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Original Essays.

ORIGIN OF MAN, AND HIS PLACE IN NATURE.

It is now some quarter of a century since the "Needles of Creation" appeared with its "most recent theory of man." It made no little stir among the dry bones of the old sciences and old theologies. The question has been continued, and students more or less overshadowed by it. It may be said rather to have gained ground in its physical aspect, and its great exponents would appear to-day to be Darwin with his "Natural Selection," and Prof. Huxley in the sign of chimpanzee and gorilla. Agassiz appears the leader-up of the opposite hosts, but from matter to spirit, or from spirit to matter, *quiescens*? If we embrace the whole subject, is there really any conflict of ideas? May not each hemisphere in the researches fit each other in the circle, and may not the evolution of the question depend upon the link at which you begin in the circular chain of being? The physical philosopher, by virtue of his circumscriptive positivism, can measure Nature only to the vision of the outward sense; but he may so set his facts in order as not to be out of line with the spiritual counterpart in causation. Their question brought to a point would appear to be this: Is the germ of man in matter or in spirit? But may not these be interchangeable terms—in the full order of being? To us, what is termed matter is but the exoteric spirit. Where the spirit is, there, to us, is the manifestation of life, individualized at conception from the great ocean of spirit, by the magnetism which weds it to matter, evolving the resultant form. But we may revolve in the same circle, whether we talk of matter or of spirit. We may claim all matter quickly bursting into birth, or we may claim that the Great Spirit moves upon the face of the waters, making them pregnant without much varying the sum of the matters. What is impermissible to the outward sense may be very solid to the inward or spiritual. What matters it whether we behold the spirit where other senses do but view the matter? or whether that which is first is the natural, and afterward the spiritual, as per Paul, or that the spirit was precedent, or that the twin are one? With us, the spirit is paramount—its precedent in creative order, but though all of life was in the "I am" before Abraham was, yet we were not in person, or conscious individuality, till rooted and grounded by the sexual incarnation.

As we live, move and have our being in God, we must behold him incarnate in every variety of life, from the soul of things in pollywog, chimpanzee and gorilla—in man, the paragon of animals of fullest development, and crowned the image of God, yet in larger scope of imagery as we escape the body of death and shine by spiritual growth and unfolding in the more glorious aptitude of the Almighty. What matters then, we say, whether man from pollywog jumped to chimpanzee, and this over the great gulf to man, bringing the types of all intermediates stowed away in the brain, or whether God made Adam by special creation, and Eve out of his rib, at the same time making the serpent, subtlest beast of all the field, to flank her? Says Agassiz, in his late lecture in New York City, "If it ever is proved that all men have a common origin, then it will be at the same time proved that all monkeys have a common origin; and it will be by the same evidence proved that man and monkey cannot have a different origin," &c.

What awful infidelity is this of Agassiz, that he should thus clean out Adam and Eve and the serpent, the fall, and the original sin, taking in the same sweep the first Adam of the earth earthly, and the second Adam, the Lord from heaven. If Agassiz be correct, what is to become of Milton, whose genealogical tree brought death into the world, and all our woe, with loss of Eden? If Huxley be the truer vision, who shall pride himself on genealogy when the further he goes back to the root of the tree, the nearer he approaches gorilla and chimpanzee?

Some two hundred years ago, a boy, by the name of Robert Duncanson, was cast away on the island of Madagascar. He undertook to instruct the Madagascars *envers* upon the creation and origin of man, according to the Biblical story, as written with the finger of God.

A day was appointed—the *savans* gathered to hear of the wonderful creation of the white man. Robert succeeded very well in getting Adam made; but as he began upon Eve, and proceeded to fashion her upon the rib taken from Adam, and to show that therefore woman had one more rib than man, to begrave exceeded all power of face, and the assembly exploded in a shout of laughter, loud as the Homeric gods. Not having the faith as evidence of things not seen, the matter was tested at once by setting a damsel in the midst, and counting her ribs in the sight of all Madagascar and the sun. Poor Robert was overwhelmed with the boisterous mirth of these Heathen blasphemers, and attempted no more missionary work in that direction; but he throws the blame upon the religious teaching he had received in England—the teaching as God's truth the literal nonsense of the Biblical story. We may suppose that he long remembered the success of his "prentice hand on man, and the increase of task when he made the *issues* O."

But, says Agassiz, "If it is an error to consider man as derived from monkeys, we must admit that men are not derived from a common stock, because the differences which exist among men are at the same time quite as striking as the differences which exist between monkeys and between the lowest animals." So that if the Church chooses to have the common stock of Eden, it must take the chimpanzee instead of Abraham to its father; and now, if we recollect right, there is a Cartwright D. D. on snake-charming, who does set forth that it was the chimpanzee who seduced

Eve; hence the fall of man and original sin till the coming of Christ to purge away the old leaven. Says Agassiz, "The question is whether we are the lineal descendants of monkeys or whether we are the children of a creative mind; whether we are the result of a natural evolution, or whether we are the expression of a specific act of creation." This position, by solution of continuity, borders somewhat on the miraculous by the interjection of Deity, for a specific purpose not interrelated with the natural laws, as if God did not create in evolution, as the soul of things, but by independent action. Agassiz, in "Types of Mankind," has set forth an octave of these specific creations of man with the grace notes according to the Fauna and Flora. As none of these specific creations of man happen to be within the historic period, we must take appearances as the evidence of things, which, without tongue, speak with miraculous organs. However, on this question, nothing we affirm, nothing we deny; for if we are of such stuff as dreams are made, who then shall pride himself on intellect, whose use so much depends upon the gastric juice?" At the next specific creation, however, may we be there to see how Adam and Eve are made, whether by evolution or by specific creation. According to Prof. Huxley, the day of the new Lord is at hand. He says: "Since the revival of learning, whereby the Western races of Europe were enabled to enter upon that progress toward true knowledge which was commenced by the philosophers of Greece, but was almost arrested in subsequent long ages of intellectual stagnation, or, at most, gyration, the human larva has been feeding vigorously, and moulting in proportion. A skin of some dimension was cast in the sixteenth century, and another toward the end of the eighteenth, while within the last fifty years the extraordinary growth of every department of physical science has spread among us mental food of so nutritious and stimulating a character that a new ecodysis seems imminent. But this is a process not unusually accompanied by many throes and some sickness and debility, or, it may be, by graver disturbances; so that every good citizen must feel bound to facilitate the process, and even if he have nothing but a scalpel to work withal, to ease the cracking integument to the best of his ability."

Go to—all ready! Let elder Himes and Father Cummings hurry up in the sign of the *Scorpius* to roll away the old heavens as a scroll, so that we may enter at once into the New Jerusalem. Let the new Son of Man be born by evolution or by specific creation, as is most fitting in the condition of things. We shall not stand upon the order of his coming, whether upon an ass and the foal of an ass, or upon his sign in the zodiac, flanked by a young colt of a comet—whether from the waters under the earth, as *via sacra* for cryptogamia of the turtle, or in the clouds of heaven, with the vincompoos of St. Alban's Church, in ritual tomfoolery, hobbling around to do the gin-gorbrend work, as so many chimpanzees not yet having cast the sloughs of the dark ages. We do not decide whether these fossils from the older strata belong to the "Ape more anthropoid, or to Man more plithocoid"; but what did they come from, if not from the one or the other? O. B. P.

INKLINGS OF MORAL TRUTH.

ARTICLE SIX.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

There is a remarkable solecism in the sentiment that "Whatever is, is right," in consideration of the rhetorical matter of fact that the word *right*, in its absolute moral sense as an adjective, to which it is evidently restricted in the proposition cited, does not properly apply to that grand division of things denoted by *substantive* names, but only to nouns derived from *active* and *qualitative* verbs. Thus all specifications of human conduct are truthfully designated as being either *right* or *wrong*, and some of them also as *good* or *bad*; but the latter epithets are especially appropriate to *entities*, *substances*, and their distinctive *predicates*, which are respectively conceived to be either *good* or *bad*, but never *right* or *wrong*. We never say, a right peach, or person, a wrong house, or horse, nor a right or wrong anything which has no implication of verbal action.

But there is a book entitled "The Right Word in the Right Place," (or else such has been the phrase of its advertisement), the object of which, as the author claims, is to inculcate "the right use of words," or their proper employment as symbols of thought. This example, however, does not controvert my position. It only serves to exemplify the common versatility of language, which often becomes perplexing. It suggests especially what should never be lost sight of in reasoning upon this subject; that is, how loosely the word *right* or *wrong* is wont to play in the common mind, now representing one thing and then another. The *right* word in speech concerns the occasional importance of being understood. This requires verbal precision, or the employment of those words only which are *substantive*, as to their conventional meaning, to the thoughts of a speaker or writer.

But this occasional *rightness* or *substantiveness* of words is quite distinct from their general utility as embodiments of conception and vehicles of intelligence. It is for this that all words are predominantly *good* rather than *right*; though this designation is commonly ignored in practice, for the plain reason that language is partly the result of usage, while it is used by everybody, and all are not philosophers. It is good, nevertheless, for the logical purpose to which I am about to apply, both the alleged *predicative* of peace against it, as together showing that the adjectives *good* and *right* are contemporaneous in their application, that is, the objective means of Good, and this, to all proper methods of employing them. At the same time, both *right* and *good* have two express mea-

sures of meaning, namely, the *integral* and the *partial*, as distinguished in the following AXIOMS OF MORAL SCIENCE.

1. Happiness is the integral form of essential Good; and Misery is the integral form of essential Evil.

2. Enjoyment is a partial form of essential Good; and Suffering is a partial form of essential Evil.

3. The means of Happiness are relatively good; and so are those of Enjoyment, only in a more restricted sense.

4. It is integrally right to use the means of Happiness, and integrally wrong to abuse them.

5. It is partially right to use the means of Enjoyment, and partially wrong to abuse them.

6. All the issues of right action are good, as being elements of Enjoyment.

7. All the issues of wrong action are evil, as being elements of Suffering.

Now, with this *reame* of Moral Truth before us, let us see what is to be made of the judgment under review. We see at once that the subject of the proposition, "Whatever is, is right," includes the means of Happiness which, according to the foregoing exposition, is not right, but good, as being *substantive* things; and thus we stumble on the solecism for which the whole expression was impeached in the beginning of this special criticism. That it is evident that the proposition, in distinction from the judgment which it represents, is faulty; and nothing can be fairly determined as to the merits of the latter, until the former is revised so as to meet the demands of rational conception; that is, as to free it from the solecism which prevents a perfect apprehension of what the judgment is. This can be done in a way to elucidate its logical purport without altering the value of either that or its literal import, only by the following substitute:

Whatever is, is good; and whatever is done, is right.

There can be no reasonable objection to a criticism of the judgment itself as represented by this translation of terms, which, as a whole, differs from the original text only in respect of periphrasis. This is preferable to that as being intelligible, whereas that is obscure and indefinite. There are, indeed, two predicates in this, between which the original subject is divided, making two propositions in place of one, in which, however, both were covertly contained.

Yet the proposition as amended is incomplete, inasmuch as the predicate of either of its categorical divisions is undefined, leaving room for these two queries:

1. Whether "Whatever is, is good" essentially, or relatively.

2. Whether "Whatever is done, is right" integrally, or partially.

But these inquiries are aptly intercepted by the constantly obtruding evidence that *some things* in the world of sense are good and others evil, whereas some of the *doings* of its inhabitants are right and others wrong.

I cheerfully testify to the conception that all created things and essences are good; that is to say, for the uses which they are specially fitted to serve, and which Reason is apt to discover; but I am not prepared to admit, what the judgment in question vaguely implies, that everything done by mankind, is right, in the sense that it ought to be done, and must be, "for the best good of humanity."

But these thoughts are negative. I recall my promise to say, as well as I can, what is *RIGHT*, in the strict moral sense of the word, and shall hereafter find less in the way of its fulfillment.

Hudson, Mass.

ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

Students of Nature, having observed method and rule in all the works of the Creator, are strongly disinclined to believe in any miraculous beginning of creation essentially different from what is now to be observed; and, hence, many, for want of a better, have been led to adopt the development theory of Darwin, loaded as it is with impracticabilities. But the Philosophy of Spiritualism will enable us to exhibit a plan of creation far more reasonable and acceptable.

We believe that spirit creation precedes the material organization, and that the latter is merely a visible representation of the characteristics of the former; that all organic beings, whether animal or vegetable, have each an individualized spirit which builds up its material form and controls its life and action. In this view we have the support of Agassiz, who, in his method of study, says, "The physical germ we see; the spiritual germ we cannot see, though we may trace its action on the material elements through which it is expressed."

Men of scientific investigation inform us that all organisms, whether of the vegetable or animal kingdom, originate in single cells, and that these cells have the power of self-multiplication. They have life and character, too; for each cell is seen, in its final development, to be a true representation of its parent species. Such facts, with others, observed in their life history, are amply ground for the assumption that these original cells are each subject to the manipulation of some individualized spirit. Their life and action can be no more satisfactorily accounted for by the influence of natural forces than those of the mature animal. Individualization of spirit is taught by the definite limitation of power given to each species.

Believing, then, that these individualized spirit-powers exist, whether created or not, we are prepared for the appearance of different species in the world, just at the time when the earth is in a suitable condition for them, and so dispensed with the necessity of a long lapse of ages for fishes and frogs to be transformed into birds and quadrupeds; and equally so of any miraculous violation of the order of Nature in their sudden, matured appearance.

All organisms, even the highest, must be sup-

posed to have had a humble origin at first, as well as now, and to have passed through the first stages of life in water—the common matrix of all; but passing through these lower stages would be only the natural course to a higher organization, into which they would be speedily developed, according to the design of its governing spirit. With these views we still may admit great possibilities of variation in species.

A. C.

FASHION.

BY MRS. GEORGE S. KING.

Fashion is the greatest despot in the world, and nowhere does it reign more supreme than in America. We speak of Paris fashion; true, all our models come from there, because they are the people of taste and refined manners, but also of exquisite frivolity. But there is a Parisian society which we never quote, never follow, and yet it is the best. They are the descendants of the old nobility of France, those great giants of genius, bravery and honor, like Turanne, Condé and Coligny; children of those chivalrous families, who would say to their younger sons on sending them adrift into the world when scarcely out of childhood, so great was their trust in them: "Go; here is thy father's sword and thy father's name; both are unsullied; bring them back unstained, or never meet thy mother's face again." They mostly live in the Faubourg St. Germain, some in quite reduced circumstances, others in great wealth, but they have little intercourse with strangers unless they are highly recommended to them by some dear friend—then they treat you as a brother, you go and come when you please. That society fell into the snares of fashion and unruly pleasures during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth. They followed its demands at the expense of their morals and their honor! (Alas! I very much fear we do the same.) When Louis Fifteenth introduced his favorites at Court, Mme. Dubary and others, those immoral beauties gave the ton to fashion, (and they are not the best women to-day that give us the new fashions,) they wore the same ridiculous head-dresses that we wear now, and the most costly attires, on seeing which Modesty hid her face and chaste Diana wept bitter tears. (I wonder if she weeps at present, or has become used to it?) The hallowed old furniture of honest grandmothers was discarded for decorations which made the pious blush; even the pure Maria Antoinette, who with her upright German nature, in all the freshness of youth and beauty, had come to that corrupted Court, and who cordially hated its sham etiquette, which scarcely veiled its depravity—for she had come from her pure mountain home, where to this day the countryman lifts his hat and salutes his Queen on the highway with the beautiful greeting—"Glory be to God!" while she does not disdain to answer, "Forever!" Even this pure princess, in order to propitiate her profligate father-in-law, received the favorite, followed her fashions and whims, and renovated the old castle, still perfumed with the holy prayers of St. Louis, and the sacred pictures of a better age, *à la Dubary*.

