

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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JESUS--THE CHRIST OF LOVE.

(Extract from and concluding portion of a letter by L. J. Goddard, on the birth, nature and mission of the Nazarene--written to a lady of Philadelphia, a Spiritualist and member of an Orthodox Church, by request of her spirit friends.)

But enough on that head, though many little points, in respect to the origin and nature of Jesus, must remain untouched. Let me close, however, with a statement of what I accept and teach the Nazarene to have been, and what he now is. To make that precise view more clear to your mind, will necessitate the presentation of the several quite different renderings of him.

First, then, there is the Ecclesiastical (or Protestant and Catholic) view, which you have been taught to accept. It looks upon Jesus as one with the very Absolute and Infinite Godhead; as God himself; as miraculously begotten; as especially misused, or sent, or come to save the world by dying for it. It regards his wonderful works as miracles performed by a God, and transcending all law, as results of the action of his mere will, and as confirmative of his God-head.

Second, there is the Rational (or Infidel) view--just the opposite of the other. It considers the Nazarene to have been simply a highly, morally and intellectually, endowed man, born as other men are, and as, in no respect, different from the rest of them, except as his mental qualifications made him so. His miracles are, by this view, either wholly rejected (as never having been performed) or, are looked upon in the light of political deceptions to enable him the better to perform his self-imposed beneficent labors. Theodore Parker, the Theist, and Renan, the French author, who wrote a very fascinating "Life of Jesus," give us the highest and best type of the Rational view. Both regard the Nazarene as the greatest Religious genius the world ever saw, and the founder and preeminent representative of the Absolute Religion of Humanity--so great and original, indeed, that, in the opinion of the latter, the world of men may well be pardoned for worshipping him as a God. On the other hand, other Rationalists look upon Jesus as in no wise superior to Confucius, who taught the Golden Rule hundreds of years before the advent of Christ, and point to the historic fact that almost every nation of antiquity had its special incarnation of Deity, born of a virgin, &c., and as come or sent to save mankind. (See Mrs. Child's History of all Religions.)

Third, there is the Religio-Philosophical (or Spiritualist) view. By this is understood that Jesus was a man and a medium; that he was finely and superiorly organized (1st) by virtue of parental conditions and (2d) Spirit-operations, and take him, all in all, the most pure, loving and perfect man the world had produced up to his time. His miracles--such as are accepted as genuine--were results of his mediumship, precisely as the like, and even greater works are done to-day through mediums in our midst. Being superiorly organized and spiritually fitted, he became, more than others, the recipient of the Christ-Principle or Spirit, and was thus commissioned by the angel-world as the special representative of it. That Christ-Principle, or Spirit, is regarded as simply a most holy and divine influence that may come to all, as the Christ in them is awakened to receive the same. It breathes peace, righteousness, purity and Universal Love. The Spiritualist view regards Jesus as a naturally begotten man, a medium, a moral-spiritual Teacher, a Reformer and a martyr.

These three views cover, in the main, the distinctive ground held in the premises--though there are many modifications of them extant to suit the minds of those who entertain them. I will now give you the view which has been given to me--as I believe by not only ancient Grecian and Hebrew Intelligences in the Spirit, but the Nazarene himself. As I believe that the latter communicates directly with many, I do not think it a piece of vanity or immodesty to declare that I believe he directly communicates with myself. You will observe that this view mediates between the Ecclesiastical and Rational estimates, accepts much from the Spiritualist-Rational, and conjoins thereto not a little that is original.

Fourth, then--there is the Religio-Philosophical (or Celestial) view. I denominate it the Religio-Philosophical, for the reason that I consider it the estimate that Religion (not Theology) modified by Philosophy, and Philosophy modified by Religion would yield from a most interior standpoint, and for reasons which will become apparent to any analytic mind gifted with deep insight as this estimate is unfolded. But, perhaps, the term Celestial--so much abused--is, strictly speaking, better still. For the Celestial bleeds in one beautiful accord, like a divine conjugal, masculine Science and feminine Religion, or Wisdom and Love. It corresponds to the plane of *innmost soul*. I do not say, however, that a person who is a recipient of Celestial Love and Wisdom--as contradistinguished from the Spiritual and Natural kinds--must necessarily entertain this Celestial view of Jesus. But I do say, that unless a person is in rapport with Celestial spheres and beings, he or she will be likely to see any special or significant sense in the same. Nay, there will be some who will spit upon it. In several delectable methods of such sort will they show their perfect independence of my thought. Well, let 'em spit. Possibly a little expectation will do them good.

Now, let me first present you with the general idea I wish to convey. Perhaps no better way to do so would be than to quote the exact words of a spirit who once spoke on this subject, by the mouth of the prophetess, Mrs. Osgood, of the Banner of Light. He said, "Christ we believe to be both human and divine. His humanity does by no means deprive him of his divinity. We believe, also, that, by virtue of his organization, he was a specialty; and, because he was, he stood apart from the multitude." He was something like

like all those by whom he was surrounded. He was differently organized, both spiritually and materially. It may not be wrong for us to state that we believe his physical birth was foretold by those (spirits) who used all the influence they were possessed of to bring it about. That he was not brought into the world after the order of humanity we deny, because we know this law was never broken. We also believe both statements--that he was human and divine. By virtue of his divinity and peculiar physical organization he was what he was. He will ever continue to shed light upon the ages. Spiritualism does not propose to rob him of his divinity, but to clothe him with still more glory, to show what he really was--a human and a divine, something you may well worship, for he was God-manifest in the flesh."

This is strong language, and almost embodies the Ecclesiastical idea. But, closely and critically viewed, it will be seen to be markedly different from it. And yet--as it ought to do--it takes from that idea whatsoever of truth Rationally can accept or affirm; while, at the same time, it presents a rational estimate lifted up into the atmosphere of the divine. All things are divine in their sphere and use; but that special divine is--higher and finer than the Natural or the Spiritual--the Celestial I refer to.

The view thus afforded by the quoted communication is, however, merely a general one. It does not yield a special statement of what Jesus was. What, then, is that special statement? Let us see.

I. The Nazarene, begotten naturally as are and have been other men, was the first man who was born into a practical individuality from the *innmost*. What does that mean? Well, please consider--what is a fact--that all men are alike divine in the *innmost*; that, composed as man is of (1) body (the outer), (2) of mind and spirit (the inner) and (3) of soul (the *innmost*), the soul is the same in quality and quantity, in all--in the cannibalistic South Sea Islander as in the advanced American; in the Digger Indian, living on roots and snakes and snails, and the proud Englishman full of his broad and many-sided civilization; in the Esquimaux taking his gallon of trola oil per day, as common drink, and the refined, metaphysical, spiritual, skeptical, musical German. It is "the mind that makes the man." It is the mind, or inner, that grows up with and is affected by whatever affects the state of the body. And it is not soul but mind that confers individuality. All souls are alike, but minds never are.

Now this soul, which is, as I understand it, a distinct, divine germ or monad--and which, it is taught by advanced intelligences, enters by the action of the law of attraction the sufficiently matured spiritual matrix of the embryo in the womb, at about the seventh month--is the deep God in man. It contains wrapped up in itself, as the plan of the oak in the acorn, all possibility. It is microcosmic, a little universe, and is essentially and absolutely pure, holy, divine. No sin affects it. But it is the mind that makes the individual man, that gets the blotch or stain. The soul keeps intact. And, surrounding itself with a wall or sphere of fine, defensive, magnetic light or fire, self-emanated, it repels with its tongues of flame the taint of sin. But it yields something to the mind or man. It is the secret source of all his impulses divine. In its bosom dwells the Christ of Love--nay, the Christ of Wisdom and the Christ of Truth as well.

