the intelligence to be mesmerism, it devolves upon them to point out the mesmerizer, to explain how he manages to throw from his own mind into that of another information which never was in his mind, and *how he handles the pencil.* Hence the burden of proof is upon the negative. Let her or him who will take the negative bring forth the proof.

The Era of our New Relations to Science: Integral Education.

In my treatment of these subjects, I thought it proper to make a synopsis of the topics under which the lectures which I propose to give are arranged, and in this manner to indicate their general plan and spirit.

Science, the systematized results of Experience. Experience, the result of Life. Life, the result of simpler Material and Spiritual Chemistry. Science, the highest form of Intelligence, and the true Wisdom of the true Church. Science, in all time past, predominantly materialistic in its substance and influences. The Religion of the past, a very imperfect embodiment of the spiritual. Antagonism between Science and Religion. Science triumphant. Spiritualism the rival of Popular Religion, and the ally of Science. By proving the spiritual existence of man, of animals, and of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, Spiritualism has given to man a new world, and to science a universe, a new era, bringing new experiences, new duties, new pleasures, and new responsibilities. The relations of Science to Spiritualism, considered both from an individual and a social point of view.

Integral Education, the development and culture of all the elementary faculties and powers of the human being into that condition and subordination to each other which the highest forms of present and future life require. Experience must ever bring forth and perfect Science. Science necessarily the controlling power in high intelligences. Gradation, the condition of all thought and being. Periodicity, the law of all life and Motion, Opposites and Equals. Light, *vs.* Darkness. Sound, *vs.* Silence. Good, *vs.* Evil. Whatever is is right, *vs.* whatever is is wrong. Two modes of life before us. Choice *vs.* Fate. Individualism, *vs.* Socialism. Speciality, *vs.* Integrality. How shall we most clearly discern our duties, and rationally determine our responsibilities, and how shall we interweave them into a new and exalted order of Life? The old is passing away, and Science and Spiritualism both unite in demanding a sincere and practical answer to these questions.

Following these topics are lectures on the Analysis of Integral Education, and containing explanations and practical exercises, commencing the preliminary school of discipline in the details of many of its departments. My address will be found in Lecturers' column.

WM. A. LOVELAND.

The Belvidere Seminary.

On the banks of the Delaware River, in one of the most picturesque towns of New Jersey, is located the mansion which has been purchased by the Misses Bush for their flourishing Young Ladies' School. For several years they occupied the "Adelphi Institute," at Norristown, Penn., and with earnest fidelity prosecuted their labor of love; but attracted by the beauty of scene, and the social culture of Belvidere, N. J., they removed thither, there to establish on a better footing their progressive educational institution. The names of these excellent sisters are not unknown to the readers of the Banner, and one of them, Belle Bush, has become dear to those who love the beautiful, as expressed in charming poetic rhythm.

During one of the most lovely of the late October days, I journeyed thither to see my daughter, Fannie, who is now teaching gymnastics and other branches with the Misses Bush. It would be impossible to describe the beauty of the scene which greeted my vision when I had reached the upper rooms of their lofty and spacious building. Ranges of mountains lay sleeping in the Indian Summer haze on the far horizon, and the autumn tints by which wood, rock and ravine were glorified, were reflected in softened beauty from the wide mirror of the Delaware, which moved slowly down between its green and sunny banks, laden with its wealth of gorgeous imagery.

Within the ample Seminary grounds, sheltered by abundant foliage, were groups of happy girls, dressed like the pupils of Dr. Dio Lewis, in gymnastic costume, and gathering health to their young bodies, during the hour of recreation, by innocent and playful exercises in that balmy air, under those roseate skies. Verily, I thought that could progressive parents know of this school—embosomed in beauty; each pupil sheltered in the faithful arms of affection; all free to follow the dictates of conscience in religious matters—they would rejoice to place their daughters under the care of these accomplished, tenderly-loving and truth-promoting sisters, rather than expose them to the baneful influence of fashionable sectarian institutions.

MARY F. DAVIS.

Original Essay.

"YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON!"

BY DEAN CLARK.

One of the greatest evils, or sources of evil, that has cursed mankind in all ages, is the inordinate and insatiate thirst for material riches. So universal is this greed that it has corrupted almost every human being, and perverted, more or less, the entire social, political and religious world, and directed the tenor of human life into pursuits and aims that have nearly demoralized society. Indeed, this *master* passion, like Aaron's serpent, has well nigh swallowed *all the rest*, and subordinated almost every other desire to *its* all-devouring rapacity. It has made sad havoc with morals, bartering away virtue, honor and integrity for "filthy lucre," prostituting the noblest attributes of the soul to basest uses, and paralyzing every aspiration for the divine and spiritual. It has frozen the genial currents of the soul, dried up the fountains of human sympathy, and withered every tender plant of love that sought to put forth beauty and fragrance beneath its blasting shade! So demoralizing are its tendencies, that St. Paul truly said, "The love of money is the root *of all evil*," for verily, there is scarcely a crime in the catalogue that has not been instigated by it, and hardly a vice that is not prompted, directly or indirectly, by it. "Avarice knows no bounds," and feeding its greedy maw only makes it more voracious, until finally it gorges indiscriminately good and bad, and ransacks the earth seeking in vain for satiety.

The age in which we live, characterized as it is by *progress* in almost every direction, shows little or no diminution in the strength of this "ruling passion." On the contrary, the world seems to be "getting no better very fast" of this *mania* that turns the brains of the multitude to "fortune-seeking" in "games of chance," and to the idolatrous worship of the "Golden Calf" to which the lives of millions are still sacrificed!

Despite all the professed Christianity of to-day, Mammon is the God that actually receives the most constant worship of the world—Jew and Gentile, Pagan and Christian joining with one accord in devotions to this universal Idol! Neither the commands of Moses, nor the oft-repeated injunctions of Jesus and his Apostles against the soul-destroying worship of "graven images," (graven on silver, gold and paper in modern times) seem to deter "Christians" from profound reverence for the Almighty Dollar! Notwithstanding the solemn behest, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," all Christendom is toiling, struggling and *praying* for *houses*, LANDS and GOLD! and Priest and Laity join in levying tribute upon earth, seas and elements for treasures to fill their coffers!

Regardless of the parable of Dives and Lazarus, the followers (?) of the Nazarene risk their "soul's salvation" in the pursuit of riches of *this world*, and practically show their infidelity to the precepts of their divine Master by ignoring his many warnings to "Take heed and beware of covetousness"; "Take no thought of the morrow"; "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God"; "Woe unto you that are rich," &c.; "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," &c.; "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul"?

It is a significant fact that no vice or crime was more often rebuked and condemned by the inspired teachers whose sayings are found in the Bible, than avarice, covetousness, or the lust for the riches of *this world*, and yet this all-subordinating passion *rules the world to-day*, and holds its high carnival even in the "House of God," where "money-changers" sit on velvet cushions with sanctimonious visage, calculating the best chances for the morrow's speculations, while the "Man of God," clad in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, with pious cant discourses upon the sins of the Heathen, and prays *God* to supply the wants of the suffering, to "feed the hungry and clothe the naked," that perchance have been impoverished by tithe-paying to make out his "ten thousand a year," or robbed of their honest earnings by employers who are high dignitaries in the Church!

Not only has the "House of God" become "a den of thieves and robbers," but legislative and Judicial Halls are dishonored and polluted by sordid cravens who have *sold* their *principles* to the highest bidder, or received "bribe money" to buy off justice, while in mock-solemnity they make laws, which often they are the *first* to violate or evade for the perquisites of office! Indeed, it were invidious to make specifications or distinctions of classes that are corrupted by this *all*-engrossing lust, so prevalent is its baleful influence and so ubiquitous its presence!

To the philanthropist, the reformer, the patriot and true statesman, the spectacle which the social, religious, commercial and political condition of the world now presents is truly frightful; and when viewing the narrow selfishness and sordid ambitions of high and low, he is almost *compelled* to exclaim, verily the world has *gone mad* with Covetousness!

What shall be done to arrest this materialistic tendency of the times? is the almost despairing query of the moralist, who views the maudlin strife for that which should be the *Means*, not the *End*, of human achievement!

What shall bring the money-besotted world to its senses, and arouse it to a conscious recognition of the true object and proper pursuits of this life? What shall convince mankind that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth"; that wealth is not worth; that wisdom is better than riches; that an unsullied conscience and an unswerving integrity are *worth more* than bank stocks and merchandise? Who or what shall persuade mankind that "it *is* more blessed to give than to receive," and thereby speak the "open sesame" to the souls of the rich, causing them to *use* their superfluous means to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, "educate the ignorant, and pay the poor laborer, who is "*worthy* of his hire," what is his *just* due, a *share* of the profits of his toil?

What trumpet blast shall arrest the mad career of men all-absorbed in this one pursuit, who sacrifice health, present happiness, and future bliss to this soul-destroying Moloch? Alas! many are so deafened by the din of worldly business and the jingle of "dollars and cents," that not Gabriel's trump nor Sinai's thunder, nor the fearful shrieks of anguish that come from their "kindred spirits," "wandering on the Stygian shore," bewailing misspent lives, can reach their "dull, cold ear of sense" and turn them from the error of their ways ere the summons comes, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee," and they find themselves "shorn of their idols," tormented with a vain desire to return (bodily) where their *only* treasure is, and obliged to remain in darkness, "where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth," till they have expiated their folly and crimes by *bitter repentance*, and paid the uttermost farthing exacted by the *inevitable* law of recompense, and *worked* out their *own* salvation with sorrow and long suffering!

This is no overwrought picture of an excited imagination, but a startling truth, supported by mental and moral philosophy, verified in the sad life-experience of millions in and out of the physical body, and substantiated by such profoundly significant utterances as these: "He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption"; "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Man's greatest happiness for the time being comes through the exercise of his ruling propensities, and when acquisitiveness gains the supremacy of the mind, his only pleasure is in *its* gratification, and all other faculties shrivel to dwarfishness, sapped by this insatiable vampire, and the poor wretch that in earth-life has starved his soul to stuff his coffers, enters upon the "Border Land" of spirit-life the most abject and miserable of beggars; and as *there* he finds no means to solace his feverish passion for gold, "like a restless, wrathful spirit wandering on the Stygian shore," he returns to his treasures mourning that they are no longer his, or like Dives "in torment," he entreats those whom he once spurned from his door to go to his other "five brethren" to warn them of the terrible consequences of avarice!

But to make a *special* application of these important generalities is my purpose; for though it be an unpleasant as well as most *thankless* task, I am prompted by a power I cannot resist if I would, and goaded by an irrepressible sense of *duty* to preach to the "household of faith" to rebuke their folly, and to plead with them to avoid this gilded rock that has wrecked the happiness, present and future, of countless millions; and, without further circumlocution, let me ask Mammon-worshiping Spiritualists, What, in the name of reason, are you living for? Why do you discard all the teachings of the philosophy you profess to believe, debar yourselves of present enjoyment, starve your spiritual natures, and slavishly toil for material baubles as though money-getting was the great purpose of existence? Why will you turn a deaf ear to the angel voices that are imploring you to live for something higher, nobler and more enduring than ephemeral treasures, when you *know* you cannot take one of them across the stream?

This is no idle matter, but a *most momentous consideration*; for thousands of *nominal* Spiritualists are delving continually for more and more still, who already have ten times as much as they will ever need to supply *all* the necessities of this life, and are making no preparation for the life beyond, to which they know they can take only intellectual and spiritual possessions, and they are binding burdens of materiality upon their souls that are dragging them down deeper and deeper into material darkness, till they are groping their wearisome way in the wilderness of doubt, where no ray of light from on high can reach them!

It is a lamentable fact that our noble cause is languishing in hundreds of places among its *professed friends*, who have superfluous wealth enough to spread its glorious truths far and wide, and save millions from despair, but who are starving their own souls, living in selfish exclusiveness, and spiritually growing smaller, meaner and more niggardly, as fast as their superabundant fortunes increase! They will go to spiritual lectures, (if some *poor* man will be to all the trouble and expense of procuring them,) listen with ecstatic pleasure, and then *reluctantly* contribute a *five* or *ten cent* scrip, then congratulate themselves on the possession of *such a cheap religion!*

An instance illustrative of the *generosity* of this unfortunately large class of *poor* Spiritualists recently occurred not a thousand miles from Boston. A zealous Spiritualist (in *words*) worth from two to three hundred thousand dollars, subscribed the sum of *twenty cents* to support the meetings he loves so well! Just think of it! Get a five hundred diameter microscope and search for the spirituality of the *poor* man's soul, that, when found, it may be nursed, or better yet, turn your optics within. Oh, ye penurious Spiritualists, (?) who hug your gilded idols and refuse to do aught for the spread of truth, examine your *own* spiritual condition; "consider your ways and be wise." "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you"! Ye cannot reap where ye have not sown. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven, while the mill-stone of earthly riches is dragging down your miserly souls into the dark vaults where Mammon dwells! What do you suppose your dearly loved kindred who hover over you and see and know you as you are, *think* of you when you suffer those whom they have sent unto you, and who have ministered unto *your* happiness, to go away unrewarded and sorrowful because of your mean selfishness? Ah! would they not be just in shaking the dust off their feet in testimony against you? *Shame!* SHAME! SHAME! to those for whom Heaven has done *so much*, that they do *so little* to aid loving angels in scattering the seeds of truth and blessing the world with this glorious Gospel.

Would that, trumpet-tongued, we could speak in tones "louder than the thunderbolts of heaven," to *arouse* those sordid souls, who will not read this, (for those who *most* need this plain preaching will not see it, unless some friend *loans* them the Banner, as they "cannot *afford* to take it,") and show them how *fatal* to their welfare and happiness such detestable cupidity is, for it impoverishes and belittles their spirits, hardens all the finer sensibilities, blunts the affections and closes all the avenues through which heavenly influences come to purify and happify the heart, and completely stops all progress toward the high estate of spiritual *manhood* for which this life was given.

The grand purpose of Spiritualism is to *teach us how to live here* so that we may discharge *all* of life's duties, and fit ourselves for the next sphere of progressive unfoldment; and it most emphatically admonishes us not to be so eager for *material* things that we neglect to "lay up treasures in Heaven," *i. e.*, in our *inner being*, for *that only* "survives the wreck of matter," and wins the victory over Death.

Is it in vain that spirits return and exhort their loved friends to cease damning their own souls by fostering the *basest* of all animal propensities—*Selfishness?* Is it for naught that they teach us from their own life-experience that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," because the soul grows far more by bestowing than receiving and hoarding?

The all-important truths which Jesus taught in the parables of the "Sower," the "Rich Man, whose lands brought forth plentifully," of "Dives and Lazarus," the "Good Samaritan," &c., are *reaffirmed* by spirits who now come to us to show us the *consequences* of earthly habits and deeds, that we may avoid the wrong, and do the right; and they join in an universal "Amen" to Poe's beautiful lines—

"Oh, my mortal friends and brothers,
We are each and all another's,
And the soul that *gives most freely* from its treasure, *hath the more.*
Would you lose your life, you find it,
And in *giving* love, you bind it,
Like an amulet of safety, to your heart forevermore!"

Mammon-worshipping Spiritualists, judge me not from *your* standpoint, and think I pen these obvious truths for *personal aggrandizement*, nor think me uncharitable. 'Tis not *me* that judges you to condemnation, but your own *deeds!* 'Tis the *truth* that accuses you of neglect of duty, of parsimony, and an utter disregard of the great principles of our divine Philosophy!

'Tis *not* in a querulous nor acrimonious spirit, but in brotherly love, in deep sympathy for your unfortunate condition of bondage—that is fettering and dwarfing your better nature—that I have written thus directly and plainly, to admonish you of the error of your ways, and to entreat you to "come up higher" and *be* what you *profess*—a true, genuine Spiritualist.

☞ The Banner of Light is issued and on sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE. CHARLES H. CROWELL.

LUTHER COLBY.....EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON.....ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

Growth that is Growth.

Buckle holds, in his History of Civilization, that no people's morals are improved and built up except on the basis of material comforts and prosperity; on the very same rule of common sense and reason that requires you to give a loaf of bread to starving heathen before you proffer your tract. On what other basis is civilization, and therefore morals, built, if not upon this? A swarming population, propagated as seed sprouts when scattered in a rich alluvial deposit, cannot begin to be civilized until it begins to contest Nature, that is, to put forth struggles both of mind and body for the improvement of its condition. Through these very struggles, great and small, and long protracted, are developed the higher order of faculties which indicate progress and growth. Merely to exist and vegetate is not civilization, and cannot therefore be growth.

In practical life, this view will be found a correct one. While admitting that Nature delights to put all pains and labor at fault by now and then producing specimens which no training alone could ever hope to produce, we cannot shut our eyes to the great need of practice and training, of labor and care, to produce *an entire class* of persons who shall be a substantial improvement on their predecessors. Free as all spiritual gifts are for men to take for their own use and enjoyment, they can nevertheless be received only by such as are *ready* to receive them; and this readiness implies certain preliminary conditions, in the nature of preparations, that it is impossible to do away with. The prime condition of growth is, in fact, that we shall have grown to a certain degree already. And Spiritualism introduces a more substantial basis for growth into the sphere of morals than any other religion that has shed its blessing so broadly over the world.

The processes of this growth, too, are delightful to contemplate as they are going forward. We read those of Nature in external objects, in plants, flowers and trees, and pronounce the very law itself a miracle. It is even more so in the case of our own being. As the trees announce their yearly expansion by annular signs, so do we overlay the growth of one period with that of another; and underneath all may be discovered those layers, or rings, of our formative experience which betray the several stages of our development. Nature employs all things as symbols. The external everywhere hints of the internal. The material is the expression and significance of the spiritual. Hence we accept these yearly rings of the tree as signs of those continually new layers of experience which signify the steady growth of humanity. These tokens may be marred by cross-graining, interrupted by gnarly branches and ugly knots, and contorted from their true course by the flow of vicious sap through them; yet there they are compacted beneath, and over them it is possible—nay, it is decreed, that human nature shall produce at last a sound, smooth and wholly fair surface, the satisfaction of the individual and the glory of the race.

Now let us not rest easy until we have worked through all these unseemly excrescences of time and circumstance, and come forth on the surface clean and clear, with no bunch or wart, twist or cross-graining, anywhere to be seen. Out of these interior elements let us determine to produce at length as beautiful specimens as the forces of Nature anywhere yield. But among the elements are earthly conditions and circumstances. They belong for the present to the problem as much as the spiritual ones do. It is the combination and complication that make the problem so difficult. And it is its difficulty that makes it so serviceable to us. But if we wish to attain the end, because it is so desirable in all respects, let us not find fault with the means; rather let us embrace them with joy and thankfulness, however rough they may be to handle. Any road that takes us to our longed-for destination is a welcome one, no matter how rough it is. But spiritually considered, what is rough is really smooth. We get no experience except it is against obstacles and difficulties. If all things run on smoothly, as water passes through a glass tube, we should never be conscious of motion or activity; there would be no perceptible advance, and therefore really no progress.

Contemplation is well—it is one of the richest of the treasures of the human soul. But contemplation comes in only on the heels of effort. We must first have possessed ourselves of something to contemplate. And the alternation of action and contemplation is calculated to make such harmony in the nature as that it shall be developed and expanded at all times in the right proportions. All activity would shortly lead to dissipation of the forces; there must come in, at certain points, the faculty that performs the work of accumulating the results of all this labor of assorting and arranging them properly, of working them over into new and varied forms, and of assimilating them at last with the fibre and tissue of the being. These two processes, coöperating faithfully and without serious interruption, constitute what we style growth. It is a beautiful result of simple operations. Forces which appear to be at variance, come together in alliance to bring about the same. Nature is full of delights and surprises, but none are more wonderful than this; and it is the more attractive, because we are each one permitted to witness it in his own personal individuality.

Music Hall Meetings.

Dr. R. T. Hallock, of New York, gave an able lecture on Spiritualism, in Music Hall, in this city, before a large audience, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 8th, which we print in full on our first page of this issue. No one need be asked to read it, as all thinking minds will be glad to avail themselves of the privilege.

Mrs. Nellie L. Bronson follows Dr. Hallock. This highly popular trance speaker could only be secured for two Sundays. The West is not willing to lose her valuable services. She returns immediately, and is to speak in Cincinnati during January and February. She has more calls in the West than she can possibly fill. Don't fail then to visit Music Hall next Sunday afternoon, if you wish to hear her, as it is the only opportunity left.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

On Sunday evening, December 8th, Miss Lizzie Doten addressed a full house at Mercantile Hall. The lecture was prefaced with music from the choir: "Come, Sing to me Again," and "With Rosebuds in my Hand," and by the reading, by Miss Doten, of a poem of Alice Cary's, entitled: "Living by Faith." We give below a brief synopsis of the discourse:

The lecturer announced her subject to be "The Dignity of Human Nature." God was no respecter of persons, because he could see divine possibilities in every human being. He judged each by these, and not by their social standing and position. Modern philosophy had said there was a majesty belonging to every human soul. Too little had been thought of the dignity of human nature in the past, though the lesson of the present was to lead men to look within themselves in order to know more of that Spirit Infinite who governed the universe. Until man became conscious of the mighty meaning of his own immortality he would not prize himself as he should—he would worship his lower powers. But when he fully realized that a future, great and glorious, should illumine his soul, then it was that he was prepared to adore as he never did in the past.