In the midst of all this corruption an angel walked. It seemed as if her pure feet but skimmed over this yawning precipice, so surrounded was she with halos of sanctity, that the pestilential atmosphere never could approach her, and as if she only stayed to alight the storm, which she heard in the distance, to try and save the victims or perish in the attempt. The early morn would find Mme. Elizabeth, the King's sister, wending her steps toward the Church, when they all slept after the revelries of the night, in which she never took part, although young and beautiful. She alone, long before prime mistletoes were aware of the fact, saw the pinched, hungry faces of the poor contract into revengeful, hideous monsters. Envy, that demon which the rich never heed, had gnawed at the heart of the workman for thirty years, and at last had eaten it away. What use was it, then, to talk of mercy? She gave all she had, and many a curse on the lips was changed in a blessing, when her pure white hand fed the hungry. She wore no gold or silver, no silks or satins, but the blue and white spotted muslin stands peerless in France to-day, for having been the favorite and humble garb of Mme. Elizabeth. She warned brother and sister of the fearful danger, but alas! what does one just one weigh in the balance against thousands of sinners? She was not heeded; then she made the sacrifice of her life. The gates of France were opened to her, for fury and vengeance had not yet reached their height. But such souls do not fly; she would die with the loved ones she could not save! And when they dragged this ill to the guillotine, the wretches did not dare to accuse her, only they said, "She has royal blood and she must die!" She stands immaculate in French history and in the Catholic religion, and that Church is rich in saints. As the purest martyr that ever trod the earth, it is said that her name in spirit-life is "Queen of the Morn'!" How faithfully must angels have watched her early footsteps and recorded them in heaven. The wrecks of that old nobility remember such victims, as well as the fearful cost of extravagance in those days, when they first forgot the golden rule: "Love God with thy whole heart, and thy neighbor as thyself"; and when they descended from their lofty pedestals of virtue, honor and truth, to follow strange gods, they fell by thousands into the whirlpool of dissipation, and thence were dragged, with their innocent children, under the axe of the executioner.

They are called proud and exclusive. It is not the case. Those who have been admitted into their homes have found them simple and unpretending; but they are serious and severe toward themselves and toward others. They have been baptized with blood, which like a holy rain, has purified them into coming generations. They still weep for their fathers. They mistrust the deceitful pleasures and fashions of the Court,

which have proved so ruinous to countries and individuals. They wish to avoid, if possible, a second reign of terror, which in Paris is always to be dreaded, where the lower classes are thoroughly imbued with the idea of social equality. Sad experience has taught them that neither men nor women can spend the gifts of God in worthless pleasures, nor lavish on themselves what has been entrusted to them for the welfare of all. In no quarter of the city do we see such devotion or unbounded charity; such alacrity of manners or such Christian lives. Who does not remember the old and oddly dressed gentlemen in brown, who dares to scorn the fashions of the present day, and still wears the threadbare coat of another age, coming from or going to the Madeleine, a parcel of clothes under one arm, and a faded umbrella in the other, heavenly peace in his clear blue eyes, and snow-white locks on his manly brow, while ministering to his fellowmen?

Ladies in black, with faded shawls which their grandmothers might have worn, but with faces so finely molded that you know them to be of high degree—they bend toward the crippled beggar at the church door, comforting his misery. They dare, after years of tribulation, to go unattended and on foot to do the right, without asking, "What will fashion say?" They dare at last to be Christians, mindful of God and his children, careless for the world and its corrupt ways. Why, dear friends, do we not follow their fashions to do good, to wear what we please, and to stand on our own responsibility? Why do we not heed the lesson which they have learned at such cost, rather than follow the foolish milliners or head-dressers who laugh at our expense, and at the expense of our husbands' purses, and often at the cost of their honor. We stand just where they stood eighty years ago, with the same elements of society around us, only still more radical. Our country is composed of free men, of free thinkers; they will demand their rights from us, some day, with blood, unless we grant them freely. We must cooperate in the great work of liberating humanity from too severe taxation of labor, from ignorance in its duties and from abject poverty. The work devolves chiefly on women; let them be helpful to their husbands, good mothers, true wives and less fashionable, frugal, satisfied with little without desire to outshine each other in dress; in virtue and simplicity let competition go as far as you please. Then will your husbands need less for your support, and become themselves more honest and just toward their co-workers. Let women value each other not for their moral worth, and so teach their children that the great Father of our Country may not from above regret the struggles he has undergone to make you true to God and true to man.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

A philosophical history of the art of healing would be strange and suggestive—details of theories which checked its growth for centuries; accounts of its secrets hoarded by the priests; the slow progress of its success in regard to diseases, known by the fact that it was two thousand years after medicine was used and acknowledged as a science that the circulation of the blood was discovered, and the opposition to the introduction of inoculation seems incredible to us who have witnessed the rapid developments of alleviating and curative agents; when mineral and vegetable substances are analyzed, and combined with a skill never known before; when human magnetism and chloroform render physical suffering almost impossible, and pain is exorcised from the system by a magical process. Brilliant discoveries line the road of medical professors from the time of Galen and Paracelsus up to Hahnemann, whose wisdom left Nature to operate with science in the exigencies of disease. Modern science has abolished the custom that once prevailed of periodical depletion, and the life-blood spouts no longer from open veins, draining from Nature her curative powers.

In the hands of a skillful and scientific physician, the stethoscope becomes a divining rod, as internal organisms reveal their secret and dangerous conditions to this power. Habits of acute observation, tact and ability teach him the required remedies; and if he has an aptitude for his art, joined with sympathy and energy, his magnetic gifts of away the tides of life, and he stands among his brother practitioners a medical reformer. The true physician will ever exert an ardent investigation of diseases of the mind as well as those of the body; soothe the impatient; suppress their doubts and nervous fears, as moral alchemy is a conjoiner to the healing process. To be a successful operator, he must fully sympathize with the cause of the mental disorder, not ridicule the sensitive, or become impatient with their complaints. This would be a hot coal to their delicate and tender nerves. He should be strictly honorable and humane, for he often fills the office of a confessor and comforter. By the exigencies of cases, he gains control, and enters in rapport with his patient; gaining the confidence due a friend as well as that of a physician, and being revered as a counselor, he far more able to effect a cure. The mysteries of birth and agonies of death are familiar to his gaze. He witnesses the triumph of faith over the falling flesh; listens to the words of remorse, the groans of the despairing, until his sympathies are excited, and he learns to calm even deeper causes of suffering, mental and physical. He enters into the sanctum of the homes and hearts of his patients; a privileged one, and beholds Nature stripped of all disguise. Hatred, love and revenge hide not their attributes from him. He reads, as from a book, the secret souls of his patients. This confidence is all the honorable to both parties—where one confides, and the other ministers to mental and bodily diseases, both by medical practice, elevates and

consoles by a delicate appreciation, brotherly love and sympathy.

The study of *material medica* leads the intellectual student beyond the limits of the profession, until, by varied branches, he gains knowledge of all hygienic laws and becomes a sworn in medical and anatomical knowledge, and practice daily improves each science.

Among the greatest of physicians who have passed away we rank Dr. B. Rush, who left the form April 19, 1813, in his sixty-eighth year. His death caused a vacancy deeply regretted by his friends and those of his profession. He wrote "Medical Inquiries," a work on "Diseases of the Mind," and many others of merit. He traveled in Europe, and received medals from crowned heads, as well as other nobles. His treatment of yellow fever was successful. His medical practice was of the old school, but his knowledge was varied, his erudition extensive. His devotion to the advancement of his profession was earnest and sincere. That has rendered his name immortal. Many spirit-mediums know of his power as a spirit; he ever comes to do them good, and they all value his prescriptions as beyond all price. He controls with a strict sense of justice, stern and dignified, but enforces obedience by his vast knowledge, kindness and benevolence, ever exerted in favor of the sufferer. Happy the patient who has this good spirit as a physician. May his last words that he uttered on earth be remembered, their precept followed—"Be indulgent to the poor."

Spiritual Phenomena.

W. F. Anderson, the Spirit-Artist.

Though having read much of Spiritualism for many years, and sought, in every way I could, to learn and fathom its truths, it was only recently that I was enabled to investigate that phase of mediumship, which furnishes, by spirit-aid, pictures of our departed but loved friends.

"Who have crossed to the hills beyond,
And walk together, hand in hand."

A few days ago, while in the city of New York, I called upon Mr. Anderson, at his own house, No. 201 East 40th street, and who is known to be the best medium of the kind in the country. I found him to be truly, as report has often come to me, that no more amiable people than he and his lady could be found anywhere.

Repairing to a quiet room on the third floor, we entered at once into conversation upon the subject of my visit, when very soon he fell into a sleepy condition, as manifested by his speech and action, and then began to describe certain spirit-friends whom he said were in the room with me. Many of his descriptions I could fully identify; others I could not, on account, as I supposed, of their having died so long ago that I had no reliable recollection of them; and yet they were those whom I most desired to know of. In a short time preparations were made, and he repaired to his room, leaving me, and closing the door after him, and in much less than an hour returned with a fine picture for me. I desired a picture of my mother; whether the one I got is correct or not, I cannot tell, for I was quite young when she died, and some thirty years that have intervened since she died have faded away all traces of a recollection of her. Yet I have some friends at a distance from whom I will soon ascertain of the genuineness of the picture. My convictions, however, are that the picture is good, and I am fully satisfied that Mr. Anderson can produce correct pictures of such of the departed friends as present themselves to his mind. He does not propose to produce pictures of any one desired by the applicant, but only such of his or her friends as may present themselves to him. On entering his room to take a picture, he at once falls asleep and passes, as he says, into the control of the spirits, and they draw, by the use of him as a medium, the picture. On awakening from his sleep, he is greatly exhausted, and says that many times the labor is so severe that he is compelled to take his bed for the greater part of a day. No one who visits Mr. Anderson will accuse him of deception or yielding to silly influences. Giving each man the command of his own senses, he must be a fool or a bigot who will not yield to evidence.

The opportunity is offered to all who choose to test the truth of this phase of mediumship. Mr. Anderson has his terms and conditions, and when they are complied with, he will draw, by invisible power, the likeness of those whom he has never seen or known. The work is a miracle greater than ever performed in Palestine or Persia, and those who have read the history and teachings of our beautiful Philosophy, must know that there has been a stream of life and mystery running and murmuring through all times, whose thither side touched unknown shores. L. U. REAVIS.

Remarkable Physical Manifestations.

EDITORS OF THE BANNER—A few weeks ago I attended a circle in Salem, Mass., held at the residence of Mr. Isaac Parker, Mrs. Margaret LeFavour acting as medium. The manifestations through this lady, I consider the best calculated to convince skeptics of the reality of spirit-power of anything of the kind that I ever witnessed, from the fact that they are produced in a brilliantly lighted room. We formed the circle around a large extension table, some eighteen or twenty persons, many of whom were skeptics, being present. Soon after we were seated at the table, the rapping commenced, the loudest and most distinct I ever heard. I had the satisfaction of sitting by the side of the medium, and conversed with her a good deal during the séance. She has a large card on which is the printed alphabet, and holding a pencil in her hand, she draws it over the letters, and in this way words and sentences are spelled out very rapidly, loud raps indicating the right letters. A guitar, a small drum, and a common dinner-bell were placed under the table. At the request of the spirits, Mr. J. H. Parker played on a violin, when the invisible power immediately commenced a beautiful accompaniment on the guitar under the table. Mr. Parker, an excellent violinist, changed rapidly from slow to quick music, but the performer on the guitar evidently understood what he was about, and kept perfect time with the violin. The drum was also played upon, and the bell rung sufficiently to demonstrate to our sense of hearing that an intelligent power was at work upon them. The room, as I have before observed, was brilliantly lighted, and while the manifestations were taking place the medium was often conversing with myself and others in the room. She remained in a perfectly normal condition, and declared herself unconscious of realizing that any power was being drawn from her to help produce the manifestations.

It seems to me that the circumstances under which these wonderful things occur, preclude the possibility of deception or humbug on the part of the medium. I was very highly pleased with the appearance of Mrs. LeFavour, aside from her powers as a medium, and I do not think that she will be the means of convincing thousands of intelligent minds that are anxiously seeking light on the subject of Spiritualism, that those whom they have mourned as dead are living, and have power to return and speak words of consolation, of hope and cheer to our poor mortals in this "vale of tears." Yours truly, W. F. ANDERSON.

Gloucester, Mass., Jan., 1868.

Children's Department.

By MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
Addressed to Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 29,
Station D, New York City.

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

THE SNOW SHOWER.

We have often, in the later weeks of winter, alight falls of snow, that come so gently that not a twig is moved by the white shower. These snow showers make the earth look so white and pure that one feels, while looking at it, as he does when looking on the face of a sleeping baby. Everything is white in the country; the fences, the rocks, the evergreens, the leafless trees—it is a great expanse of purity. In the city the grey, grimed streets become luminous with their whiteness. The railings, the sign-boards, the blackened roofs—all look fair and as if signs of all purity within.

There is one thing more than anything else that this white snow represents. It is *loving charity*—the charity that can cover up the wrongs and sins of others with tender wishes and forgiving thoughts. The world looks very black and begrimed sometimes, when we see it through the evil deeds of men, but when we look beyond all this and see all men striving to gain the better and nobler, and when we can find in all the life of the same loving Father, then the world becomes white in its purity. I will tell you a true story about this same charity that saves people from becoming gloomy and morose.

Melinda—whom everybody called Millie—and her little sister Molly, were invited to spend the holidays with some friends in the country, and a very fine time they expected to have. It was a pleasant change to go from the city, with its shaded rooms and its noisy streets, into the broad, free, still country. The visit had long been talked of, and many plans were formed as to the pleasures of each day. It was estimated just how much skating could be done, how much sleigh-riding, how much corn-popping, how much nut-cracking.

Little Molly built castles quite as high as the moon, and filled them with all sorts of wonderful things, whenever she tried to talk about the anticipated visit. Millie was a grave, quiet body, but so full of loving wishes for Molly that she hardly thought of herself.

The day came, crisp and cold, but so full of electric life that Molly's feet could hardly keep still, and her hair "flew all ways of a Sunday," as Millie used to say when she combed it. But at last the garments were all suitably arranged, and every apron and pinafore in its right place in the carpet bag, and they were off over the ferry and in the horse-cars, that stretched out like friendly arms to bear them away to their delight.

Whether it was the great cold or the excitement, seemed doubtful, but Molly began to look pale soon after they were in the cars, and she cared no more for the "nanny-goats," or the "click-dees," that Millie eagerly showed to her, and by the time they reached their place of destination, she hung her head in quite a pitiful way.

But their attendant left them looking like two little birds that had alighted on a cherry tree, so very beautiful seemed the termination to their long cherished expectations. There was everything to please the eye in the place they had come to, and Molly grew gay as she looked about upon the pretty country scene.

They were ushered into a parlor, where everything seemed as grand as a palace, and into which came a soft mellow light, that Millie fancied like that which radiated from the gate of pearl in the celestial kingdom. But the merry voices of the children that they expected to meet did not come, and they listened and waited till Molly grew so tired that she laid her head down on her sister's lap, and in her little heart wished she was at home. They were soon ushered into a room which was to be their sleeping room while there, and here it was revealed that the children had gone off on a skating frolic, and would not be back till evening.

"We hurried all for nothing," said Molly.
"So we did," replied Millie, "but then we did not know but there was something to hurry for. But we won't mind; you can lie down and take your nap, and I can tell you a story, and then it will be most time for them to come."

"Oh, yes," said Molly, as if she had discovered the passage to the North Pole, "that'll be 'pendid. Tell about the little lame chicken, and how the little girl put it in a hat so softly."

Molly put her little chubby figure in an attitude of repose, and shut up her eyes all but a little peeping-out place, and Millie's sweet voice soothed her to rest. But her cheeks grew crimson red, and her lips felt hot as Millie touched them with her cheek. She waked to cry with a pain in her head, and to wish for papa, and to want to go home, so that Millie had to hold her and coax her, and tell all the stories she could remember to keep her from crying.

Toward evening there was a great shouting and hurrahing, and Molly got down from her sister's lap, and they looked out of the window to see the merry party of riders alight from the great sleigh. They were not long alone, for boys and girls came up somewhat like a whirlwind into the quiet room, upsetting chairs, filling up the narrow spaces with a great many mittens and tippets, and a great deal of cold air. Molly's face looked like a beautiful rose, and as Millie tied on her white apron and led her down behind the children, who cried out, "Come down to dinner; we're as hungry as bears," she seemed like one of those fat cherubs of Raphael that smile through the ages.

The children did seem as hungry as bears, and everybody else, for they did not notice that Molly could not eat a mouthful of the rich food. The ladies called her a little beauty, and treated Millie as if she were her mamma; and the gentlemen talked about the skating and the horses, and the children ate their dinners as if it was the only sensible thing in the world to be done.

"Now we must be off," said Mark, the oldest.
"Hurry up, Ben, or we'll leave you. You see," he said, turning to Millie, "we are going out for a little fun by moonlight. You can go, too; both the girls are going."

Millie looked up with a glad smile, but in a moment she remembered Molly.

"It's Molly's bedtime soon."

"Sarah can put her to bed," said Ben.

"You won't go away off and leave me," said Molly, a little mist-gathering about her eyes.

"No, no, darling," she said, with a kiss on her forehead.

"Well, if you can't go, then we'll be off, come girls," said Mark. And away they went for socks, caps, mittens and hoods, while Millie took her sister up the stairs again, and quieted her as well as she could, for her head was hot, and she was irritable and sick.