But most men, one might almost say, all men--the exceptions are so relatively few as compared with the millions--are living from the sphere of the middle plane, which is mind. They are individualized from that and the body, and, thus and so, they are what they are, as individuals. But in the case of Jesus there was difference. His soul--not a whit superior to yours or mine, or that of any one of his time--was quickened, intensified and wrought up into highest activity by spiritual processes, so that it yielded an elemental flow of its pure life to the mind and body--to refine, perfect and harmonize them. In other words, having been born (by degrees) into a practical individuality from the soul-sphere in himself, his soul, or *innmost*, became positive to his mind and body. In other men the relation was and is just the reverse--that is, the mind is positive to the soul. Well, what was the result in the Nazarene's case of this difference? The answer is, he spontaneously received, outbreathed and outlived the divine. He experienced unity with God--or the celestial plane of Divine life and love; for his celestial (or soul) responded magnetically to the flow which it attracted. The currents were intermingled and became one in his inter-consciousness. No wonder, then, that thus sweetly and profoundly realising, he should exclaim, "I and my Father are one," though there was another sense in which (as he tells), he spoke those words. With all this, however, let us not over-estimate him. He was, but relatively pure and perfect. For, as some of his fierce outbreaks of temper show, he was the battle-ground on which mind, affected by outer influences, contended at times with soul to grasp its dominancy and to become positive to it.

Now this condition of individuality--of divine individuality--in Jesus, was specially brought about by Celestial Spirits. Otherwise it would not have occurred, or have been possibly present. How, then, did they go to work? (1) They, of course, had to look to the organic, cerebral, temperamental condition of the parents--that those should be of that needed fineness, that harmonious and mediunistic quality, and elevated and religio-spiritual tone of character as to naturally give birth to a corresponding child. There is a law here that must be obeyed. Whoever the father and mother of Jesus were, they must necessarily have outstamped themselves on the organic nature of their child. But these Celestial beings went much further; they magnetically influenced the child, through the mother's mind--by occupying her, to a certain extent, with their

ideal of the character they needed. That ideal, by dream or vision, and by impression, went into her. Her very spirit absorbed its essential spirit. She gave to the growing product in her womb the consequent inevitable impress on its brain and spirit-form.

At last, the Nazarene came to birth. But he was a mere pulling, tugging, sucking little fellow--though doubtless esteemed by his mother as the most wonderful baby that was ever born. So here we have him--simply a child; a child in feeling, thought, knowledge, growth, experience, everything. As a child, he must obey the laws which govern the growth and development of childhood. Of course, therefore, the animal part of being--of that being called man, who is, at once, animal, human and divine--was, at first, most active. Otherwise, how could the body get sufficient development? But, by-and-by, this child ceases to be such, and, by degrees, becomes a man. The record says--though I don't think much of that record--that, till his thirtieth year, Christ lived and wrought pretty much as other men. What was he doing, in reality, all this time? He was growing, developing, getting experience, becoming acquainted, by contact and converse as well as by insight, with the world of men--as needs must be, if he is to teach it. All this while the Celestial Spirits with this special work in hand have not been idle. They have been mastering and controlling the circumstances which are psychologically helping to mold the mind and character of Jesus; they have been directly and powerfully inspiring his open, flexible and highly mediunistic mind; and they have, by glory of given vision and gloom of awful trial, been quickening and intensifying his very soul. At last, the product of all is--a soul man. Then the Christ in him moved and spake. Then the Christly influences from the Unseen overshadowed and filled him, and he became, in a special sense, the Christ of Love, the God of Love (but not of Wisdom and Truth) manifest to man. In other words, he was, in the providences of God over this planet, molded and fitted to become the special Representative on Earth of the first principle of the Divine Trinity: Celestial Love, Wisdom, Truth.

Is there anything incongruous in all this? To me it appears preciously rational as well as divine. For we behold the conjoint operation of two sets of laws, Natural and Spiritual, to give us just such a man as Jesus was--both human and divine. But there is need of a fuller statement in these premises.

II. Therefore, let us see wherein the Nazarene was what he was, still further. If, as I am compelled to teach by the illuminations and inspirations that come upon me, Jesus is, to-day, the head and centre of the angel-host over this planet, Earth's spiritual King, and, relatively considered, his personal God, how precisely was it that he should so come to be? What special connection is there between his present (declared) position and his past as we have indicated it. Well, reference has been made to the providential economy over this planet--which means, simply, the Divine Government of the Angel-World over the world of men. As there is, physically, a divine government of Earth by the laws of Nature, so, spiritually, there is a divine government by the laws of spirit. And as the unbodied, Infinite Divine Life, or God-hood--the permeating Essence and element and controlling Law and Method of all existence on the millioned orbs of Natural and Spiritual space--is not an individual or person, any special, intelligent, adaptive, or providential influence from God to man must come by intermediates somewhat like God and man. These are spirits and angels. The higher and superior govern and direct the lower and inferior by a fixed law of being. But those governing powers, these hierarchies of the skies, are, themselves, servants of Law, and are governed by it. The supremacy of Law is written not only within their own interiors, but on the constitution of all things.

Now one great, universal law is, that of Centralities. By it everything has its centre--from an atom to a solar orb, from man to angel-hood. So, therefore, Earth has not only its physical, but its spiritual centre. That centre must be an individual spirit. He is the head of the angel-host ruling the destinies of this planet. Now, as I am taught, Jesus was the direct and special Representative of that God-man in the Spirit, who was, in the essential sense of molding the Nazarene's character and inspiring his life, his spirit-father. So that when Jesus said, "I and my Father are one," he did not simply mean, in the general sense, that the ways of his being were in accord with Natural, Spiritual and Divine Laws, but that, in a special sense, he was one in will of beneficent intent with the spiritual head of the planet. Here you see a certain sort of incarnation. Precisely in this way, also, may Plato, Socrates, Confucius, Pythagoras, Jesus and many others return to-day--molding and making chosen ones their special representatives, and living out, or re-producing on Earth, the essentials of their unfolded lives. I affirm that in the present scheme, now grandly opening.

Who, precisely, the then spiritual head or center was; I know not. Nor is it material to know. Suffice it to affirm that he was king of this planet; that his sense indicated, the especial guide and spiritual father of Jesus; and the Representative in the Heavens of Spirit over Earth of the divine Trinity: Love, Wisdom, Truth. But the Nazarene was mainly the Representative of Love, only, when in the form. How comes it, then, that he now seeks to return as the Christ of the fall Trinity? It is because of the law of progress. And just as, hundreds of years before his advent, it was foreseen that Jesus would, and it was planned that he should, appear as a living character, so it was foreseen that, at last, thus chosen as he was as the first God-man and Christ of Love, he would come by regular succession and by virtue of endowment to the kingship of the planet. If you will, there was a certain sort of

foreordination here. The providential Divine, or Angelic Economy, stretches back to the almost incomputable past and forward to the immeasurable future. It travels in circuits so vast that whole eras are swallowed up. Nations rise and collapse, like bubbles on this boundless sea. Yet its grasp takes in and guides a single life or a single thing.