But when we considered poor human nature as it *was* in the past, what should we say of it? Was man here without a purpose—without an aim? It was true man *seemed* a creature of circumstances; he looked forward and saw dissolving views—he felt that the present was his all, and he said, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!" But then something told him that he had higher purposes to fulfill; so man was led to study his own organism, and to exclaim, "How fearfully and wonderfully made!" But could he see himself as the *angels* saw him, how much greater would all things seem. The body was sometimes considered a cage, but the soul was not prisoned in that little brain; the soul only used the body as a glass to see into the world with.

The lecturer here referred to the structure of the brain, giving the names, uses and abuses of some of its classified developments, and said that all the higher powers were centered in the coronal region, as if the tendency in man was to push upward; the keystone of all was veneration—next, self-esteem, the namers of which had been greatly mistaken, for its *use* was self-respect, its *abuse*, arrogance. All were lacking in self-respect because theology taught that only through the crucifixion of the natural man, could the spirit enter the kingdom of heaven. Thank heaven that in these latter days the revelations of that better life taught by the immortals, showed that earth was but the granary or harvest-field of heaven!

In looking upon man we beheld in him a trinity: soul, mind, body. Too often man's body governed him. What led some to toil on all day for only the gratifications of the body, when they might labor also for the soul at the same time—as Robert Burns drove the plowshare deep in the sod, while he formed a beautiful poem in his mind? Some were the slaves of appetite and passion. The spirit within them declared they were for high purposes, but the body said: "Give me what I want!" So they turned from the pleadings of the spirit and fed the body with tobacco, and the aspirations of their souls went off in the smoke of a cigar.

When a man said his spirit was first, his body second, *that* also was a mistake. Go back to the Roman Catholic martyrs—the Hindoo devotees. These passed through all extremes of physical torment, but human nature rose up in its dignity and demanded its rights. It would not let them

—"Fly nor go
To reach eternal joys."

It told them their bodies were given them to fulfill good purposes; that the elevation of the body must go on with that of the spirit. Up along the sky, where planets rolled, Mother Nature demanded that the soul should elevate her.

Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, possessed a power in his time, which, could it have been put forth would have moved the world. And why? Because he learned first to govern himself. He taught his followers, "*Pray* as though you had no help in yourself; *work* as though you had no help from heaven!" and demanded of them implicit obedience to their superior. This was all right, when the spirit was the superior—all wrong, if not taking into consideration human infirmity.

How many were lacerated by efforts that could be of no good to themselves or others. We often saw that where man lost bodily powers, the mind suffered too. Shame on the time-serving world! Are these to be condemned? God of all mercy, *No!* For the spirit which could see down into the secret springs of their lives, told us that the highest and holiest gifts were most disastrous when misused.

Each man was a divine incarnation. Every little child was a new revelation of the idea, "The *word* became flesh, and dwelt among them!" Truth was revealed not as of old from a material pinnacle, but in the Mount Sinai of every spirit; not graven on tables of stone, but on the fleshly tablets of every heart. Still, man in hours of solemn communion could go up to the Mount of Transfiguration, talk with the angels, and when he came from thence, be ready to work miracles!

The Church claimed to give a plan of salvation, yet her believers could show nothing to prove the claim, and the world laughed them to scorn. Salvation must come through the mighty efforts of the individual soul. God would not do for man what man could do for himself.

If man fully understood the dignity of human nature, he would look for it in his fellow-man; and while he saw the evil within him, would hold fast to the good, and bring it forth from darkness into light. The poor man said in his heart what could God or heaven do for him; what were angels to him, whom the world condemned to toil all the hours of light for the miserable pittance of daily bread? God had ordained that the dignity of human nature should in a measure rest on humanity itself. Man must learn to worship God in his brother man, before he dared bow before the altars of the Most High! So the dignity of human nature was to be raised by human beings. God's providence ordained that things on the same plane should work for one another. God never unveiled himself to human eyes—for, ever and ever more, the *Word* must become flesh. God said, "If you would worship me, justify me in your brother man; by deeds of love and mercy minister unto his necessity, and make him feel that there is an unbroken chain running through your souls to the heart of the Infinite One."

Alas for the dignity of human nature at the present day! How shall it be understood, when the old forms of the past had failed in all their efforts? The young were driven away from the churches by the repulsive machinery thereof. What should teach them the true dignity of their natures? Why, here a mother had lost her son; beside her stood his brother—a young man going on in by and forbidden ways—he believed God to be a myth, and was willing to risk futurity—but when he looked down upon the cold form which answered him not again, he was smitten like Saul of Tarsus! In what way? Not by any of the old theologians! his brother transfigured stood before him, because his spiritual perceptions were opened, and his spirit clasped hands with the risen one, over the inanimate form. The dead one said, "Human life is past—eternity is before me—oh, remember, my brother, to live true to the highest promptings of your inner nature!" Could he go back to his haunts of sin with that brother's voice ringing in his ear? Nay! Therefore the revelations of modern Spiritualism go further than all the old theologies. Was it asked why it did not come before? It always was in the world, but was not acknowledged by it. Traces of it could be found everywhere, even ages ago in southern Africa. Was it not demonstrated that man could not be created till the right conditions came? So with the present spiritual revelations. Pythagoras stood trembling before an unseen mysterious law of the universe, when the science of numbers was revealed to him, teaching that the whole was reducible to the rule of mathematics; but to-day the point of his wonder is known to every school boy. There were in days gone by some few spiritual mediums scattered here and there, dimly perceiving the light, but the little children of the future will know it all!

The lecturer closed by reciting an inspirational poem, entitled, "Fear Not!" Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, of New Jersey, will address the society next Sunday evening.

Rev. Mr. Towne on Theodore Parker.

SIXTH LECTURE.

On Sunday afternoon, December 8th, Rev. E. C. Towne delivered the sixth and last lecture of his course on "Theodore Parker and Christianity." The lecturer's remarks were confined to the "Inspiration of Theodore Parker." He said he was a theist, in the grandest sense of the term, believing that there could be no failure of God's influence for good over all souls. It was objected that he (Mr. Parker,) trusted to consciousness alone as the safeguard of truth. But was not consciousness—the mind—the entrance-gate of impression? how else should we determine the truth of a statement but by looking upon it in the light of reason? Failing to do this we believed without judgment. Mr. Parker brought theology back to the judgment-seat of man's mind, and demanded it to show cause for its belief.

Mr. Parker taught, to a certain extent, the freedom of the human will, but it was only that freedom which a loving parent gave to his child—little at first, but increased as progression gave it increased power for the reception of good influences. If God was *absolute* there could be no evil; all the stumbles of the child and the troubles of the man were intended only as teachers for the future. A child who revered his parent would not believe him capable of folly—neither should mankind believe that the All-Father would make inadequate laws, or change them factiously, if adequate. He believed God gave the race their powers, knowing what they would do with them, but that by influences brought to bear on the inner and outer nature of man, the will of the Creator would be brought about by human means.

Mr. Parker believed that piety of mind, conscience and heart, meant love of truth, love of right and love of man; but these would be but fragmentary unless added to a belief in an infinite God.

Though Pharisees might exclaim, with reference to Mr. Parker, "We know God spake unto Jesus and Paul, but for this come-outer we know not of him"—"His criticisms are unjust, severe and unreasonable!" yet it would be found by inquiry that what of old time was given in the ear, he proclaimed from the house-tops; that he, having fewer limitations than any prophet before him, stepped into the full light of inspiration. Amid the intellectual eunuchism and spiritual barrenness of the Churches, there would always be a joy at these new births—these commanding minds—teaching a faith in God; and when, in the mighty discharge of their heaven-appointed work they forged at white heat the thunderbolts of truth, let those who feared the *sparks* keep away from the anvil!

The Influence of Spiritualism.

We may thank Spiritualism for the progressive developments of the age. It has robbed death of its terror; it has divested the grave of its darkness and gloom; it has banished the horrors of eternal punishment; it has demonstrated the immortality of human life; it has aroused man from the sluggish conditions of selfishness; it has awakened desires and quickened efforts for doing good to others; it has stimulated thought, opened the sight to intuitive perceptions, healed the sick, softened the heart and subdued revenge. It has called the soul of man to the consideration of his present condition and his future destiny; to the consideration of his inseparable alliance with all men, and to the imperative command of Nature that in the progress of the future he must come to love his neighbor as in the darkness of the past he has loved himself. And now it invites men to see others as others see themselves, and to see themselves as others see them, whereby they may learn to do unto others as others would be done unto. And with this development comes a crisis, a turning point, a revolution, which the powers of the heavens will not fail to produce. Here comes the destruction of old institutions, moral and religious, all founded in self-love; and here, too, comes the rearing of new institutions, all founded in a strange love, new and beautiful—a love for others.—A. B. C.

The Children's Lyceum.

Mercantile Hall was crowded Sunday morning, Dec. 8th—leaving but just room enough for the children. The exercises elicited the general admiration of all. The improvement in the school is marked, and its numbers are increasing every week. We noticed on the walls several new banners with appropriate mottos, painted and presented to the Lyceum by the well known artist, J. Walcott, of this city. At the close of the children's exercises Dr. R. T. Hallock was invited to address the school, which he did briefly and acceptably. Dr. E. C. Dunn, being present, also complied with an invitation to speak. The Doctor, being thoroughly conversant with the Lyceum system, threw out some good suggestions which were well received.

Mercantile Library Course of Lectures.

Henry Ward Beecher gave the lecture last Wednesday evening to an immense audience. Every seat in the house was taken, and about two hundred persons availed themselves of the privilege of standing in the passages round the hall. His subject was, "Brains and Hands."

Miss Lizzie Doten and the Boston Lyceum.

Miss Doten has kindly offered to give a lecture in Mercantile Hall, Summer street, on *Sunday afternoon, December 29*, the proceeds of which will go toward sustaining the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston.

Pictures for the People.

Nothing is more needed, in the process of our culture as a people, than to become familiar with those works of art which everywhere challenge the study and admiration of the highest taste. If we require instruction in any one thing, and the consequent elevation of sentiment and purity of thought which accompany such instruction, it is in those master-pieces of the painter's art which are current names on the tongue of the cultivated world. Our popular nature will be better for this refining process. Our homes will be more attractive for holding objects which provoke fresh admiration every time we return to them. Our social pleasures will take a new and brighter color from familiarity with noble and sweet pictures, which are of themselves a world full of beautiful wonders for our exploration.

We are led naturally to this strain of remark from having recently examined with something like critical care, the new and elegant art styled Chromo Lithography, which has been brought in this country, by the enthusiastic persistence of a single individual, to that remarkable point of success where it produces copies of the most rare and costly paintings, after so faithful a manner as to excite the surprise of artists themselves. The individual who has succeeded in bringing this modern art to such a state of admirable perfection is Mr. L. Prang, of this city, who, from humble beginnings with mosses, and flowers, and birds, has gone on, conquering obstacle after obstacle, until he has at length succeeded in producing as faithful a copy of Corregio's master-piece, the Reading Magdalena, as any that has been made by brush and colors. This art of chromo-lithography is the art of printing on stone from colors. In copying a painting, every color of course has to be reproduced on the paper. This makes necessary a large number of stones, from ten to thirty, each one of which prints but a single color. The care required in the nice details of the work cannot be conveyed in a description, but may possibly be imagined by the reader who is at all conversant with the work of printing from stones at all.

Without going into the nice processes by which these beautiful and exact copies of the finest paintings are made, it is enough to speak of the remarkable character of the work itself, and its effect on the education and elevation of the people. As it now stands, there can be but few persons who will possess and enjoy choice paintings. That possession becomes in the many cases a matter of mere pride, or perhaps of vanity; while the real work which such specimens of art and genius are capable of doing, is the schooling of the popular mind and heart with the highest influences, next to that of what we term religion itself. Now, a handful of rich persons, or a few great galleries, appropriate gems and treasures which would make the common world better and more beautiful, could they once become known; as soon as these treasures of art can be copied, in all the wealth of their rare coloring, and the beauty and strength of their outline, and the expression of their character, and be multiplied for the purchase of the people, that every house may become illuminated with the copy of works of genius hanging from the walls, we shall begin to realize a rapid advance in culture as a people, and prepare the way for the reception of refining and exalting influences from which we are now in a great part excluded.

We consider that Mr. Prang is performing such a service as entitles him to the name of a national benefactor. He believes in the perfect success of his plan, because it is inspired with an idea; and he has worked up to it, and thus far worked it out, with a singleness of faith and an unswerving perseverance that make his career worthy to be remarked by those who attend to such matters at all. We urge the public to pass by cheap lithographs and daubs of print from this time forth, and go in and study the exquisite landscapes, and animals, and birds, and heads, which are to be seen on the walls of Mr. Prang's rooms, No. 159 Washington street.

Discussion on Female Suffrage.

Music Hall, in this city, was well filled on Monday evening, Dec. 9th, to listen to remarks from George Francis Train, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony, on the subject of Female Suffrage. Mr. Train was very severe on politicians of all parties. He announced himself as an independent candidate for Presidential honors. In the course of his three speeches he told many plain truths, and made a good argument in favor of the right of suffrage to women.

Mrs. Stanton is a fine looking, dignified, intelligent lady, well advanced in years, and a good speaker. She gave a brief account of their recent labors in Kansas, where the cause of female suffrage received seven thousand votes, which she considered a great triumph—for hereafter, she said, no party can succeed in that State without affiliation with the new element which has arisen in their midst, thus securing the triumph of the woman question in a very short time.

Miss Anthony is a pleasant and fluent speaker. Both ladies made strong and convincing arguments in favor of the right of female suffrage.

The Holiday Season.

As we are right upon Christmas, everybody is buying gifts. At the Banner of Light Publishing Rooms the reader will find such a rich and varied assortment of books, of our own publishing and the cream of all other publishing houses in the country, as will fairly embarrass his choice while stimulating his desires. The whole body of modern liberal and reformatory books is on our well-stored shelves. There is scarcely any one who does not intend to present a valuable gift to a dear friend at this season, and we invite all to visit our Publishing Rooms and make selections that will ensure both pleasure and profit. For social parties and young people we have all sorts of puzzles and games, some of them so very ludicrous that the longest face finds it impossible to withstand them.

An Active Society of Spiritualists.

James J. Norris, of Bradley, Penobscot Co., Me., writes us that the 6th of December was chosen for the dedication of their new hall—forty by sixty-five feet—for the use of the Children's Lyceum and the Spiritualist Society in that place, by social dances and festive amusements. The Children's Lyceum has been organized about half a year, and already numbers one hundred members, who meet every Sunday morning at half-past ten, and the teachers every Friday evening. The meetings are fully attended, and evince a lively interest. This is the right way to take hold of the work. We thank the members of the Society for their handsome remittance of a large number of subscribers to the Banner.

A Good Number to Circulate.

Dr. R. T. Hallock's able lecture on Spiritualism, delivered in Music Hall, in this city, is printed in full in this number of the Banner. Also Lizzie Doten's splendid inspirational poem, "Face the Sunshine," and many other good things. It is a choice number to circulate. Send for copies.

New Publications.

We receive the first number of the new series of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY—an old favorite of ours—with satisfaction and delight. The same pea-green cover; the same samples of corn and cane; the same type and page. It is Putnam again all through and all over. It is to be sustained by a host of our very best writers. Many a graduate from the old list has made his permanent mark on our literature. The list of contents of this revival number is exceedingly attractive, and represents literary ability and skill of the first magazinish order. We hope to see its successive numbers for many a year to come, and thus to realize the expectations and hopes of the projectors of the reissue. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC is the title of a very beautiful publication, in colored covers, designed by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields as a yearly companion to the Atlantic Monthly. This, in fact, is the Atlantic Yearly. It is edited and liberally written for by Messrs. Dr. O. W. Holmes and Donald G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel"), who, with the help of the most skilled engravers and chromo-lithographers, have made up such a publication as we have not had before in this country. Not only is the calendar account well and faithfully kept, but a repertory of choice and delicious reading respecting the seasons, the country, and all pleasant objects thereto related.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for December closes its sixth volume. We are happy to learn from its columns that its list of subscribers has *doubled* during the last year. That is truly encouraging, but not more than the enterprising proprietor deserves, for he has made his magazine one of the very best ever devoted to a speciality. He promises still further improvements hereafter. It is an honor to the Order, and should receive liberal support.

"INTO THE LIGHT, or the Jewess," is the title of a story just out from Loring's press, and it is handsome and fresh. The tale is a fascinating one, albeit nothing more nor less than the conversion of a handsome Jewess in New York from the faith of her fathers to the creed of Orthodoxy. Any one who would like to read a truly pretty tale, written to that end, will find "Into the Light" attractive to their hand.

"DOTTY DIMPLE" and "BILLY GRIMES'S FAVORITE" are the two latest juveniles published by Lee & Shepard, and both are exceedingly nice in their way. One is for girls and the other for boys, and they are by the pens of approved writers for the young. They will make handsome holiday presents for the young folks.

Misdirected Letters.

According to the Postmaster General's Report, not less than a million letters were mailed last year without signatures, and misdirected, or so badly directed that the address was totally unintelligible. These were destroyed. More than a million and a half others—1,611,686—were restored to their writers by the care of the dead-letter office. Thus it seems that at least two and a half million of mistakes were made, in an operation which one would think likely to enlist the sufficient care of the writer, the addressing of a letter. These letters contained nearly $150,000 in money, bills of exchange, deeds, checks, &c., to the value of over $5,000,000, and over forty-nine thousand contained photographs, jewelry, &c.

Return of Dr. J. P. Bryant.

It will be seen by a notice in another column that Dr. Bryant, after a successful professional tour to the Pacific States, has returned and opened an office at 278 West Thirty-Fourth street, New York, where he will continue to treat invalids. The afflicted will bear this in mind.

THE ARABULA.—This beautiful book, the latest of Andrew Jackson Davis's inspired productions, is meeting with a large and rapid sale. We have issued no work that in this respect equals it. Its companion volume, "The Stellar Key to the Summer-Land," will be published in a few days from this office, and the reader will find it one of the most impressive and most fascinating books of the age—a genuinely inspired production. We have to request that orders be sent in at the Banner of Light Office with all the despatch possible, that due arrangements may be made for its most effective and satisfactory issue.

N. B. STARR, THE SPIRIT-ARTIST.—It is with no ordinary pleasure that we announce to those interested in the pictured forms of the loved and immortalized, that N. B. Starr, so long a resident of Cincinnati, will be in this city on the 24th inst., bringing with him some of his recent paintings. He will come directly to our office. We are further authorized to say that he proposes to make arrangements for spending the remainder of the winter in Boston.

"Stellar Key to the Summer-Land."

I have read with much interest the advertisement in the Banner of the new book by Andrew Jackson Davis, entitled as above.

I anticipate for this book a greater interest than for any book that has yet come into the world; for when we consider how much of mystery has ever and does yet hang over the race, vailing its origin and destiny, and all but the present moment—how that all our belief, and all our reasoning, and all our philosophy, and all our evidence is unsatisfactory to the senses and the soul of man, yet here comes a book, in this infinite maze of mind, from the most remarkable seer the world has ever had, and gives the map and geography and history of the spirit-land. He opens wide the door, draws the mystery and the vail away, and shows us those we love. Who can mistake the importance and the nearness to the soul of such a book?

Let its coming be hailed as the deliverance of the key to the infinite life beyond, and the world may sneer. Let us seek to know the reality more than the mystery. L. U. REAVIS.

Verification of Spirit-Messages.

In the Banner of Light dated Oct. 26th, 1867, I read a communication from Ida May Story. I will here say that I have a child who bore that name, now in spirit-life. The message given was to me characteristic of the child while in earth-life. The statement in reference to her age is correct also.

Another message in the Banner dated Nov. 9th, 1867, signed Charley Story, brother to Ida May, I also recognize as correct, although not quite satisfactory to his parents. A short time before his departure, he made a promise to his mother in private, which he has not fulfilled in this communication. As he has promised to come again, can he not be interrogated in regard to the matter? Yours for progress.

Rockford, Ill., Nov. 19, 1867. A. J. STORY.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

THEODORE PARKER.—At the Banner Rooms may be found all the published writings of the late Theodore Parker, which are now in course of publication by Horace B. Fuller, of this city. The entire set of Parker's writings will be comprised in fourteen volumes, of which ten have been published. They are meeting with large sales, and we can supply orders for each and all of them to any extent.

A. E. Carpenter, our State Missionary, is working in the Western part of the State. He will speak in Montague, Dec. 17 and 18; in Orange the 22d; in Athol the 29th; in North Hampton the 31st; and in Fishdale, Jan. 1st.

A course of assemblies commenced at Nassau Hall, in this city, last Wednesday evening. The proceeds are to be given toward procuring books for the Children's Lyceum.

A. S. Hayward, magnetic healer, has returned from New York to this city, and will visit the sick wherever called. His mode of treatment consists in imparting vitality, equalizing the blood, and harmonizing the nervous system.