In this way passed another day, and still another, and Molly, though the place was ever half as delightful as the home she had left, and so which her wishes every moment turned.
At last on the third day in the afternoon a storm came up, which sent the children all home; and they were at last ready to entertain their guests; but Molly was too ill to be amused, and it was not until she was asleep that Millie was free. She was a kind-hearted, generous girl, and was willing to give up all the object she had received, and she prepared herself for an evening full of pleasure. Several gamesters proposed and entered into with real delight. When they were all weary with exercise, Mark insisted on playing cards. Millie was quite an expert player, often taking a hand with her sister at home.

She was placed as partner to the most quiet member of this family, Ben, and so very attentive was she to the game, and such good leads did she make, that her side bet every time. Mark got very angry, and threw up his hands, and then called his brother and sister to one side, and there was a great whispering.

"Of course she cheated, and cheating is as bad as lying," said Mark.

"I saw her cheat," said Ben.

"So did I," said Mark.

"She changed the cards," said Ben.

"So she did," said Mark; "pshaw, who could n't beat?"

Millie heard a part of their words, and Ben told her the rest. The hot blood rushed into her face, and she felt ready to cry, but the ring of the door-bell diverted them all, and the arrival of her father made her forget her trouble for a moment. It was not strange that she insisted on going home the next morning, although her visit was to have lasted a week longer. Molly was so glad when she held her own little doll in her arms once more, and could trot about in the loving atmosphere of home, that she soon recovered.

But Millie was silent about her visit, and only answered questions in monosyllables for a few hours, when all her pent-up indignation broke out.

"To ask us there, and then treat us like dogs," she exclaimed; "to go off and leave us, and never ask us if we would have anything, and then to call us a cheat and a liar. Oh I wish they were all in Bala-hak. I wish I'd never gone there. I hate them all. I never will speak to them again. They are worse than thieves; they steal what you like best, your good name; and they went and told it all the next day; I know, for they said they would."

When the worst was all said, Millie was silent, and little Molly, who had only half comprehended the trouble, called out,

"Come see this show; ain't it pretty?" It looks as if all the geese were flying over and letting their fudders down. See how pretty the street looks; it's covered up all the naughty mud."

Millie's papa had listened to her outbreak, but had not replied; he also looked out on the white snow.

"So it does, darling, cover up all the naughty mud. Is there anything that can cover up other naughty things?"

"I don't know," said Millie; "I wish there was."

"Would you cover it over your visit if you could, so that it would seem only white and fair?"

"How can I, papa?" said Millie.

"Let me tell you; there is always a reason for all the ill natural, disagreeable things in the world. Mark and Ben were born to be a rule life, until their father got some money and called himself a rich man, and that was only a year ago, so these children have not been taught good manners. They are somewhat like little Arabs, as wild and free."

"But that need not make them tell lies," said Millie.

"Of course not. But let me tell you a little anecdote. There was once a very unreasonable king who demanded very unreasonable things of his subjects. If there happened to be an artist among his courtiers, he declared that every one should paint him a picture. If one was a musician, he got angry if any other one he called upon could not sing him a song. So one day there came to his court a painter, and that day the king fancied he would have a boxing match. As the painter knew nothing about games he made a great fool of himself by trying his hand at boxing, and so the king got angry and sent him away. He went to his room, and took up his brushes, and painted a picture. In this he represented all kinds of animals doing the very thing they were unfitted for. He represented a monkey catching a rat, a cat turning a spit, a cow with a saddle carrying a lady to ride, while a horse trotted behind his master like a dog, an elephant was trying to make a nest in some hay, and a pig was harnessed into a carriage. Each animal bore some resemblance to one of the hangers-on about the king, so it was full of comic life. The production of the picture soon got noised about, and the king demanded to see it. He had sense enough to understand the meaning, and afterwards was wise enough to let people do what they were fitted for.

Now, my Millie, you will find that in the world the good Father has not given all his gifts to one child, but scattered them about in a very wise manner. He has given you the grace of unselfish love, but to Mark he has given something else that by-and-by will shine out in its own way. But we have to wait for these gifts to appear. I do not doubt but by-and-by Mark will make a great politician, who will be very shrewd in finding out other people's roguery, and thus perhaps keep himself from cheating.

As for little Ben, she will make a good governor's wife, who will look after her husband's interests; and quiet Ben will no doubt be the happy head of a respectable family, and quite admired for the simple way in which he says, 'yes, yes.'

As for our little Millie, she'll take the best care of all the sick babies she can find; and our Millie will be one of the dearest of sisters, to half the world when she finds the beautiful white mantle of charity to throw over the ill manners and evil speech of those whom she don't yet quite understand, and whose good gifts may be only hidden from her eyes."

"See," said Molly; "the snow has hid every black spot; it's just like the Millie now."

"So it is," said Millie, kissing her; "and it's all white now over our visit, and I ain't sorry a bit that I went, only I don't want to go again."

"That's all right; never repeat a disagreeable event if you can help it, but when it is over let it be as white as the untrodden snow."

"There isn't a bit, not a twenty bit of blackness now," insisted Molly.

"Not a bit, darling; it's all white, as white as the great gate of pearl," said Millie.

Humility! the sweetest, loveliest flower that blossomed in Paradise, and the first that died. It has rarely blossomed since on mortal soil. It is so frail, so delicate a thing.

It is gone if it but look upon itself.

And she who ventures to esteem it hers, Proves by that single thought she has it not.

WILLIAM AND CHARLES GRANT.

In Dickens's story, Nicholas Nickleby, he introduces two characters under the name of "The Brothers Cheryble." They were so noble, generous, and true to the ideal of the gentleman, men that they were pronounced real characters, and were afterwards acknowledged as such. Their real names were William and Charles Grant.

They were the sons of a farmer in Inverness-shire. A sudden flood swept away the valuable portion of their land, and all their other possessions. The father and his son William started out to begin life somewhere else. They traveled southward until they came to Bury, where William served an apprenticeship in some print works.

When the brothers started forth to find a place for a final settlement, they felt doubtful which course to take. They came to the top of the hill near Walsley. It was a pleasant spot—the river Irwell wound about through the valley, and the homes below them looked pleasant and peaceful, but it was equally agreeable on all sides. They saw nothing to tempt them in one direction more than another. So they took a straight stick, and placing it in an upright position, said that the way in which it fell, thither they would turn their steps. It fell toward the village of Ramotham, and they were true to their word, and that place they declared their home.

They began with no means but their industrious, prudent habits. They had to toil through many years as workmen, but finally they were the centre of all the country about. They erected cotton mills and print works of great extent, in which were employed a great number of hands. For the benefit of these they erected churches and established schools, and spared no expense that could benefit the class to which they once belonged.

The valley that they once looked down upon as poor strangers, teemed with wealth and prosperity of their gathering. They accumulated five millions of dollars there, but better than that they had the gratitude and love of thousands. In their days of prosperity they erected a tower on the exact spot where they raised their guiding wand—the little stick that was to direct their steps—this they made a kind of thank-offering, an expression of their gratitude to the Providence which had directed their steps to this fortunate spot.

An anecdote of these brothers will serve to show that Dickens has not overwrought their characters. A warehouseman published a pamphlet full of abuse against the firm of Grant Brothers, holding up the older partner to ridicule, calling him "Billy Button." When William was shown the pamphlet, he said simply, "Oh the man will live to repent of what he has done." When the libel was heard of this quiet reply, he said, "He thinks that I will some day be in debt to him, but I will take good care that it shall never happen."

But in business a man can never know just where his transaction will lead. The libel became bankrupt, and in order ever to do any business again, it was necessary to obtain the signature of the firm of Grant. The poor bankrupt knew not what to do; his pride and his fear both stood in his way; but on the other hand his wife and children were likely to starve if he did nothing. At last he forced himself to ask the great favor of the ones he had tried to injure.

It chanced that when he called "Billy Button" was in, who immediately received him in his counting-room, and bid him shut the door. The trembling man saw his hopes all flying through the crack of the door as it closed.

"You wrote a pamphlet against this firm, I believe, sir," said William Grant, as he took the paper requiring his signature. It was soon handed back signed.

"We never refuse to sign the certificate of an honest tradesman, and I never heard you were anything else."

The poor man could not keep the tears from his eyes as he took the paper.

"I see," said William, "that what I said has proved true. I am sure you repent trying to injure us."

"I do, I do," said the man, "I bitterly repent it."

"Well, well, you know us better now; but tell me how you expect to get on?"

The man explained that he hoped to be able to go on with his business, but that his family were meantime suffering for the necessities of life.

William Grant took a fifty dollar note from his pocket and gave it to the astonished man, who was so overcome by this kindness that he could not speak, but wept like a child. It is no wonder that Dickens desired to place such noble characters in his imperishable works, where they will stand as bright examples for ages to come. It is pleasant to know that proofs of their benevolence came to the knowledge of Dickens, who was able to raise a greater monument to their memory than the costliest marble could form, for as long as the English language is read, the "Brothers Cheryble" will be remembered and honored.

Deal Gently with a Little Child.

[A child, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied: "Somebody trod upon it, I suppose, when it was little."]

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a grievous moral wrong.

Give it play and never fear it;
Active life is no defect;
Never, never break its spirit;
Goad it only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Onward must it flow forever—
Better teach it where to go.

A Singular Story.

The following extracts published in the *Revue Spirituelle*, translated from an old work printed in Amsterdam in 1742, which supports the doctrine taught by the *Revue* of the "doubling" of one's self, and the power of the spirit to take another form.

This old writer says, "The spirit can abandon its prison and go where it pleases, and clothe itself with what form it pleases," and in support of this, the author reports the following singular fact, inserted in an ancient chronicle, and attributed to Thomas Gordon, a pious and veracious English knight of the seventeenth century.

The King of the country of Gaul was at war with the King of Great Britain. Their armies were in the field, anxious to complete the combat. The King of Gaul, after a forced march of forty hours, stopped at the head of his troops in an advantageous place, by the side of a brook that ran by the foot of a steep, rocky mountain. Being extremely fatigued, he lay down and slept, and his officers, surrounding him, amused themselves with a game of quoits. Hardly had he fallen asleep, when one of his courtiers called the

others to look at a strange sort of butterfly that had issued from the open mouth of the King, and was then striving to cross the brook, its short and badly disposed wings not permitting it to fly, except by hops. One of the officers, pitying the poor thing, took his cimeter, and going to the brook lay it so that the point touched the other side, and immediately the little insect passed over upon it. The astonished spectators now gave it all their attention. They saw it enter a cage, the opening of which was under the rocks. They kept their eyes upon the place. In about a quarter of an hour it reappeared, returning the same way it went, and when arrived at the water it was again held to serve for a bridge, which it traversed with great tranquility, and continued its route and entered the mouth of the King, who immediately awoke. His officers approached him, intending to divert him with the recital of the strange sight they had witnessed; but he forestalled them by saying: "I have had a pleasant dream. I passed a river upon an iron bridge, and perceiving a cavern among the rocks in the mountain, I entered, with the assurance that I should there find a treasure. My presentiment was fulfilled. After walking for a quarter of an hour I found a chest containing gold and silver. I took it away, and it served me usefully." The officers, who had listened with astonishment, then related what had passed before their eyes. The King, amazed at the conformity of the fact to his dream, sent immediately to the nearest village for torches, and when they came, went directly to the place where the butterfly was seen to enter, and there found considerable treasure, by means of which he effectually subjugated the enemy.

Great Success of Missionary Labor in Northern Wisconsin.

Believing that the plan of Missionary labor carried out in the Northern Wisconsin Association of Spiritualists, might contain suggestions of importance in similar movements, beside letting the public know what we are doing in this part of the State for the spread of our beautiful philosophy, I cheerfully lay the following particulars before the readers of the Banner of Light.

I commenced my labors in this Association as Missionary Agent about the middle of November last, and have already formed my circuit, and organized regular meetings in ten places. These places I visit once every lunar month on uniform days of the week. And herein I believe lies one great secret of our success; for success it has thus far proved beyond our most sanguine expectations. The idea of regular stated meetings, though they may be four weeks apart, seems to inspire the friends of Spiritualism with an interest which I have never seen manifested on the occasion of a brief course of lectures, which leaves the future uncertain whether they will ever have another meeting or not. We live in anticipation, and look forward with joy to any approaching event that is to bring us pleasure or profit. But the heart grows sick with hope deferred. Much of present enjoyment is destroyed if we feel that possibly this may be the last. How often have we speakers, at the close of a brief course of lectures, heard the inquiry made with a sigh, "Will we ever have any more meetings?"

I think our Missionary laborers should have a circuit, with a dozen places or so in it, which they should travel over, speaking in each place as often as once in four weeks on a given day or evening. Not as much territory would be traveled over, it is true; but I think far more good would be accomplished. Permanent societies would thus be built up, and funds much more easily raised. I have been surprised at the liberal subscriptions of money to sustain regular monthly meetings throughout our Association, some small country places raising as high as \$125 a year. The aggregate amount in ten places is something over \$1,500, with the first quarter mostly paid in. The four places that are favored with Sunday meetings, Appleton, Neenah, Omro and Berlin, raise each about \$250. And so deep is the interest, and so earnest the demand for regular meetings, at many places even where I cannot go, that I believe the Executive Committee will have sufficient material encouragement to put another lecturer on the circuit before the close of the present year. And yet my circuit does not embrace a sixth part of the State of Wisconsin. I am satisfied that if the plan which our Association has chosen, viz: a circuit, with regular monthly meetings at the principal places in it, should be generally adopted, four or five more Missionary laborers might find all they could do, and be well remunerated, in the State of Wisconsin alone. And there are other advantages in this system, that our weary, travel-worn speakers have too little enjoyed. They can have a home. By locating at some feasible point in the circuit, they can spend much of their time in the retirement and quiet of the home circle. If they speak once on Sunday, and two evenings during the week, it is as much as any lecturer ought to do, and keep it up month after month and year after year.

Now that I have got my meetings organized, the societies that I address on Sundays are taking steps to organize that important auxiliary (though which is the "auxiliary" is a question)—the Children's Progressive Lyceums. When these are organized, the friends, old and young, can come together every Sunday, and on every fourth Sunday have speaking in connection with the Lyceum. We also hold a two-days' Convention of the entire Association every three months. These quarterly meetings have been kept up nearly two years before I came here to labor, and they are generally very largely attended by friends from all parts of the Conference.

Such is the plan of Missionary operations carried out by the Northern Wisconsin Association of Spiritualists. By the aid of good angels it has proved a great success, and the powers of darkness and error are trembling before its mighty power. I at first reluctantly accepted the invitation to become the Missionary Agent of this Association; but the deep interest everywhere manifested in our angel truths, and the many warm-hearted souls that give me encouragement and strength in this holy mission, have so lightened my labors and cheered my heart, that I must be very insensible, indeed, if I could not now say that I rejoice at my good fortune to be allowed to perform such labors of love. My audiences are everywhere large and appreciative. Indeed, I think in every place where we have meetings organized, our gatherings are a third larger, with ten times more intelligence than any Protestant Church in these places can claim.

Hopeful that these suggestions and the success of our Association will induce the friends of Spiritualism and religious reform in every part of our flourishing State and in other States to organize Missionary labor, to carry the evangel of spiritual truth to every neighborhood throughout our land, I bid the million readers of the *Banner of Light* an affectionate farewell.

Missionary Agent for Northern Wisconsin,
Appleton, Wis., Jan. 24, 1868.

The language of the sole—Creaking boots.

THE FORSAKEN.

BY GERTRUDE M. HAZARD.

There is joy in the future for thee,
On sorrow and despair of the world,
In a day whose swift coming I see,
Shall the sails of thy life-bark be furled.
On a shore where break never the waves of despair,
And the anchor of Hope shall thy anchor be there.

Through tempest of sorrow and sin,
Faint calm of repentance, whose peace
Did but usher the hurricane in,
Thou art bearing the regions where cease
The wild raging and tumult of wind and of wave,
And the hands of the angels are mighty to save.

They are near thee! thy heart's bitter cry
Placed the night which fell black on life's sea,
O'er the roar of the waves rising high,
And swiftly they hasten to thee;
Oh fear not behold them! they stand at the helm,
No more shall the surges thy bark overwhelm.

There is love in the future for thee,
Oh thou, who thy mockery hast known,
And the pure arms of angels shall be
Around thee with benedictions thrown;
And they shall split from thy spirit at last,
Thy terrible burden, the weight of the past.