On the other hand, the action of the law of progress upon Jesus--though you must even there include the wonderful influence of spirits--fitted him, at last, after nearly eighteen centuries of unfoldment, for his present position as a relative Lord. For, you must bear in mind, the soul of Jesus--having no more intrinsic capacity than yours or mine--was not fully developed on earth; or, rather, his mind was not. It is a pitiable mistake to view him as the representative of all possible knowledges. We must judge being by its exhibit. Civilization in the nineteenth century--that civilization which is simply the product of the come forth from within man, and whose elements are (1) Religion, (2) Literature, (3) Philosophy and Science, (4) Art and (5) Commerce--is as much the result of the developments of Science and the applications of Art as of the workings of a Christly religion. Look around you, and see what invention has done for the good of man, what Discovery. Where would we be to-day without the printing-press, the steam-engine, the thousand labor-saving machines. God is the root of all these. That is, these came from the God within man, or as inspirations to him from the Divine in the Unseen. But Jesus taught nothing of all these. His was purely a moral-spiritual mission. Love was his theme, not Wisdom. Love is the mother of Religion, but Wisdom is the father of Science. Jesus, it is clear, was not the Scientific Christ. The Scientific Christ (conjugally wed to the Religious Christ) is yet to come. But, as I am impressed to affirm, the Spirit Jesus will be his special guide. And in this connection, as I am near the close, I will quote the words of a spirit given, publicly, some four years ago, through one of our most gifted mediums and teachers--Miss Lizzie Doten. I prefer so to do rather than to quote myself, so often moved to speak of the coming of a new, divine center. After lengthily discoursing on "The Living Word"--or new Bible are long to be given to man--the spirit said: "The New Testament for this age is not yet written, nor can it be. Its revelations lie far forward in time; but the light of the future is blending even now with the present, and men are looking hopefully forward to the advent of that great spiritual man who shall be the ripened fruit of the Age, in whom the Living Word shall again become flesh and dwell in the midst of men." He shall represent in himself the perfect Trinity of the physical, the moral and the mental; or, the social, individual, and the spiritual. The first and second Adams shall find in his enlarged grasp of thought the full completion of their natures, the consummation of the mission which they in part fulfilled. 'The common people' will, also, gladly hear him; and Disciples and Apostles will not be wanting to disseminate the Living Word that falls from his lips, and write his teachings of Wisdom upon their hearts."

I think I have about done. I have endeavored to display before you the truth as it is about Jesus; that he was not Absolute and Infinite and very God, but the first man born into a practical individuality from the *innmost*; that he was the Christ of Love, but not of Love, Wisdom and Truth; that he was the highest and finest manifestation of the Divine, and, therefore, God-manifest to man; and that he was the medium-author of the Absolute Religion of Humanity. He was born as were we; was tempted and tried; terribly suffered to be fitted for the Christship; and, finally, like Socrates and others, died a martyr to the truths he loved and taught. It is not by a mere belief in the virtue of his death, but his life, that will help us; and it is only by practicing his teachings that we are saved from the hell of selfishness within ourselves.

Finally, looking hopefully forward to his second advent, through some chosen medium, when he shall appear as the true Christ of Love, Wisdom and all Truth, and as the Head and Organizer of a New Dispensation, now largely opening, I hail with joy, in the midst of this sore sickness that is upon me, a present communicability direct, with himself. Whoever truly invites him receives him. And such an one, whether man or woman, will bear his denial of that error, with respect to himself, which hangs like a pall upon the Churches. I am, very truly, &c., L. JUDD PARDEE. Philadelphia, December, 1867.

LYCEUM.

The current use of this word, by its adoption to designate the schools of children, held on Sundays under the tutelage of Spiritualists, in avoidance of the use of the terms, Sunday Schools, whose long usage by the churches distinguishes their quality and character, will, perhaps, justify a few remarks concerning its derivation, signification and appropriateness of application--and also because the Children's Lyceum is distinctively an institution of Spiritualism--and besides, by the common consent of its millions of believers, the name LYCEUM, seems to be received by them as truly significant and well chosen.

The word is derived from the Greek adjective, *lyceus*, (bright, luminous, having a white light,) an epithet applied primarily to Sol, the Sun, one of whose mythical names was Apollo, fabled to have been the son of Jupiter and Latona--twin-born with his sister Diana, in the Island of Delos, she being called Phoebus and he Phoebus--the fable shadowing forth the fact of the creation of the sun and moon at the same time, in one day, and representing them, she a huntress and he an archer, each as bearing quivers well filled, to indicate their rays--Diana ruling the night, Apollo ruling the day.

The root of the word is the noun, *lyce*; Latin,

lyce--Anglicized, *light*. By the laws which govern Greek accentuation, the second syllable is accented--and the derivative, *Lyceum*, taking a Latin metamorphosis, carries the same accent--hence, in English usage, the rule governing the accent of the original word, must be followed; it should be pronounced, *Ly-cé-um*, not *Ly-cé-um*. This pronunciation accords with the rulings of the best lexicographers.

The word as pronounced by multitudes, with the stress of voice on the first syllable, is offensively suggestive in sound. Regardless of the laws governing language, and the books of reference for correct pronunciation, this bad enunciation seems to have obtained, for it, in community. A poem, a year or two since, was written for and sung at an anniversary of a Children's Lyceum, having in the same, the word, with measure and quantity, in disregard of these rules, thus corrupting, as well, the word written--so that the example of that author would teach us to speak and write *Ly-cé-um*!

The word, it would seem, as used by the Grecians, denoted always some place made light by learning, in the arts, in philosophy, etc. Especially was the place where the philosopher of Stagira taught his disciples called the *Lyceum*. How beautiful is the term thus significant! Fancy for a moment the old philosopher seated in the Lyceum, (in the old time teachers always sat while discarding; witness the Nazarene,) hard by the banks of the beautiful Ilissus, enchanting his hearers with high truths concerning the Universe and its Laws. Here, indeed, were the flashes, the conceptions, the scintillations, the illuminations of genius, whose glorious beams, like an aurora borealis, have shot through the strata of the piled up centuries, till our own eyes of this age are dazzled with the effulgence.

In more modern times the word is used in an enlarged sense, and now may mean, instead of a place, an association of persons for literary or other improvement. In this sense it has been properly applied to the gatherings and assemblies of children on Sabbath-days, (with us no longer Sacerdos-days.) We have seen it to be significant of Light--enlightenment is the object of these schools. Whether applied to place or person, it is a most appropriate appellation--but let it be grammatically pronounced. DR. HORACE DRESSER.

Familiar Letters from "140 East 15th Street."

LETTER THE SECOND.

EDITORS BANNER--I think it may be rationally doubted whether any generation previously occupying the surface of this planet was ever so stirred up and pitched into and refused to be let alone, as the one of which you and I form an humble part. In the good old times, when a fanatic disturbed the repose of the Church, they just got up and made a burnt offering of him and then went to sleep again. So when some blundering patriot became so fool-hardy as to question the divine right of the reigning potentate, whoever he might be, all that was necessary was to chop off his head, confiscate his estate, and again "order reigned in Warsaw."

But now! Well, one would suppose that the Church of England might at least let itself alone; but such is the universal "pitch in" tendency of the age that it can't. There was a time when it probably felt itself the best anchored institution on the globe, and with some show of reason, too, for it trusted neither God nor man, so careful was it to guard against innovation from without and heresy from within. It marked out exactly what man is to believe; how he is to worship God, and how God is to permit himself to be worshipped; made for him a form of prayer to suit all occasions, and insisted that God should answer the prayers thus put into his mouth after the prescribed ecclesiastical pattern, or keep his blessings to himself. In short, it took upon itself the ordering of the universe generally; for, from somewhere about the period A. D. 1520, (Henry the Eighth and his pious court-adherents so determining,) it was irrevocably resolved that religion, as to both faith and practice, should henceforth run in the grooves then and there prescribed for it, alike defying the logic of facts and the progress of ideas forever! Here's sixty, one would say; here is eternity itself outlined.

As I have been for some years an interested observer of the workings of these sublime resolves, you may well believe, in view of that sameness, that when I read among the religious notices in the New York Tribune for January 4th, that "The Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith would, on the following Sunday evening, deliver a discourse upon liberal principles in the Episcopal Church," I resolved to hear from his own lips what was meant by such a startling announcement. "Liberal principles in the Episcopal Church!" Shade of Henry the Eighth, I said to myself, what can this mean? Have they that turn the world upside down and stir it up with a long pole, gone into the Episcopal Church also? I will go and see what this new horror means. And I went, and I heard, and I saw--I saw a cloud which, perhaps not much bigger than a man's hand just now, portends a wind; a tempest, in fact, which, if I mistake not the heavenly sign, is destined to sweep away the ecclesiastical cobwebs, heavy as they are with the dust of three centuries, if not to take the very roof itself from off the church and let the light of day in upon its worshippers--a privilege unknown and a blessing unenjoyed by them for ten generations. Moreover, without the sign in heaven, it is the logical sequence of the doctrine of the sermon.