Those who have planted the Goodrich potato in Maine, have had their returns from forty to fifty fold.

A shocking accident occurred on the Vermont Central Railroad, near Burlington, Dec. 10th, by which twenty men were killed and many more fatally wounded. The cars were thrown off a bridge seventy feet, into the river, carrying with them seventy passengers.

A man of sense should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Swift.*

The following epitaph on husband and wife is found in a Parisian cemetery:

"I am anxiously expecting you—A. D. 1827."
"Here I am—A. D. 1867."

The Eddy mediums—brother and sister—are in Cleveland, O., holding public séances.

In some of the fashionable churches of New York the selections of music are printed and distributed in the pews.

It has been ascertained that the man who "held on to the last" was a shoemaker.

The greatest number of old people in the United States are to be found in Massachusetts and Western North Carolina.

The entire cranberry crop of the country will amount to 300,000 bushels, worth $1,200,000, and of this amount New Jersey produces one half, Massachusetts coming next.

Rev. Herman Snow has arrived at San Francisco, Cal., and opened a liberal bookstore at 410 Kearney street.

At the late Municipal election in this city, Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff was made Mayor. Seven Republican and five Democratic Aldermen were elected; also, thirty-eight Republican Councilmen, and twenty-two Democratic.

The Bible teaches that "things done in secret shall be proclaimed upon the housetops?" If that be the case, *Digby* is anxious to know what use there is in Spiritualists forming *secret* societies?

The following affecting epitaph may be found upon a tombstone in Connecticut:

"Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anni Domini eighteen forty."

ON TICK.—Lodging on the bare ticking, no sheets, and on credit.

The Brooklyn *Church Union* thus finds fault with the Pan-Anglican Council, recently held in London: "It did not hold a prayer-meeting. It did not condemn ritualism. It did not condemn infidelity. It did not condemn anything. It did not lift up its eyes to the harvest of souls. It did not invite all God's people to unite, amid faith in Christ, in church unity. It did not lift a prayer to evangelize the world. It did not do anything for humanity or for freedom. It ate, drank, marched and mutually admired."

The Boston Weekly Voice, an ably conducted journal, devoted to the labor question and coöperative movements, was suspended on account of financial difficulties a few months since. We are glad to learn that it has reappeared in a new and improved dress, with fair promise of a prolonged lease of life, and an enlarged sphere of usefulness. It has our best wishes, and we bespeak for it a successful and prosperous career.

Frances Anne Kemble has accepted an engagement to read before the Mercantile Library Association, and Wednesday, the 15th of January, is the evening appointed.

One of our city clergymen took $500 in marriage fees on Wednesday and Thursday, a fortnight since; and eighty-three marriage certificates were issued the first three days of the same week. Cupid is busier than many of our merchants, just now.

It is said that during the past fifty years statistics of the dry goods trade have proved that ninety merchants in every hundred have failed; five in every hundred have made a living, and one in every hundred realized a fortune. And yet young men are wasting their time in dry goods stores—with no bright prospects ahead—just because it is genteel business!

The Episcopal Protestant Churchman, speaking of the fraternization between the Episcopal and Presbyterian clergy, at the late Convention in Philadelphia, says: "The scenes of Thursday and Friday convinced us that our foes are not those of other evangelical communions; let us then more heartily than ever unite with them in repelling the assaults of our common foes—genuine and counterfeited Romanism." Commenting upon the above, the New York Observer (Old School Presbyterian) says: "These are words which awaken a cordial response from all in every communion who love Christ and the souls of men more than mere forms and ceremonies."

☞ The prospectus of the *New York Ledger*, the great family paper, will be found in our advertising columns. It is a very readable document.

I. B. Morrill, Esq., of Amesbury, for many years the proprietor and landlord of Manufacturers' Hotel, and quite a public-spirited man in this community, died on Thursday evening after an illness of but a few days. The funeral services over his remains were attended by Dr. Estes, on Sunday, in the Episcopal Church. The Veteran Artillery Association, of Newburyport, of which he was a member, paid their respects to the memory of the deceased by attending the funeral with full ranks, in uniform, preceded by the Mechanic's Brass Band. It is the first military funeral held in this village for upwards of thirty years, and as the slow march of the Veterans, keeping step to the mournful notes of the dirge played by the Band, broke upon the stillness of the Sabbath, the effect was quite solemn and impressive.—*Amesbury Villager, Dec. 5.*

New York Department.

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

WARREN CHASE.....LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.

FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Charity.

Charity is an angel in a human heart which sits smiling on everybody, forgiving sins and dispensing blessings, blind to failings and quick to perceive virtues—better to those who are without than to the one it lives with and in whose house it dwells. Even this heavenly guest is often troublesome to those who entertain her, especially in our large cities in the winter time. She is constantly importuning us as the suffering forms come and go in her presence. Men with one hand, no hand, one foot, no foot, one eye, no eye. Women with no shoes, no stockings, no food, no fire, drunken husbands, starving children, and last and most pressing of all, poor little half-clad children, driven out in the cold by cruel parents or guardians, to seek fuel and food—hungry, shivering with cold and trembling with fear, and often most cruelly treated by the persons they meet. What can we do with our pockets empty, heart full, and our sister guest dunning us for these poor objects—our own kindred in race, nation and city? We turn to our religious institutions, and they stand in pride, arrogance, wealth, popularity, old forms and ceremonies, as cold and dead as the stone walls of their magnificent churches, which have become more the tombs of the dead than the houses of the "living God," or of living men and women. It is true there are *personal* exceptions in the churches, and even (rarely) among the clergy, but these are only exceptions, and would be as good without the church as in it, and even better, for the churches collect and waste on useless enterprises much means that the charitable persons would use to better advantage without them.

Charity is not *in* nor *of* the churches of our day. It is the coldest place a suffering body can find to seek her. The rich churches in this city cast the shadows of their many buildings on hundreds of poor suffering mortals, and send large sums off to missionary the heathen, who suffer far less than their poor neighbors, and whose souls nor bodies are benefited by the wasted money.

But we have long since learned that it is of no use to look to the *church* to bring society up to a healthy standard, and secure the necessaries of life to all. We must have a new and practical religion—a religion that shall *practice* charity as well as talk it; a religion whose mission shall be to save the bodies as well as souls, and make this life comfortable to those who live in it, so they can prepare for the next. It was a great truth uttered by Maria L. Varney some years ago: "There is no use talking about religion with no flour in the house." It is of no use or value to *preach* to or for those who are hungry, cold, sick or destitute. The religious duties to such are to find relief.

Society must be changed from the base, and we must have a "change of base," religiously, politically and socially; and if we can read the *runes*, it is coming, and Spiritualism is the name, and spirits are the intellectual power to bring it about. Shall we all help them? Shall we all help them put a mantle of charity over a multitude of sins and sinners—a mantle that will cure the sins and save the sinners? Shall we find the causes of poverty, suffering and misery, in a country abounding in all the necessaries, comforts and most of the luxuries of life, and finding the causes, unite with our spirit friends to remove them? We say *yea;* what say you, reader? If you will help us, then take hold with us in the work of organizing and missionarying at home. Let us send missionaries into our churches and religious families, with the pictures of wrongs, of suffering, of misery, of ignorance, of dissipation, of extravagance, and see if we cannot arouse their better feelings—their *natural* feelings, which the church has crushed out as totally depraved and carnal—and get them to join us in instituting a practical religion; a useful religion; a natural religion, which shall prove to be a saviour to the "miserable sinners" in this world; a religion that shall carry its prayers to the throne of God incarnate as a soul germ in every human form, and carry them in food, clothing, shelter and protection.

A pale, sick, disconsolate, poverty-stricken *young* woman, at our counter the other day, asked us for the address of a medium through whom she could get medical advice, as she counted out her pennies for the Banner. We told her of several. "What does she charge?" asked the feeble voice. "Well, I cannot reach it. It takes all I can earn to get food and clothes, and I have to go without the Banner many times because I cannot spare the price." "Have you no help?" we asked. "Yes, a husband, that is drunk every night, and spends all he earns." Tears came unbidden to her eyes, and our heart was too full for utterance. She was gone before we could get the name or place, and her face has come no more, and yet we hope it will.

Such lessons cause us to ask the angels to help us build a CHURCH that shall be an asylum for such sufferers, and enforce such reforms as shall save such *husbands* from the degrading misery they sink into, and by which they destroy the health and happiness of others.

There are plenty of such homes—*homes!* excuse the name—in this city, and worse ones, no doubt, and in them many children, and more coming from such sources, and Church and State, and the rules of society sustain and encourage it. Charity builds a few orphan asylums, and even these the churches use to make proselytes and collect funds for the spread of their doctrines more than to provide for the necessities of the poor. In these institutions the sectarian training of the soul is considered of more importance than the discipline and practical education of the body and mind. Even the noble gift of Girard has been rendered nearly useless by efforts to control or destroy it by the churches. Nature and man have been crucified for the church long enough; let us now crucify the church for MAN, and see if it will save him.

Removal.

Dr. I. G. Atwood has removed to his new and capacious residence, No. 26 Clinton Place, New York, where he has a large four-story building, pleasantly situated and completely furnished with rooms suitable for his patients who need them, and from his past success we can assure the afflicted that there is "healing in his wings," and a rest for the sufferer to be found at his Home Institute.

Trade and the Currency.

Business in New York is called very dull. Merchants and speculators make many complaints. The true cause is that most of the Western and country merchants bought light the past Fall. Fearing the changes in the currency, and grown wiser from past experience, they prepared to limit their purchases by their means of ready pay, or to buy only small bills on short credit, consequently leaving heavy stocks on the hands of those who had calculated on extensive credit sales resting on the large crops of the past harvest. The country at large was never in a better or more financially healthy condition, but the city is a little shaky.

The Arabula.

This truly DIVINE GUEST is having a rapid sale, and ought to be invited into every household as an angel of peace and good will among men and women. Send for it for a Christmas or New Year's gift. You cannot get a better for two dollars. Send us the two dollars, and we will send you thirty cents worth of *sharp* pamphlet with it. The Arabula has borne its testimony to the value of our Banner circles and many other good works in our day, and sainted some of the valuable ancient and modern reformers, who have nobly deserved it; but who could never be sainted for good works alone by a bigoted church. The new gospels, too, ought to be placed beside and compared with those of the Bible, and if better, added to them, or set in their places. Do not fail to add this valuable book to your library soon.

Dodworth Hall Society.

Hon. Robert Dale Owen delivered a very able discourse before this Society on Sunday evening, 8th inst., upon "The Law of Kindness," and many attendants of the various Churches assured him that they had not heard so much of good religious teaching for a long time, and that they were really disposed to believe that the *Spiritualists* were *not* all of the *devil*, as the clergy had taught them to believe. It is a very hopeful indication to see the people examine for themselves the subject of Spiritualism, in opposition to the authority of their spiritual advisers.

The Logos, the Divine Reason, and Source of Causation.

COMMON VERSION.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.—*John, chap.* 1, *v.* 1–5.

GREEK TEXT.

Εν αρχῃ ἦν ὁ λόγος, καὶ ὁ λόγος ην πρὸς Οεὸν, καὶ Οεὸς ην ὁ λόγος.

Οὗτος ην ἐν αρχῃ πρὸς τὸν Οεόν.

Πάντα δι' αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο· καὶ χωρὶς αὐτυ ἐγένετο οὐδὲ ἓν, ὅ γέγονεν.

Ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ην τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων.

Καὶ τὸ φῶς ἐν τῇ σκοτία φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν.—*John, chap.* 1, *v.* 1–5.

SAME SCRIPTURE.

In the administration (of the Deity) there hath (ever) been (operating) a (Divine) Reason—and *its expression hath* (ever) been (*going forth*) from the Deity—there hath indeed (ever) been such an utterance of God—that same (Reason) hath (ever) ruled in the government of God—all things have had their origin by reason thereof; and apart from it, nothing hath been created which hath had creation—by it there came to be Life; and that life came to be the Light of mankind—this light hath indeed beamed in the darkness; but the darkness perceived it not.—*Translation by* DR. HORACE DRESSER.

Erratum.—In translation of Romans, chap. 1, v. 19–20, in Banner of Nov. 16, for "one" read "are." H. D.

Charlestown Lyceum.

We are pleased to announce to the friends of the Lyceum movement, that on Christmas Eve we shall hold a Festival and give an Exhibition for the benefit and encouragement of the children connected with Lyceum No. 1, to be held at Central Hall, No. 25 Elm street. We should be pleased to see our friends, and can assure them that the entertainment will be as interesting as those formerly given by this school.

Tickets of admission, 25 cents; to be had at the door. To commence at 7½ o'clock.

A. H. RICHARDSON, *Conductor.*

Business Matters.

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

COUSIN BENJA'S POEMS, for sale at this office. Price $1,50.

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

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

MRS. E. D. MURFEY, formerly Mrs. E. D. Simons, 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. S. METLER, formerly of Hartford, Ct., has removed to No. 20 7th avenue, New York, where she prescribes for invalids. D21,4w.

MISS MATTIE K. CASSIEN still continues to receive and answer sealed letters, at No. 248 Plane st., Newark, N. J. Inclose $2 and 3 red stamps. D21 2w.

DR. L. P. GRIGGS, Healer and Lecturer, will answer calls to lecture and heal the sick by "laying on of hands" in Ohio and Indiana. Address, box 1225, Fort Wayne, Ind. 2wD21.

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, &c., 462 6th Avenue, between 28th and 29th streets, New York. N2.

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 requisite 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.

THERE CAN BE NO FURTHER controversy as to the value of DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL, for the cure of NEURALGIA, Nerve-ache, or any of the nervous diseases now so prevalent. Physicians regularly prescribe it, on account of the *toning* and stimulating properties it possesses, as it directly acts on the *nerve fluid*, and invigorates the whole nervous system. Apothecaries have this medicine. Principal depot, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. PRICE $1 per package; by mail two postage stamps extra.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS."

Again the time is drawing near
When "*Merry Christmas*" will be here;
Each childish heart o'erflows with joy,
While friendship's "gifts" its thoughts employ.
The "Misses" prance about with glee,
As they in fancy's vision see
Some pleasing "treasure" laid away,
Which shall be theirs on "*Christmas Day.*"
What happiness the BOYS it gives
To know there's one *for them* who lives—
GEORGE FENNO—22 DOCK SQUARE,
Their "*Christmas*" *Suit* they should buy there.

Special Notices.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENG.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

CALIFORNIA, PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES, ENGLAND AND CANADA.—Spiritualists of the States and countries just named, especially **Agents, Druggists** and **Physicians**, are hereby notified that Prof. Spence has just completed arrangements by which MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS will be sent, **(expressage or postage prepaid by Prof. Spence,)** to any place in any of those States and countries, in quantities from one Dozen Boxes up to any number of Dozen Boxes, **at prices as low as** any other article which retails for one Dollar can be bought by the dozen in the city of New York. **Printed terms sent free, postpaid.** See advertisement in another column.

Every town, city, village and neighborhood in the United States should have an **Agent,** 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 **Sole Agency** of one or **more Townships.** With the extended reputation and increasing popularity of the Powders, the **Sole Agency** even of one township, if properly managed in the beginning, 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 or the postage, whichever way the Powders are sent. Send for new Terms to Agents, to PROF. PATTON SPENCE, Box 5817, New York City. Nov. 9.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868
OF
THE NEW YORK LEDGER.
THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER.
ALL THE GREATEST WRITERS WRITE FOR IT.

THE reason that the NEW YORK LEDGER has the largest circulation is, that it is the BEST PAPER. Why should it not have the largest circulation? More labor, more talent, more money, are bestowed upon it than upon any other paper. Its moral tone is always pure and elevated. The leading Clergymen of the United States, the Presidents of the principal Colleges, the greatest Poets, Wits and Statesmen of the country, are among the contributors to its columns. The reader always gets more than his money's worth in the *Ledger.* We have always had the BEST WRITERS, and always shall have them, cost what it may. Whatever we have promised in our advertisements heretofore, our readers will bear us witness that we have always performed: and not only that, but a great deal more. For instance in our last Prospectus we announced a story by HENRY WARD BEECHER, which we gave; but we did not announce HORACE GREELEY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, which we are now publishing; nor did we announce the series of Articles entitled ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN, by the Twelve College Presidents. The rule on which the LEDGER is conducted is to get the best of everything, whether it has been promised or not. The public recognize this fact; and it is from their desire to obtain the very best paper that they give the LEDGER the preference; hence its unparalleled and unapproached circulation, being over three hundred thousand copies.

Now, for the new year: All our present corps of popular authors will continue to write for the LEDGER; we shall begin the new year with a new story by MRS. SOUTHWORTH; the Hon. HORACE GREELEY will continue his Autobiography; FANNY FERN her sparkling sketches; JOHN G. SAXE his humorous Poems; SYLVANUS COBB, JR., his entertaining Stories; HENRY WARD BEECHER his original Papers; JAMES PARTON his instructive Biographical Sketches; MISS DUPUY her Dramatic Narratives; MARY KYLE DALLAS, AMY BANDOLPH, CAROLINE CONRAD, Miss. VAUGHAN, their delightful Short Stories; WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, ALICE CARY, DR. CHARLES D. GARDETTE, GEORGE D. PRENTICE, NATHAN D. URNER, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, Mrs. SCHULTZ, WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE, their Poems.

A NEW FEATURE OF THE LEDGER.—*Advice to Young Women.*—A new feature of the *Ledger*, in the beginning of the year, will be a series of Twelve Articles, written expressly for Young Ladies, by Twelve of the most Distinguished Women of the United States, including Mrs. HORACE MANN, Mrs. LYDIA MARIA CHILD, Mrs. General BANKS, Mrs. HORACE GREELEY and Madame LE VERT.

OUR TERMS FOR 1868—NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Single copies, $3 per annum; four copies, $10, which is $2,50 a copy; eight copies, $20. The party who sends us $20 for a club of eight copies (all sent at one time) will be entitled to a copy *free.* Postmasters and others who get up clubs in their respective towns can afterwards add single copies at $2,50. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage. When a draft or money order can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. The postage on the *Ledger* to all parts of the country is only twenty cents a year, or five cents a quarter, payable at the office where the paper is delivered.

☞ We employ no traveling agents. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER, *Publisher,*
Dec. 21. No. 50 Beekman street, New York.

NOW READY.
LEGENDS
—OF THE—
WARS IN IRELAND.
—BY—
ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M. D.
1 vol. 16mo. 350 pp. Cloth.....$1,50.

"EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE."

The legends and wild lore contained in this volume are the gleanings of the author since his boyhood; the result of his sojourn for many a summer month under canvas amid the high mountain ranges, and of his due attendance at wake and wedding, dance, patron and fair, and merry-makings of every description amongst the peasantry.

☞ For sale by all Booksellers, and mailed free of postage on receipt of price.

JAMES CAMPBELL,
PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER,
MUSEUM BUILDING,
18 Tremont Street.....Boston.
Dec. 21.—2w.

THE INDIAN PILE AND SALT RHEUM REMEDY.

A TELLING LETTER!

E. J. SHELTON, *Agent:*—I do n't know anything about spiritual manifestations. I am a foreman in a foundry here. Mr. Saulsbury, our time-keeper, gave me a box of your salve, and it cured me of the salt rheum in three weeks.
Cincinnati, O., May 3d, 1867. E. P. HAMILTON.

Owing to the great demand for the remedy, the previously used boxes being not large enough, the agent has concluded to use the large-sized box. The price in future will be $1. Sent to your address free of postage. E. J. SHELTON, *Agent,*
Dec. 21. 83 AMITY STREET, NEW YORK.

DR. J. P. BRYANT,
(Returned from California,)
WILL heal the sick at his residence, 278 WEST 34TH ST., (*near 8th ave.*) NEW YORK.
Invalids will find this place easy of access by the street cars and stages, and but a short distance from the Hudson River, Harlem, and New York and Boston Railroads. tf—Dec. 21.

DR. J. WILBUR,
MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, of Milwaukee, Wis., by the solicitation of patients and friends will visit Marietta, Ohio, on the 23d of December, and remain there until further notice, at the MANSION HOUSE. All persons wishing his services will please give him a call.
ALL LETTERS for magnetized paper will receive prompt attention if addressed to his residence, 378 VAN BUREN STREET, MILWAUKEE, or at MARIETTA, O. Send superscribed envelope and fifteen cents. Dec. 21.

THE HOLIDAY JOURNAL
OF Parlor Plays, Magic Sports, Fireside Games, Pleasing Experiments, Practical Jokes, Queer Problems, Puzzles, Riddles, Charades, Rebuses, Enigmas, Anagrams, Transpositions, Conundrums, &c., SENT FREE. Address ADAMS & CO., Publishers, Boston. 4w—Dec. 21.

INFANT DAMNATION, the Joy of the Elect at the torment of their nearest kindred, and other Orthodox dogmas, taught in WIGGLESWORTH'S **DAY OF DOOM,** and other Poems; long the most popular New England book. For sale at this office. Price $1. Mailed free Dec. 21.—6w

"IT STILL WAVES,"—"The STAR SPANGLED BANNER" for 1868. Better than ever. 5 years established. A large 8-page illustrated paper, full of fun, fact, and fancy, and rich, rare and racy reading. Nothing like it. Only 50 cents a year, with a valuable gift to *every* subscriber. Splendid premiums for clubs. Subscribe at once. Specimens for 10 cts. Address, BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H. 1w—Dec. 21.