Thou art bowed to the earth 'neath its load,
And hardly can hope enter in,
Oh believe that forever the Good
Follows fast on the footsteps of Sin.
In thy soul's bitter anguish and weal of despair
I hear the sure witness of God, speaking there.

Oh cast off the pall of the past—
A new life for thy deed shall atone,
And luminous, glorious and vast,
Shall pass, present and future be one—
All memory of darkness swept wholly away,
In the light that shall dawn on thy spirit for aye!

The Lecture Boom.

Musio Hall Lectures, Boston.

On Sunday afternoon, January 18th, Professor William Denton lectured on Spiritualism in Musio Hall. A very large audience assembled to listen to his remarks, which were often highly applauded. A brief synopsis of his discourse will be found below:

The lecturer said that the works of nature and the cities of men disappeared from earth—but science was eternal; time wrote its wrinkles on her brow. Science was the rock of ages; what was built on her should stand forever—what was not, should assuredly perish. Where were the gods of the ancients—Jupiter and his attendant train—the gods who received the worship in their time of such men as Cicero and Seneca? They had all vanished from the face of day. They were not founded on science, so they were gone. When was the magnificent tower that stood on Mount Moriah? Where the priest and the Levite? The temple was gone, and the merest vestige of the story of its grand existence.

But it was said Christianly lived; yes, whatever of truth it contained was handed down the generations, but the narrowness and genuflections of creeds were as wood and hay and stubble, and when the fire came, nothing but their ashes would remain.

Were we, as Spiritualists, building better than those of old? Was our work more stable in its character than theirs? Should we dread when the trial came, and we saw the waves rising up to heaven and sinking down to hell? Did we found immovably on this rock of science our belief in the soul's immortality? It was a fact, until recently, that as fast as men became advanced in science they became doubters; so that the saying arose that when we saw three good physicians, we saw two atheists. What was the reason of this? Because science dealt only with what our senses acknowledged—what our eyes could see, our ears hear, our fingers handle. But as science progressed in its investigations phenomena were discovered, which presented no existence in nature to account for them. All the senses were not needed to exist in their testimony in order to prove the existence of a fact. Take an apple, for instance: we could see it, smell it, taste it, feel it; but if we could not smell it we should still know it was an apple. But there were some things which were taken cognizance of by even fewer senses—a quartz crystal, for instance, which could be seen, felt, heard (if dropped), but could not be smelled or tasted. The air we breathed could be heard and felt in motion, but three senses, smelling, tasting and seeing gave no evidence of its existence; two of our senses recognized it, but if we only had those senses which did not, we could form no idea that it was around us. If one individual was possessed of all five of the senses, while his companion possessed only three, would it be possible for him to convince them of the powers he possessed, and the objects he could discover by his additional perceptions? No! They would not believe him. We could not smell, feel, hear, or taste the stars in the heavens; they appeared only to one sense—sight—to prove that they were there. Now suppose the inhabitants of earth to be blind; could they be led to believe in astronomy? There was a time in the world's history when only one species had the sense of sight; could that one have demonstrated to the rest the glories of the universe unaided to him? No, they would have called him a fool!

The lecturer said it was a scientific fact that there was electricity in the dead before him. Skeptical people might say where was this wonderful electricity, this power that was everywhere? Let him put it in their hands that they might feel it; let him give it them that they might weigh it in the scales. What was the use of a thing that was useless? Did the electric power power the body of the dead? But to such skepticism he would say, let him have an electrical machine; let the conditions be good and the air dry, and he would draw out electricity from the desk so that the skeptic could at least see it and feel its effects.

Was there a spirit in man? Could any one see it? When we looked on the dying could we detect when the soul passed forth and hear the rustle of angel-vin? Did the man speak less when dead than when living? Some might say: "Where then is the spirit? Let us feel it, hear it, see it, so that its existence may be demonstrated." To such the lecturer would say, let him have the right conditions, and he would demonstrate the existence of the spirit, as well as the existence of electricity; he had heard, seen, felt the spirit, and he knew their existence to be true.

Here we had a solid scientific basis. What was it in the oak tree that determined its growth? That made it the king of the forest? That led it to take nourishment out of the soil with a million mouths? What was the force that, in defiance to the law of gravitation, enabled it to pump up from the earth thousands of gallons of water during its long life? Was this force anything that could be weighed, looked at, felt? Nothing of the kind. It was a power that we could not see, but we could feel its effects. It was a power that we could not see, but we could feel its effects.

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away, where she had never been. This was the first scientific demonstration, to his mind, of the fact that there was a spirit in man that did not ask the aid of feeble mortal vision to look beyond its dwelling-place. This fact of clairvoyance was, at the present day, admitted by scientific men, and was even reported in the Boston Herald Committee of Investigation, who, after five years of deliberation, reported, in 1831, on the reality of certain of its phenomena. Numerous subjects had been known to write correctly, on ruled paper, crossing and dotting the t, and accurately, with their eyes bandaged. One subject in Canada East was able to read a newspaper, lamp from the press, with her eyes bandaged and a tautary between herself and the paper. The lecturer had seen many such instances in his own experience. This vision that could see through brick walls, and distinguish objects miles away, did not belong to the body; it must belong to the spirit.

The lecturer said he had hundreds of times received the evidence that the spirit could smell, hear and see, and had powers of locomotion. The spiritual, like the natural, body possessed these powers; thus, when the earthly form was dropped, the soul could march on to the glorious mansion before it. He (the lecturer) called this science, whatever others might term it.

As the sun in the unclouded sky indicated the water in which he should one day swim; as the wing of the undelivered bird denoted the air in which it should one day fly; so these powers in man indicated the mighty realm which the spirit was about to enter. And as the sun, the moon and the stars were to see, so there was a world waiting for those eyes to behold in the ages to come; as there were spiritual ears to hear, so there were spiritual sounds, delicious music yet to be heard, which should vibrate through the frame bringing joy to the listening soul. As there were powers of locomotion, so there was a world where we could travel and obtain knowledge from a thousand sources which were sealed to us now.

The very superstitious of the race in all ages bore testimony to the truth of this idea of a spirit in man. There was no great world-wide superstition that did not have some foundation in fact. Even the old Greeks, whom we were accustomed to call Heathens, had ideas which would do us no discredit to the present hour. It would be well if some Christians would endeavor to cultivate the spirit which animated those same old Heathens. Socrates wrote twenty-three hundred years ago, "I am in good hope that something remains for those who are dead," and said that such being the case it must be better for good than for bad men; that as men improved, and became higher in spirit, they "ascended to better habitations." Thus the light of the present was shed on that old man's soul twenty-three hundred years ago; and the attendant spirit who hovered to him, and gave him in a nutshell the truth of today. Man in all ages have dimly seen these ideas; clearer and clearer would they be perceived till the morning star should die out in the radiant light of the nineteenth century.

Death was no extinguisher to the human soul; it only broke the shell—freed the imprisoned bird—opened the door and ushered the spirit into the grand future that lay before it. Death had been painted to us as a grim skeleton who lurked in our parlors and bedrooms with dark in hand, waiting to carry our souls to the land of the dead. And the Christian could only say, "I have a hope for the good, but as for the bad, God have mercy on their miserable souls!" And while we were in this darkness, with hearts just ready to break, there came this light—then dropped Death's spear, its bones were clothed upon with light, and a crown of glory rested on its hitherto fearful brow. We feared it not now, for though we felt how we loved one parted from us, (as we did when they went on a journey of a hundred miles), yet we knew that as life brought us to this world, so death led us to another. Life gave us a field fitted to the powers the body possessed, and death, one which was fitted for the spiritual powers. It opened the door and showed us the great world beyond, mountains higher than ever soared on earth, sweet lakes, flowing rivers—a substantial world, the spirit world, as it were, substantial to the body. The spirit world was moonshine; when you grasped the hand of a friend "on the other side," the feeling would be real as now, for the spiritual is the real—the present world the transitory.

If he (the lecturer) had said these things to a Boston audience fifty years ago, he would have been pronounced crazy; his hearers would have rushed, home, consulted their well-thumbed Bibles, and if they found him not in the testimony of those of their authority, would have declared him an infidel—one who heeded to be put out of the way! But now—days were allowed to state what we knew individually, and he knew these things were true. It was true every one could not obtain the same amount of demonstration; for as electricity could only be evolved by proper conditions, so the phenomenal proofs of Spiritualism were dependent on laws, and only in obedience to those laws could be brought out and realized.

The lecturer here described some interesting manifestations witnessed by him in Toronto, Canada; the spirit (an Indian called Jim) when requested tipped the table, seized him (Prof. Denton) by the knee with a firm grasp; and danced on a sheet of paper, held under the table, an outline of his hand, (the largest the lecturer had ever seen), all this he did in the presence of every one—there being not the slightest possibility for it to be done by any one in the body. These things were performed—as explained by the influence, by his clothing his spiritual hand with force obtained from the atmosphere and those present, as with a glove, so that he could handle material objects.

The lecturer said he could in this connection state a fact that attested the truth of Spiritualism in his mind forever. He took this fact as well as the rocks he handled—the bodies that were around him. He had seen and recognized his own father's handwriting, had seen hands over and over again—had taken impressions of them in flour and putty and clay, and had demonstrated to his satisfaction that the spirit did live; that there was a bridge between the spirit world and the material world, and that the spirit was not far off in some distant realm.

But spirits out of the body were like spirits in the body. No man could die a fool, and wake up a philosopher! You must learn in the future what you did not learn here. A spirit was only a man with his jacket off—the jacket of flesh. You must never give up your reason; by doing so you would only be in the same pit again in which you were when a member of the old body. From which you had just been resurrected. Stand by your reason first, stand by your reason second, stand by your reason last! If God wanted to talk to him (the lecturer) he must talk through his reason. He would not yield to spirits who made unreasonable propositions, but said to them, "Hands off!" He had no objection to help, or counsel, or instruction from any spirit, whether out of the body, but he felt that he must be himself, and stand by himself, and judge all things by the light of his reason.

The reviving of everything purporting to come from spirits as the blessed Gospel, was the rock on which so many had built; we must put it down on our oars and give it a "wide berth." When we believed by the light of reason, the influence of spirits would tend to make us better men and women. The knowledge that loved ones were watching over us, watching when we strayed, or happy when we resisted temptation, ought to make Spiritualism purer and truer in every department of life. It was essentially important for Spiritualists to lead good lives, and throw out true influences, for they had no Jesus to save them; they had no cloak of Christ's righteousness to put on, that they might cover up their wickedness and cheat God into the belief that they were good. By their own works were they saved, and if they run from under the ark, could you escape from your shadow, even with a locomotive to help you? as well might you hope to escape the consequences of sin. There was no forgiveness in Nature; for every misdeed came the penalty. It was true there was no horrible hell, that was a fiction, but man should remember that everything he did was written on his brow, and he never could be so good that he would have been if he had not done so. It was the grandest of lies to say that wrong doing and punishment did not go hand in hand.

He honored every man who had the courage to speak out freely his own convictions—he was ready to go with any one on the right road, if only for one inch—he loved the right road, for it seemed to open to him the gates of the spiritual kingdom. So long as we would not hear another's error, we were babies, and would, unless we changed our determination, remain so forever.

Let Spiritualism be based on the solid rock of science, and it would live forever; but if it were built on anything else, it would be but as hay and wood and straw, and when the fire came, nothing would remain save the gold and precious stones that were built on the everlasting rock of truth!

Presence of the Invisible.

EXTRACT FROM A CHRISTMAS SERMON BY REV. A. D. MAY.

And amid our social delights, amid our loftiest public rejoicings, will mingle the recollections of those who once were with us, but in the flesh could be seen no more. Not alone do we gather our little circles around the Christmas tree, mingling in that silent radiance which never seems quite of the earth. Amid that little noisy group alive faces unseen to mortal eyes, but how radiant with eternal youth! Invisible hands leave upon our tables gifts of faith, and deathless love and immortal hope, of which our fairest Christmas flowers and our greenest holly leaves are but withered and vanishing types. The presence is thronged with a mighty host that crowns no noisy passenger, and speaks in no audible voice, but all the time holds sweet converse with the hearts of them that go to and fro. The school and the senate, and the places where men congregate for the serious work of life, have their empty chairs; dignity to our mortal vision, yet to the eye of the spirit filled with forms of unearthly wisdom and light. Every field of human activity to this congregation is thronged; but this church is thronged and overflowed, yes, the whole air is populous with an audience you cannot see; for every beloved spirit that has left its mark on mine, and every weary and stricken soul that I have tried in feebleness to help, and every countenance that only for ones has gleamed out in spiritual recognition from the strange crowd, all who have heard my words on earth, they will hear them no more; all whose words I have heard for the last time in this valley of mortality, all are here to-day. We celebrate holidays with all who ever mingled with our festivities in the past. Their presence does not disturb our joy; their faces wear no touch of mortal care. They come to us from no realm of eternal despair; they cry out to us from no abyss of hopeless sorrow; they rise not up from the earth, and stand before us with the pleasant scenes of a life forever lost; but they descend upon us from the better land. We know by the look in those immortal eyes that each of them abides in the love of the Almighty God; that each is unlearning the follies and frailties and cruelties of earth, each learning to be a helper of Christ, a son of the Father, and a missionary in the salvation of the mighty universe of souls.

They will not leave us here in our folly, our falsehood and our sin, but they will visit us on every Christmas eve, that Christ may be born anew in the manger of our hearts; and on every New Year they will invoke upon us a happiness that shall never fail. And along with them come the angels of heaven, who live and died for you and me; and pervading the countless throng, filling nature and inspiring every soul, forever ebb and flow that unseen spirit whose name is the Infinite Love.

If we will, these blessed ones shall not leave us when the New Year's work once more flows in. They may retire a little, but only that they may watch more tenderly our path, and more clearly see our faults. As the traveler wanders about the crowded streets of venerable Antwerp, from the aisles of noble churches and the halls of stately galleries looks with wonder upon the immortal pictured groups of the masters of the past, and in the public squares beholds the monuments of the honored dead, and sees a new bright city of the present invading the greenness of the outlying land, so at every quarter of the hour, away up in the airy tower of the Cathedral spire, rings out the mellow and sweetest chime of bells. At first he is startled by this song in the sky, so unlike any sound of bells he ever heard, so like a snatch of angelic chanting from a realm beyond this world. But, by-and-by, the chime becomes a familiar sound. He may not always hear it, and he does not consciously listen for the recurring chime, but somehow a sweet contentment steals over him, for he knows that in whatever region of the town his feet may wander, he has only to pause a little while, by day or night, in sun or rain, in clamor or in solitude, and the heavens will faintly thrill once more with the gentle but penetrating music of those silver chimel.

So to him whose soul has once been attuned to hear the melodies of those voices that sing to us out of the domain of another life, is there henceforth no world of mortality. For, wandering wherever his feet may stray upon the round globe, tolling, sorrowing, rejoicing, suffering, evermore opens above him the illimitable heaven of his immortal life, peopled with a multitude that no man can number, and illuminated by the light of the ever loving God. He has only to make a little pause in his spirit to hear voices that are full of melody, and evermore chanting sweet songs, and the softest whisper of message of grace to the most secret ear of the most solitary soul, yet all in heavenly accord, prolonging the anthem that resounded above the new-born Christ, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Written for the Banner of Light.

ERIN'S DEVOTE.

BY MRS. HATTIE A. BRYANT.

The sun looked down in a lakelet's cup,
Whence water-lilies came leaping up,
Like head on wine for royal sup.

There knelt on its rim a lady fair,
With shamrock-vines in her sun-burnt hair,
Enclosed by glowing emeralds there.

Like faintest whirr of humming-bird,
That e'er robes of summer stirred,
Her timid soul sighed forth a word:
"Erin!"

Then, as a strength were to be given,
Overdown from the loving heaven,
Her red lips were by prayer given.

"Thy pillar of fire for Flinn's land,
Thy shadow of cloud to guide the hand
That seeks her Canaan, sword in hand.

Make strong all courage that clings about
A trellis of truth; respond to the shout
That pleads of thee only, Liberty's shout!

Treading the wheel of an endless task,
Undaring for recompense to ask,
Pardon, Oh God, the Fenian's mask!

Alternate our cheeks have felt the palm;
Our nudly, kneeling, received an aim!
Lo! weary our wounds, of tears for balm!

Yet not in revenge let Ireland smite;
But to leave a niche in the Mount of Right
To rest her feet, let true men fight!

To plant a flag that shall hover o'er
The earnest hopes of her simple poor,
And cooling shades on the fainting pour.

This land hath gathered, like summer rain,
Rich Irish blood from wounded and slain,
Who rushed into anguish her glory to gain.