I learned from it that the immediate cause of its delivery was that the secular time of the week then just enjoyed upon, is to be ecclesiastically devoted to the trial of a promising young Presbyter, who is charged (in substance) with conduct wholly unbecoming his sacred office, thereby bringing reproach upon the holy priesthood, of which he is an unworthy representative, in that he had, wickedly--that is to say, without the au-

thority of the Bishop, and without the least regard to sound ecclesiastical exclusiveness...

Now, this is the doctrine of the Bishop and his party, and the sermon of "the Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith" was a repudiation of it in toto...

The Reverend Doctor complained, and certainly with justice, on the score of policy, that it was bad management on the part of the Bishop to prosecute this matter...

So we go, no quiet anywhere, or for anybody, or anything. God has come to life again, as you shall see; and inspiration and revelation are again astir...

To the Editor of the Springfield Republican: Sir: Several papers have reported the death of the Rev. Edward Burnham of Newburyport, Mass., in the late terrible disaster on the Lake Shore Railroad...

This is getting serious. That blessed old doctrine, blined into our ears from every pulp in the land, namely, that when God desired from active life, having exhausted all his energies upon the Bible, inspiration also dried up, is slapped directly in the face...

To be sure, those who have paid any reasonable attention to the facts of daily occurrence for the last fifteen or twenty years, are knowing to "direct interpositions" of the same character, by the thousand, and see just as much and no more of the presence of God in them as they do in the orderly movements of the solar system...

EDITORIALS OF THE BANNER.—It is with pleasure that I again undertake to inform your readers of the progress of Spiritualism at the National Capital. It is a pleasure because I believe the Spiritualists generally desire to know and because I can speak of success in all our labors in this city, where representatives from all quarters of the globe congregate, giving us a medley of religion, virtue and vice.

Our Society constantly increases, which is attributable, to some extent, to the energies and good management of Dr. Mayhew, our President; but more, I think, to the philosophy itself, and the ability of its exponents. It is true that a little more than our proportion of the enterprise and intellect of the city are with us; but we have not invited this for the sake of strength. We feel abundantly able to manage our own concerns.

Our present lecturer, Mrs. Brigham, seems a culmination of all the better angels of our nature—a delicate lady, whose features seem to have been designed only to express the happiest attributes of the soul.

I have seen no sight more sublime than this frail woman standing before a densely crowded hall, wherein were senators, lawyers, editors and scholars, all listening with breathless attention to a discourse, beautiful in grammar and system, deep in reason and lofty in ideas.

For an example in speech, I would invite the attention of our Congress to the discourses of this lady. We shall pass with Mrs. Brigham with reluctance, and the memory of this interesting woman, from near the rugged mountains of Vermont, will long live with us.

Mrs. Daniels is now in our city, where she will remain some time. We hope to hear this very eloquent speaker before she leaves. Bereft of so much she loved—her life so sad—our sympathies go out to her, and we are confident that other friends as well as ourselves will guide her through the scenes of time.

I am glad to state that Mr. Foster has consented to give us a course of lectures, in addition to those delivered before the Society. So great is the interest taken in the mastery lectures of this speaker, that the community have urged him to give us a series of lectures. It is a wonder to me that some Society able to sustain him do not receive the permanent services of this profound speaker.

Now you will observe, I trust, that the Spiritualists are not idle in Washington. Our greatest trouble is that we have not a hall large enough to hold all who would be glad to attend our lectures. The numbers and energy of the Society, however, will soon obviate this difficulty.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS. Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 20, Station D, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see About our hearts, eyes that are to be, Or may be if they will, and we prepare Their souls and ears to meet in happy bliss." (Lazarus Hoop.)

THE ROSE-TINTED DRESS.

PART I.

If there was anything that Margy envied her pretty cousin that came to visit her, it was her lovely pink dress. Margy dearly loved flowers, and especially roses and pinks, and this soft, delicate merino looked so much like the blushing roses that grew in the garden, that she used to call the dress the rosy dress. It made her think, too, of the delicate azaleas that bloomed in such fair clusters in the wooded swamp, and also of soft sunset hues. No wonder she longed to possess a garment that suggested so much that was beautiful and fair.

Margy was the pet of her mother, who wished the little girl to have every beautiful thing, and especially that which made her look so like a rose-bud, and gave to her fair face a beauty not seen in the brightest of sunsets. So, after the lovely dress had been packed in her Cousin Kate's trunk, and was whirling away in the cars with its owner to the city, Margy's mother read the thoughts of her good child, and said: "I have made up my mind to send for a dress for you just like Kate's. It shall be equally as nice, and of as lovely a tint."

"And shall I have it for the Festival?" "Yes, Margy, and I will get Susan Hooper to come and make it."

This announcement made Margy's waking dreams more full of poetry and imagination than all the fairy tales she had ever read—not because Margy was a vain child, but because she loved beautiful things and longed to possess them. Her mother was a widow of a small income, who could have lived very comfortably in her quiet home, but for her far-reaching sympathy and her generous heart. But these noble traits were always getting her into all sorts of troubles. She gave a dollar to one needy applicant, a dress to another, a sack of flour to another, until very often her own little stores were gone and she knew not how to replenish it.

Margy shared in her mother's benevolent wishes and acts, and often took off some garment, at her mother's wish, to give to some one more needy. And her mother, who was called by half the neighborhood Mrs. Goodwill, though her true name was Goodel, always meant to replace Margy's lost garment with something much better; but it very often happened that the child had to hunt up some cast-off one, and wear it for weeks before the good widow could by any possibility save enough to buy the new.

But she had given her word that Margy should have the pink dress, and she resolved to turn a deaf ear to those that should come to her, for at least one month, and then she should be abundantly able to please the pet child.

"Ah, Margy, I love you so much, and yet one would hardly believe it, for I do not dress you in fine garments, and I keep you from many places you would like to go to, because I cannot afford to buy you a new hat, or make you wear your old cloak; but do you know, Margy, I sometimes think I am weaving for you thus a brighter garment than I could buy for you if I had all the wealth of the world, for will not the gratitude of all those I seek to aid bless you more than a golden garment?"

"You are so good, mamma, that I am ashamed to say I want anything."

"Let us not talk about that; I have five dollars now, and next week I shall save as much more, and then, my rose-bud, you shall bloom with the fairest."

The good widow sat by her comfortable fire that evening and thought of her blessings, and envied no one. She let her thoughts go back over her Margy's life, and she grew glad in the good child the more she remembered her sweet, unselfish ways; but a rap at her door broke her pleasant reverie.

"Oh, Mrs. Goodel, I am so glad you are at home," said a feeble voice; "I was afraid you'd be out."

"Why, Hester Prince, are you able to be out this cold night? I was just wondering about you as I heard the cold wind sweep past, for I don't forget the chill I got in your room the last time I was there."

"It's colder now, for I have n't scarcely a stick of wood."

"Then do stay here, poor soul, and keep comfortable. I'll make you a cup of tea in a minute."

"I can't stop; my boy is down again with chill and fever, and I mustn't leave him. I can't bear to tell you, but we have n't a thing to eat, and only six sticks of wood."

"Poor, dear soul, how lucky that I baked today; and then I ordered a cord of best wood here to-morrow morning; I'll have half go to your house; and you must send for the doctor, too."

"Oh," said Hester, with a sigh, "if I only could."

"I'll pay for two visits, that'll be a dollar, and perhaps then he will be better."

Hester's face lighted up as if new life and strength had come to her, and they had, for hope gives the body strength and the spirit life. She went away with her basket well loaded with the principal part of the widow's baking.