FOR SALE, on easy terms, or Exchange, a Farm of 100 acres, in Monmouth Co., N. J.—can be divided into small farms; also 1700 acre farm in West Virginia, on same terms. It would make 17 good farms. B. FRANKLIN CLARK, 1 Park Place, New York. 4w—Dec. 21.

MRS. LITCH, Trance and Healing Medium and Clairvoyant. In cases of sickness she is unrivaled. Satisfaction always given in spirit tests. Select circles Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. No. 11 Kneeland street, Boston, Mass. 1w°—Dec. 21.

DR. P. CLARK, while absent on a tour West, will inform his patients that his medicines are to be found at South Boston, on Athens street, 193, corner of "C" street. 2w—Dec. 21.

TO LET.—Pleasant Lodging Rooms, with modern improvements, at 47 Indiana Place. 2w°—Dec. 21.

ARABULA;
OR,
THE DIVINE GUEST.
CONTAINING
A New Collection of Gospels.
BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,
Author of several Volumes on the "Harmonial Philosophy."

THIS volume is, to some extent, a continuation of the author's autobiography, entitled, "The Magic Staff." But chiefly, it contains a faithful record of experiences which, it is believed, are far more *representative* than exceptional. The exceptions occur in that private realm where the individual differs, as each has an undoubted constitutional right to differ, from every other.

A new collection of living Gospels, revised and corrected, and compared with the originals, is presented to the world, *viz:* St. Rialds, St. Menu, St. Confucius, St. Stamer, St. Syrus, St. Gabriel, St. John, St. Pneuma, St. James, St. Gerrit, St. Theodore, St. Octavius, St. Samuel, St. Eliza, St. Emma, St. Ralph, St. Asaph, St. Mary, St. Selden, St. Lotta.

The alternations of faith and skepticism, of lights and shades, of heaven and hades, of joys and sorrows, are familiar to the human mind. The causes of these mental states are considered.

May the Arabula be unfolded in the heart of every reader.

Price $1,50; postage 20 cents.

For sale by WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington street, Boston; and by WARREN CHASE, at our BRANCH BOOKSTORE, 544 Broadway, New York. Nov. 30.

An Important New Work in Press.
BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,
(Will be ready by December 18, 1867,)
ENTITLED,
A STELLAR KEY
TO
THE SUMMER-LAND.
PART I.
ILLUSTRATED WITH DIAGRAMS AND ENGRAVINGS OF CELESTIAL SCENERY.

THIS volume contains Scientific and Philosophical evidences of the existence of an inhabitable Sphere or Zone among the Suns and Planets of Space. It is a very important work for all who wish a solid, rational, philosophical foundation on which to rest their Religion and hopes of a substantial existence after death.

Published by WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington street, Boston. Orders solicited.

Price $1,00; postage 16 cents. Nov. 30.

THEODORE PARKER'S WRITINGS.
New Edition—Now Ready:

SPEECHES, ADDRESSES AND OCCASIONAL SERMONS. 3 vols., 12mo., cloth, $4,50, postage 60c.

ADDITIONAL SPEECHES, ADDRESSES and OCCASIONAL SERMONS. 2 vols., 12mo., cloth, $3,00, postage 40c.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS. 12mo., cloth, $1,50, postage 20c.

PRAYERS. With admirable Likeness of Mr. Parker, engraved on steel, by Schoff. 18mo., beveled boards, gilt top, $1,25, postage 16c.

SERMONS OF THEISM, ATHEISM AND POPULAR THEOLOGY. 12mo., cloth, $1,50, postage 20c.

TEN SERMONS OF RELIGION. 12mo., cloth, $1,50, postage 20c.

THE TWO CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS. A. D. I. and MDCCCLV. A Christmas Story. Cloth, 60c., postage 8c.

For sale at the Banner of Light Office.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.
JUST PUBLISHED,
THE
FIFTH EDITION, (full gilt,)
OF
POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE,
BY LIZZIE DOTEN.
PRICE $2,00. For sale at This Office; also at our Branch Office, 544 Broadway, New York.

LOOK AT THIS!

$1,50 WILL PAY FOR THE MONTHLY
NEW ENGLAND FARMER
from this date to **January 1, 1869!**

14 Months for only One Dollar and Fifty Cents—in advance.

48 Pages of reading in each number, handsomely illustrated, and largely composed of original contributions.

588 Pages of valuable and interesting Agricultural and Horticultural reading in the volume for 1867.

40 and upward extremely **Liberal Premiums** offered for new subscribers.

1 new name for our list will entitle you to a premium.

3 cent stamp pays for specimen and circular.

34 Merchants' Row, Boston, the place of publication, and all letters should be addressed to

R. P. EATON & CO.,
Publishers N. E. Farmer.

☞ Any paper copying the above and calling attention to it shall receive the numbers for 1868 without charge.
Nov. 9.—4teow

C. P. L.
THE
MANUAL FOR CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.
BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

SIXTH EDITION. NOW READY. 80 cents per copy—8 cents postage. $63 00 per hundred.
THIRD ABRIDGED EDITION OF THE LYCEUM MANUAL. 45 cents—4 cents postage. $34 00 per hundred.
LYCEUM EQUIPMENTS on hand and for sale as desired. Address, BELA MARSH, Publisher, 14 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.
Oct. 12.—cowtf

ARTIFICIAL LEGS.
THE "JEWETT PATENT LEGS" are admitted by those who have worn other makers' to be
The Best for Comfort, Simplicity, Durability.
Manufactured by GEO. B. FOSTER, 33 Tremont street, Boston. Send for Circular.
☞ Legs of other makers repaired. 4w—Dec. 7.

MILLER'S HEPATIC POWDERS,
THE GREATEST CLAIRVOYANT MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. These Powders are purely vegetable, and a Specific remedy in all Liver Complaints, Fevers, Ague, and every type and form of bilious disease. As a PREVENTIVE of sickness and disease they are unsurpassed; no family should be without them. Sent to any address by mail with full directions for use. Price per package, 50 cents and two red stamps. Address, LEO MILLER, Appleton, Wis.
Dec. 7.—4w

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS
OF the following named persons can be obtained at this office, for 25 CENTS EACH:

REV. JOHN PIERPONT,	LUTHER COLBY,
JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS,	WILLIAM WHITE,
EMMA HARDINGE,	ISAAC B. RICH,
ABRAHAM JAMES,	CHAS. H. CROWELL,
ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,	JOAN OF ARC,
MRS. J. H. CONANT,	ANTONE (by Anderson),
J. M. PEEBLES,	

PINKIE, the Indian Maiden; 50 cents.
☞ Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.

INSPIRATIONAL MUSIC
BY A. B. WHITING.
WE HAVE received a supply of the following beautiful ballads, composed by Mr. Whiting: "Sweet be thy Dreams, Alida," "The Wind is in the Chesnut Bough," "Medora," "She was a Rose," "When e'er in Sleep the Eyelids Close," "Oh hear my Parting Sigh," "Spirit of Light, Love and Beauty." For sale at this office. Price 35 cents each.
June 22.

THE MIDNIGHT PRAYER:
AN Inspirational Poem, given through the mediumship of MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON. Price 8 cents; postage 2 cents.
For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 158 Washington street, Boston; also at our BRANCH OFFICE, 544 Broadway, New York. Dec. 7.

THE EARLY PHYSICAL DEGENERACY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.
A GREAT BOOK FOR YOUTH. Send two red stamps and obtain it. Address, DR. ANDREW STONE, 86 Fifth street, Troy N. Y. 1tw—Oct. 5.

THE SPIRITUAL INVENTION;
OR, AUTOBIOGRAPHIC SCENES AND SKETCHES.
BY FRANK CHASE.
Price 25 cents. For sale at the Banner of Light Office, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

DRUNKARD'S CURE!
FOR Sale at 27 South 17th street, Philadelphia, Pa. PRICE $3,00 for two bottles. Also healing by laying on of hands.
Nov. 9.—6w° L. EMERSON FRENCH.

MRS. M. A. MILDRUM, Magnetic Healing Physician and Developing Medium, No. 21 Seventh st., near 3d ave., 2d floor, New York. Office hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Dec. 21.—2w

BOARDING, by the day or week, at 54 Hudson street, Boston, Mass. 8w°—Nov 30.

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant,

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

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

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs,) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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.

Oh, Spirit of infinite power and love and wisdom, we come to thee through prayer, not because we fear thee, but because we love thee. Though we have been told that to fear thee is to begin wisdom, yet we believe that thy love is sufficient for us; and we believe if we love thee truly, that love will cast out fear, and we shall repose securely in thine arms wherever we may be; whether the tempests of human life are around us, or the joys of heaven, it will be all the same, thou wilt be ever near us. There are souls in earth-life, oh Lord, thou knowest, who are in doubt concerning thee. They cannot see thee in the beauty with which thou hast decked creation. They cannot understand thy voice in the winds and the waves; they cannot see thy smile in the sunlight. Oh Lord, for such we pray. Do thou grant that thine angels may be able to lift the shadow that surrounds them, bringing their souls out into clearer light, bathing their brows in clearer waters. Oh grant that wherever thy children may be who sorrow by reason of death, thine angels may find way to them, whispering of life; telling them that there is no death; and guiding them surely out of the darkness that surrounds death, into the light of the morning of immortality. Oh grant that thy children everywhere may receive the blessing of this age, and praise the All-Mighty Giver therefor. Oh grant that every heart may turn to thee with thanksgiving, because it lives. Grant that every soul may worship at the shrine of truth, and bow before none other. For oh, our Father, when men and women bow down before those altars of priestly erection, oh then it is their prayers die upon their lips, and their souls continue to thirst. Then it is that they do not understand that they can come into a conscious nearness with thee. Oh light all souls out of the darkness by which they are surrounded by creeds, by all that which tends to chain the soul, by all that which says to the soul "You are depraved and born of evil." Oh lift the shadow from them, and send thy sunlight into every heart, so that the earth shall become a blossoming garden, giving forth fragrance and beauty, and causing the hearts of thy children to understand thee better, and worship thee more truly. Amen. Oct. 22.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Whatever questions, Mr. Chairman, you may have to offer, we will endeavor to consider.

QUES.—After a long separation, how are we to recognize our friends in the spirit-land?—the body we have seen and known, but not the soul.

ANS.—Surely you are not to recognize them by their outward characteristics alone. It is not alone by form that you are to know those who have gone on before you, when you shall meet them in the land of the hereafter. But there is a certain power by which the soul can recognize those with whom it has been familiar—it matters not whether ages have passed between them since they have met in the eternal or not. There is no such thing as forgetfulness for the soul. Memory is eternal. It is an attribute of the soul, and therefore is eternal. You need not fear that you will not be recognized by your friends, or that you will fail to recognize them, for by that law that binds you together as friends, you cannot fail to recognize them. The law is ever active, and all may make use of it whenever they desire so to do.

Q.—Is the soul subject to change the same as the body?

A.—Externally it is. Essentially it is not.

Q.—Are the surroundings and influences for good and evil the same in the spirit-land as in earth-life? If so, what do we gain by the change?

A.—They are proportionately the same, but you are just one step, and one only, in advance of the earth-life.

Q.—Is there night and day there? In other words, are light and darkness the same there as here?

A.—There is what is equivalent to night and day, light and darkness, but it is not the same as you have here. That you have here, is adapted to your earthly needs; that we have, is adapted to spiritual needs.

If there are no more questions, we will proceed to answer in brief a question which we have received from an individual who is radically opposed, as he informs us, to King Alcohol. And because he is, he asks that those spirits who declare that they have power, or can exert power over the conditions of time, will return exercising their power toward the destruction of King Alcohol. He says, "I am told that the law of chemistry is well understood in the spirit-world. Now if it is, cannot the spirits, by taking advantage of that law, destroy King Alcohol? drive him out of the domain of Nature? so that there shall be no more tears shed on his account? so that much of the misery that now fills the earth may disappear?"

Well, allowing that any class of disembodied spirits had that power to change the conditions by which you mortals are surrounded—allowing that they are permitted to exercise their power upon you—would it be well for them to carry out the wishes of him who has called upon us? Would it be well to even seek to drive King Alcohol out of the domain of Nature? We argue it would not be well. Let us briefly consider from what King Alcohol has come. Let us analyze him. Scientific men inform us that he has been born of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. These are the causes that have produced him. They are in existence everywhere. There is no place devoid of them. Life would cease to be life without them. Rob the vegetable kingdom of them and it becomes extinct, and the same is true of every other department in Nature. Now, since it is always well to strike at the cause of every so-called evil effect, if we expect to destroy effectually the effect, we must begin at the cause. Now supposing for a moment we had the power to drive these elements out of Nature, what would be the result? Why destruction, certainly. Nothing short of it. It would be as possible to destroy the universe, to blot it out of existence, as to blot out the essential cause of King Alcohol. It cannot be done. God himself cannot do it, and at the same time sustain his laws.

We are not arguing in favor of alcohol. We argue against its abuse. But its uses are many—too many for us to attempt to enumerate them here. Now, would it be wise for us to seek to destroy even this effect of these great principles in Nature, since it can be put to so many good and proper uses? Would it be wise to seek to destroy it because, forsooth, one-half of creation sees fit to abuse it? No, it would not. Rather seek to enlighten men and women. Rather seek to bring them upon a higher level, and then they will use and not abuse it. First, begin back—away back. Turn the leaves over, leaf by leaf, and you will perceive that nine-tenths of all those people who bow down as servants to King Alcohol, are absolutely forced into that condition by ante-natal forces over which they have no control. Seek, then, to regulate your affairs in this direction. Seek to bring men up beyond the abuse of it, and beyond the abuse of everything God has given you. Use all, but abuse none, remembering that the great All-Father has given you all these things by which you are surrounded—and alcohol is no exception—for your good. Instead of seeking to destroy these evils—evils you call them—seek to get yourselves a plane beyond them, so that you can rule them and they cannot rule you. Bring the nations up to a standard beyond the abuse of anything God has given, and then all these evils will cease, and earth will become indeed a heaven. Oct. 22.

Col. N. W. Daniels.

I have no power to utter what I would. I would only say through your noble sheet, the Banner, that I live, and that I live for those I have left here. I shall soon be in a condition to return, giving an account of my passage from this world to the spirit-land, and also of my condition as a spirit. I know now what no soul can ever know while in the flesh, namely, that I can return. Those of us who believed in the return of spirits, hoped we might be able to return after death, but we did not know.

I would commend those I have left that are so dear to me, to God, through the kind hearts on earth. I am absolutely unable, as I before said, to say what I would. But my intense love for those who are here in earth-life brings me back, and to this place, because I would carry from here a power by which to sustain my loved ones here. Oct. 22.

Sam Sanborn.

Massa feel much bad. [Yes.] I not know much about come this way, but—I be Sam. I did much tendin' on Massa, till I got sick with the fever and died first. I got told all about coming back before I died, and I got the way all clear. I no have much trouble. [Do you remember your master's name?] My master? Which one? I got no master. Ise a free man. Oh, massa, I speaking of Col. Daniels. Yes, yes, I speaking of him. He 's not my master, but I no got out of the way yet—out of the way of calling people that. I did a heap of tendin' and waitin'. I got here first. When the Colonel got along, I open the door and let him in. Yes, massa, I not have so good care, and I got out first. But, massa, it 's a heap better place than the earth. I would n't come back. I do n't blame the Colonel for wanting to come back. He have a heap pretty wife and baby. He feel pretty much bad. But I no want to come back. I 'm a heap freer here, and I no want to come back.

But I thought I 'd like Massa Sanborn and Miss Harriet and Sarah to know how I was dead. They say to me when I goes away: "Sam, you will never be so happy as you are now." And I was n't much better when Ise free sometimes, but I 'm a heap better now. I 'm where there 's every chance to get along. Every chance to get along here, massa. And I just here to say I am well, and that I would n't come back to stay. And I 'd like to tell Miss Harriet and Sarah—they are old massa's daughters; the young ladies, you know—that the Colonel—Bruce—is here—Col. Bruce, from Georgia. He was the beau of one of the young ladies, and she will like to hear from him a heap well. She do n't know he can come back.

[Where did you live?] Massa Sanborn he owned me down in Louisiana. Most of the time I was in New Orleans in the warehouse, but some of the time I was in Opelousas. I had a heap to do there, but I got much more to do since I come here. I 'm not weak. The fever did n't take me down so much as it did the Colonel. I was n't sick so long, and I got out a heap better, 'cause you see he have a wife and baby what draws him here. Oh, it 's pretty hard, a heap hard, I tell you, to cut all the strings what binds you here. Yes, it 's a heap hard.

Well, massa, I 'm a heap obliged to you, and if I can do anything for you I 'd like to. My name is Sam Sanborn. I was going to apply to the Freedman's Bureau to get my name changed, and get whatever name I liked, and if I 'd lived I should. Oct. 22.

Mary Eliza Lee.

I come to you, not because I expect to reconcile my friends to me, or to a belief in the power that governs my return. I do not expect to change them in their course of life and action, but I come because I feel I ought to come.

I was born in New York State, but quite early in life I removed to Illinois, and from there to Ohio, and when I married I removed to Virginia, and I was in Winchester when Winchester was destroyed. It seemed to me it was literally destroyed. I was sick at the time. I had been subject to so much exposure that I fell sick, and during the fight they attempted to carry me away, but I died.

Now, my friends—particularly my friends at the West—are very radical. They are so strong in their Union principles, that they cannot tolerate any one who entertains any notions that are at variance with their own. Now, my husband was not a Union man. He was violently opposed to the Union. He believed it was right for the South to secede. He took part in the Convention that was held to deliberate concerning secession, and I at that time received letters from my friends saying that they never wished to hear from us again—that we had disgraced ourselves and them, and that we had disgraced our ancestors by the course we had taken. Well, to begin with, I had nothing to do with it.

I believed it was better to separate than to live in a quarrel. But I took no part in the government, and I am sure I tried to do my best for peace, and whenever I could I always lent my aid to the Union soldiers as well as to those called our own. But our friends here were very hard upon us, and I have no fault to find, but I only ask that they will remember that the same God rules everywhere that rules with them. We are all his children, and if he do n't exclude any one of us from his love, I do not think we have the right to entirely shut out anybody else. However, if their religion teaches them to the contrary, why, they will, of course, obey the teachings of their religion. There was some difference of opinion upon religious subjects between myself and them when we separated years ago, for I embraced Universalism, while they were strictly Orthodox. I thought I did right, and they, I believe, thought they did. It is for God to decide. I do not pretend to. I only want them to know that I feel kindly toward them, and that I should be very glad to do all in my power to enlighten them upon this subject, which should engross the attention of all the world, because all must deal with it sooner or later. You must all die, every one of you that are on the earth; there is no escape; and when you do, you will all be very glad if you have learned something concerning the place you are going to; and if you learn nothing, have no knowledge concerning the hereafter, you will find it very hard, and as an old friend—an old Baptist clergyman from the West, remarked to me since I have been here—I said to him, "How is it, good father? Are you satisfied with the spirit-land?" "Oh, yes," he said; "God is good, but it is terrible up-hill work here." I asked him if he ever stopped to think what made it up-hill work. "No, no, no!" he said. "Some seem to run, but others do n't seem to have the power to run." I might have told him he did n't run very fast when he was here, for he stuck to the old Calvinistic faith so he could n't move, and I do n't think he did for fifty years. So I do n't wonder it is up-hill work here. I should be very sorry to have it up-hill work for my friends when they get here, as much as they despised me and my Universalist faith. I would also say, "If they have claims against us—earthly claims, I mean—I would suggest that they present them to those members of my family whom I have left, and if found valid they will all be discharged. I hope they will soon think it worth while to have it all settled. I am Mary Eliza Lee, of Winchester. Oct. 22.

Rosalind Jones.

My mother said she would be willing to give half she was worth to know that Spiritualism was true. But she said she should never believe it was till some of her folks could come, so she should know it was them. [Was this said before you passed away, or since?] She said it when I was with her, before I died. I have only been here since last August. I had two uncles and ever so many cousins killed in the war.

My mother's name was Cobb, and my uncle's name is Cobb, and my Uncle James Douglas Cobb is here with me. But my name is not Cobb, it is Rosalind Jones. My mother's name was Cobb, but it is n't now. Do n't you see? [Yes.]

I did n't live here; I lived in Memphis, Tennessee. My mother would be afraid if I should come and show myself to her. So my uncle said I had better come here and send her a letter, and let her know I *could* come, and then I might try to show myself to her. I do n't know that I can, but I want to. [You will come in *rapport* with your mother when she gets your letter, and can see whether she is afraid, or whether she desires to have you come. You go there often, I presume?] Yes, as often as I can. I am only nine years old. I don't know what I shall say, so my mother will *know*. I do n't want her to give half she is worth to know. [Do n't you remember some little thing that happened to you during life that was only known to her and yourself?] Oh, Susan says, "tell her about cutting off my hair." She was a black woman, and she cut off my hair because it was such a trouble, and my mother was wrathy about it. Yes, she was very angry. She said she had almost as lief she would have cut off my head. [Was it curly?] Yes. [Does it curl now?] Yes. [Does it trouble you now?] No; but she used to pull so she said she was n't going to have any more fuss about it, and then she said she thought my mother was going to have it cut off. But she did n't think so, she knows she did n't. She says my mother will remember it. I was six years old then. I am going now, mister. Oct. 22.