I gave it my gem, my poor heart's mite,
The precious pearl of my own delight!
Kissing the rod when I felt it smite.

Father, behold it, with floods yet warm
With glows of the hearts that bore her storm!
Fill for our thrilling the chalice of harm!

Oh, guide her, thou, in her day of pride!
Build her an ark wherein Eight shall guide
Her sympathies hence to Ireland's side.

She arose, and rose from the lily-bells
Fragrant amens; and the created swells
Came up and joined in amen with the bells.

Centra, II.

Correspondence in Brief.

LITA BARNBY SAYLES, writing of "Unhappy Marriages," by A. B. Child, M. D., says: "The first chapter of a projected volume is before me, and only its author, from the vast depths of a life experience, can say if it is what he has broadly begun. It is a great work upon the incoming tide of Spiritualism, which shall yet flood the land with its fullness. The nearer we live to the Christian principle, the more shall that flood encircle us. Let us think earnestly, while we read carefully, and deal justly by its honest, pit-souled writer."

DANIEL WOOD—When no one will do anything but what is useful and necessary for health and sustenance, it will put a stop to intemperance in all its forms. When every one will produce what they consume, or an equivalent, four hours of labor per day will produce it, giving them time to inform themselves upon all subjects and attend to their spiritual wants, making labor, capital and money useless. When we arrive at manhood, we shall become a law unto ourselves; shall have no sin, no sickness, no famine; we shall be our own priest, physician and producer, abolishing government and all social rules, setting up a kingdom of our own, of which we shall be the sovereign.

WM. S. BAKER, GALESBURG, ILL., JAN. 28TH, 1868.—Perhaps some of your many readers may wish to hear from this city of colleges and churches; and the Spiritualists here. I will say the Society is growing in strength, and has regular lectures every Sunday. We have had H. P. Fairfield for the past three months as speaker, and for the month of January we have had J. T. House, who has been speaking for us, and this week we are having one of our own. We have an old-fashioned revival, with Messrs. Fairfield, House, and B. M. Lawrence and wife all here. I think we shall make many additions to our Society from the ranks of skeptics. Lecturers traveling this way will do well to advise us of the fact, so we can govern ourselves accordingly. Such will find address Wm. G. Baker, box 137, Galesburg, Ill., Soc. Society Friends of Progress.

A. WHITZCOCK, State Agent for the Ohio Spiritualist Association, in a private note says: "I am moving along in the missionary work" in this State, slowly but surely. Large audiences, eager to hear something regarding the truths of the gospel of Spiritualism, come to my lectures in almost every place where I speak. Theology, with its nameless creeds, divisions and subdivisions, is doing its utmost to fetter the masses and hold humanity in a blind devotion of its own; but they have hard work to hold their own, even with the Lord and his saving grace to help them! As soon as the masses are shown the demonstrations of the Spiritual Philosophy, in the light of that illuminating science which unfolds and develops their reason, they as naturally seek Spiritualism and its blessings as do flowers the sunbeams of heaven. The children of the Spirit of thirty-three children in Milan, O., Sunday, Jan. 19th; raised one hundred dollars in twenty minutes at the meeting for equipment, sent for them, and next Sunday the children will take up the march of progress with banners flying!

W. W. CULVER, BLUFF POINT, YATES CO., N. Y., writes about answering sealed letters as follows: "Through your kind liberality in the general interests of religious liberty, and your well-established goodness in forwarding the best interests of every spiritual medium in enlarging the attractions of such by giving publicity to their merits, under the same kind of impulse, and with a view that others may seek the same source of satisfaction that I so abundantly enjoyed through the mediumistic powers of Miss M. K. Cassien, of Newark, N. J., in communicating through her with the spirits of the departed in the spirit land, I write these few lines. Having for a long time been a writer of sealed letters, I have been enabled to answer sealed letters addressed to departed spirits, with a view to strengthen my faith in the actuality of Spiritualism. I addressed a communication to the spirit of my father, some ten years deceased, and directed it to Miss Cassien, at her rooms in Newark, 248 Plane street. In the short space of three days I received an answer, in response to seventeen interrogatories. It was so full of interest, and each in its respective order. The letter was so enveloped that I am certain its contents could not have been perused without rending the envelope, which had not been done, but was returned to me precisely as I had sealed it. The interrogatories related to things and persons, containing names, all entirely unknown to the medium, and could not have been answered without the aid of supernatural powers. Miss Cassien is an entire stranger to me, and never knew any of the persons named in the interrogatories alluded to. I wrote this that others like myself, should they become lukewarm and doubting, may resort to the same source and obtain strength and satisfaction of faith. Miss Cassien exacts only two dollars, for which her remuneration will be ample."

MRS. EMMA SPINDLE, MT. VERNON, O.—In Gambier, near this place, where Kenyon College is located, most of the inhabitants have been heard of Spiritualism, and those who have heard of this so-called "accursed delusion" dislike to mention the name, for fear, I suppose, that the devil will appear immediately and devour them. But notwithstanding this closing of the eyes, ears and mouth, the people there have been compelled to listen to the story of a "haunted house" in their midst. I have from a reliable source the facts of one of the most terrible and horrible of the horrors of Kenyon College. One occupied the house alluded to, one room of which seems to be especially honored by manifestations. Several guests, after passing nights there, have felt compelled to tell their hostesses of the peculiar noises which disturbed them, causing sleep to vanish. Thumpings on the walls, bedstead and doors have been frequently heard when there was no possibility of any person in this mundane sphere being near. At one time a young lady, a temporary member of the household, retired to this room for the purpose of taking an afternoon nap. Her head had scarcely touched the pillow before she was startled by the sound of a deep sigh directly beside the bed. She arose quickly and searched the room, but to no purpose. Thinking that she had been the victim of deluding imagination, she again essayed to rest, but the second time she was disturbed by a similar sigh, accompanied by a loud knock on the door, which she, arising, opened quickly; but what was her astonishment when she beheld nobody! However, being courageous, she told no one of the puzzling affair, but again sought her couch, not to be refreshed by slumber, however, for she was a third time called from her resting-place by hearing the sound of a voice weeping and sobbing. At length the spirit, who listened to ward the lady, near her door, thinking some one must be there; but finding nothing earthly was to be seen, she flew to her hostess, and told her of the affair. She was equally unable to solve the mystery, as there was no one in the house at that time but herself and the young lady. Since that time no further revelations have been made, but the young lady suddenly became ill from a nervous disease, and was glad to hasten to her own home.

On motion, the following members were appointed a House Committee: E. V. Wilson, of St. Louis; L. B. McCoy, of Kingston, N. P. Poole, of Macon, Mary C. Culver, of Clarence, R. Timmons, and Mrs. E. S. Timmons, of Mexico, with instructions to report a plan of organization. The President was subsequently added to the Committee.

Remarks were then made by members from various parts of the State, in regard to the condition of liberal thought in the State, showing the people to be fast outgrowing the swaddling clothes of an antiquated and false theology, and presenting a hopeful future to the friends of progress, who expect their cause to move forward with proper exertion and concert of action.

The Convention then adjourned to the 18th

inst, at 10 o'clock A. M., when the Business Committee presented majority and minority reports of a plan of organization. After a full discussion of the merits of the two reports, participated in by Messrs. Wilson, McCoy, Garver, Poole and other members, the majority report was unanimously adopted, after having been amended to the approval of every member of the Convention. Which is as follows, to wit:

"In accordance with a call signed by a large number of Spiritualists, Friends of Progress, for a Convention to be held at Macon City on the 12th, 13th and 14th of January, 1868, the members in said Convention assembled, desiring to advance the cause of liberalism and free thought in this State, and recognizing the superiority of associated and organized action over individual effort, do hereby adopt the following Preamble and Constitution:

"Believing the doctrine of immortality to be vitally important to the present and future welfare of mankind, and that this is capable of being demonstrated through the mediumship of men and women of the age in which we live—known as Spiritual Mediums—therefore, we extend a cordial invitation to all liberal minds and friends of progress, as well as Spiritualists, to assist us in promulgating truth, and for this purpose have adopted the following

CONSTITUTION:

ARTICLE I.—This Society shall be known as the MISSOURI STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

ART. 2.—The objects of this Association shall be to promote a dissemination of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, by such means as may be adjudged best by the Association or its Executive Committee.

ART. 3.—The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, ten Vice Presidents, a Secretary, and a Treasurer, who shall hold office for one year, and be elected annually, and to hold their offices until their successors are elected.

ART. 4.—The members of this Association shall consist of delegates elected by Societies throughout the State—each Society being entitled to three delegates.

ART. 5.—The meetings of the Association shall be held annually on the third Wednesday of August.

ART. 6.—This Constitution may be altered or amended by a majority vote of the delegates present.

The Convention then proceeded to the election of officers of the Association, with the following result:

OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

President—Henry Stagg, St. Louis.

Vice Presidents—B. Smith, Cuba, Crawford County; Charles N. Brown, Jefferson City; J. J. White, Chamolis, Osgood County; Nelson Poole, Macon City; Joseph J. Garver, Hannibal; Mrs. E. S. Timmons, Mexico; Mrs. Mary C. Culver, Clarence; Mrs. Charles Penn, St. Louis; Myron Clonick, St. Louis; Mr. Steinacker, St. Joseph.

Secretary—L. S. McCoy, Kingston, Caldwell County.

Treasurer—Thomas Allen, St. Louis.

The following resolutions were then offered by different members and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That Spiritualists and friends of progress in this State are solicited to contribute to the support of the objects of this Association.

Resolved, That the Executive Committee be requested to place a lecturer in the field as soon as practicable.

Resolved, That the friends of progress throughout the State be requested to organize Associations, and to be placed in communication with the State Association.

Resolved, That this Convention returns its thanks to the Rev. H. P. Fairfield, of Galesburg, for his courtesy and liberality to its members.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be tendered to friends in Macon for their kindness and hospitality during our visit here.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this Convention be published in the Hallelujah-Philosophical Journal and Banner of Light.

The Convention then adjourned sine die.

L. S. MCCOY, N. O. ARCHER, Pres't.

Mrs. E. S. TIMMONS, Secretaries.

Convention at Howland Springs, O.

Sunday, Sept. 1st, the meeting was called to order by Hoses Hull, of Indiana, who had been engaged as the speaker of the occasion. H. Barnum was chosen President, Mrs. F. A. Logan, Secretary, and Baguel Bowles, Treasurer.

Major Graves's family, of Loridonville, favored us with sweet music on the melodeon, bass viol, and violin. Miss Canfield played the violin with artistic skill and completeness. It did not seem to me to be a very robust form, and to find one more woman daring to do what man prides himself in doing, for our motto for a long time has been that what is just and proper for man to do, is also proper and just for woman, providing she has the strength and ability to do it.

Reading of a poem by Mr. Hull, entitled, "Over the River." H. B. Allen spoke from the text, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." As we proceeded with his beautiful lecture, a man who had come from a saloon, whose combative organs were under the influence of the spirit of alcohol, was inclined to make a disturbance; but the meek man, Moses, kept on with his deep, philosophical reasonings and sublime inspirations, until the combative man became so intolerant that it was necessary to remove him from the ground.

The speaker clearly proved that God did not give a revelation through Jesus; that the only sentence he ever wrote was in the sand, when the woman was brought before him charged with crime, but that God revealed himself through all nature throughout the vast domain of animate or inanimate matter, in the heavens above and on the earth beneath.

After music, adjourned to partake of the social basket picnic dinner.

Conference of an hour.

In session, Mrs. Logan repeated some of T. L. Harris's "Lyrics of the Morning Land," with opening remarks.

Dr. Cooper, of Bellefontaine, gave some of his experience in Freethoughtism; also in mesmerism, and clairvoyance, by which he had been enabled to prescribe for a cure disease. Mr. Levens, whose head was silvered over with age, under influence, bowed gracefully to the audience and gave a sermon in a few words. He expressed regret that so much time should be wasted in adorning the perishable body; said it was far better to adorn the imperishable with wisdom and love.

Dr. Cooper read a poem, entitled "Old Opinions," by McKay, then took for his subject, "Demand and Supply." I know the limited space in the Banner forbids even a synopsis of this beautiful discourse, elevating in its character, convincing to the skeptic, and a solace to the despondent.

Musio by the band.

Moses Hull read another poem by McKay, entitled "Eternal Justice," and then took for his subject, "A corrupt, corrupt, not forth good fruit: a tree is known by its fruit." In the course of his lecture he showed us what some of the fruits of Spiritualism are. He cited many instances where an invincible power had controlled different individuals to supply the destitute and suffering ones. Even our speakers, who have at times been too poorly sustained, had been aided unexpectedly in a way they little dreamed. The whole discourse inspired us with more confidence and trust in the powers that impel and lead us onward to the elevation of the race. May angels bless Mr. Hull for yielding himself a willing subject for such divine inspirations.

Sunday Morning.—Music by the band.

Mr. Hull made appropriate remarks on experiences.

Mrs. Logan recited an original poem, entitled, "My Advent out of the Close-Communion Baptist Church into Spiritualism."

Dr. Cooper followed with appropriate remarks.

Musio by the band—Home, sweet home.

Mr. Hull read an inspirational poem, given through the mediumship of Lizzie Doten.

Dr. Cooper gave another excellent lecture, which was scientific, and calculated in its tendency to break down the walls of bigotry and superstition.

Mr. Hull took a text from the Bible again, and proved spiritual communion by the Bible; made a prophecy that in ten years Spiritualism would deluge the world, judging from the rapid progress it had made since the Rochester rappings.

Adjourned for dinner. The audience numbered about two thousand, and maintained good order.

The afternoon session was opened with the song of the "Beautiful Hills," by Moses Hull and F. A. Logan.

Dr. Cooper gave another excellent scientific lecture, and proved by everything in Nature that there is no death.

The Secretary repeated a poem by J. G. Clark, entitled, "Art thou living yet?" Musio by the band.

Remarks in favor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, by Mrs. Logan.

The closing, truth-telling lecture was given by Mr. Hull.

A number of thanks for the music was passed. The good-byes had to be said, and the best of friends to part to meet again in the beautiful Summer-land.

I hope those excellent lecturers and the friends will pardon me for

Logic for Women.

In the Banner of January 15th, I have read with interest an article on the subject of Growing Old, and am pleased with the philosophical view taken by its author, who is evidently a man. Few comparatively look upon age as he does. Most people—even men—are melancholy in view of the approach of old age—although, as he says, they have been growing old ever since their birth. But the decline of the body and its powers is a different thing, and if men are thus affected by it, what can be expected of women, whose current value is estimated by, first, their personal beauty, second and last, physical ability, both of which are terminated by old age, if not long before?

Uneducated women, and their name is legion, having no literary resources and no objects of engaging interest in the decline of life, may well be pardoned for deploring the loss of their personal attractions and physical powers—aside from which they are accounted of so little value by the other sex, whose estimate of women appears to depend upon the plane of life which they themselves occupy; e. g., man on the animal plane, or near it, gives woman no credit for being anything more than an animal, and thus on according to his own elevation or degradation.

Men on the lower planes of life judge women by themselves, except that their vanity raises them above the level of women in their own esteem. With rare exceptions, every woman is situated like a plant with a wall built close around it, and a protection placed over its head, shutting out the influences from and relationship to the outside world, from which Nature intended it to draw its life and its growth.

It would be scarcely possible for a plant thus walled about and protected, to fill even the limits allowed it—while it is almost absolutely certain to be dwarfed far, far below that point.

Most women at fifty or earlier realize that their earth-life has been only a miserable abortion of what it might have been—should have been—and would have been if they had not been deprived of their liberty.

Man does not well understand the culture of humanity—especially female humanity—which thus far is very little understood in any respect.

A very few women are so happy as to be understood and appreciated by a very few men; but the delicate sensibilities, strong affections and sensitive consciences of women are generally either overlooked, disregarded or despised by men, who, with few exceptions, have no sympathy with such efficiency.

That God-like intuition, for God does not arrive at his knowledge by a process of reasoning, as men in their ignorance pride themselves upon doing, having discussed the comparative value of reason and intuition, and assume to themselves reason as the higher attribute—that God-like intuition, the crowning glory of womanhood, which, if treated with the consideration to which it is entitled, might be the saving of the nations, is more frequently treated by man in his blindness with derision.

Man, as a race, does not understand woman as a sex. Woman does not understand herself. Tens of thousands of women profess to believe as they have been taught by the Bible and otherwise, that they originated from the fragment of a man, and ought properly to remain his appendage through all time.

Others among us feel ourselves his equal in everything except physical size and power, and think that the law of compensation may make amends to us for even that inferiority in something of not less intrinsic value, though under present conditions not quite so available.