And now Mrs. Goodel was alone, sitting by the self-same fire, which seemed to her to cast a rosy tint about the room. Perhaps it was that which reminded her of Margy's dress. She went into the little sleeping-room where her darling lay in peaceful slumber. A fresh rose-tint bloomed on her cheek, and a smile, as from pleasant dreams, rested on her lips. No wonder the widow was proud of her and thought her fit to be a princess.

"Have I wronged thee, my little one, that I have broken into the store that was given for thy use?" said she, with a little sigh. "But it is only a dollar that I have given; there are four left, and the one I have taken shall help to make thy beautiful wedding garment when the Lord calls thee to his Festival."

These words comforted the widow, and she went back to the rose-tinted room to dream again of good and beautiful things. The next day the half cord of wood was sent to poor Hester, and Margy also carried some tea and sugar, a glass of jelly and a bottle of cooling drink. With all these comforts and the care of the doctor the boy was soon better. Mrs. Goodel rejoiced greatly for the boy's sake and her own, for she knew herself well enough to be very sure that she would not resist serving the poor boy to the last of her carefully hoarded four dollars. She grew very cheerful, and gladly took her cup of weak tea to serve in place of the rich beverage she had deprived herself of for Hester's sake.

About a week after this, Mrs. Goodel was about her morning's work, when the sound of a tiny rap came from her back door.

"Dear me," said she, on opening it; "you little mite of a snow-bird, did n't you fear this cold wind? Come in and warm your little toes."

There huddled up to the fire a little bunch of brown garments, from which peeped a little pale face, with so sad and pitiful and timid a look, that all Mrs. Goodel's good-natured and loving words could not bring to it a smile.

"Here, take this cookie, child, and tell me how do they do at home."

The sight of the cookie seemed to inspire the little one with some courage, and she drew from her pocket a little crumpled piece of paper. Mrs. Goodel succeeded in reading a request from poor old Mrs. Tuft to come to her immediately.

"Tell the dear old lady I'll be down right away. And here, you'd better take her this pie; and here's another cookie."

The little one went with a light step, and Mrs. Goodel soon followed, wondering how those little feet had plowed through the drifts, when her own were so chilled and wearied. She reached the little snow-covered cottage, to find old Mrs. Tuft confined to her bed by an attack of rheumatism.

"Oh how good it is in you to come," said the old lady. "I've been lying here a week with no one to do a thing for me but that little one. She has been so patient and kind in her little ways that I had nothing to complain of; but now we are all out of flour and butter, and we have had no tea or sugar for a week; and Mrs. Tuft refused to send another drop of milk till the last month's bill was paid. I did not want to send for any one, but what could I do? I've prayed night and day, and seen little Ellen grow paler and thinner every day, and I could think of nobody but you."

"Who should you think of but me? And how could your prayers be answered if there were not kind hearts to come to your help? Now keep still and don't worry. I put some tea and sugar into my bag—how lucky!—and we'll have a cup in a minute. And here, Ellen, run over with this dollar to pay the bill for milk and bring back a pill fall, and we'll soon have a good dinner. I brought along a little flour—that was lucky, too—and the oven is all hot, for you have plenty of wood."

So Mrs. Goodel prepared the old lady and her little van looking grandchild the first good meal they had had for a week, and when she had made everything comfortable she returned to her home in the twilight to find her fire burning, casting its rosy light on everything in her snug little room, for Margy never forgot anything, and in her good, quiet ways, cared for her mother's comfort.

As the good widow sat musing in the soft light after Margy was asleep, she thought again of the promised dress, and remembered that another dollar had gone, and still another must go on the morrow, for she could not leave old Mrs. Tuft without necessary comforts. She went up softly to her dear child, now in the first deep sleep of health. She kissed her fair cheek, and said, as if she could be heard: "Do I wrong thee, my sweetest one? Am I taking from thee what belongs to thee? Oh no, it cannot be. For how could I do less than I have done? And thou wilt forgive me, for thou art so true and good."

Mrs. Goodel had not a heart to tell Margy of what she had done, but the next morning she begged her to hurry with her work—for Margy had her share of dusting and sweeping—that she might go over and help the little Ellen.

When Margy returned she was full of sympathy for the old lady and her little grandchild, and willingly went to the store to spend the dollar her mother gave her, though she knew it came from the five that had mingled so in her thoughts for the past week.

The widow sat taking her comfortable after dinner nap in the high back chair, when she was roused by a heavy rap on her door. The bending form of an old man stood before her. He was a stranger, but Mrs. Goodel read his face in an instant, and murmured to herself, "a stranger and yet took him in."

"Come in and warm yourself," she added aloud. "It's a bitter cold day, and you have been traveling, I see."

There was something in Mrs. Goodel's manner that thawed out the cold restraints of people as quickly as her fire thawed their frozen garments, and it was not many moments before she had learned the history of the poor forlorn old man that sat opposite to her. He was trying to get home to see his only and much loved daughter die. He had forced himself away from her that he might earn comforts for her in her last days. He had sent to her his last dollar when he was summoned to see her die. He started on foot, but feared he should not reach her in time for her last words. Mrs. Goodel went to her bureau drawer and took out the two remaining dollars.

"The train leaves here in half an hour. Take this and buy a ticket," she said, urging him to hasten.

"Oh, madam, I have no words to thank you. If I die before I can repay you, I leave your reward to be given in that home where we shall not have to sell our hearts that others may not die."

Tears fell down the old man's cheeks faster than the melting frost had gone, and he hurried on with the widow's blessing following him. Thus she saw departing the rose-tinted dress that was to give her darling Margy such delight.

[To be continued.]

(Original.)

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN ASH-TABULA COUNTY.

On a beautiful, bright day in May the birds were singing gayly to each other; violets and buttercups were blooming on all sides of a sloping bank that ran down to a fine stream of water within sight of my front door. My little girls were out in the yard, chatting with each other, and running about as happy and free as the lambs that were nibbling playfully to the next field.

"Let us ask mother to go and take a walk," said Estella, the eldest. "We shall find some yellow violets down by the brook. I saw some the other day."

My consent was easily obtained; so onward we went, laughing and chatting through the fields and by the running brook, over the wildwood bank and through tangled masses of blackberry vines.

We returned to the house with weary limbs, our arms filled with branches of the flowering thorn and the wild-wood plank. Flower-pots were filled with water, and then our gay treasures were placed in them, to be afterward placed in the window-seats, wondering ever so much that with such resources of happiness around us we could not be therewith content and gladdened every day of our lives.

Estella, at last being wearied out with play, seated herself in a large rocking-chair, and went to sleep. I noticed with some surprise that her

chair kept rocking without any effort of her own. I think she slept fifteen minutes. Then one of her sisters came running in with so much noise that she awoke and immediately burst into tears. "Oh, mother," she says, "I have been with father, and walked around with him in a beautiful garden. Cousin George was there, and our baby, and I saw Samuel Beadle tending some flowers. I was so happy that I did not want to come back; but father took me in his arms and kissed me, and then told me to come back and stay with you and make you happy. It was he that rocked me. He is sitting there in that chair; he has on a suit that I don't know. I see his soldier's cap and blue pants, with a green sash around his waist. Mother, he smiles and looks at you. He is holding our baby. Oh, dear father, I cannot stay without you!" she exclaimed, while tears ran down her cheeks.

She continued to watch him the remainder of the afternoon, until, as the day wore away, the rosy hues of a bright summer sun fell softly over many a tangled marsh and lumbering deep, and the moon's pale radiance stole into my little room, and my little ones, weary with excitement, fell into that sweet slumber which belongs to happy, innocent childhood, as yet free from the cares and turmoils of a busy, bustling world. While my little ones slept I heard noises in the adjoining room that I could not explain upon any natural principle.