Séance opened by Frederick T. Gray; letters answered by "Cousin Benja."

Invocation.

"Lead us not into temptation." Oh, God, our Father, this prayer has trembled on the lips of Christianity for centuries. Still thy children are tempted; still they fall in the way of life; therefore we, this hour, will only ask that we may have strength in temptation, not to resist it, but to understand it; for when combined with wisdom, the temptation that comes to the soul becomes its teacher, and leadeth it beyond the present into the future. Oh thou spirit who guideth all things, whose life we perceive everywhere, and whose power is exhibited in all things, we would thank thee for all the experiences of life. We thank thee that we are tempted. We thank thee that souls may fall in the way. We thank thee, oh our Father, that there are dark shades to the great picture of life, human and divine; for without them we could never understand the glory of sunshine. Without sorrow we could never understand joy; without all the experiences of life just as they are, life would fail to be of thee. Oh, our Father, we feel that thou art working through all the experiences of our being; and whether tempted or not, whether in shade or in sunbeam, we will return the undying thanks of our souls, this day and forevermore. Oct. 24.

Capt. John C. Starkey.

I feel a deep sense of the obligation I am under toward you, good people, for the favors I receive here this afternoon. I visit this place hoping I may be fortunate enough to reach my family and friends at the South. I have been informed that many of my neighbors have been very fortunate in that respect, and I hoped that I might be equally so. I left them in September, 1862, by the fortunes of war. For my own part, I am satisfied that it is as it is, but they are not. Their material condition is entirely changed. They have sustained losses that have so far affected their spirits that they openly declare that they never shall recover from them. So in approaching to hold communion with them from the sphere I have entered, I find it exceedingly hard to overcome their sadness. And I labored very earnestly to find some other way by which to reach them. Not because I have any prejudices against the North or its institutions, but because they have. And having them, I feared they might be obstacles in the way of their progress, as in the way of mine. But I hope their intense desire to know how it is with their friends who have died, will overcome their prejudices, and they will be ready to receive and hear us. When I look at them from their own sad standpoint, I, too, am sad, and feel to regret their condition; but when I look at them from another and brighter standpoint, I am very glad they have been enabled to do what they have toward curing what I believe will result in not only their good, but the good of this people entire. Though a slave-holder myself, I always felt it was a great curse to the country, but I saw no way to escape from it. It was with us, and to me it seemed to be something that only the ages could wash away. But it has been washed away in blood. It is well. God knew best. I do firmly believe that had the South never known the curse of slavery, instead of being as it is now, draped in mourning, it would have been prosperous and crowned with those blessings that can come alone through industry and enterprise. I once told a dear friend who was about to bequeath to me some ten or a dozen of his black men, that I would receive the gift, but that while I considered it on the one hand a good gift, on the other I considered it the greatest curse he could confer upon me. He wished to know why I so understood it. I told him I could not tell him why; I only felt that it was a curse, and would finally prove itself so. He was giving me his slaves because he did not wish to sell them. I had no wish to buy. I had as many as I could take care of. But he was about to pass on, and he knew they would be sold by those who would come after him, so he wanted to provide them with a home such as they would be best suited with. He selected such as had families and gave them to me. Oh, there are some kind hearts among slaveholders, even; and the slaveholder was often put to his wit's end to know what he should do for the best good of the slave. It is very well for those who have not this terrible weight upon their shoulders to determine that it is very light, and easy to be borne. But it is quite another thing to those who are bearing it.

I would say to my friends, since the means are open North and South, East and West, for our return—I would ask that they avail themselves of some one of the means, that I, with others, may come nearer. We may do something toward lightening their load; toward advising them—for we do sometimes advise in the things of this world for the good of those who are here in darkness. The old notion that the soul after death has done entirely with the experiences of time, has passed away like a dissolving view, and the reality stands before us—spiritual and material wedded together—the soul-life and the earth-life bound inseparably together. If you are interested in us, we must be in you, for it is give and receive throughout eternity.

I am Capt. John C. Starkey, of Savannah. I hope to reach my brother Alexander and my wife Charlotte, my children, my friends entire. Good-day, sir. Oct. 24.

Sarah E. Shorey.

I have returned early from my spirit home, that I might convince the friends I have left of the possibility of return. That I may be identified, I will give a few incidents in my earthly life. At the breaking out of the rebellion I was summoned from my uncle's home in New York to the home of my childhood, in Maine, that I might bid farewell to my brother and other members of our family who were going into the army. I went, in obedience to the summons, and assisted them away; and while there—it was in Augusta—I met with several of your spiritual lecturers. I listened to their words, or the words through them, and I became interested. I investigated, and finally became satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism, and was unfolded to a certain extent as a medium, myself. By my own medium powers I was told that I too must go forth to assist, not in killing those who were opposed to us, but in alleviating their sorrows as far forth as I might be able to, in the hospital. The first scene of my labors was in Washington. I then went to Baltimore. I was then called to Philadelphia—then to St. Louis. I then went back to Washington. I then, myself, became sick, and returned to New York. There I met with a Southern gentleman of Union principles. He had abandoned his home at the South because he would not take up arms against the North. But trouble at his home induced him to make every effort to return, and by persevering he was enabled to return, and was then pressed into the Southern service. While pursuing my duties as nurse I met him in the hospital, where he had been brought, a prisoner, wounded. He got well and was exchanged. I married him, and went to Louisiana. And all this while I was an outspoken Spiritualist. I believed that the spirit could return, and unhesitatingly declared it, and for this my friends closed their doors upon me, and furthermore declared that I had united myself with the enemies of the Union, and therefore that was just cause for their closing their doors upon me.

It is only three days since my spirit was liberated, and I hasten to them, not to upbraid them, but to prove to them, if possible, that the spirit has power to return. I told them, when last we met, that as sure as I came first, so sure I believed I should be able to return, and I asked the same of them. But they made me no promise in return, because they had no faith. But I am here. They do not know I am dead. But they have only to wait a proper time, and they will learn by their own material means what I state here. I died in New Orleans, whither I had gone because of the sickness of my husband. We are both here—here in the spirit-land, and here to forgive those who so unjustly charged us—and we only ask—for their own sake, not for ours, for we have no need—that they will investigate modern Spiritualism, and *know* whether it is false or true.

I was Sarah E. Moody before marriage. Sarah E. Shorey since marriage. I would I were at liberty to give the names of my friends here, but they would consider it a most terrible disgrace to have their names attached to anything spiritual; therefore you see I am only at liberty to give my own. Oct. 24.

Alice Tarr.

I am from Maine, too, but I am from Saco. My name is Alice Tarr, and I am most seven years old now. I have come to tell my mother that I am very glad she did n't come with me, because it is best she should stay. I am doing much better here now with my teachers than I should if she had come, because she helps me so much at home. And my father, too—I am so glad he did n't come, because I would rather they would be where they are now. First I was homesick, and wanted them to come, but now I don't. I have been here ever since the flowers first came this spring. I am happy now, and I shall come very often with some message from my spirit-home. I got a great many teachers here, and they all help us when we want to come. I knew I was coming, and I knew the angels were ready for me, but I was afraid at first; but I would n't come back now to stay. I come because my mother wanted me to. Oct. 24.

Lucy Stinson.

They will be expecting me. I told Bess Brown I 'd come back. She takes the paper. She is a medium; so was I. She wanted me to tell her how it was with me after I died. I am—I am thinking about coming out of what surrounds me just now. I am thinking about it, but I could n't do much about it, tell her, till I had been to her. It 's pretty hard to live, pretty hard to live, *pretty hard to live here*—not here, not here in the spirit-world, but it was hard to live here. You just say to her that I find everything just—pretty much as I thought I should, only a little different, and I shall be happy here now since I have come; and tell her I have n't—I have n't seen my mother, and I have n't seen her boy; do n't know where they are at all. Suppose I shall see them, and as soon as I do I will come and let her know. But it 's true that I can come, and that 's the most she wanted to know. She got all ready to commit suicide once, and I told her she better not, because I did n't think she would be any better off. Well, then she said she would n't—she would n't put herself to the trouble of doing it, not she. That was when I just begun to take lodgings with her. And then I told her about what the spirits said to me—some of them, and so she got used to it, and she got to find out she was a medium herself, and so I stayed with her. I was sick when I went there—consumption, the doctor said.

I am from Five Points, from New York, sir; but 't aint no business of yours. You have no right to question, no right to think anything about it. I was told I could come, but I know just how everybody treats folks like me here on this earth. [We are very glad to have you come.] *You are?* [Very glad indeed.] Ah, you do n't know me! that 's the reason. [It makes no difference to us who you are. You are just as welcome as if you were a queen.] Well, that 's pretty good. I like that—I like it. Bess said to me, "They will kick you out there if you go. I would n't go there. Come back to me." I told her I was coming, and if you said a word we 'd have a fight. But you are glad I've come? Well, that changes the programme some. No chance for a fight, is there? [None at all. They do n't treat you unkindly in the spirit-world, do they?] Oh, no; and that is the worst of it—that is the worst of it. No, they were just as kind! I never had it all my life, and I did n't know—I was n't used to it. They helped me to come here; but I kinder thought, as I 'd got to tell where I come from, you would just tell me to vacate, and I made up my mind, sure as you did, I was going to have a fight. [We had no occasion to tell you so. We hope you will be benefited by coming.] I hope I shall, too.

And poor Bess! oh, how she cried when I died! Oh, how she cried! Said she should be all alone in the world. I said I 'd come to her, and so I have. "Oh, dear!" she said, "if I only knew—if I only knew that the folks on the other side could do anything for me!" Well, I could n't do much till I had been back this way, you know. But I reckon I can do something now. Then I 'm going to hunt up some folks I got outside in the world—some rich relations. They do n't know much about me, but I 'm going to hunt them up and introduce myself to them. But I shan't never tell them where I come from. No, I shan't never do it again—no, I shan't. You know how folks feel toward anybody that aint just right. Why, the last thing I did before I died—the last time I was able to be out, I mean—was to knock somebody down that "sarsed" me! I tell you 't aint no way to do.

I wanted to go and see that man in New York—Mr. Foster. I heard about him. I wanted to go and see him, but I could n't raise the greenbacks. [You can go now.] Oh, I do n't care anything about it now, unless Bess could come. [Tell her to go there.] But she can't pay! [That won't make any difference. Let her go.] What will he say? [He will wait and see what you say.] And I may go to him, and go to her through him? By gracious! that will do! Well, tell her so in my letter. "*Go to Foster!*" She and I started once to get some money to go, but we could n't raise it no how. Well, now, say I want her to go, and I will see it is all right. Is that right? [Yes.] By gracious! that 's right! I 'm glad you put me in mind of it. Tell her to tell who she is, that she is Bess Brown, and that she expects me to come to her? [Yes, if she wishes, or not. *You* can tell that when you come.] Yes, I can, can't I? I can announce myself? [Yes.] Well, it 's all right. I've been here but a little while, you know. Poor Bess! how she has looked in the paper to see if my name was there. I have n't given it; Lucy Stinson. Oh, how glad she will be. You put 'em in ahead, do n't you? [We announce them, yes.] Just say Lucy is on the track. She will understand it. I want her to go to Foster just as soon as she reads it—the first thing she does. Well, I 'll go now. [Come again when you want to.] Really, do you mean that? [Certainly, or I should n't say it.] Will you remember me? [Yes.] And print whatever I have to give? [Yes.] Good! good! If ever I get so as to learn how to pray, I will pray for you. Oct. 24.

Séance opened by Wm. E. Channing; closed by Helen Channing.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Oct. 28.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Josiah Wolfrang; George S. Rice, of Montpelier, Vt., to his friends; Josephine Burroughs, of Chicago, to her Aunt Mary Algers.

Tuesday, Oct. 29.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary Eliza Truman, to her father, in Richmond, Va.; Henry S. Trimlet, of the 39th Mass., to his friends; Capt. Robert J. Cowdin, 56th Mass., who fell at Cold Harbor, Va.; Timothy McCarthy, of Taunton, to his family.

Thursday, Oct. 31.—Invocation; Tribute to Ex-Gov. Andrew; Questions and Answers; Mehitable Radcliffe, of Portsmouth, N. H., to her children; John T. Clarkson, second officer on board ship "Lord Nelson," to his friends in Liverpool; Calvin Townsend, of Charlestown, Vt., to his brothers and sisters; Georgiana Curtis; to her father, in Norfolk, Va.

Monday, Nov. 4.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Albert Kendall, of the 12th Mass.; Lieut. Wm. G. White, 12th Mass., of Boston; Prince Edward, a slave, to his master, Ingalls, of Ingalls's Plantation, 14 miles from Richmond; Elizabeth Garland, to her friends in Paris, Me.

Tuesday, Nov. 5.—Invocation; Questions any Answers; Katie Wiseman, of Louisiana, to her father, Col. Nathaniel Wiseman; Henry A. Hubbard, 27th Mass., Company I; Thomas Van Wayne, of Booneville, Boone Co., Ill.

Thursday, Nov. 7.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Sally Thorndyke Hall, to friends in St. Louis; Mary Maguire, to sister Alice, Orphan Asylum, St. Mary's, N. Y.; James R. Darracut, 16th Mass., to friends.

Monday, Nov. 11.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Flora, a slave, to her mistress, Miss Lizzie T. Porter, Raleigh, N. C.; Margaret Welch, Cross street, Boston, to her son, James Welch; Edward Moore, London, to his family; Willie White Campbell, to his mother.

Tuesday, Nov. 12.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Henry Lesteinder, to his children; Amos Sprague, of Montpelier, Vt.; Julia Taylor, of Fleet street, Boston, to her mother; Stephen Dudley, of Boston, to his sons.

Thursday, Nov. 14.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John Wallingford, to his son, Thomas Wallingford, Newcastle, Eng.; Evangeline Palfrey, of St. Louis, to her mother; Michael Reagan, of Boston, to his brother, Thomas; Esther Maria Crane, to her friends in New Orleans, La.

Monday, Nov. 18.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Jesse Rogers, of Palmyra, Mich.; Olive Barrett, of Boston, to her children; James Connelly, of Lowell; Charles Hunter Garfield, of Cincinnati, to his mother; Capt. Theodore Soule, of Virginia, to his friends.

Tuesday, Nov. 19.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Maria S. Gray, of San Francisco, Cal., to her mother; Hiram S. T. Bowers, who died in Liverpool, to his friend Silas Dorson, of New York; Charlie Poor; Samuel Cole, of the 8th Michigan Calvalry, to his brother James.

Thursday, Nov. 21.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Ellen Read Wade, of Boston; William Pierce, of Searsport, Me., to his brother; Matilda Frances Lyon, of Fall River, to her parents.

Monday, Nov. 25.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Clara Davis, of Savannah, Ga., to her father; George H. Simmons, of Fitchburg, 15th Mass., to Maj. John Kimball; Thomas Benton, to Benjamin F. Butler.

Tuesday, Nov. 26.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Cornelius Winne; Moses W. Leavitt, of Chicago; Freddy Harmon, of New York, to his mother; Sarah E. Smith, of Hamilton, C. E.

Monday, Dec. 2.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Henry Parker, of Manchester; Joseph Huntress; Robert Duncan Craig, of Ayrshire; Mattie Anderson Bell, of Columbia street, New York, to her mother.

Tuesday, Dec. 3.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Paulina Bickford, Main street, Charlestown; Nathaniel Jones, of Springfield, Ill., to his brother; Priscilla A. Leonard, of Flora, Boone Co., Ill.; Ida Sanborn St. Josephs, Mobile.

Thursday, Dec. 5.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Clarke Simonds, 15th Mass., to his friends; Charles Bachelet, 2d Mass. Cavalry; John Harris, of Liverpool, England, to his brother William; "Sagoyewatha," an Indian chief, to the Great Father at Washington.

Monday, Dec. 9.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Susan Brown, of Portland, Me., to her children; Lizzie Templeton, to her mother, in St. Louis; Stephen Kelley, of Collinsville, Mo.; Warren Mears, of Manchester, Mass., to his parents.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Received from

Phen Snow, Cambridge, Mass.	$2.00
Maria E. Crisg, Fort Calhoun, Neb.	1.50
Leonard Porter, Dover, Ohio	50
E. K. Eversol, Commerce, Mo.	25
Onward	2.00
Giles Spencer, East Greenwich, R. I.	2.00
Friends, Salem, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. A. M. L. Ferree, Washington, D. C.	50

Friends of Progress.

A MASS CONVENTION TO BE HELD AT MACON CITY, MO., JAN. 15TH, 1868.

Many of us who have looked with interest upon any movement tending to advance the progress of mankind in the truths of liberal ideas and progressive sentiments, find that the time has come when we should make a more united effort in the work of promoting our spiritual interests. We should demonstrate by our actions the truth that we are not mere weather-vanes, the sport of every breeze raised by any narrow, passing creed, or indifferent to the great tidal currents of truth which are ever setting toward the goal of a happy hereafter. We would be as mindful of the interests of others in this respect as duty requires; and in fact, the times demand of us that we should extend to our brother man a helping hand, giving to him the light we enjoy, in reference to the blessings of an immortal hereafter. These things and many others are the imperious needs that impel us to seek a more extended field of operation, and consequently a coöperative exertion on the part of those who can sympathize with us, in our efforts to bring about the result of a wider diffusion of liberal and progressive ideas, spiritual as well as temporal.

To accomplish these purposes we propose to hold a Convention at *Macon City, Macon Co., Mo., on the 15th day of January*, 1868, at which time efforts will be made to open the way for lecturers, speakers, &c., and for the circulation of liberal literature among the people, (such as may desire to patronize such publications.) Also, to devise plans by which local organizations may be put in operation in all places where a sufficient number may be got together to form a nucleus for others to gather around—thus concentrating individual effort at individual places. By thus gathering together in Mass Convention, and interchanging thoughts and ideas, we will become acquainted with each other, and can learn the wants and needs of the several communities in which we respectively reside, and can then more readily devise ways and means to supply any deficiencies. To this Convention we extend to all a hearty and cordial invitation, both male and female, who may have any interest in the progressive movements of the day. It is our desire that all the progressive friends in North Missouri, and as many from elsewhere as possibly can attend, will join us in our movement, and aid us by their counsel, to the end that business may be transacted that will so revolutionize public sentiment and feeling, that progressive ideas and doctrines will supersede the old teachings and influences of the past, in religious and social matters. At this Convention it is not proposed to take into consideration other subjects than those in which the highest moral, social and religious sentiments are concerned, and to treat of them from the standpoint of spirituality, as it is now understood. We entreat the attendance of all liberals, who, too often, through either negligence or an intense but inconsequent individualism, fail to unite in the accomplishment of what their souls thirst for. Accommodations will be furnished by the friends in Macon for all that will come.

Col. John T. Ross, Kingston, Mo., Hon. J. M. Hoskinson, do., Jesse D. Ross, do., Joseph Williams, do., Hon. Jeremiah Williams, do., Jonathan Sackman, do., Rufus C. Sackman, do., J. W. Morris, do., C. D. Pratt, Linneus, Mo., H. R. Parkhurst, Palmyra, Mo., W. J. McCoy, Utica, Mo., Mrs. Harriet Hoyt, Utica, Mo., Meritt Allen, Hannibal, Mo., Samuel Abbott, do., Capt. Samuel E. Turner, Kingston, Mo., Lieut. W. A. Northup, do., M. D. Northup, do., Dr. John Deal, do., L. S. McCoy, do., Richard D. Sackman, do., Judge John H. Noster, do., Dr. M. T. Perrine, Chillicothe, Mo., Prof. Thos. L. Boucher, Linneus, Mo., Percell Brinkerhoff, Utica, Mo., Mattie Brinkerhoff, do., John Renfrew, Mirabile, Mo., A. T. Foss, do., Jos. J. Garver, Hannibal, Mo.

The above are the names of but a few of the people in North Missouri who endorse this movement, and will endeavor to be present.

Kingston, Caldwell Co., Mo., Nov. 20th, 1867.

Missionary Work in Michigan.

Spiritualist meetings will be held in Michigan as follows: On Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 21 and 22, at the school-house near Augustus Miller's, in Batavia, Branch Co.; on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 28 and 29, at the Jordineer school-house, Bethel, Branch Co.; on Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 4 and 5, at the Quimby school-house, Ovid, Branch Co; on Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 11 and 12, at the school-house near George Bansel's, Moscow, Hillsdale Co.; on Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 18 and 19, at the Quaker Meeting-house, Hickory Grove, Jackson Co.; on each Saturday alternately at 1 o'clock P. M., and on each Sunday a basket dinner will be provided. Mediums and speakers are invited to be in attendance. Mrs. Frank Reid, of Breedsville, is invited to address the meetings. My address is at Coldwater the month of December.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH, *Missionary at large.*

Convention in Vermont.