Our thinking and leading men, those whom we of course consider the wisest and best, are beginning to accredit us with superior moral endowments; and the Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke—God bless him—says: "If the intellect of a woman differs from that of a man, by being more quick and subtle, then she will help us to escape many of the stupidities of our average legislation."

A few other glorious men of the present time admit that the intellect of woman is not inferior to that of man, although until recently men have especially claimed superiority in this respect, and portraits of "female heads" with receding foreheads, pretending to show the lack of intellect, (casualty, the highest intellectual organ, being flattened by the artist for that purpose,) have been published in phrenological works, in the endeavor to support a spoken and printed falsehood by a pictured one. "Vanity of vanities." But men are growing. Women also must and will grow.

We do not yet understand ourselves, and we claim nothing. Under existing circumstances all that we can positively know of woman as a sex, is that we are individually walled about and "protected" by men, and consequently dwarfed more or less, in proportion to our organizations and the narrowness and discomfort of our limits.

That God will give us liberty, and through it the opportunity to learn and to prove what we are, is the prayer of at least one woman.

M. S. L.

The Work in Michigan.

OFFICE OF THE "MICHIGAN STATE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION,"
De Witt, Mich., Jan. 30, 1868.

The Michigan State Spiritualist Association closed its semi-annual session at Jackson, on Sunday evening, the 28th inst. The meeting was by far the largest ever held by our Association, there being some two hundred delegates in attendance, who, together with visitors, rendered the Convention large and very interesting. The most important topic considered was the work of organization, which, according to the reports of Rev. J. O. Barrett and other agents, has prospered beyond the most sanguine expectations of the friends of the enterprise, there having been over forty "Local Societies," four "County Circles" and two "Children's Progressive Lyceums" organized since the plan of organization was adopted the 23d of October last. There are now some sixty Spiritualist Organizations in the State, and some ten or twelve agents are actively at work in various parts of the State, to promote the cause, and it is safe to presume that before the next Convention—in June next—there will be over one hundred organizations in the State, with at least five thousand adhering members. Nearly one thousand dollars have been subscribed, and a liberal percentage of it paid in to carry on the work.

This Convention adopted a model of Articles of Association, both for local and county organizations, to be recommended for adoption throughout the State, to give uniformity to the work and consecrate the Spiritualists, believing that greater progress and greater good may be accomplished thereby.

These organizations are all put upon a legal basis, under the statutes of our State, authorized the formation of religious societies, and, consequently, possessing all their powers and privileges.

Brown, of De Witt, Secretary, and Jas. O. Woods, Esq., of Jackson, Treasurer.

At the evening sessions of the Convention, when there were regular discourses delivered, the large hall was crowded to its utmost capacity.

The Convention was characterized, in the general, by great earnestness and unanimity of feeling and action. A little friction was experienced in the discussion of one or two resolutions, which doubtless will prove rather salutary than otherwise.

Eloquent and powerful speeches were made by A. B. Whiting, M. H. Houghton, Mrs. Cram, Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Martin, Miss Pease and others. The discussions were largely participated in by delegates from all parts of the State, and the fullest expression of opinion was had upon all subjects brought before the Convention for consideration.

Beautiful music by Prof. Bailey and family, of Charlotte, interpreted the speeches and enraptured the occasion. The pieces sung were mainly new—some of them splendid—and are to form a part of the new musical work of Bros. Peesbles and Barrett, and will be deservedly popular among Spiritualists, for whom it is expressly designed.

In the faith of human progress and hope of the redemption of the world, I am truly yours,
L. B. BROWN, Sec'y.

The Banner of Light is issued on sale every Monday morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

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The Spiritual Advance.

Every week brings to us fresh evidence of the progress of our beautiful and inspiring faith in the minds of the people; and not alone of the people, but of the Churches. There has of late been held several public meetings in New York, in which the most striking proofs of this progress have been furnished. Among the rest, a discourse was preached in the pulpit of St. Teresa's Church, Roman Catholic, by Father Hecker, on the distinct and direct theme of Spiritualism. The preacher is of the order of Paulists, and he announced that his discourse was from the Catholic standpoint. He admitted that one of the most important of questions in this life is, "Can the angels in heaven assist us in the way of salvation, or is the Catholic teaching on this point mere superstition?" There is one way, he said, in which to determine the verity of such a question, and that is when we find the whole human race testifying to it. And he passed on to consider if we possessed this concurrent testimony as to the invocation of spirits.

He cited the fact that the entire Pagan world, except the Jews, had believed in spirits, having their gods whom they supplicated and worshipped. This ancient idolatry, said he, "is only the truth of spiritual intercourse exaggerated." Besides Pagan testimony to this point, we have sacred history also testifying that angels hold communion with men. Angels announced to Abraham that Sarah should have a son, Isaac, from whose seed should spring the Messiah. Jacob wrestled with an angel, and would not let him depart without his blessing. Balaam saw one when his eyes were opened, standing directly in his way. The archangel Gabriel announced to the Virgin Mary that she should conceive and bear a son, whose name should be called Jesus. St. Peter was delivered from prison by an angel. And numerous instances of the communion of angels with men are recorded in the Bible, on the belief in which is made to rest the common faith in the Bible itself. And, added the preacher, "no one who reads can doubt that there has ever been an intercourse between the human race and the spirits of the other world." Shakespeare introduces the ghost in Hamlet. Socrates believed ardently in his "familiar spirit." Dr. Johnson felt obliged to subscribe to a faith which he admitted to be the faith held by all the world.

This is interesting from the standpoint of the doctrine of spirit communion is held by the Catholic Church and clergy. It shows that Spiritualism has a firm hold on the minds of the masses, in one church and another, and outside of all churches whatever. How could it indeed well be otherwise, with so mysterious and profound an instinct planted in the soul as all human beings secretly know they possess? There have been several popular meetings of the Spiritualists of New York likewise, at which the controlling power of this instinct has been most indubitably evidenced.

Upon the heel of such emphatic testimony in favor of Spiritualism as these meetings and discourses furnish, we find occasional articles in the daily journals, which, from the mere fact that they touch this subject, confess its growing influence and importance. We find in the Herald, of New York, at nearly the same date with Father Hecker's discourse, an editorial article in excess of a column in length, holding up to view the significant fact that the influence of the pulpit in this country is on the wane. Says the Herald, in looking the case all through—"We say it deliberately, a new order of affairs must be inaugurated, or the influence of the pulpit is gone. In New England, the people as a rule are in thought ahead of the pulpit; in New York, the people have no sympathy with the morbid nothingness of pulpit talk; and in the West, the tendency to speculative skepticism, just beginning to crop out, is stronger than the whole army of clergymen throughout the Union. Everywhere the pulpit is inadequate to the wants of the people, and is likely to remain so until it studies the people and draws the inspiration of its thought from their needs."

All this we know, and knew it before; but it is much to find it accepted and acknowledged by the influential popular journals, which as a rule have abstained from discussing religious matters. The wretched salaries paid to the ministers, averaging one pulpit with another; the continually thinner and thinner condition of the churches on Sundays; the waning influence of sermons and their preachers over the popular mind; the hunger and thirst for the truth, as it lies all about us in facts and suggestions, in science, in Nature, in spirit communion; these are unmistakable testimony in favor of the opinion we advance, which are not readily to be set aside. To relax the grasp of dogmatism was naturally the first step to be taken before higher and holier influences could be brought directly to bear; and we there consider it just what might be expected, that the pulpit should yield its way as the spiritual platform begins to come in.

The Indian Commission Report.

The official report of the Congressional Peace Commissioners to the Indians has been sent in to Congress, and it is a document of great interest to the people of the country. It goes carefully over the whole ground of the Indian question, supplying that consecutive history of it which readers chiefly desire. The details of the story would surprise one not familiar with them. It is shown by the Commissioners that there was peace between the Indians and the whites until the unprovoked and wholly unparalleled massacre of several hundreds of the former, including helpless women and children, by Col. Chivington; after which the tribes united with the most determined spirit in a war of the most savage character. From that most shocking and disgraceful event in our history—the Chivington massacre—dates the general Indian war which immediately followed, and to quell which, as well as to secure and furnish guarantees for the future, the present Commission was appointed and sent out by Congress. No wonder that bloody troubles followed thick and fast on that cruel occurrence, or that the nation which has not even yet called its author to a stern account has been compelled to run in debt thirty millions of dollars for its share in the guilt. The report shows that it cost just about a million and a half dollars to kill one Indian.

The key-note of the conduct of the Commission is furnished in the statement, that it was determined for the first time to try kindness in dealing with the red man. If he was by nature proud, solitary, and sullenly suspicious, it did not follow that he would be managed any better by deceit and treachery than by fairness, justice, and open-handed dealing. Until now, in fact, we had not tried that system at all. We had gone to work with the Indians, carrying the black flag in our hands, and crying out "kill," "kill," openly asserting that an Indian was fit only to be killed, and resolved on slaughter accordingly. This latest report on that style of business shows how thoroughly cruel and wrong it is. It furnishes a practical indication of the character of the Indian, when subjected to fair treatment. His dissatisfaction is shown to be no more than natural, after being given certain reservations to find himself dispossessed of and driven from those lands by invading miners. True, we should all say that the treasure lying hidden in the bowels of the earth ought to be discovered and dug out; yet if that process involved the deprivation of the red men of lands which had been solemnly set apart for him and given to him, common justice dictates that a fair recompense should be given. This, however, has not been done; and while still smarting from his wrong, he wages a desperate warfare with the white man.

We wish we had the room to spread the whole of this able, thorough, and most interesting Report before the readers of the Banner, instead of being compelled to make this commendatory reference merely. Its descriptions of "talks" reveal more than a cart-load of Congressional speeches, and of the very material which is chiefly needed. The accompanying documents, too, are of wide and permanent value. The progress made by the Commissioners with the tribes is shown to be much more rapid than was originally hoped for, and it is confidently asserted that it will reach the result desired if the present course of treatment is persistently pursued by the Government. At any rate, the old slaughters must be stopped from this time forth. The nation is wounded deeply in its humanity, by permitting a further pursuit of the old and bloody methods. Indians are not exterminated by it, and the cost to the Treasury is immense. As a matter of dollars and cents only, it is the best economy to make an immediate end of the business; but as affecting our reputation in the scale of civilization, it is of prime importance that the course of management be changed altogether. The Commissioners offer reasonable suggestions as to the best mode of dealing with the tribes in the future, advocating contact rather than a cold and distant isolation that is practically in itself almost a state of enmity.

Music Hall Meetings.

Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, of Philadelphia, made her first appearance in this city, as a lecturer, Sunday afternoon, Feb. 21, in the regular course of lectures, in Music Hall, on Spiritualism. A large audience assembled to greet her. (The Children's Lyceum, with its officers, occupied the large platform with her, and made a fine appearance. The singing by the children was very good.) Mrs. Wilhelm's easy and lady-like bearing favorably impressed her audience, and the closest attention was paid to her sound and philosophical argument. She has a ready command of language, speaks with fluency and effect. Judging from the favorable impression made by her first lecture (which in the case of all inspirational speakers is not their best), and the high reputation the speaker has gained elsewhere, we predict great success for her during the remainder of her engagement in this city. We shall print a synopsis of her lecture in our next issue.

Mrs. Wilhelm will lecture in Music Hall again next Sunday afternoon. We advise all who wish to listen to a good speaker to attend.

Mrs. Gordon in California.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon's lectures on Spiritualism, in Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, are creating a great sensation. The spacious building is crowded on each occasion, notwithstanding a fee of twenty-five cents was charged at the door. All the papers have something to say about her and her lectures. She has awakened an agitation that will open the way to spiritual truth for many who are anxious to find it, but are now floundering in the mire of a false theology. This noble woman will prove a powerful aid in pushing forward the good work already begun by the able pioneers who have preceded her on the Pacific coast. From the report of her lectures in the Banner of Progress, we notice that Mrs. Gordon speaks directly to the subject of Spiritualism. Her first discourse was on "The New Dispensation from the Spirit-World," and in her second, she illustrated "the scientific and phenomenal facts which are the foundation of our philosophy." The world's redemption is drawing nigh.

Our Relations with England.

There has been a good deal of war talk, of late, over the Alabama claims, which have reached the end of diplomatic discussion; but whether the President is prepared to act upon the case with a vigor that implies a readiness, to resort finally to violence, or Congress is prepared, in the present state of the country, to go to war, is a point to be developed by the progress of circumstances. We are satisfied that the people of both countries prefer to think only of a peaceful settlement of all disputes and claims.

Many thanks, brother, for that most opportune present. Will dispense the bounty, as you desire.

Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

It is with pleasure we announce that it is the intention of the Spiritualists of Boston to celebrate the Twentieth Anniversary of the birth of Modern Spiritualism. Arrangements are already being made by a competent Committee, and the event will take place on Tuesday, March 31st, on a grand scale, and worthy of such an occasion. Music Hall and Bumstead Hall have been secured for the day and evening. We cannot give a full programme of the exercises in this paper, but hope to do so in our next issue. We will mention, however, that it is in contemplation to hold public exercises in Music Hall afternoon and evening. In the afternoon there is to be a splendid exhibition of the Children's Progressive Lyceums, in which several of them will take part. At the close of this part of the programme, a collation is to be served to the children in Bumstead Hall. In the evening Music Hall will present a lively and brilliant scene. During the first part of the evening the great organ will discourse its melodious strains; short speeches will be made from prominent Spiritualists, and an original poem be given by Miss Lizette Doten. At ten o'clock the floor will be cleared for dancing, Hall's full band furnishing the music. Thus it will be seen that quite a variety of tastes can be sufficiently gratified. The proceeds of this entertainment are to be appropriated to educational and charitable purposes.

This is an excellent movement, and we trust the anniversary of modern Spiritualism will be observed in every place where the Spiritualists hold meetings. Such a course was recommended in a resolution unanimously adopted by the last National Convention of Spiritualists. We hope it will be done, and that the observance of the 31st of March will hereafter be kept up annually.

Religious Insanity.

Miss Catharine Gibbons, a young lady of the highest respectability, committed suicide at her father's residence in New York on Thursday, the 23d ult. For the past few months she had given close application to religious subjects, on which topic she was exceedingly enthusiastic, with a tendency to insanity. Watching the opportunity when her guardians were asleep, she crept from her room and proceeded to the stairway, adjusting a cloth about her neck, one end of which she fastened to the banisters. She then threw herself from the stairway.—Chicago Liberal.

What has the priesthood to say to this? Nothing, of course. All their condemnation is poured out upon the heads of poor Spiritualists. It simply proves that the clergy are dishonest—that they harbor not even one spark of the Christ-principle in their hearts. But a better state of things will finally be inaugurated, and the grand truths taught by Spiritualists will take the place of the fossilized Christianity of to-day. We can afford to patiently bide our time. The great laws of progress are ever on our side. Truth must and will prove victorious over error. Humanity demands it. Their prayers have gone up to spirit-life asking for freedom from bigotry and superstition; and the world of spirits, acknowledging the righteousness of their petition, is responding with a power the potency of which was never before so palpably manifested to the peoples of earth. Hence, then, ye teachers of old theological dogmas, hurling your anathemas against those who have fervently embraced the New Religion that is destined to revolutionize the world of thought upon the momentous issues which involve the future destinies of the human race. Rather join the hosts that are flocking around our standard, and lend your talents and your influence to promote the great work.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Robert Dale Owen lectured in Philadelphia Jan. 23d, on the "Law of Kindness."

The Rev. Edward C. Towne, who recently resigned his pastoral charge at Medford, Mass., has accepted an invitation to the editorship of the literary department of the Chicago Tribune, and will devote some of his time to lecturing. He gave his farewell sermon Sunday, Feb. 2. His Society were very unwilling to have him leave, and voted to pay his salary to April, the close of the quarter. Mr. Towne is well qualified for the new position he has assumed.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon and Mrs. Laura Cuppy have both been speaking in San Jose, California, to large audiences.

Dr. H. B. Storer, of this city, will lecture in Foxboro', Mass., next Sunday, Feb. 16th, morning and evening.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

John Wetherbee, Esq., volunteered his services as speaker, Sunday evening, Feb. 23, the Society having no regular one engaged. He entertained the audience for an hour in a free and easy talk upon hope, the visitation of angels, Spiritualism, and the value of a belief in its philosophy, and so forth. The audience seemed pleased, and no doubt went home the happier for having been there.

The Children's Lyceum was very fully attended in the forenoon. In the afternoon the children visited Music Hall, marching through the streets with their banners, flags, badges, &c.

Licensing Apothecaries.