The next day we went out into the fields as usual, and on our return Estella saw her father sitting in the rocking-chair; afterwards she saw him leave the house and walk into the garden, stopping occasionally to look at my flowers. She could see the vision distinctly at first, but after two hours it would gradually fade away. She was then nine years of age, truthful and loving, and had been her father's favorite. She could not have deceived me if she had tried. N. M. A. New Lyme.

HARVEST TIME.

BY ANNA P. HAZARD.

The lengthening shadows, leaving the green sea, Creep down the rugged rocks and stoop to kiss the sea;

Then hurriedly climb up again, and turn to flee Back to the purple hill.

Up the broad path the reapers homeward go— The little gleaners wander to and fro; And from the valley, lying just below, Echoes the tinkling rill.

The linden, leaning over the green lane, Are hung with samples of the golden grain Caught from the fullness of the laden wain As it bore home its prize.

Their clustering leaves press the bright light away, And so beneath reigns twilight all the day, Save when some straying sunbeam, like a fay, Peeps in with laughing eyes.

Beyond the harvest fields the rolling land Slopes to the sea; toward the level strand The waves ride proudly in, to greet the sand. Each hour its silver crest; Then, rearing up, sweeps out again to sea, Chanting upon their way sweet melody. And so they rise and fall unceasingly, And never are at rest.

Wrapped in a peaceful stillness Nature lies, As if while sleeping on the quiet sea, She had looked past their depth, had met God's eyes,

And in that gaze grown calm; As if awed by the solemn sight she lay, Or, fallen asleep, was dreaming time away, Singing unconsciously, by night and day, A reverential psalm.

Half veiled in golden light of shimmering air, The landscape stretches, wonderfully fair, No trace of palling beauty anywhere; Nature is in her prime.

In richest robes the hills and woods appear, The lakes and springs lie motionless and clear, Ruled by the fairest Queen of all the year, Beautiful Harvest Time.

The silver river, winding through the sea, The singing birds on every greenwood tree, The music of the never silent sea, The deep and solemn wood,

Are never-changing witnesses that He Who made all these fair things so graciously Is mighty in His love, and prayerfully, I whisper, "God is good."

Hushed for the night is labor's busy hum, The patient oxen from the home croft come, Their yoke unloosed, and their day's work done.

Down to the little spring, From the sea the fragrant breeze room, Bearing the scent of sea-flowers, freshly blown, And murmuring of their wild, free ocean home, They gladden everything.

Like little lambskins hastening to the fold, And seeking shelter from the night and cold, Drift the white cloudlets to the gates of gold, And enter one by one;

All day ranging about the quiet sky, God's great wide pasture-ground stretched out on high, They've wandered, and now weary homeward hie, Where gleams the sinking sun.

Into its rainbow-curtained setting-place The golden orb rides down with stately grace, Slow veiling in the clouds its radiant face, And lo! at its command,

Longer the shadows fall on rock and tree, From my night fades the harvest plain and sea, And twilight clasps its pale arms lovingly About the peaceful land.

* It will be seen by an obituary in another column that the writer of the above beautiful poem has passed to her home in the Summerland.

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

THE COMING CONFLICT.

DEAR BANNER—I find that the most of thinkers, both among Spiritualists and elsewhere, are satisfied that a conflict is impending, and that sooner or later it will burst.

"With the scattering of the lightning And the rolling of the thunder,"

upon many a startled ear. Some, however, doubt that religious conflict will ever rise to the mark of blood in this, our enlightened land. True, other lands have felt the blighting scourge of religious intolerance in full deluge, but ours is to escape with the hanging of a few witches and Quakers. Those, however, who thus think, do not realize that they who sow dragons' teeth cannot reap a harvest of golden grain. Straws show which way the wind blows, and if the following does not come from the heart of a tornado of blood then I am mistaken. I found it in a scrap of a temperance paper that was wrapped around a store parcel. Who the writer is I do not know, but he is pleading for temperance, and the Sabbath also, making the latter the primary consideration, of course:

READ! READ! READ! what this writer says:

"Religious men are not to be bought and sold like meat in the shambles. We may not be able to stop them in their work of folly, but we warn them that religious men will not submit to dictation; that they will not stand by and see the institutions of our country destroyed; that they are not owned by oligarchs, and that they mean to maintain the Christian Sabbath, and so withstand the encroachments of the rum-power; that they will do this if they are compelled to suffer every party to go for the time being into a minority, and, driven to the wall, stand defending the faith once delivered to the saints. We repeat this warn-

ing, and beseech the leaders in the anti-Sunday, pro-liquor crusade that will speak their due consideration, and with a knowledge of the sentiments of Protestant churches. We warn them further, that in the contest for the Sabbath, it may so fall out that Roman Catholicism in America and Protestantism will be found side by side, for neither of these will consent to be marginalized by German atheism. We warn them once more that in such a division a mighty division of the German element will be with us. These German whip-crackers will be as sure as the air of plantation slave-drivers, have no mortgage on the brains, the hearts, the consciences of thinking, industrious Germans of the country, whether Protestant or Catholic.

This is a Christian country. The foundations were laid in Christian faith and self-denial, and again and again in the most solemn manner has Christianity been recognized as the religion of the country—not as a creed, not as a form, not as something to be established and sustained by legal tithes, yet as the fundamental, essential, religious spirit of the nation."

Here the paper is torn, and I can quote no further. The underlining is my own, for the purpose of drawing attention to particular passages; and now, thinking men and women, what of it? The prophecy of the nineteenth century is—

"The horrid ghosts of treason And theology were there. The nation's government had sold its soul Unto the fiend of power."

Time was when it was deemed sacrilege, almost, to mention religion and politics in the same breath. They had no connection; one was of the earth earthy, the other from heaven, and therefore too pure to be associated with that which bore direct influence upon the welfare of humanity. Temperance and slavery were small things; too small, even though millions of human beings perished thereby, to be brought into the house where God was worshipped at the expense of man; but humanity triumphed finally; the churches conceded when they must; but when did the "Protestant Churches" as a body, warrant any such "warning" as above, to wit: a separation from political parties for the sake of humanity; and echo answers, when? But when the "Sabbath" is in danger, then the "Christianity" that has failed to win the hearts of the people will appeal to "the fiend of power," through the ballot, to accomplish its ends. And not only this, not only does the writer affirm that Protestant Churches are united in this matter, but that the Catholics are with them.

"This is a Christian country." Ah, indeed! Then the spirit of the country must be Christian; for you might just as well talk of a black man with a white skin as to talk of a Christian country where the spirit of Christianity is not the ruling power; and if this spirit is the ruling power, then the evils that prevail are consistent with this spirit, or they would be ruled out. But they are not ruled out, and I will leave it to the advocates of such a Christianity to take which horn of the dilemma they please, while I proceed to give my own views of the case.

How can that become a renovating power which sets tradition, institutions, dogmas, creeds above humanity? the dead form above the living soul? makes a wicked deed worse, because done on a particular day? If people will sell liquor, and other people drink it, they shall not do it on the Sabbath. Such is the language of the above article; and why? Why should it be so much worse to sell the intoxicating draught on this one than on the other six days? Because the Sabbath is of more value than man, is the reply that is found in the spirit of the above article. Its language is, "We will prevail on men to stop drinking and selling by applying the grace of God, and thus save them as fast as we can; and those we cannot reach must go to hell, of course; but the grace of God is not sufficient to save the Sabbath, and so we will vote for it, fight for it, save it any way we can; for 'this is a Christian country,' and Christian institutions must stand, though all the world go to hell on the other six days." Out upon such a Christianity! No wonder it is a failure.

And while its votaries are thus crying out against the desecration of the Sabbath, what are they doing upon the self-same day? Let the answer be heard in the following letter from one of the victims of

THEOLOGICAL TORTURE.

—, Jan. 22d, 1868.