The next Quarterly Convention of the Spiritualists of Vermont, will be held in the Town Hall at Middlebury, Vermont, on the 4th and 5th of January, 1868, for the free discussion of religious and reformatory questions. Entertainment at hotels, one dollar per day. It is hoped that the speakers of Vermont and all friends of progress will meet with us. Speakers and friends from other States will receive a hearty welcome.

MRS. SARAH A. WILEY,
MRS. GEO. A. PRATT,
MRS. C. A. CRAM,
MR. HYMAN BARBER,
MR. ALONZO BROWN,
Committee.

Rockingham, Vt., Nov. 20th, 1867.

Corry Mass Convention.

CHANGE OF TIME.

The Third Annual Convention of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress of Northwestern Pennsylvania will be held at Corry, Erie Co., Penn., in the Academy of Music, on the 27th, 28th and 29th of December, 1867, for the free discussion of religious and reformatory questions. Selden J. Finney, of Troy, N. Y., Alcinda Wilhelm M. D., of Philadelphia, and other able speakers are expected to be present. All communications should be addressed to Mrs. W. H. Johnston, Cor. Sec.

By Order of Committee.

Corry, Pa., Sept. 26, 1867.

Spiritual Quarterly Meeting at Randolph, N. Y.

The Spiritualists, Infidels and friends of human progress will hold their Third Quarterly Meeting at Randolph, Cattaragus Co., N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, the 21st and 22d of Dec., 1867, for a free discussion of all moral questions in relation to man's existence. Lyman C. Howe is expected to be present. Other able speakers will be invited. All classes are invited to attend, and they shall be heard. Homes will be provided for all. Good music on the occasion by Chester Tuttle and Bishop Beals. A. BUSHNELL.

Napoli, N. Y., Nov. 24, 1867.

Obituaries.

On Friday, the 4th day of October, the Hon. B. Hall, or Father Hall, as he was more familiarly known in this place, quietly and peacefully passed the valley of the shadows, to the shores of the land of eternal light and fadeless beauty.

He has for many years been a subscriber to the Banner of Light, and long before the publication of that paper he became a believer in Spiritualism from his own internal convictions of its truth, without the aid of external manifestations, and that kind of phenomena that is generally found necessary to arrest the attention of less thinking minds. He died from the effects of a malignant tumor that grew on the right side of his face and neck. In March he visited Dr. J. R. Newton, at Newport, R. I., whose treatment for many weeks arrested the progress of the tumor, but in time it began to grow again, but it was disarmed of its offensive character. It did not break out and become a filthy sore, as was expected from its cancerous nature, and as he declared to the very last, it never caused him a moment's suffering from pain.

During the last few weeks of his stay with us, he seemed to enjoy a peculiar satisfaction in conversing with those of his own household, and the many friends who called to see him, of his approaching change, and the beautiful land of peace and glory to which he saw himself rapidly hastening. At such times he often became so carried away with his favorite theme, that he became sublimely eloquent, and so impressive as often to draw tears from eyes unaccustomed to weep. His funeral took place on the 6th, and an appropriate address was delivered by Dr. E. A. Holbrook, of Watertown, Jefferson Co., N. Y. His remains were then conveyed to their last resting-place by the Masonic fraternity, and buried in accordance with the rites and ceremonies of that Order. S.

Gouverneur, N. Y., Nov. 29th, 1867.

Passed to the spirit-world, from Marlboro', N. H., Sept 3d, 1867, Dexter Fields, aged 55 years.

His sickness was short and severe. He realized the fact of spirit communion; has taken the Banner of Light from its first issue; read spiritual reform works with pleasure and profit; entertained mediums with good welcome and generous hospitality. An appropriate and satisfactory discourse was delivered at his home, by Rev. Mr. Osgood, pastor of the Universalist Church in Marlboro'. We deeply sympathize, at this time, with his wife and children in their bereavement, but a joyous consolation is the positive knowledge that our friends who are freed from the tenements of earth-life are able to return to cheer us as our conditions demand.

E. Westmoreland, N. H. Dec. 3d, 1867. BARBARA ALLEN.

Transplanted from the home-garden on earth to the paradise of the spheres—from the loving tenderness of parents, to the cherishing care of the angels—two budding plants of human life. Mary Alice, aged 9 years, passed on, Nov. 17th, after six days prostration with diptheria. Sarah Emma, aged 6 years, followed her, Nov. 28th, having been ill three weeks with the same disease. Both children of Nathaniel W. and Sarah B. Perry, of South Easton, Mass.

The frosts of earth were too chilling, and the spirits carried them away to where they could blossom freely in the air of the Summer-Land. In the home thus bereaved the light of Spiritualism has fallen, and the strength born of knowledge cheers the hearts of those who mourn. It was my privilege to attend the funeral of these two children, and I felt anew, as ever, to be thankful for Spiritualism, which teaches the truth of life, to charm away the terrors and sorrows of death. E. S. WHEELER.

Passed over the river, Nov. 28th, the spirit of Miss Sarah Maria Matson, aged 24 years.

For months previous a sufferer from that scourge to our country—consumption. She is not dead; she is now with the many that people the spirit-world, and with the loved ones of her home who had gone before. She will watch over her fond parents and sisters till all are again united. May the consoling truths which only Spiritualism affords, be the comfort of her parents and sisters, and may her voice be heard from that high home whither she has gone, to cheer them on their way. SAMUEL GROVER.

Somerville, Mass., Dec. 2d, 1867.

Passed from earth-life, Oct. 11th, 1867, in Rockford, Ill., of fever-sore, Mr. Simeon Park, aged 59 years 6 months 28 days.

The deceased was, in 1844, ordained as a Universalist minister, in Chautauque Co., N. Y. In 1845 he removed with his wife and five children, to the State of Illinois, where he still continued to labor for the cause of Universalism until the year 1856, when he became a believer in Spiritualism by curing himself of the dropsy, after several doctors had given him up to die. He became a worker in the cause, not only in lecturing, but in healing the sick, and was at the time of his death a firm and full believer in Spiritualism. SOPHIA A. M. PARK.

Passed to spirit-life, from Ipswich, Mass., Sept. 28th, Luna Flint, youngest child of T. T. and V. M. Chapman, aged 7 years and 10 months.

Sweet little immortal, just entered spirit portals. Amid flowers we have laid her in the tomb. With fadeless flowers the angels have crowned her in her spirit home. Beautiful truths have soothed the mourning hearts of her parents, brother and sister. And may her angel visits cheer and beautify the earth-life of the many who loved her. S. A. HORTON.

Miscellaneous.

DR. HALL'S VOLTAIC ARMOR,
OR
Magnetic Bands and Soles.
THE
GREAT SCIENTIFIC REMEDY
FOR COLD FEET, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, PARALYSIS, NERVOUS HEADACHE DYSPEPSIA, SCIATICA, and
ALL NERVOUS DISORDERS.

THE MAGNETIC INNER SOLES can be depended on a positive remedy for COLD FEET and IMPERFECT CIRCULATION. Descriptive Circular, with Testimonials and directions for use, mailed free. Sold by all Druggists throughout the United States. VOLTAIC ARMOR ASSOCIATION, PROPRIETORS, 132 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 5.—tf

SEEK FOR TRUTH
AND YE SHALL FIND IT.

THERE is no getting over the fact that "Calcutta Hemp," (which the NATIVES chew as the YANKEE does his Tobacco,) is a sure and permanent cure for *ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS* and *CONSUMPTION*. We speak from experience. There is not a single symptom of **CONSUMPTION** that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night-sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, and wasting away of the muscles, CANNABIS INDICA will relieve the patient in twenty-four hours. Skeptic, try it—prove it for yourself. Send your address, and receive "voluntary extracts," free of charge or postage.
One Bottle, $2,50. Three Bottles, $6,50.
Address, CRADDOCK & CO.,
Oct. 26.—13w* 1032 Race street, Philadelphia.

ALBERT W. LADD & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
PIANO FORTES,
CABINET ORGANS AND MELODEONS,
Nos. 206 & 208 Washington st., BOSTON.

☞ PIANOS Tuned and Repaired in the best manner. Pianos to let. Old or new Pianos taken in exchange. Nov. 2.—12w*

DRUNKARD, STOP!

THE Spirit-World has looked in mercy on scenes of suffering from the use of STRONG DRINK, and given a REMEDY that takes away all desire for it. More than **Eight Thousand** have been redeemed by its use within the last seven years.

If you cannot call, send stamp for Circular, and read what it has done for others.

☞ The medicine can be given without the knowledge of the patient. Address, C. CLINTON BEERS, M. D., **No. 670** Washington street, Boston, Mass. 4w—Dec. 7.

THE CHRISTIAN, A large, live, eight page monthly, religious, and family paper, containing facts, incidents, tales, sketches, music, poetry, expositions, stories, and pictures for the young, large print for the old, something for saints and sinners one and all. No sectarianism, controversy, politics, puffs, pills, or patent medicines admitted. **Only 60 cts. a year,** in advance. **Ten copies $5.** Send **10** cts. for *three specimens*, before you forget it. Vol. III. commences Jan. 1, 1868. Subscribers received before Dec. 20, have Nov. and Dec. papers free. **One hundred** new, stirring **Tracts for $1.** Address all orders to **H. L. HASTINGS,** SCRIPTURAL TRACT REPOSITORY, 19 LINDALL STREET, **Boston, Mass.,** in the rear of the **Post Office.** 8w—Nov. 23.

It is the Best Chance ever offered to Agents!
One or two days' time will secure a good
Sewing Machine, Watch, Silk Dress, Revolver, or some other article of equal value, **FREE OF COST!**
Agents wanted everywhere, male and female, for the best One Dollar Pawnbroker's Sale in the country. Send for Circular. S. C. THOMPSON & Co., 30 Hanover street, Boston. Nov. 23.—6w

Consumption can be Cured.

THE TRUE REMEDY AT LAST DISCOVERED. UPHAM'S FRESH MEAT CURE.—Prepared from the formula of Prof. Trousseau, of Paris, cures Consumption, Lung Diseases, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Marasmus, General Debility, and all morbid conditions of the system dependent on deficiency of vital force. It is pleasant to taste, and a single bottle will convince the most skeptical of its virtue as the great healing remedy of the age. $1 a bottle, or six bottles for $5. Sent by express. Sold by S. C. UPHAM, No. 25 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, and principal Druggists. Circulars sent free. GEORGE C. GOODWIN & CO., Agents, 38 Hanover street, Boston. Oct. 5.—13w

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE,
Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Room No. 5,
BOSTON, MASS.

OFFICE HOURS, 9 to 12 M.; 2 to 5 P. M. All other hours devoted to outside patients.

N. B. ALL PRESCRIPTIONS carefully prepared and put up by himself.

From an experience of ten years, Dr. P. is convinced of the curative efficacy of Electricity and Magnetism, and is constantly availing himself of these occult forces in the treatment of his patients. July 27.

DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE,

CLAIRVOYANT and Medical Electrician, has removed his office from Jefferson Place, Boston, to 395 Main street, Charlestown, Mass., and has associated in business with
MRS. JENNETTE J. CLARK,
recently from Fair Haven, Conn. They will continue to give Medical Examinations, sit for spirit-communications, delineation of character, &c. Mrs. Clark will take charge of the Ladies' Electrical Department. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.—a few doors north of Reed's Corner. 13w*—Nov. 2.

OCTAVIUS KING, M. D.,
Eclectic and Botanic Druggist,
654 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

ROOTS, Herbs, Extracts, Oils, Tinctures, Concentrated Medicines, Pure Wines and Liquors, Proprietary and Popular Medicines, *warranted* pure and genuine. The *Anti-Scrofula Panacea, Mother's Cordial, Healing Extract, Cherry Tonic*, &c., are Medicines prepared by *himself*, and unsurpassed by any other preparations. N. B.—Particular attention paid to putting up SPIRITUAL and other Prescriptions. Oct. 5.

A NEW VOLUME BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THE ARABULA:
OR DIVINE GUEST,
NEW SAINTS AND NEW GOSPELS.

PRICE $1.50; postage 20 cents. For sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 3w—Dec. 14.

PROF. O. S. FOWLER

WILL lecture, free, on Phrenology and Physiology, as applied to human and self-improvement, marriage, &c., at TREMONT TEMPLE, Monday and Thursday evenings at 7.30, Dec. 16, 19, 23 and 26, and give Phrenological Examinations and advice as to business, self-culture, &c., at the AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON, daily and evenings, till Jan. 10. Nov. 30.—tf

WATCHES AND JEWELRY

REPAIRED and for sale by S. R. WETHERBEE, 2 City Hall Avenue, near School street, Boston. ☞ Silver Ware made to order. 4w*—Nov. 30.

Mediums in Boston.

DR. GEO. B. EMERSON,
Spiritual Movement Cure,

OFFICE, No. 1 Winter Place, Boston, Mass. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. 6w*—Dec. 21.

MRS. LAURA A. MC'KENZIE,
Botanical, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium

TREATS all diseases; examines by a lock of hair. Medical Examinations free—Clairvoyant ditto, $1.00; Herb Bath $2.00; Answering Sealed Letters, 3.00. Hours 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. No. 22 Florence street, (corner of Harrison Avenue,) Boston. Dec. 14.—2w*

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,
AT NO. 230 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose $1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. 13w—Oct. 5.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM,

MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM, 292 Washington street, Boston. Mrs. Latham is eminently successful in treating Humors, Rheumatism, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, and all Bilious Complaints. Parties at a distance examined by a lock of hair. Price $1.00. 13w—Oct. 5.

MRS. FOWLER,

CLAIRVOYANT Physician and Test Medium, No. 85 Bedford street, cures disease by laying on of hands; also tells of lost money, disease, love, marriage and death. Terms $2.00. Circle Sunday evening. 4w*—Nov. 30.

MRS. NEWELL, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician; a sure relief in all cases; also gives tests of living and departed friends. Circles Tuesday, Friday and Sunday evenings, at Rear 248 Hanover street, Boston, Mass. Dec. 14.—4w*

NELLIE STARKWEATHER, Writing Test Medium, No. 6 Indiana street, Boston, Mass. Dec. 14.—13w

A. S. HAYWARD, "Magnetic Healer," will visit the sick in Boston and vicinity. Address care of this office. Dec. 14.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, NO. 13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) 13w—Oct. 5.

MRS. R. COLLINS still continues to heal the sick, at No. 19 Pine street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 5.—13w

MRS. A. L. LAMBERT, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, No. 132 Harrison Avenue, Boston, Mass. Dec. 7.—4w*

MARY M. HARDY, Trance, Healing and Business Medium, No. 93 Poplar st., Boston. Terms $1.00. Nov. 2.—13w*

Miscellaneous.

SOUL READING,
Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit them in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, they will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married, whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former love.

They will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faculties should be restrained and what cultivated.

Seven years' experience warrants them in saying that they can do what they advertise without fail, as hundreds are willing to testify. Skeptics are particularly invited to investigate.

Everything of a private character KEPT STRICTLY AS SUCH. For Written Delineation of Character, $1.00 and red stamp.

Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to by either one or the other.

Address, MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,
Oct. 5.—13w Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

PSYCHOMETRY, MINING, CHARACTER.

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE psychometrically examines
MINES,
stating directions of veins, and what **OIL, METALS** or **COAL** any land may contain. **Requisites:** for Oil or Metals, at least two ounces of rock as far as practicable from the surface; for **CHARACTER,** handwriting or lock of hair; each wrapped in inside sheet of paper and kept from unnecessary contact. **Terms:**—Character, $2.00; Oil, Metals, etc., $5.00. Address, ANNIE D. CRIDGE, 602 "N" street, Washington, D. C. Hours for personal consultation, 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. 2w*—Dec. 14.

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD,
(Formerly of Taunton, Mass.,)
Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician,
TRANCE AND CIRCLE MEDIUM,
412 HIGH STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE HAMMOND STREET,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

PATIENTS visited at their residences if desired. Applications from Boston friends, for circles or professional visits, should be made in advance. Dec. 14.

LOSS OF MAGNETISM

IS the cause of all kinds of Debility, especially Nervous. These we cure. Circulars ready—send stamps for postage. We instruct for Clairvoyance, Mediumship and in **Tiranchirism.** Terms $2 per lesson therein. Address P. B. & J. RANDOLPH, 231 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. Dec. 7.—4w*

DR. J. R. NEWTON
WILL Heal at NEW ORLEANS, LA.,
Until further notice. tf—Oct. 12.

BLUE ANCHOR INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE,
An Academy for Both Sexes.—Opens Jan. 1st, 1868.

THIS Institution, located at the promising progressive settlement of Blue Anchor, N. J., will aim to be conducted in harmony with the principles of enlightened Spiritualism. The Natural Sciences will be largely taught—including the Science of Human Life, as revealed in Physiology, Phrenology and Psychology. Instruction will be given, without extra charge, in **the Natural Alphabet,** which will be found an invaluable aid to the student of Languages, and interesting and useful to all. It is designed to connect with the Institute a PRACTICAL Department, in which those who wish can obtain an experimental knowledge of the Useful and Ornamental Arts, Fruit-raising, etc., thus becoming fitted to stand among the world's WORKERS as well as thinkers.

☞ For further particulars, address (at Banner of Light till Dec. 26th,) J. MADISON ALLYN, PRINCIPAL. Dec. 7.—3w

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

The undersigned petition that they, their associates and successors, may be made a body corporate under the name of the "Massachusetts Spiritualist Association," for the purpose of promoting and diffusing Spiritualism.

L. S. RICHARDS,
GEO. A. BACON,
MRS. FRANCES A. WILSON,
MRS. ROBERT SHERMAN,
EDWARD S. WHEELER.

Boston, Dec. 4th, 1867.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
Secretary's Department,
BOSTON, DECEMBER 5, 1867.

I approve the publication of the above petition in the Banner of Light. OLIVER WARNER, *Secretary.* 4w†

FOR SALE—A First Class Grain and Grass Farm, containing 78 acres. There is plenty of timber for use of the farm; large orchard; grafted fruit. There is an abundance of peaches, pears and small fruits on said farm. There is a two story and a half house, with wing, built in modern style. There is a barn, 32x66ft.; 8 acres of winter wheat will go with the farm; 30 acres of timothy and clover meadow. Said farm is six miles west of the city of Rochester, on one of the best roads in the State. Terms to suit purchaser; possession immediate. For further particulars address, WILLIAM QRONK, Rochester, Monroe Co., N. Y. 3w*—Dec. 7.

EXTRA SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC AND TO INVALIDS IN PARTICULAR. After a six months' absence in Europe, Africa, the Holy Land, &c., I am again at my post. I HAVE ANOTHER NEW MEDICAL WORK IN PRESS. Price 30 cents; 5 copies for $1. Address, DR. E. ANDREWS, office No. 58 State street, Albany, N. Y. Dec. 14.—4w

WANTED—BY A LADY, a situation as nurse, companion or housekeeper, in a spiritual family; would go West or South. References exchanged. Address MRS. LIZZIE M., care of Banner of Light. 3w—Dec. 7.

C. B. ROGERS, No. 133 Market street, Philadelphia, Wholesale Dealer in Field and Garden Seeds. Oct. 19.—12w*

MRS. A. S ELDRIDGE, Test, Business and Examining Medium, Watertown, opposite R. R. R. office. Dec. 7.—4w*

HENRY PHELPS, Magnetic Physician, Lewis street, Malden, Mass. 13w*—Oct. 26.

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST
60 School street, next door East of Parker House, Boston.

WHISKERS—DR. LAMONTE'S CARROLA will force Whiskers on the smoothest face, or Hair on Bald heads. Never known to fail. Sample for trial sent for 10 cents. Address, REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau st., New York. Oct. 12.—6m

DR. S. ROE, JR., Natural Magnetic Healer of the sick without medicine, will visit patients. Address 544 Broadway, or 140 12th street, New York. 3w*—Dec. 7.

MRS. MARY TOWNE, Magnetic Physician and Medical Clairvoyant, 14 Bond street, New York. Dec. 7.—6w

HENRY C. GORDON, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 1162 Broadway, New York 6w*—Nov. 16.

New York Advertisements.

38 REMARKABLE CURES
BY
THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY,
MRS. SPENCE'S
POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

New Haven, Ind., Sept. 1st, 1867.

PROF. SPENCE—*Dear Sir:* **I have raised one man from the dead with two Boxes of your Positive Powders.** J. W. Nuttle, of this place, had what the Doctors called the (1) **CONSUMPTION.** They said he could live but a short time. I called his attention to your Powders. He took one Box, and said he was better than he had been for four years. This was in March. About the last of July he was taken with a (2) **FEVER,** and the Doctors gave him up, and said he must die. But I sent for two Boxes of your Positive Powders for him about the time I went East, and on my return I found him walking about, and he is now to work for us, a well man. Yours for truth, G. W. HALL.

Dorset, Vt., August 27th, 1867.