It is about time there was an end of the fatal "mistakes" made by ignorant apothecary clerks, and a contemporary clerk loudly for a strict system of licensing, by which none should be allowed a situation where he might compound medicines, unless he had previously proved himself possessed of sufficient education to pass an examination. Were medicines all equally harmless, it would make no such difference; but, unfortunately, they have a fatal power to work hurt, when they can really do no good. We hope something will be done to protect helpless persons against the results of ignorance where only intelligence of an approved order should find a place.

A Practical Philanthropist.

It always gives us pleasure to record the good deeds of men, in this age of condemnation, whether they "belong to our church" or not; and hence it is with unalloyed satisfaction we have learned that our old friend Dr. E. Andrews has given ten thousand dollars to the "Orphan Asylum and Home for the Friendless," located, we believe, in Albany, N. Y. Such deeds will live long after the donor has passed to the spirit-land. He has indeed "laid up treasures in heaven."

Dr. W. A. Knight's Gymnasium for both sexes we understand is fully appreciated by the citizens of Worcester, where it is located. The children especially are delighted with the exercises. The doctor possesses in his own person great healing power, which, with his knowledge of gymnastics, combines to make him a very useful person. Dr. J. Whipple, the well known healer, may also be found at Dr. Knight's office, 230 Main street.

The Lowell Courier says there is gratifying evidence of an improvement of the business of some of the manufacturing there.

"Dawn."

A more fitting title to a book of this character could hardly be suggested. From beginning to end it discusses, develops, defends and preaches the great and simple truths of Spiritualism. The fact that it is a novel will of course abate none of its attractiveness, but tend to make it all the more sought after. As a tale, it possesses unusual interest, from its characters and characteristics; and it is not putting our estimate of it too high to say that it will gradually take rank very near to that singular novel, "Jane Eyre." In order to properly develop the story, the various characters in it take up and discuss, one after another, the leading principles and points of faith in Spiritualism, and seek to apply them to the elucidation of many of the absorbing questions of the day. This will naturally draw to its pages large numbers of readers who might otherwise fall to be attracted. A lucid answer for any one of the problems that vex the human soul will not fail to arrest the attention of thousands, in whatever form furnished, fact or fiction, poetry or prose.

It is barely possible that the ideas of the gifted author may, in some instances, be thought too radical, even to the verge of rashness, socially considered; but as the reader goes on into the book, and becomes familiar with its positions and purposes, he will discover that all is but in advocacy of that advance movement which forms the characteristic of this active time. There is no more progressive thought to be met with than may be found on these pages. It only foreshadows what is in the future to a certainty, and demonstrates that it is all attainable by morals in their present state. The views on the social relations are developed and stated with a frank boldness and a clear perception of the inner individual life, that are certain to provoke thought in turn, lead directly to free discussion, and find acceptance with all who are neither unthinking nor bigoted. The sacred marriage relation is by no means repudiated, nor in any fair sense underrated, but the fatal inharmonies and cruel wrongs growing out of it, as at present recognized, are depicted with powerful fullness, and right remedies suggested.

The reader of "Dawn" repeatedly has the great fact of spirit communion brought practically before him, the mystery being unveiled to his comprehension and approved to his belief. This is the striking feature of the book, and the one which will commend it powerfully to the attention and regard of Spiritualists everywhere. It is plain that the story itself is based on actual experience, some of the passages being unmistakably biographical. The heroine, who gives the name to the book, is a truly charming character, endowed with mediumistic power at her birth, and at a very early age manifesting clear gifts of inspiration. She was clairvoyant to such a degree that she became a blessed angel to every one with whom she came in contact. The following extract will give a pretty clear insight to Dawn's character:

"The next day Dawn was filled with delight at her father's return. He came early in the morning, and found his pet awake and watching for his approach.

"Oh, papa, such a dream, a real dream, as I had last night. Sit right here by the window, please, while I tell it to you."

"Perhaps your dream will be so real that we shall not want anything more substantial for breakfast."

"Oh, it's better than food, papa."

"Well, go on, my pet."

"I was thinking how glad I should be to see my papa, when I went to sleep and had this beautiful dream."

"I was walking in a garden all full of flowers and vines, when I saw my mother coming toward me, with something upon her arm. She came close, and then I saw it was a robe, oh, such a white robe, whiter than snow. She put it on me, and it was too long. I asked if it was for me, and she said, 'You will grow.' She said, 'Call and beautiful, and need the long garment.' Then she led the way, and motioned me to follow. She led me down a dismal lane, and into a damp, dreadful place where the streets were all mud and dirt. 'Oh, my dress,' I said, 'my pure white robe.' 'No dust and dirt can stain it,' she replied; 'walk through that dark street and see.' I went, and looked back at each step, but my pure white robe was not soiled, and when I returned to her it was as spotless as ever. Was it not a lovely dream, and what does it mean, papa?"

"A lesson too deep for your childhood to comprehend, and yet I will some day tell you."

We think we have said enough to assure the reader of the rare merits of this latest work of fiction, and to induce all who believe in spirit-communion, as well as those who are already inclined to, to peruse a book which we feel certain is destined to lead an active life, and work out for itself and its author immense practical usefulness.

Personal.

We learn with regret that Mr. Joseph E. Hood, who has been for many years a leading editorial writer and worker for the Springfield Republican—the most talented newspaper in the State—has been obliged to relinquish his position for a time on account of ill-health. We have known Mr. Hood from youth up. We were fellow apprentices together at the printing business, many years ago, and were aware, even then, that he would one day be an ornament to the editorial fraternity. We heartily endorse the Republican's personal allusion to him:

"Mr. Hood left town Monday for Kansas, where, among family friends, he expects to remain until May for the benefit of his health. His family accompany him, and so do the tender regards and hopeful wishes of his associates and friends. His rare talents and long experience as a journalist have made him an important member of the Republican editorial family, as his many high personal qualifications have won for him great respect and affection in the limited circle to which his quiet and unobtrusive life and disposition narrowed his intercourse. Both will alike rejoice in his full recovery to health and in his early return home and to them."

New Music.

Olfert Dison & Co., 277 Washington street, have issued the following new musical compositions: "The Fairy Mazurka," being No. 6 of "Crystal Gems"; "When leaves are falling round," answer to "Leaf by leaf the roses fall," poetry by Geo. Cooper, music by T. Brigham Bishop; "Bow down thine ear, oh Lord," solo and quartette, by O. H. Gerrish; "The Bird's Nest Song," by J. W. Cherry, very pretty; "Pickwick Galop," dedicated to Charles Dickens, with a fine lithographic likeness of the distinguished author; "Gov. Andrew's Funeral March," with a splendid lithograph bust of the ex-Governor. The two latter pieces are each forty cents.

THE METHODIST CENTENARY COLLECTIONS.—The Secretary of the Centenary Committee has published the returns, so far as received, of the centenary returns of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The grand total is over eight millions—\$8,241,000. Of this amount we find credited to New England \$345,710.00.

According to a correspondent of the Algerian National, the mortality from famine in Algeria is so great that the dead are thrown into trenches, as on the day after a battle.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name is seen, 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, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY EVENINGS. 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.

Invocation.

Infinite spirit, in whom we live and move and have our being; thou whose wisdom transforms all our ignorance; thou whose life we perceive in the falling snowflake; thou who art near and dear unto us, we hasten unto thee with our praises and our prayers, and we lay them upon the sacred altar of being, and we know thy blessing will rest upon them. We thank thee for all the crosses that have been laid upon us; we thank thee for the many Calvaries that are found everywhere in life; for by ascending those mountains of despair, by drinking deep of the waters of affliction, we know how to understand ourselves. These are the mighty levers that urge us onward and inform us concerning thee. Oh, thou infinite spirit who whispereth to the souls of thy children through their experiences of life; thou whose hand is always laid upon us in holy benediction, we praise thee for all the experiences through which we have passed; for all those differences of opinion that arise here and there like many colored lights in the land; for all these different religious sentiments we thank thee, for all these different expressions of mind that make beautiful and glorious heaven and earth. Oh Lord, for all we thank thee, for we know thou doest all things well; and whether others see as we see or not, they are all wedded to thee, they are all of thee, and thy life is their life, and their life is ours. So, Spirit Eternal, may we each one remember that thou art God over all; that thy children are our brethren; therefore, whether they sin or whether they walk in paths of righteousness, still they are thine, and being thine they are bound unto us; therefore so long, oh Lord, as there is darkness anywhere, so long as there is sin anywhere, we pray thee that we may not falter in the way of well-doing. We pray thee that our lamp of life may be always trimmed and burning, and that there never may be a time when we shall fail to do our duty to those who have need. Oh, our Father, we thank thee that we are the recipients of this glorious light of the nineteenth century; though its full effulgence did not stream upon us in our earthly life, though we could not see its beauties nor be warmed by its light then, yet, oh Lord, we thank thee for the light of to-day; and we thank thee for such as we were able to perceive in our earthly lives. For that light, oh thou Spirit Eternal, is our sun, and we must revolve forever and forever around it, in obedience unto it. Oh, thou father and mother of all things natural and divine, we ask that we may be strong in well-doing. Oh may we rise upon the mountains of progress and with eagle eyes scan the world, asking, "Where shall we go to do the most good?" Oh Spirit Eternal, may we never falter in the way, but forever and forever may we continue to bear the crosses of external life, till, oh Lord, we shall recognize thee in the fullness of thy glory. Oh, grant that thy children on the earth may learn the law of life, may practice all those Christian virtues that belong to godliness; so shall thy kingdom come and thy will be done on earth. Amen. Dec. 2.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will hear your propositions.

Ques.—What is the punishment in the hereafter of one who commits suicide?

Ans.—It is just such a punishment as every soul receives when conscious of having done wrong. They have acted in accordance to the law of their being. Every soul receives always the due amount of remorse for mistakes. Whatever mistakes it may make—what you call sins, I call them mistakes—every soul receives for these the proportion of punishment in the shape of remorse. The disembodied soul is able to perceive more clearly its surroundings, and more perfectly understand its relation to these surroundings than while in the body, and as it is able to perceive more clearly and understand more perfectly, it is also able to taste more keenly of the joys and sorrows of its new state of existence.

Q.—Do you consider man, either embodied or disembodied, as subject to eternal progression?

A.—That is my belief.

Q.—Then is God progressive or not?

A.—I believe that the God-principle marches on through the law of progress, but I believe that that principle remains the same, yesterday, to-day and forever.

Q.—I do not know as I understand—is he progressive or not?

A.—You may understand me to say that he is not, according to my idea. The law marches on through the universe of mind and matter, through all universes of mind and matter; the law changes expression, but it is always the same of itself. It always was perfect, it is perfect, and I believe it always will be.

Q.—Then will not man ultimately reach and go beyond God?

A.—When you consider that the God-principle is infinite, is without limit, had no beginning, has no ending, can you expect that man through eternal progress will ever encircle this God-principle, ever go outside and beyond it? Certainly you cannot. God being infinite in all his attributes, if the soul is subject to infinite progress, allowing that it is, that it progresses throughout an endless eternity, even then will it ever overtake and pass beyond God? No, because God is infinite. I believe that the soul progresses in cycles, that it is perpetually revolving around its own centre in obedience to its great creator, God. I believe the soul is from God and it lives by God, this great eternal principle of mind and matter; for I conceive that God is in matter as he is in the thought.

Q.—Is man, then, a part of God? or is he outside of God?

A.—I believe that I am the child of God, therefore a part of God. I do not believe in the existence of any thing or any soul outside of God.

Q.—Then if man is eternally progressive and

God is not, how can a part of God progress, and God not be progressive?

A.—Principles remain ever the same, while the effects that shoot off from them are constantly changing. Now I believe that I am related to God, as I am related to all human nature, and in no different sense. I believe the principle which we call God—sometimes Jehovah, indeed we give it many names—exists everywhere and is constantly expressing itself through every conceivable form of matter and mind. But I believe that this inner life, this divine principle of self remains unchangeable. This is my belief. I may change my belief as I pass on—I cannot tell that I shall not. I should be very sorry to believe that that which I cherish now so dearly I should always cherish. No, I do not expect that I have gained all, that I have attained the highest summit of knowledge in these matters. By no means. I am but a child seated at the foot of the cross, earnestly beseeching the great father and mother of life to educate me.

Q.—In connection with the first question, I would ask which suffers most keenly—the suicide, or the one who murders another?

A.—From observation I have learned that the murderer suffers more keenly than the suicide, and for this reason: he has trespassed upon the law which is the life of his neighbor. He had no possible right to do it; and when he is roused to a sense of his wrong-doing, he takes in all the surroundings and all the different circumstances that have grown out of the murder, and he gathers them all into himself, and they are, I assure you, a most bitter draught.

But with regard to the suicide, it is somewhat different. He generally reasons in this wise: "I have committed the greatest sin against myself. I have wronged myself more than any one else." He judges, to be sure, from an external and superficial standpoint, but that is the way they generally judge, consequently his remorse is far less than the remorse of the murderer. But they each suffer sufficiently for the wrong-doing, you may rest assured. For every mistake the soul receives due chastisement, that it may know how to avoid them in the future. Could all the suicides and all the murderers be sent back to earth to live their earth-lives over again, I think there are very few who would dare commit either crime again—very few!

Dec. 2.

Henry Parker.

I am drawn to earth again by the unhappy, restless spirit who assisted in sending my spirit out of the body. He has quite recently learned something concerning the return of spirits after death, and it has had the effect to trouble the waters of conscience so thoroughly that sometimes they deluge the man, and make him regret that God ever gave him being. He feels that the hand of change is upon him—that in a few months he must enter that unknown world, and perhaps meet face to face the soul that years ago he committed the crime of murder against. I come here that I may assure him that I am not constituted his judge. There is a better judge that will take care of all the affairs of his life—that is nearer to him than I am—and he has more to fear from that judge than from any other. For many years he has suffered all the hell that a guilty conscience could create. He has mourned most bitterly over the part he took on that fatal night. I have watched him—I have pitied him—for I know he was led as a slave by those stronger than himself. He received but a paltry portion of the filthy lucre that lured him to crime. He disposed of it as soon as he was able to, and he has tried to live a different life since then. But in his spirit he is constantly saying, "Oh, that that ghost would only depart from me." And he fancies that I am not at rest, that I am unhappy, and that I haunt him continually. It is only the ghost of his own conscience. Nothing more. I have not visited him in vengeance. I pity him, and I may be the first to assist him to throw off this terrible load when he shall enter the land of souls. I would counsel that he carry his secret with him, and for this reason: He intends, when the hour of change is upon him, to make a full confession. I would not counsel to that, for he has children and friends and he should withhold this confession for their sake. The mantle will fall darkly upon them, and it will not help him—not at all. He fancies that if he confesses he shall rise above it. But no, it is not in mere confession. He has confessed to God over and over and over again. That is enough. The world now has nothing to do with it. It is in the hands of God, and I counsel that he carry his secret with him. It may be a heavy cross, yet he can bear it much better than they can who are left here to buffet with the cold winds of scorn that will blow upon them when it is known that their father was a murderer. No, no; let me beseech of you, oh man, who trembles at death, to carry your secret with you. I will meet you when you come to change worlds, and my pity and my forgiveness shall be the water that shall wash you clean. Carry your secret with you. Your children and your friends demand it, and God asks not that you shall make this confession. You have made it to him, and to him alone you are accountable. I am Henry Parker, once collector of Manchester, N. H.

Dec. 2.

Joseph Huntress.

I came here only to listen to what my son-in-law would say upon this matter, and I was obliged to take control and say a few words, in order to make a square departure. I am very glad he has taken the stand he has. He has disappointed the friends here, and very happily too, and particularly the mother of the man he pleads for. She feared he was coming here to denounce and advise a full confession. She is very happily disappointed. My name is Joseph Huntress.

Dec. 2.

Robert Duncan Craig.

I am here to show to my friends that I am alive. I was not much in the dark when I was here. I had some understanding about these things, and I sometimes could talk with those who had gone before, and I many times heard the voices of my friends telling me things that were to come upon me, and I had a belief in the return of spirits. And I told my friends I should come to this place in America, and I should tell them that I lived. I am from Ayrshire, Robert Duncan Craig. I stayed here fifty-one years. It is now nine months and will be six days when the sun sets, since I died.

Dec. 2.

Mattie Anderson Bell.