Mrs. WAISBROOKER: Dear Madam—I do not know as you will have time to answer this; but if you have time, please answer it and oblige a suffering fellow mortal.

I have been brought up in the Orthodox faith, and all of my friends are of the same faith, being Methodists of the strictest kind, and firmly believing in the doctrine of eternal damnation, and that without a change of heart, being re-created out of a state of nature into a state of grace, no one can enter the kingdom of heaven. Well, I never had that change of heart, nor ever can. Something of a very strange nature happened to me about four years ago, and since that time I never could pray to God, and so of course, when I can't pray for wicked thoughts, I at once concluded that the devil had entire possession of my immortal soul, and that thought has haunted me all these years, and a more miserable creature than me never existed on earth. I never said anything to any person about my inward suffering. My mother died when I was young, and I could not unobscure myself to any other person; so I struggled away and tried to be cheerful, and no one would ever have thought what a sad heart I carried in my breast. My sufferings were so intense at times that I would run away from the house, into the woods, and there I would try to pray; but the thought of the devil would drive me back again, and many a time I have fancied I heard him coming, and the agony I endured at such times was beyond description.

I now have settled down into a state of calm despair, and I am waiting my time to leave the earth, if I don't take my life. Anything is better than suspense, and if I must be damned, the sooner the better; but still, in my inmost soul I do not believe there is a hell, and again I do; so between hope and despair I struggle away.

There are very few Spiritualists here, not more than six or seven; and there have been revivals going on in all the churches of this place, except in the five that are Catholic. There are eleven churches here; the town contains about six thousand inhabitants, and some new comers have arrived since the census was taken. A great number have been converted during the continuance of the revivals, and now when it is too late all the old women around me come and say, "My dear, you ought to be a Christian." They never said anything to me years ago, but now they come and nearly set me crazy. I will soon be crazy anyway, and their mistaken kindness will hasten it.

I know you will sympathize with me, and if you can give me any encouragement I know you will. You have no fear of an angry God, and a blood-thirsty devil, do you not? Poor souls who were born into this world without any will of their own. I feel better since writing this; some little portion of my load is gone. I am young, just twenty years of age. Yours respectfully,

Miss

A—, Blair Co., Penn.

The above speaks for itself, and is hardly a title of the suffering inflicted upon humanity by those who thus warn the people what they will do if they cannot hold the balance of power in this "Christian country." Rum is bad enough; alcoholic drinks are a burning, blighting curse upon our beautiful land; but who can tell how many have been driven to it as a temporary refuge from torture like the above? Come, then, friends, while Christians are fighting this giant to keep him from eating up the Sabbath; let us fight this and all other evils, a damnation theology included, not only on one day on every day in the week, counting them all holy in proportion as they are used for humanity.

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE.

AN INSPIRATIONAL FORM GIVEN BY MISS LILLIE DODGE ON THE BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM, 1867.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by H. F. Gardner, M. D.)

'T was a faith that was held by the Northmen bold,

In the ages long, long ago— That the river of death, so dark and cold, Was spanned by a radiant bow; A rainbow bridge to the bliss abode Of the strong Gods—free from ill, Where the beautiful Urdia fountain flowed, Near the ash tree Igrasall.

They held that when, in life's weary march, They should come to that river wide, They would set their feet on the shining arch, And would pass to the other side, And they said that the Gods and the Heroes crossed

That bridge from the world of light, To strengthen the Soul when its hope seemed lost, In the conflict for the right.

Oh beautiful faith of the grand old past! So simple, yet so sublime, A light from that rainbow bridge is cast Far down o'er the tide of time. We raise our eyes and we see above, The souls in their homeward march, They wave their hands and they smile in love, From the heights of the rainbow arch.

We know they will drink from the fountain pure That springs by the Tree of Life, We know that their spirits will rest secure From the tempests of human strife; So we fold our hands, and we close our eyes, And we strive to forget our pain, Lest the weak and the selfish wish should rise, To ask for them back again.

The swelling tide of our grief we stay, While our warm hearts fondly yearn, And we ask if over that shining way They shall nevermore return. Oh, we oft forget that our lonely hours Are known to the souls we love, And they strow the path of our life with flowers, From that rainbow arch above.

We hear their call, and their voices sweet Float down from that bridge of light, Where the gold and crimson and azure meet, And mingle their glories bright. We hear their call, and the soul replies, From the depths of the life below, And we strive on the wings of faith to rise To the height of that radiant bow.

Like the crystal ladder that Jacob saw, Is that beautiful vision given, The weary pilgrims of earth to draw To the life of their native heaven. For 't is better that souls should upward tend, And strive for the victor's crown, Than to ask the angels their help to lend, And come to man's weakness down.

That rainbow bridge in the crystal dome, O'er a swiftly flowing tide, Is the shining way to the spirit home, That lies on the other side. To man is the tempest cloud below, And the storm wind's fatal breath, But for those who cross o'er that shining bow, There is no more pain or death.

Oh fair and bright does that archway stand, Through the silent lapse of years, Fashioned and reared by no human hand, From the sunshine of love and tears. Sweet spirits, our footsteps are nearing fast The light of the shining shore, We shall cross that rainbow bridge at last, And greet you in joy once more.

Monthly Report.

Mr. George A. Bacon, Secretary of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association:

RESPECTED FRIEND:—The month of January, 1868, has flown by on the wings of time, and I take up the pen to record the labors performed by the State Agent. I shall do so very briefly, for I feel that we ought not to trespass too largely upon the kindness of our indulgent friend, the Banner, for Agents' reports may be to many like those issued from the patent office, rather dry.

The 21 and 31 of January I spent in Fitchburg, organizing a Lyceum. I am happy to say that my labors were crowned with success, and the good people of that place are rejoicing in the fact that they have got a Sunday School adapted to the needs of their children. I wish I could say the same of all other Spiritualist Societies. Sunday, the 5th, was passed very pleasantly with the friends in Ashland, who seem inclined to give the truth of spirit-communication a candid investigation.

From Ashland I went to Boston to attend the State Convention, the report of which has already been published.

Since the Convention I have delivered from one to three lectures in each of the following places: Fiskdale, West Warren, Monson, Ware, Brighton, Wrentham and Attleboro'.

Bro. Storers, as volunteer, reports two lectures delivered, one in Billerica, the other in West Newton, in both of which places he was greeted by large and intelligent audiences who gave him the most earnest attention.

I have to report in funds collected, besides those taken at the Convention, the following contributions:

- W. H. Yaw, Leominster, 1.00; Warren Collins, Collins, 2.00; L. F. Thompson, Fitch, 1.00; A. H. Maxwell, Monson, 1.00; H. B. Brigham, D., 1.00; J. H. Sawyer, 1.00; Fitchburg, 1.00; Contribution, Ware, 2.00; Contribution, Ashland, 2.00; Daniel Baxter, Brighton, 1.00; Annie M. T. King, Roxbury, 1.00; J. Costello, 1.00; Albert Morton, Webster, 1.00; Charles Corlies, 1.00; Eli Cross, Thermidre, 1.00; William Blackington, Attleboro', 1.00; Mary Cross, 1.00; Hiberna, 1.00; John W. Weeks, West Warren, 1.00; Warren, 1.00; R. H. Abby, Ware, 1.00; Gideon M. Horton, Attleboro', 2.00; Contribution, W. Warren, 1.00; do, 1.00.

In all places visited, I have, as usual, been very kindly received and most generously entertained by the people, who have also furnished places for the meeting, and, in most cases, contributed toward sustaining the Association.

May God and the angels bestow on all that sweet peace and joy which comes to those who have a living knowledge of immortal life and believe in progress eternal, is the prayer of their grateful friend and brother,

A. E. CARPENTER, Agent M. S. A.

Lyceum Anniversary.