PROF. P. SPENCE—*Dear Sir:* I have had a case in which **one Box of Positive Powders done wonders.** It was the case of Mr. Phelps, a young man who had (3) **BLEEDING AT THE LUNGS.** He had consulted eight different physicians, five of whom had pronounced his Lungs to be in an advanced stage of (4) **INFLAMMATION. He had not done any labor for six months.** He called on me, to get Dr. Newton's location. I had him take a box of the Positive Powders. This was on Monday; and, strange to say, on Wednesday and Thursday his father sheared his flock of sheep—some 300. He told me that he never worked busier than during those two days, shearing, doing up wool, and marking lambs. He has continued to work, up to this writing, **and says he feels as well as ever in his life.** Yours, A. B. ARMSTRONG.

MRS. NATHAN S. DAVIS, of *West Cornville, Me.*, writes as follows: "The lady in Athens, Mrs. Downs, who, as I mentioned in my last letter, was considered in (5) **CONSUMPTION,** has been cured by your Powders, and is doing the work for her family."

East Greenwich, R. I., Dec. 31st, 1866.

PROF. SPENCE—*Dear Sir:* Please excuse me for not writing to you sooner, but my daughter wished to take another Box before I gave you a definite answer concerning her (6) **DYSENTERY.** I can now say, with pleasure, that she is entirely cured of it. **She has not had an attack of it since taking your Powders.** The first attack was in July last, and before she recovered her strength she would have another attack, which weakened her so much that in November, when she began to take your Powders, **she had been confined to her bed for three weeks,** and nothing seemed to help her that her Doctor or ourselves could give. After taking one Box of your Powders she was well enough to sit up and be about the house; and now, after the second Box, she says she feels as strong as the day before her first attack. Your obt. servant, AUSTIN WILSON.

York, Union Co., Ohio, Sept. 14th, 1867.

DR. SPENCE—*Dear Sir:* I took a Box of your **Positive** Powders for the (7) **NEURALGIA,** and it worked such a perfect charm for that and (8) **OTHER THINGS** which I had been troubled with for 20 years, that I now send for a Box of **Negatives** for **Deafness.** MRS. PRISSILLA KNOX.

Sycamore, Ill., July 11th, 1867.

PROF. SPENCE—*Dear Sir;* Those **Positive Powders** you sent me a short time since, have **worked wonders** for my wife—curing in a few days a (9) **PAINFUL KIDNEY DISEASE,** and (10) **SPINAL DIFFICULTY** of long standing, besides driving away all (11) **NERVOUSNESS,** so that she feels like a new being.
Truly yours, L. DOWE.

Wilton, N. H., Feb. 18th, 1867.

PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.—*Dear Sir:* For the inclosed $1.00, please send me a Box of your **Negative Powders,** for **Deafness.** I have some hope, for I sent to the Banner of Light office, Boston, for a Box of **Positive** Powders for (12) **KIDNEY COMPLAINT** of long standing. It proved all that it was recommended, and more too. I had been troubled a long time with what the Doctors called the (13) **HEART DISEASE,** sometimes very distressing, and all the time very disagreeable. Since taking the Powders that complaint has vanished, and I have not felt a symptom since. Yours truly, DANIEL DUTTON.

MRS. PHEBE ANN HAINES, of *Altoona, Pennsylvania*, writes as follows—"I am now in my 60th year, and during the last 40 years I have suffered from (14) **DYSPEPSIA** and (15) **SLEEPLESSNESS;** but having used your Positive Powders I can now truthfully say that during the last few months is the first that I could either eat or sleep with any degree of comfort since I was twenty years of age."

Volga City, Clayton Co., Iowa, Feb. 3d, 1867.

DR SPENCE—*Dear Sir:* I have been afflicted with the (16) **SCROFULA** and (17) **RHEUMATISM** for more than 20 years; have been laid up with it six weeks at a time. For the last two years I have been growing worse—have been obliged to use a staff, part of the time, to get about the house. My husband sent for a Box of your **Positive Powders.** I commenced to take them, and **in two weeks I was well,** and have not felt anything of either of my diseases since.
Yours for the truth, NAOMI LOVEJOY.

Clark's Green, Luzerne Co., Penn., Sept. 19th, 1867.

DR. SPENCE—*Sir:* One year ago I was in Cattaraugus Co., New York. A poor soul er there was given up to die. I sent him half a Box of Positive and Negative Powders. When they were gone his wife came, and with tears of gratitude said that those Powders were curing her husband. Then I learned his true condition. He was just gone with (18) **CHRONIC DIARRHŒA.** If I had seen him before sending the Powders, I would not have had faith that he could have been cured. I sent him another Box. Before he had taken them all he commenced doing some light work.

I will close by informing you of the cases of **Cholera.** A Mr. Comedy was taken with the (19) **CHOLERA,** very severe—had two Doctors and no help. My son carried him five or six Positive Powders, **and they cured him.**

My son was next taken with the (20) **CHOLERA.** In half an hour he was deathly sick. I gave him two **Positive** Powders, in an hour and a half—in two hours, one and a half; the pain left him, and I gave him the **Negatives** until he gained his strength.

Another case of (21) **CHOLERA,** about the same, and cured in the same way. Yours with respect,
MRS. R. S. BELL.

DR. A. J. COREY, of *Great Bend, Penn.*, writes as follows: "I have a case of **Catarrh,** bronchial tubes affected and (22) **LEFT LUNG COLLAPSED,** not filling with air. I have given two boxes of the Positive Powders, and the **Lungs now fill two-thirds** of the way down.

I, myself, have been afflicted with (23) **RHEUMATISM** and (24) **HEART DISEASE** for three years, during which time I had not been able to labor. I have taken two boxes and a half of your Positive Powders; **my Rheumatism is gone** and the **Heart Disease much relieved,** so that I can use the pick and the shovel in prospecting for minerals. My age is 71 years."

MISS VIOLETTA ROPER, formerly of Taylorville, Iowa, *now of Elthorn, Iowa*, writes as follows—"As far as my experience has gone, in (25) **TYPHOID FEVER** and aggravating (26) **COUGHS,** your **Positive and Negative Powders excel anything I ever saw in the medical line.**"

MRS. MARIA INGRAHAM, of *Deerfield, Dane Co., Wis.*, reports the cure, by the Powders, of a case of (27) **FEVER,** and a bad case of (28) **DYSENTERY.**

H. D. ROYEL, of *Plainfield, Waushara Co., Wis.*, reports the following cures by the Positive Powders: Himself cured of a terrible (29) **FELON** on his hand, from which he had not slept for 8 days and nights. Mrs. Booth, cured of an awful (30) **COUGH.** Elder Lyman Smith, cured of the (31) **GRAVEL** which he had for over a year. Mr. Royel's little grandson, cured of (32) **CROUP.**

Spring Hill, Ill., Oct. 7th, 1866.

PROF. PATTON SPENCE—*Dear Sir:* I gave a box of your Positive Powders to a young lady, Miss Hattia M. Tyrrell, (now Mrs. Hattia M. Stanbro, of Brooklyn, Iowa.) She had been ailing for 8 years, (33) **FOUR YEARS ON CRUTCHES. In ten days she dispensed with her crutches,** and has not used them since, and you would not know that she ever was lame. Yours respectfully,
HORACE HURD.

The young lady referred to in the above letter, sends me the following report of her case, signed by herself and her mother:

Brooklyn, Iowa, May 12th 1867.

PROF. SPENCE—*Dear Sir:* In 1861 I was taken sick with **Heart Disease,** and was so that I could not lie down for 2 years. In 1863 I became **LAME, SO THAT I USED CRUTCHES.** In 1866 I recovered the use of my limbs *some.* In March, the same year, I commenced the use of your **Positive** Powders. In May I was so that I could walk anywhere. I had a Fever which followed the disease. They have helped a (34) **COUGH** which had returned every winter. They stopped it. HATTIA M STANBRO,
Her mother, LUCY TYRRELL.

Algonac, Mich., Nov 4th, 1867.

DR. SPENCE—*Sir:* Your Powders stopped my son's (35) **CHILLS AND FEVER,** and restored his appetite. His **COUGH** is much better.

For a number of years I have been troubled at times with a very (36) **SEVERE PAIN IN MY BACK,** that would lay me up for two or three months at a time. I was taken, two days before I received your Powders, with one of those spells. I was so bad that I could not help myself. **8 of the Positive Powders took the kinks out of my back.** I feel like a new man. I don't know as they will cause a blind man to see, but my **EYES** had become (37) **VERY DIM;** but now I often forget my glasses, and I know it is the Powders that have done it.
I am, yours truly, E. R. WARNER.

Forestdale, Rutland Co., Vt., Nov. 6th, 1867.

PROF. SPENCE—*Dear Sir:* I had been sick about 18 months with (38) **CHRONIC DIARRHŒA.** I had tried almost all kinds of medicine, except the old school Doctors. I tried mediums and root Doctors to no purpose. I had your Powders in the house some six months before I took them. My wife had no faith in them. I paid out some $50.00, and was no better; then I commenced taking your Powders. I did not take them 3 days before I went to work, and have been able to work most of the time since. It has been over a year. They are the best medicine for **COUGHS** and **COLDS.** I would not be without them in my house for any money. I will send $5.00 in this, for more. Yours in haste,
LUTHER STOODLEY.

The magic control of the Positive and Negative Powders over diseases of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent.

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE Neuralgia, Headache, Earache, Toothache, **Rheumatism,** Gout, Colic, **Pains** of all kinds; **Cholera,** Diarrhœa, Bowel Complaint, **Dysentery,** Nausea and Vomiting, **Dyspepsia,** Indigestion, Flatulence, **Worms;** Suppressed Menstruation, **Painful Menstruation, Falling of the Womb,** all Female Weaknesses and Derangements; Cramps **Fits,** Hydrophobia, Lockjaw, **St. Vitus' Dance;** Intermittent **Fever,** Bilious Fever, Yellow Fever, the Fever of **Small Pox,** Measles, Scarlatina, Erysipelas, Pneumonia, Pleurisy; all **Inflammations,** acute or chronic, such as Inflammation of the Lungs, **Kidneys,** Womb, **Bladder,** Stomach, **Prostate Gland;** Catarrh, Consumption, Bronchitis, **Coughs,** Colds; **Scrofula,** Nervousness, **Sleeplessness,** &c.

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 us, or communications for publication in this Department, etc., should be directed to J. M. PEEBLES. Local matters from the West requiring immediate attention, and long articles intended for publication, should be sent directly to the BANNER office, Boston. Those who particularly desire their contributions inserted in the Western Department, will please to so mark them. Persons writing us this month, will direct to Buffalo, N. Y., care Mrs. E. A. Maynard, 56 East Seneca street.

Baron Bunsen's Egypt.

Before us lie the exhaustive volumes of that eminent scholar and German Egyptologist, Baron Bunsen, D. P. H. C. L. and D. D., assigning through labored research, Egypt its appropriate place in Universal History.

In the final summing up of his great work, he divides the Egyptian eras into three great historical sections.

First, The primitive world and the age immediately prior to Menes.

Second, The Empire of Menes and its decline, or the old and middle empires.

Third, The new empire and its decay, including sketches of the Egyptians down to the present.

This critical investigator of antiquity, agreeing with other Egyptologists, makes Northern Asia the cradle of the human race. It there arose during the most favorable period of our Northern Hemisphere, a region now quite uninhabitable and extending southward, widened ultimately like sea-waves. Embracing many degrees of latitude, it was the primitive "sacred clime" of the Hindoo, the Persian "garden of delight," the Hebraic "Eden," located in the vicinity of the flowing Euphrates and Tigris on the west, the Oxus and Jaxartes on the east. Loose traditions of this primeval country were borrowed and brought by the Hebrews from Egypt, and woven by Moses and others into a disjointed cosmogony.

From the "upper districts of the Euphrates, through Mesopotamia, a body of early emigrants advanced, of whom we can have no knowledge but by means of that most antiquated record—their language. This has now been *re-discovered*, and in the documents of the "*Book of the Dead*," it speaks to us through compositions which were ancient *five thousand years ago*, (Vol. IV, p. 539.) Save in traditionary shreds, the whole *book*, containing the "treasures of ancient wisdom," to use Bunsen's words, with the excesses and fancies of Pantheistic revelry and magic superstition, was not only hidden from the Greeks and Romans, but the original "text, in its most ancient parts, was unintelligible to the Egyptians themselves four thousand years ago."

Considering the different dynasties, sacerdotal kings, hieroglyphs, papyri and parallel facts previously stated, this Egyptologer feels justified in "calling the Egyptians the chronometers of universal history, and asserting that Menes and his empire are nothing more than the culminating point of a long preceding constitutional development of Egyptian life. * * * According to dates furnished by Egyptian lists of kings, which, on the whole, bear a historical character, * * * Egypt was an organized state five thousand eight hundred and sixty-three years prior to Menes; during which period it possessed a language, and in part of it a written character," (Vol. IV, p. 571, p. 635.)

After stating that the "period of one great revolution of the earth's axis (21,000 years) is a very probable term for the development of human language in the shortest line," he says, "this convulsion, which we know as the flood of Noah, in all probability coincides with that epoch of the northern hemisphere when the temperature was lowest, or from nine to ten thousand years B. C., just as the origin of our race coincides with that period of it when the temperature was highest, which was ten thousand five hundred years earlier." Primal Egypt, that is, the Old Empire, stood entirely alone as regarded Asia. In its history are found no allusions to the "flood," though they are frequently found among the Iranians and Semites. Neither is any such *tradition* discoverable among the old Turanians and more ancient Chinese records. Accordingly, Bunsen says, "researches into the history of language will have proved how self-evident it is that primitive Turanism and Sinism, are both of date long prior to that convulsion." No doubt ancient Egypt, fifteen, more probably *twenty thousand years ago*, was luxuriating in national grandeur and magnificence. That little local and really modern affair, then known as Noah's flood, rife, as recorded, with physical impossibilities and absolute ridiculousness, is utterly unworthy an hour's serious thought from a great thinker. A celebrated English author and compiler asserts that he has made the important discovery, and is capable of "demonstrating the identity of the Great Pyramid of Egypt with the ancient Biblical Tower of Babel; and proving, by conclusive evidence, that the Mosaic Deluge was a local flood, produced by the bursting of an ancient African lake, the remains of which he points out, and also indicates in detail the cause of the great catastrophe." According to Manetho's tables, the Temple of Belus, as the watch-tower of Babel, is almost identical with that of the Great Pyramid.

Just prior to Menes assuming governmental control—*first dynasty*—and probably during the reign of the hereditary princes, the Asiatic element began to prevail. Colonists and strangers reached Egypt from India and other portions of Asia. Previous to this, our scholarly author tells us "that the *Old Empire* was a wholly isolated state, like the historic China of the last four thousand years. But when the *New Empire* was drawn into the policy and destiny of Asia, the Asiatic elements mingling, a struggle commenced, extending into Phœnicia and other foreign countries. A new life was infused, and a change inaugurated in the ever-recurring cycles of civilization."

What must seem strikingly strange to an American, everlastingly boasting of "progress," because, forsooth, the nineteenth excels in science the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the "*buildings* of the most *ancient age* of the Old Empire," says Bunsen, "were *superior* to the later." The same facts are also expressly stated in his extracts from Manetho, who affirms that the "edifices of Menes surpassed those of his successor."

THE ARTS.

Among the brightest stars in the Egyptian constellations, writes this eminent Baron, was "*ancient art*, having a lasting value, not merely from a purely artistic or technical point of view, but likewise intellectually and ethically. * * * * * The harp is represented on the monuments of the *Old Empire*, and the sacred Hymns, the most ancient part of the ritual, had undoubtedly their accompaniment. But alas! Music has no monuments. The originality and eminence of the ancient Egyptians in architecture, in plastic art, in monumental painting and in symbol-writing, every line-curve and point conveying a definite idea, are, however, universally acknowledged." * * * "The interior of the tombs, and especially of the pyramids, exhibits the most striking example of the grandeur of the style of the Old Empire and its artistic perfection. To the same period belong the most magnificent edifices, as regards art and hydraulic science, the Labyrinth and the Lake of Moeris."

THE SCIENCES.

Classic writers attribute to the Egyptians the cultivation of the sciences, the invention of geometry by means of land-measuring, and the solution of arithmetical and algebraic problems. "The specimens of their land-measuring, published by Lepsius, and the mathematical precision of the pyramids, and the engineering works of the *Old Empire*, afford," writes Bunsen, "sufficient truth of this remark." * * * "Their astronomy was calculated mostly for the meridian of Egypt, and yet Lepsius has proven that they were so well aware of the insufficiency of the intercalary cycle of *four years*, that they were able to correct it by artificial cycles, which are almost as old as the foundation of the Empire of Menes." Chemistry not only dates, but takes its name from Egypt, which is called Khemi. Their knowledge of this branch of science was extensive, though purposely hidden from the masses." A very high antiquity is assigned to all their chemical, anatomical and astronomical writings.

BOOK OF THE DEAD.

This profound author, Bunsen, has clearly shown in his first volume, that the sacred books of the Egyptians were the books of the priests, written by the priests, and that the sacerdotal literature was primitive. He also gives abundant reasons for the assertion that the "Book of the Dead" belonged to the fourth class of their *sacred books*, and must therefore be considered as *one* of the most ancient among them. The celebrated Mr. Birch, connected with the "Royal Society of Literature," having translated and published that most important of the sacred books, confirms the above position. The rhapsodic and religious aspirations found in the "Book of the Dead," contain the germs of speculative as well as ethical philosophy. We regret not having room for extracts. Many of its teachings relative to the nature of God (Osiris) as the universal soul of the world; the immortality of man; the guardian care of the Gods; the return of ascended spirits; invocations offered to departed ancestors, with formulas intended to act as charms upon evil spirits to avert their hostility, are interesting and absolutely wonderful, considering the *thousands* of years that have rolled into eternity since they were chiseled on solid rocks, or penned on the hieratic papyri of the oldest dynasties.

Near the conclusion of this Egyptologist's valuable volumes, he says: "Very early in the period of Egypt's history, her citizens abolished human sacrifices, declaring them to be an abomination unto the Gods; whereas in Palestine and Syria and cultivated Phœnicia, and other countries, sacrifices continued to be offered for long periods of time in religious worship. Many indeed of the Kings of Judah and Israel caused their children to 'pass through the fire.' Egypt was rich in culture, and possessed a high national civilization in the times of Abraham and Joseph, which they owed to the ethic character of their religion, and the intellectuality of their religious philosophy. The oracles of the Gods were communicated alike to kings and priests. Incubation in the temples, dreams, and most probably *clairvoyance*, were the mediums by which the religious feelings were worked up above those of the waking state. Not a trace is found in Egypt of the intoxicating potions, the beating of drums, the ringing of bells, and that violent excitement so rife among the Turanians, Iranians and Semitic races. * * * Everything we know about the domestic and social relations of those ancient Egyptians is worthy of our highest respect. Even as early as in historic Egypt civil liberty is old, and despotism a dynastic innovation. * * * True it is that as regards language, all the threads of the higher human development issue in Semism and Arianism. As to the former, Judaism claims a place in ethic and religious contemplation by the side of Hellenism; while in art and science, the Arians of Asia and Europe changed the face of the earth, and explored for mankind heights and depths previously unknown. But it was the faithfulness and perseverance, the sound sense and moderation, the seriousness and solemnity of the Egyptian mind, that has secured for them an honorable position for all time. Their very death struggles showed the indestructible tenacity of their intellect."

Such was the culture, the civilization and the intellectual unfoldment of Egypt long before she drove those ill-fated, selfish and thievish Hebrews out of her coasts into that wilderness wandering of forty years. The incidents of the journey are found in the Old Testament. Those Jews while in Egypt were servants, shop-keepers, traders; when safely out they voted themselves the "*Lord's chosen people*." They were probably just as truthful as our modern Jew dealers in clothing. The Lord—that old angular Jewish Jehovah—probably took them up out of *pity*, caring for them tenderly, much upon the same principle that mothers devote the most attention to unfortunate, crippled and imbecile children.

Batavia, N. Y.—Eddy and Paine.

The "Spirit of the Times," Batavia, contains a highly complimentary notice of Prof. Cadwell and the Eddy and Paine mediums. The demonstrations were so wonderful through them whilst there, that skeptics were not only convicted but converted to the *fact* that the force or power behind the manifestations was spirit power.

The "Times" further says: "These exhibitions have puzzled those attending more than anything ever before in Batavia, *many* claiming that it is purely spiritual, while others, though not admitting the spiritual hypothesis, cannot account for it any other way."

Prof. Cadwell, with a keen insight and nice discrimination, explains prior to each exhibition the difference between jugglery and sleight-of-hand performances of all kinds, and these genuine spiritual manifestations.

The Eddy Mediums—Brothers and Sister.

If spring is the time for planting flower seeds and fruit trees, winter is the time for witnessing phenomena, and planting principles and ideas.

Reaching Buffalo, we found Mr. William Eddy and the sister (*formerly Mary C. Eddy*), now the wife of Dr. J. H. Huntoon, giving spiritual manifestations nightly in the Spiritualists' hall, to deeply interested audiences. Never saw we such universal satisfaction in a series of séances for weeks. Only one seemed dissatisfied during the several nights of our attendance, and that was an intoxicated Episcopalian clergyman!