[You are not afraid to speak, are you?] No, I am not afraid, but I wish I could go home. (Do you?) Well, it is necessary for you to come here first, and ask your friends to provide a way for you to go to them. Don't you never send us home? [Not often, unless it is quite near. Did you live far from home?] Yes, I did—pretty far. I lived in New York, on Columbia street. My name was Mattie Anderson Bell. I am ten years old now; yes, more than ten. I want to go to my

mother. She believes that we can come, and every week she gets the paper, thinking I am coming. Sometimes when she can't pay for it, she looks at the list, and when she does, she don't see my name, she don't buy it. But I've tried ever so hard to come. I did n't know how I should, but I did to-day. The gentleman who takes care here, he was ever so kind, and he said, when I asked him if I could go to my mother, "Yes, little one, you can." But this ain't coming to her, is it? [Not exactly, but you can send a message to her.] You will put my name in right away, won't you? [Yes, and when your mother gets your message she will go to some medium, and they will let you talk to her. If your mother is poor, they will give her a sitting without pay.] In New York? [Yes.] My mother's name is Martha Bell. Well, on Columbia street, somewhere about forty-four or forty-five—I ain't sure about the number. [There is a gentleman here from New York who will try to assist you to speak with your mother.] Tell her George is well. He is gone to sea, and he is well. [Is he older than you?] Yes, he is fourteen. We wasn't always poor. When I was born, my mother said we lived in a nice place, and we wasn't poor.

Tell mother I did n't steal the cakes; I did n't. Mother thought it was so strange because I brought 'em home, and could n't tell who gave 'em to me. Well, I could n't, I am sure I could n't. I went into a store, and a gentleman was buying cakes, and he bought a whole bag full and gave to me, and I took them. Was n't it right? [Certainly.] I told my mother I did n't steal 'em, but she thought perhaps I did, and perhaps I told her a story. But I told her then I did n't—and I did n't. I did n't know who the gentleman was, and I don't now. [He was very kind.] Yes, he was; he gave me a whole bag full, bigger than he had. Mother thought I took 'em from some cart. I did n't do it. I want her to know I never stole a thing in my life. I was hungry, and I wanted the cakes, but I would n't steal 'em. Good-by. Dec. 2.

Séance opened by Theodore Parker; letters answered by Henry Wright.

Invocation.

Our Father who art in heaven and on earth, and whose loving kindness and wondrous wisdom hath watched over us all the days of our lives, thou who art near unto us, thou who art the strength for our weakness, thou who art wisdom unto our ignorance, we this hour return these thanks for all thy blessings; and in deep contrition of spirit we bow our faces before thee, acknowledging all our waywardness, and all the mistakes we have made in life. We acknowledge, oh Spirit divine, that we have not always followed our highest light. We have not always obeyed that inner voice that is of thee; for the confusion and disturbances of the external world have so wrought upon us that we have fallen many times, and as many times have been uplifted by thee. Oh our Father, we do not doubt thy love, we do not question thy wisdom, but still forever and forever we send out our song of thanksgiving and the murmur of our prayers unto thee; for like the summer brooks we must ever find action in the sunlight of thine eternal power, and as thou hast given us to praise and to pray, so our soul finds utterance through these channels, and thereby becomes lifted nearer and still nearer unto the understanding of thy wondrous self. We lay the prayers and praises of thy children that we have gathered in our walks through life upon the holy altar of faith, and we expect that thou wilt bless them; we expect that thou wilt understand their meaning, and every one of them, oh Spirit divine, thou wilt fashion for good and for use. We thank thee that we are permitted to walk through the valley and shadow of mortal life; we thank thee that thou hast called upon us to retrace our steps, wandering again o'er the sands of time, and listening to the waves as they dash upon its shore. Oh, we thank thee that life is not so monotonous as many suppose; we thank thee for the great variety of mind and matter that is everywhere exhibited; we thank thee for all the variety that exists in mind upon religious subjects; we thank thee for the great variety in matter; the glory with which thou hast decked the earth; we praise thee for the stars that give their light at night; we praise thee for the sunlight; for the rain-drops; ay, for everything, thou Spirit of Love and Wisdom, we return these thanks. And, oh Lord, while thy children on the earth continually seek to know more and still more of thee, oh may they consult that inner voice that ever whispers of thee, and may they read thy Scriptures that thou hast written everywhere. Oh may they turn not alone the leaves of any written volume, but oh may they turn the leaves of Nature, and there study thee. So shall thy kingdom come here on the earth, so shall thy will be done here as it is done where souls have a better understanding of themselves. Amen. Dec. 3.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Will the intelligence explain this passage—Luke xiv: 33: "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath no flesh and bones, as ye see me have." If it was a spirit body, why did he say he had flesh and bones? and why did he eat?

Ans.—Concerning this particular case we have no positive knowledge, for that is born only of one's experience; but judging from analogy, we suppose that if Christ had passed through the change called death, and if he was, after passing through that change, a dweller within a sufficiently condensed body as to be able to meet the senses of humanity, we are to suppose that that body was formed of material particles, and these were drawn from mediumistic bodies and the atmosphere. The same has been done in your day, is being done all over the land, and it is vain for the skeptic to cry out "I do not believe it"—vain, so far as staying the light is concerned, for it will continue to roll on till all the darkness is dispersed. I suppose this body that the disciples handled, this body that he was said to have determined to be composed of flesh and blood and bones, was a material body formed for the occasion, as I have before said, out of the atmosphere and some mediumistic body or bodies. I do not believe in the resurrection of the body of Jesus after death—the material, natural body. Science gives that theory the lie. It is in no sense true. We are told that everything is possible with God; but we know that God acts by eternal, immutable law, and we know he never tramples upon that law. It is always the same. Now, then, if Jesus had passed through the change called death, there was an entire and distinct separation between himself spiritual and himself natural, therefore if he had such a body as could be handled, recognized by humanity, it was a body formed for the occasion.

Mr. Wm. H. Do you not suppose his disciples were very strongly mediumistic as well as himself?

A.—I believe they were. In fact, I have very strong evidence toward knowledge in that matter.

Mr. Wm. H.—Would not their being in harmony so long on the earth give him greater power to make a body for them? [Yes.]

A.—Yes, and in all probability if the harmony between the disciples had not been broken by the unfaithfulness of one of their number, Jesus would never have been crucified—you would never have had a Calvary in the Christian religion, you would never have had a Saviour in Jesus of Nazareth. But one was unfaithful and betrayed his master, and what followed you all know—or at least you know what the record tells you. By-and-by you will learn much more concerning that.

Q.—The progress and happiness of society and the world in all ages have been impeded and marred by bad men—monsters, I would say—from the unprincipled politicians in our midst, to kings, emperors, popes, &c. Now I desire to know if those frauds on mankind still hold their influence in the spiritual world?

A.—To a certain extent they do. You should consider that all that this life has produced, all that belongs to it, either natural or spiritual, is in the imperfect state consequent upon the imperfect state of the earth. It has not yet arrived at that point of perfection by which it can sustain good men entire, or good women entire. There are poisonous plants everywhere upon the surface of the earth, and there are poisonous theories everywhere. There is spiritual poison as there is material poison, and both, I believe, are legitimate children of this planet, the earth. Now, then, as the earth grows, becomes more perfect, more spiritually unfolded, and more naturally unfolded, it will give you a higher type, not only in the vegetable, mineral and animal, but in the spiritual. But all these things come by slow degrees. The world was not made in six days, by any means. Man was not created in the twinkling of an eye, but thousands upon thousands, ay, millions upon millions of years rolled away ere thought was born. Now you have just as good a class of men and women upon the earth as the earth can take care of. Be satisfied; work on as the earth works on. The earth does not complain. It performs its mission, and I am very much inclined to think you will all perform yours, whether you desire to or not.

Q.—Will not this world receive, ere long, some astounding intelligence from the spiritual world? Will not the gates of the spiritual world be opened, so that we shall have a flood of light that shall sweep away darkness, superstition, priests, popes, &c., in one general ruin?

A.—That very thing is being done as fast as there is any necessity for its being done. You are receiving to-day all the light you can bear, all you are ready for. The spirit-world has, indeed, a great ocean of light in the shape of truths that are new to you, to bestow upon you when you are ready to receive them. Milk for babes, meat for mature age.

Q.—Would it not be better for Spiritualists to organize—I mean the Spiritualists of this world and the spiritual—on some grand or universal platform? Such a thing could be done without being sectarian.

A.—Yes, it would be better, in my opinion, and, in my opinion, it will be done.

Q.—Is there not organized, in the spirit-world, a congress to control and direct the great spiritual movements in the earth-life?

A.—There is such a group of spirits as your correspondent refers to; but they do not control the affairs of earth-life—not by any means. They only exert as much influence over those affairs as they are able to, by and through the instruments that they find on the earth. Sometimes, although they may desire to influence largely in certain directions, they may be prohibited from doing so, because of the want of some instrument through whom to manifest. Sometimes the atmosphere is against them; sometimes the soil. Different localities produce different thoughts, as well as different material influences. Dec. 3.

Paulina Bickford.

I have the light of this glorious way of return, though I was not in the way of being informed concerning it before my death. I have only been parted from my own suffering body less than four days. Some months before my death I learned a very little concerning the way that spirits were said to return at this place, and I made up my mind then, if it was true, I would certainly make the attempt to come. But I said nothing of my intentions, though I thought of them very much, and they were among the first of my thoughts after I was freed from the body. I was sick a long time—many months—with consumption. I lived on Main street in Charlestown. And, oh, I want my friends—I want them all to know that we have the power to return; that the spirit-world and this are so woven together that there is scarce a line to divide them. I am Paulina Bickford, and I am assisted here by one of my husband's patients who died about two years ago, she herself having learned the way. I desire that my friends may lay down all prejudice, and visit some place where I can come; and I shall—I know I shall demonstrate to them the truth of life after death. Farewell. Dec. 3.

Nathaniel Jones.

What a strange contrivance a good medium is, ain't it? I stood waiting for my turn, while that lady was speaking, and I thought to myself, "Poor show there is for me!" for it seemed to me as if the vital forces were all used up, and I thought there were no lungs at all, and that was a bad go for me, because I had a pretty good pair myself. But I find that a medium is very much like a speaking trumpet—don't make no difference who speaks through it, the trumpet remains just the same. By gracious! I am happily disappointed. Well, book me as all right on the other side, will you? Happy as a young rooster! [Who are you?] Who am I? I suppose I am just the person I was before I died, that is, without a body. You mean to say what is my name, do you? [Yes.] Well, sir, the name I had, when I was here, was Nathaniel Jones. That's the whole of it. And I am from Illinois; not exactly a rail-splitter, but then I could split a rail if I was to try. I've been on a flat-boat, and I been into considerable many different kinds of truck, but I've come out all right, all right. Got sent over on this side by a little brush I had with a "grey back." He got as badly whipped as I did, only I went out a little sooner, so we are both here. He thinks it's all right, and so do I. [He is here to help you, is he?] To help me? Not a great deal that way! I reckon I help him more than he does me, for he is one of the kind that was slightly ignorant when he was here. (To the spirit.) No offence to your majesty, sir. I don't mean to put him down as all, but then he was. That's owing to slavery. He was a white slave—a slave to the aristocracy of the South. I told him so, and first he hopped up like a young rooster, ready to fight. But by-and-by he began to see it himself, and then he was willing to back down and learn. I ain't educated, but I know more than he did.

Most all my folks are of the Methodist and Baptist faith.

But I wasn't, and I don't know what I was; it's very hard to tell. They booked me for the lower regions, so I thought I'd come back and tell them I was booked a little higher. That's what brings me here. [Did they give you over as lost?] Yes, one of my good old relatives—plous clear through—gave me over sometime ago; right over to the devil; could n't do anything with me, anyway. I'd been prayed for, and gone to the meetings; I did everything a body could do to get religion, but I did n't get it, and they thought I was n't a subject for grace, and so gave me over. And now, you see, they think I'm a little worse off than I am, and I come here to give them a surprise. I am not any worse off, and I take it, I am a little better off. Don't have to do things now that go agin the grain. Don't have to do what you do here, if you don't like it. So I rather think I shall get up pretty respectable sometime. But I shan't never jine any church. You may just reckon on that. Tell the folks I shan't never jine no church.

See here, now: little Sarah—they know who she is—died in the full faith, right clear up to the top of the ladder, and she don't stand a whit higher than I do—not a whit. Now, what's the reason? Why, I take it, I had the internal goodness that equaled hers. That's it, ain't it? Never mind the rough outside; that's nothing, you know. It's the good motives that make the real life.

Well, well, well, I wonder what they'd say if they could believe that our Abe—they know him well—I wonder if they could believe that he comes back, just the same as I do, and talks, just the same. I want them to know he does. They ain't posted; they're behind, just the same as the chap there was, when he was down South, following in the wake of somebody that had more money than he did. I never did it! No; I was just as good a man when I had n't a copper as when I had four thousand dollars in my pocket—just the same. I never followed in anybody's wake, unless 'twas a better wake than I could make myself.

I have a special message to send to my brother Sam. He has plead with the Lord, I suppose, two-thirds of his life for me. I want him to know now that I am happy, and in the way of doing considerable good; and now that I've come here, I expect to be able to do considerable more. And, if he wants to know further than I give him here, let him seek some of these good folks that I can come through, and I'll try to give it. The Bible he gave me did me considerable service. Sometimes I used it for one thing, and sometimes for another; can't say I read much in it. Never took to it. I really can't say what became of it. He has thought considerable about it; wishes he had it as a relic; but I don't know what became of it. It done me considerable service; I thanked him then, and I thank him now.

Don't forget to book me all right—not below, but above—will you? [What town were you from?] Springfield. Oh, yes, I'm up in the world. Old Abe did n't come from the same stock exactly, but we're from the same town. [Won't your brother want you to give your age?] Thunder! don't he know? I am now in my fortieth year, right now—I mean if I was here in the body. It's the body that grows old, you know. I take it I am about eighteen; not a white older, stranger.

I tell you there is nothing like keeping a good happy spirit all the time in attendance upon you. If you happen to get into a brush, have a little place inside that is all right, that you can send to in case of a storm. I always managed to. When Sam got into trouble in money matters once, he said to me, "Oh dear, Nat, I am just as unhappy as I can be." "What for?" says I. "Oh I've lost everything." "Have you?" says I. "Yes, I've lost everything. No, I haven't lost God." "Oh I thought you had. Your stories don't agree." Now, I've been clear down, but I never saw the time when I had n't a little place inside I could crawl away to and feel that I was all right. It was n't no religion—none of your cooked-up stuff. No, sir; it's natural. You see his was a sort of fog that forsakes you—no, it wasn't fog, it was sunshine that forsakes you in a fog. Mine always stayed with me, through thick and thin. Now he will say I am just the same in hell. So I am; but leave out the hell.

Good-by, stranger. A happy trip to you when you come over.

Dec. 3.

Priscilla A. Leonard.

I have made many very earnest endeavors to communicate at this place since my death, which occurred in the spring of 1866, but they have all been unsuccessful till to-day. I had supposed that a great crowd gathered here on every such occasion as this, but that does not well express the idea. I think if one were to call it an innumerable throng it would answer better. And if the dear friends I have left will only consider it in that light, they will not wonder that I have not manifested to them from here. It is exceedingly difficult to gain access to your medium unless one has powerful aids. Sometimes little children have more than adults. But I have no right to complain, but only to be thankful that there is such a way, even if many are disappointed in reaching their friends in this way.

A real happiness possesses me here in the dear old State of Massachusetts. Many happy days have I passed in this State—very many. I never fully realized before death that I should be able to return, perfectly and clearly. I hoped I should, but I did not know. I entered the spirit-world from Florida, Boone Co., Ill. And I have to say to the dear friends here in Massachusetts, those dear to me in Taunton and in the West, that I realize more than I expected to in this spirit-life. It is real, absolutely real. There is no vagary about it. It is the real world. I live here and enjoy the society of my darling Willie—my dear baby boy who came to me a short time since, and is just as real to me and belongs just as much to me as he did here. And all my other dear friends—they are not shadows—and I enjoy their society and their love, far more than I ever did here. I want my friends to know that this spirit-life is a tangible, perfect life, and they need not fear to enter it. Only live in accordance with the highest light you have. Do just as well as you can in the circumstances you find yourselves surrounded by. That is all that is required of you. A happy, satisfied state, awaits you beyond death. You will be so perfectly satisfied with it that it will become heaven to you.

I want to tell George that I am satisfied with all that has been done since I left. I come to him often, and shall always watch over those dear to me while they remain on earth, and welcome them when their time to change comes. My name was Priscilla A. Leonard. Dec. 3.

Ida Sanborn.

I am Ida Sanborn; from St. Joseph, Mo. I want you to tell my father and mother that I came here. I was eight years old and fourteen days when I died. I don't know what I died of—no fever—I don't know what the fever was. Am you a Yankee? [Yes. Was St. Joseph where you lived, a town or village?] It was a

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