These mediums, bearing upon every lineament of their countenances indications of candor, sincerity and integrity, sit not only within but outside the cabinet, the manifestations upon the instruments inside continuing the same. The hall is always lighted.

The showing spirit hands and faces, with musical manifestations and *tests* given to skeptical *committees admitted into the cabinet, are perfectly* astounding. There is no other medium, as we are aware of, except Mrs. Huntoon, that sits in the light outside the cabinet with a skeptic appointed by spectators to hold her hands, and yet getting these remarkable manifestations in presence of the whole audience. Blessings from multitudes on earth and in spirit-life are continually showered upon these mediums, so conscientious and faithful to their missions.

At a private séance in the afternoon, we were permitted to not merely shake but to handle and *hold* the spirit hands, constructed from the emanations, magnetisms and vital forces of the mediums and surrounding spirit substances. We held this *spirit hand* in ours till it softened, disintegrated and vanished from sight. The law, the spiritual chemistry by which positive spirits do these things, is natural, and, when comprehended, perfectly beautiful. Conscious of the responsibility, we take pleasure, *deep* pleasure, in recommending these mediums to Spiritualists, to *all* societies, communities and countries.

Missionary Work in Michigan.

The Executive Board, appointed by the State Association last October in Adrian, Mich., has already commenced work in earnest. Rev. J. O. Barrett—*wise choice*—is in the field, lecturing, organizing Societies, Lyceums, distributing Spiritualist literature, obtaining subscribers for the Banner of Light, and doing the work of an evangelist generally. A sister lecturer should also be at once employed in the Peninsula State.

To the Spiritualists of Ohio.

We hereby inform you that at a meeting of the Executive Board of the State Association, the services of Mr. A. A. Wheelock were secured as State Missionary, thus carrying out your intentions, as expressed in Convention at Clyde. Mrs. Wheelock will accompany her husband, to assist in organizing Progressive Lyceums. Those who desire lectures, Societies or Lyceums organized, can correspond direct with him, or the Corresponding Secretary, Emma Tuttle, Berlin Hights.

We shall have a tract of ten pages ready for delivery in a few days, containing our address, a circular from Mr. Wheelock, and the Constitution of our Association. It is designed for pioneer work. It can be obtained of the Corresponding Secretary, with whom we hope the friends will at once correspond, that the Missionary may have his lines of travel planned and all unnecessary time and expense in going from place to place obviated.

We have organized for a great work, and must all put our shoulders to the wheel. Singly, we can do little; united, everything is possible.

For the Executive Board,

A. B. FRENCH, *Pres.*

HUDSON TUTTLE, *Rec. Sec.*

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

The Annual Convention of this Association will meet in Mercantile Hall, Summer street, Boston, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 7th and 8th, 1868. This Convention is called in accordance with the Constitution for the general election of officers for the ensuing year.

The successful working of the Association for the past twelve months, not only gives encouragement to further prosecute its labors, but creates a variety of important business, for the proper settlement of which a full attendance of the Spiritualists of the State is particularly requested, that the work so auspiciously begun may be maintained wherever inaugurated, and extended with all practical rapidity throughout the Commonwealth.

L. S. RICHARDS, *Pres.*

GEORGE A. BACON, *Cor. Sec.*

Michigan State Spiritual Association.

The semi-annual meeting of the above Association will be held in the city of Jackson, commencing Friday evening, January 24, and continuing over Saturday and Sunday. It is expected that Andrew Jackson Davis, Mrs. Davis, Selden J. Finney, and other prominent speakers will be present.

We most earnestly invite every Society and community of Spiritualists in the State to be represented. We anticipate a very large Convention, and the discussion of questions of great interest. Our missionary, Rev. J. O. Barrett, will be present. The Spiritualists of Jackson have arranged with the hotels for reduced prices, for *all they cannot themselves entertain.*

DORUS M. FOX, *President.*

L. B. BROWN, *Secretary.*

Lyons, Mich., Dec. 6, 1867.

Connecticut State Convention.

The Connecticut Association of Spiritualists will hold a Convention in Knight's Hall, 390 Main street, Hartford, Conn., Sunday, January 5th, 1868. The several Associations of Spiritualists in the State are requested to be fully represented. And the Friends of Progress, although not associated, in this State and elsewhere, are requested to attend this Convention. Rev. Mr. Foss, the State Agent, and other able speakers are expected to address the Convention. Delegates arriving in Hartford on Saturday, will report to Mr. J. S. Dow, No. 11 Pearl street, near the State House, who will assign them to the hospitalities of friends during the continuance of the Convention. A full attendance is requested. Per order of the Executive Committee.

W. P. GATES, *President.*

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—The First Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, every *Sunday evening*, at 7½ o'clock. Samuel F. Towle, President; Daniel N. Ford, Vice President and Treasurer. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10½ A. M. John W. McGuire, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson during December. All letters should be addressed to Thomas Marsh, Assistant Secretary, 14 Bromfield street.

MUSIC HALL.—Lecture every Sunday afternoon at 2½ o'clock. A half-hour concert on the Great Organ, by Prof. Eugene Thayer, precedes each lecture. Mrs. Nellie L. (Wiltsie) Bronson speaks Dec. 15 and 22. L. S. Richards, Chairman.

The Progressive Societies in care of Miss Phelps meet in No. 12 Howard street, up two flights, in hall. Sunday services, 10½ A. M., 3 and 7 P. M.

EAST BOSTON.—Meetings are held in Temperance Hall, No. 5 Maverick square, every Sunday, at 3 and 7½ P. M. L. P. Freeman, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10½ A. M. John T. Freeman, Conductor; Mrs. Martha S. Jenkins, Guardian. Speakers engaged:—Dr. J. N. Hodges, Dec. 29; Mrs. M. Macomber Wood during January; Mrs. Hattie E. Wilson, Feb. 2 and 9.

SOUTH BOSTON.—Spiritual Conference Meeting at 10 A. M., Lecture at 2½ P. M., in Franklin Hall (formerly the South Baptist Church), corner of C street and Broadway, every Sunday. All are cordially invited. C. H. Rines.

CHARLESTOWN.—The First Spiritualist Association of Charlestown hold regular meetings at Central Hall, No. 25 Elm street, every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes during December; Mrs. C. F. Allyn during March. Children's Lyceum meets at 10½ A. M. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10½ A. M., in the Machinists' and Blacksmiths' Hall, corner of City Square and Chelsea street, Charlestown. Dr. C. C. York, Conductor; Mrs. L. A. York, Guardian. Social Levee every Wednesday evening for the benefit of the Lyceum.

CHELSEA.—The Associated Spiritualists hold meetings at Fremont Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing at 3 and 7½ P. M. Admission—Ladies, 5 cents; gentlemen, 10 cents. Children's Progressive Lyceum assembles at 10½ A. M. Leander Dustin, Conductor; J. H. Crandon, Assistant Conductor; Mrs E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Crandon, Cor. Sec. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn during December.

The Bible Christian Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Winnisimmet Division Hall, Chelsea, at 3 and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Ricker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Ricker, Sup't.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Williams Hall, at 3 and 7 P. M. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. N. J. Willis during December.

LOWELL, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum hold *meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening*, at 2½ and 7 o'clock. Lyceum session at 10½ A. M. E. B. Carter, Conductor; Mrs. J. F. Wright, Guardian; J. S. Whiting, Corresponding Secretary.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Lyceum Association of Spiritualists hold meetings in Lyceum Hall two Sundays in each month. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 o'clock A. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, Jan. 5 and 12; H. B. Storer, Feb. 2 and 9; I. P. Greenleaf, March 1 and 8.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12 o'clock every Sunday at the same place. E. B. Fuller, Corresponding Secretary and Conductor of the Lyceum; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend during December; Isaac P. Greenleaf during January; J. G. Fish during February; H. B. Storer during March.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The Fraternal Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at Fallon's Hall. Progressive Lyceum meets at 2 P. M.; Conductor, H. S. Williams; Guardian, Mrs. Mary A. Lyman. Lectures at 7 P. M. Speakers engaged:—N. Frank White during December; S. J. Finney during January; J. G. Fish during March.

FITCHBURG, MASS.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening in Belding & Dickinson's Hall. *Speaker engaged:—Mrs. C. F. Taber during January.*

FOXBORO', MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 11 A. M.

QUINCY, MASS.—Meetings at 2½ and 7 o'clock P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets at 1½ P. M.

LYNN, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, at Cadet Hall.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7½ o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets at 12½ o'clock. Lyceum Conductor, J. W. Lewis; Guardian, Mrs. Abbie H. Potter. Speaker engaged:—Rev. Adin Ballou, Dec. 29.

PUTNAM, CONN.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday afternoon at 1½ o'clock. Progressive Lyceum at 10½ in the forenoon.

HARTFORD, CONN.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday evening for conference or lecture at 7½ o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 3 P. M. J. S. Dow, Conductor.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10½ A. M., at Lafayette Hall. H. H. Crandall, Conductor; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, Guardian.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M., in the Police Court Room. Seats free. R. A. Seaver, President; S. Pushee, Secretary.

PORTLAND, ME.—Meetings are held every Sunday in Temperance Hall, at 10½ and 3 o'clock.

BANGOR, ME.—*Spiritualists hold meetings in Pioneer Chapel* every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same place at 2 P. M. Adolphus G. Chapman, Conductor; Miss M. S. Curtiss, Guardian.

DOVER AND FOXCROFT, ME.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its Sunday session in Mervick Hall, in Dover, at 10½ A. M. E. B. Averill, Conductor; Mrs. A. K. P. Gray, Guardian. A conference is held at 1½ P. M.

HOULTON, ME.—Meetings are held in Liberty Hall (owned by the Spiritualist Society) Sunday afternoons and evenings.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday, in Masonic Hall, No. 114 East 13th street, between 3d and 4th avenues, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Conference at 12 M. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 2½ P. M. P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor; Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Guardian.

The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening in Dodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway. Conference every Sunday at same place, at 2 P. M. Seats free.

The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at Lamartine Hall, corner of 8th avenue and West 29th street. Lectures at 10½ o'clock A. M. and 7½ P. M. Conference at 3 P. M.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M., in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near Bridge street. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12½ P. M. J. L. Pool, Conductor; Mrs. S. Doolittle, Guardian.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings at Cumberland-street Lecture Room, near DeKalb avenue, every Sunday, at 3 and 7½ P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10½ A. M. J. A. Bartlett, Conductor; Mrs. R. A. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.

Spiritual Meetings for Inspirational and Trance Speaking and Spirit Test Manifestations, every Sunday at 3 P. M., and Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock, in Granada Hall (Upper room), No. 112 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn. Also, Sunday and Friday evenings, at 7½ o'clock, in Continental Hall, corner Fourth and South Ninth streets, Williamsburg. Also, Sunday at 3, and Tuesday at 7½ o'clock, in McCartle's Temperance Hall, Franklin street, opposite Post-office, Green Point. Contribution 10 cents.

WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—The Spiritualist Society hold meetings every Wednesday evening, at Continental Hall, Fourth street, supported by the voluntary contributions of members and friends.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 3½ P. M.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Meetings are held in Lyceum Hall, corner of Court and Pearl streets, every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Children's Lyceum meets at 2½ P. M. N. M. Wright, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Lane, Guardian.

TROY, N. Y.—Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings in Harmony Hall, corner of Third and River streets, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Children's Lyceum at 2½ P. M. Monroe J. Keith, Conductor; Mrs. Louisa Keith, Guardian.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists meet in Seltzer's Hall Sunday and Thursday evenings of each week. *Children's Progressive Lyceum at 2½ P. M.* Sundays. Mrs. E. L. Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian; C. W. Hebard, President Society.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Spiritual meetings are holden at the Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street. Lecture in the morning at 10½ A. M., upon Natural Science and Philosophy as basic to a genuine Theology, with scientific experiments and illustrations with philosophical apparatus. Lyceum in the afternoon. Lectur in the evening, at 7½ o'clock, by volunteer speakers, upon the Science of Spiritual Philosophy.

NEWARK, N. J.—Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold meetings in Music Hall, No. 4 Bank street, at 2½ and 7½ P. M. The afternoon is devoted wholly to the Children's Progressive Lyceum. G. T. Leach, Conductor; Mrs. Harriet Parsons, Guardian of Groups.

VINELAND, N. J.—Friends of Progress meetings are held in Plum-street Hall every Sunday at 10½ A. M., and evening. President, C. B. Campbell; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Sarah Comfort and Mrs. O. P. Stevens; Corresponding Secretary *and Treasurer, S. G. Sylvester; Recording Secretary*, H. H. Ladd. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12½ P. M. Hosea Allen, Conductor; Mrs. Portia Gage, Guardian; Mrs. Julia Brigham and Mrs. Tanner, Assistant Guardians.

HAMMONTON, N. J.—Meetings held every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M., at Ellis Hall, Belleview Avenue.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Meetings are held and addresses delivered in Harmonial Hall, Woodward's Block, 318 Pennsylvania avenue, between Tenth and Eleventh streets, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Thomas Gales Forster during December; J. M. Peebles during January; Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham during February; Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson during March; Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm during April. Conference, Tuesday, at 7 P. M.; Platonic School, Thursday, at 7 P. M. John Mayhew, President.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The "Society of Spiritualists and Progressive Lyceum" of St. Louis hold three sessions each Sunday, in the Polytechnic Institute, corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets. Lectures at 10 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Lyceum 3 P. M. Charles A. Fenn, President; Henry Stagg, Vice President; Thomas Allen, Secretary and Treasurer; Sidney B. Fairchild, Librarian; Myron Coloney, Conductor of Lyceum. Speakers engaged:—Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson Davis during December.

CLYDE, O.—Progressive Association hold meetings every Sunday in Willis Hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. A. B. French, Conductor; Mrs. M. Morley, Guardian.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, entrance on State street. Hours of meeting 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Regular Spiritualists' meetings every Sunday in the hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Mr. Wm. H. Planck, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Planck, Guardian.

RICHMOND, IND.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday morning in Henry Hall, at 10½ A. M. Children's *Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 2 P. M.*

ADRIAN, MICH.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M., in City Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at same place at 12 M.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M., in Temperance Hall, Market street, between 4th and 5th.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Meetings are held in Turn Verein Hall, on K street, every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs Laura Cuppy, regular speaker. J. H. Lewis, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 2 P. M. Henry Bowman, Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Guardian.

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 appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for *Lecturers only.*]

J. MADISON ALLYN may be addressed till Dec. 26 at Banner of Light office, Boston. After Jan. 1 his address will be Blue Anchor, N. J.

C. FANNIE ALLYN will speak in Chelsea, Mass., during December; in Providence, R. I., during January; in Putnam, Conn., *during February; in City Hall, Charlestown*, Mass., during March; in Mercantile Hall, Boston, during April. Address as above, or North Middleboro', Mass.

J. G. ALLEN, Chicopee, Mass.

MRS. N. K. ANDROSS, trance speaker, Delton, Wis.

MRS. M. K. ANDERSON, trance speaker, Taunton, Mass., P. O. box 48.

DR. J. T. AMOS will answer calls to lecture upon Physiology and Spiritualism. Address, box 2001, Rochester, N. Y.

CHARLES A. ANDRUS, Flushing, Mich., will attend funerals and lecture upon reforms.

REV. J. O. BARRETT, Detroit, Mich., care C. C. Randall.

MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Central Hall, Charlestown, Mass., during December; in Plymouth, Jan. 5 and 12; in Salem, Jan. 19 and 26; in Philadelphia during March; in Stafford, Conn., during February and May. Would like to make further engagements. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

MRS. A. P. BROWN, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, P. O. drawer 5956, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. EMMA F. JAY BULLENS, 151 West 12th st., New York.

MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass., will speak in Great Barrington, Mass., Dec. 15; in Philadelphia, Pa., during January; in Washington, D. C., during February.

MRS. M. A. C. BROWN would like to make engagements to speak. Address, West Randolph, Vt.

DR. J. K. and SADA BAILEY will answer calls to speak in Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana. Address, Adrian, Mich.

ADDIE L. BALLOU, *Inspirational speaker, Lansing, Mich.*

MRS. E. BUYE, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in the Middle and Eastern States during the winter. Address, box 7, Southford, New Haven Co., Conn.

WM. BRYAN will answer calls to lecture in Michigan and Northwestern Ohio until further notice. Address, box 53, Camden P. O., Mich.

M. C. BENT, inspirational speaker. Address, Almond, Wis. Sundays engaged for the present.

J. H. BICKFORD, inspirational speaker, Charlestown, Mass.

A. P. BOWMAN, *inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa.*

WARREN CHASE, 544 Broadway, New York.

DEAN CLARK will speak in Portsmouth, N. H., during January. Permanent address, 24 Wamesit street, Lowell, Mass.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CUMBIER will answer calls to speak in New England. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

ALBERT E. CARPENTER will answer calls to lecture and establish Lyceums. Is engaged for the present by the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association. Those desiring the services of the Agent should send in their calls early. Address, care *of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. He will lecture in Montague*, Mass., Dec 17 and 18; in Orange, Dec. 22; in Athol, Dec. 23 and 24; in North Hampton, Dec. 29; in Ware, Dec. 31; in Fishdale, Jan. 1.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN. Address, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

HENRY J. DUROIN, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Can be addressed care Wm. Rose, M. D., box 268, Springfield, O., till Dec. 8. Permanent address, Geneva, O., care W. H. Saxton.

GEORGE DUTTON, M. D., *Rutland, Vt.*

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS can be addressed at Orange, N. J.

MRS. E. DELAMAR, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass.

DR. E. C. DUNN, lecturer, can be addressed care Banner of Light during December; after that, Rockford, Ill.

A. T. FOSS is engaged for the present by the Connecticut Spiritualist Association. Will speak in Mystic Bridge, Conn., Dec. 22. Address, Hartford, Conn., care of J. S. Dow, 11 Pearl street.

S. J. FINNEY, Troy, N. Y.

MISS ELIZA HOWE FULLER, inspirational speaker, 67 Purchase street, Boston, Mass., or LaGrange, Me.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD, Galesburg, Ill., box 1002.

MRS. FANNIE B. FELTON, South Malden, Mass.

J. G. FISH will speak in Cincinnati, O., during December; in Pittsburg, Pa., during January and February; in Springfield, Mass., during March; in Philadelphia, Pa., during April; May, June, July and August, *local*; in Battle Creek, Mich., during September, and thence "Westward ho!" for the next six months. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

MISS ALMEDIA B. FOWLER, impressional and inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Nevada, Story Co., Iowa.

REV. J. FRANCIS, Parishville, N. Y.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will speak in Leominster, Mass., Dec. 29; in Worcester during January; in Plymouth, March 1 and 8. Would like to make further engagements. Address for the present, 82 Washington avenue, Chelsea, Mass., or as above.

DR. L. P. GRIGGS, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, box 1225, Fort Wayne, Ind.

N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.

MRS. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON, San Francisco, Cal.

W. A. D. HUME will answer calls to lecture during the winter. Address West Side P. O., Cleveland, O.

LYMAN C. HOWE, inspirational speaker, New Albion, N. Y.

DR. M. HENRY HOUGHTON will lecture in St. Louis, Mo., during December; in Battle Creek Mich., during January; in Rock Island, Ill., during February. Will lecture week-evenings. Address as above.

MISS JULIA J. HUBBARD would like to make engagements for the fall and winter. Address, 3 Cumston street, Boston.

MOSES HULL, Hobart, Lake Co., Ind., will speak in Rochester, Minn., during December; in Chicago, Ill., during January; in Providence, R. I., during May. Will receive calls to lecture in the Middle or Eastern States during February, March, April and June; also shall be happy to have evening engagements in the vicinity of Sunday appointments.

MRS. S. A. HORTON, 24 Wamesit street, Lowell, Mass.

MISS NELLIE HAYDEN will receive calls to lecture in Massachusetts. Address, No. 20 Wilmot street, Worcester, Mass.

MRS. ANNA E. HILL, inspirational speaker and psychometrical reader, Whitesboro', Oneida Co., N. Y.

MRS. F. O. HYZER, 60 South Green street, Baltimore, Md.

DR. E. B. HOLDEN, inspirational speaker, No. Clarendon, Vt

CHARLES HOLT, Columbus, Warren Co., Pa.

J. D. HASCALL, M. D., will answer calls to lecture in Wisconsin. Address, Waterloo, Wis.

MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON will speak in Terre Haute, Ind., during December. January and February; in Springfield, Ill., during March and April. Permanent address, Milford, Mass.

WM. H. JOHNSTON, Corry, Pa.

DR. P. T. JOHNSON, lecturer, Ypsilanti, Mich.

W. F. JAMISSON, inspirational speaker, Belvidere, Ill. Will answer calls to lecture week-day evenings within convenient distances.

ABRAHAM JAMES can be addressed at Pleasantville, Venango Co., Pa., box 34.

O. P. KELLOGG, lecturer, East Trumbull, Ashtabula Co., O., will speak in Monroe Centre the first Sunday, in Andover the second Sunday, and in Thompson the third Sunday of every month.

GEORGE F. KITTRIDGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

CEPHAS B. LYNN, semi-conscious trance speaker, will