The Second Anniversary of "The Children's Progressive Lyceum," of Foxboro', Mass., will be held at the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening, March 4th, consisting of music, singing, dialogues, declamations, tableaux, &c., &c. At the close of these exercises, the hall will be cleared for dancing; music by Bond's Band of Boston. Admission to hall, 25 cents; children 15 cents; dancing 75 cents. For order Committee.

Foxboro', Feb. 11, 1868.

The Banner of Light is issued on an odd every Monday Evening preceding date.

Banner of Light.

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All letters and communications forwarded to this Office for publication must, in order to receive attention, be addressed to Luther Colby.

The Women of a Great City.

In a plain and telling article in Putnam's Monthly, on the life that is soething and boiling all the time in the great city of New York, we find numerous facts connected with the condition and modes of life of the women of that city which profoundly interested us. We begin where we should perhaps leave off, with the prostitutes. The writer says—"The number of abandoned women known to the police is small, less than three thousand; but this does not express the numbers who get their food in this way. Accuracy is not possible, but the estimates range from twenty-five thousand upward." The case is admitted not to be so bad as in London, Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow, where "the streets rock," yet it is confessed to present "a most urgent and most perplexing question."

But we go up in the scale of consideration, and look at their more respectable sisters. The writer speaks out plainly—just as we would have him. "The women," says he, "are not unlike the men—handsome, stylish, courageous, and somewhat reckless. They love clothes, and jewels, and operas, and 'society'; but no one chooses to remain in her own circle, or among her own people, so long as there is a class or a society which seems to be above her. She is therefore restless and racked. She fears the frowns of Mrs. Grundy, and must live in the enchanted region bounded by Madison square, Fourth and Sixth avenues; beyond this is outer darkness."

And again: "The woman of the 'best society' has nothing to do but spend money, and she does nothing else; she is absolutely without occupation, except the business of 'society.' She knows a little French, a little German, a little music, a little poetry, a very little housekeeping, and a vast deal of dress. But of herself, of the relations of mind and body, of the laws of health—diet, air, exercise—of maternal duties, of the natural sciences, absolutely nothing." In relation to maternal duties, he states what he has learned upon competent authority, "that large numbers of the best families find relief from their lives in the services of skilled experts, one of whom lives in one of the most superb mansions of the city, and has amassed a fortune of half a million."

On the important topic of Marriage, which is at the foundation of all society, he says that it is becoming "more and more difficult, if not impossible; and its contrary more and more common. The streets are thronged with beautiful girls, lovely as peach-blows; but they desire to begin life with all the elegance and expenditures to which their mothers have used them; and as men do not exist with purses long enough to marry them, and as there is no market to which they can be carried, the prospect is dismal."

But he adds—"The other extreme, the opposite and complement of the 'best society,' is to be found in Water and Cherry streets, where many women and children crowd into reeking cellars and holes of the earth; without fire, without food, without beds, without hope of man or God. Fifteen thousand of this class! Between these extremes come the great body of common people who live decently, eat well, work hard, and secure a fair measure of earthly comfort."

Nothing is said in this article about that large class of women—working-women—for whose encouragement and aid the new building has been prepared at such large cost; a class that challenges all men's sympathies, and puzzles the acutest faculties to know how the great problem of life is to be solved for them. These poor women—for we must certainly call them poor in such times as these—are counted in New York by thousands. They exist in attics without fire, almost without necessary furniture. They make overalls for a sixpence, and many and many of them earn but seventy cents a week; in fact, a dollar is a good average for the whole of them. Some, to be sure, get as much as seven dollars, but they are few and far apart. They are born in the great cities, and they remain there; it is not possible to drive them away; it is mockery to propose emigration into the country that they know how to do.

Their occupations are book-folding, machine sewing, hoop skirt tying, and such like; and of course when business is dull in the departments they are engaged about, that makes their own case all the more wretched. What possible solace can these persons have in their endless round of tasks? They are greatly given to dress, certainly one a week; and it is that single temptation which assails them with such power. They require to be cared for, to be sympathized with, to be taken by the hand and helped along, to be assured that they are an essential element in society, and not fit merely to be tossed into the great social rag-bag. We therefore herald the new experiment of furnishing them with a Home, with sincere satisfaction; the next thing they should have is fair wages. So long as they are defrauded that others may become rich, there can be no hope for the alleviation of their present condition.

Napoleon and the Pope.

The Emperor of the French having helped the Papal authorities to winning a battle with the revolutionary party of Italy under the lead of Garibaldi, he has now turned his back and left the Holy Father to get along for himself the best way he can. This is generally believed to be the surest method he could adopt for procuring the expulsion of the Pope from the seat of his temporal authority. All circumstances tend that way beside. It is a matter of great uncertainty if, a year hence, there will be any Papal Dominions requiring the presence of such a head. Italy seeks to annex, or incorporate, the Roman provinces as a part of her own territory, leaving it still an open question whether Rome or Florence shall be the capital of the Kingdom. There are deep reasons of policy for Napoleon in the sudden change he has made in his course, a more friendly relation with Prussia forming by no means the least. Without the strong arm of the "elder son of the church" to lean on, Pope Pius will finally have to succumb to the march of events, and agree to take up with a dominion wholly spiritual. This is already sufficiently extended to more than satisfy the ambition of any man who obliges with such tenacity to a few small provinces.

Christian Civilization.

We will state a single fact, recently come under our notice, which illustrates as well as anything can the fatal corruption that infects what is styled our Christian civilization; and before those who may read these lines shall pay out another dime for the proposed redemption of "the heathen," we beg them to pause and reflect if it would not be wiser to abolish the worse than heathen, the shockingly inhuman practices that taint and are certain to destroy our social system unless early checked by an efficient corrective.

At a recent meeting of the Medical Association of Androscoggin County, in Maine, Dr. Oakes made the remark that, according to the best estimate he could make, there were four hundred murders annually produced by abortion, in that county alone! This astonishing number of infants destroyed deliberately every year, in a single county of Puritanic New England! Think of it. The statement is made in all possible seriousness, before a meeting of "regular" practitioners in the county, and from statistics which were as freely exposed to one member of the medical fraternity as another. If this is indeed the civilized condition of things of which we are wont to hear such frequent and such loud boasts, the mention of so barbarously inhuman a fact must send a shock to the heart of every reader.

This practice, above alluded to, comes under the notice of practicing physicians in particular. They see what others cannot see, and know what others cannot know. Secrets are revealed to them, in the course of their varied experiences, which would never be given up except in extremity. It is for this very cause that a family physician is regarded as the repository of confidences which society compels him to keep sacredly. It is only when statistics of so startling a character force an open allusion to the facts that we get a certified statement of them like this one.

Now if such things are done to such a frightful extent in one remote county of a New England State, what are we to expect of the entire State? and of the six New England States together? How many living native children are likely to be numbered in the coming generation? And what proportion of those that live may be expected, after successfully resisting these murderous efforts of inhuman parents, to enter the world with whole faculties and powers such as belong to every being born? Yet this great and frequent crime is committed to so fearful an extent in communities that boast of apices pointing to heaven, and spend large sums of money for preachers and teachers to cover up the cave of so hungry a sepulchre!

A Spiritual Oil Well.

That Spiritualism does perform practical service, which so many pious unbelievers are in the habit of questioning, is demonstrated to the most perfect satisfaction in the case of the new Oil Well that has proved so remarkable a success in Pleasantville, Penn. Mr. Abraham James, the well-known medium, received directions some time ago from the invisible intelligences to begin the process of boring for oil in a stated locality, under the positive assurance from them that his labor would result in opening up an oil well of great productiveness. The work was begun, under spirit guidance, and pushed on until the boring process had been carried down more than eight hundred feet; when oil at once began to discharge itself, and now continues its flow at the rate of between fifty and sixty barrels per day. The Pleasantville Morning Herald gives us the fact just as we have stated it. It says that, one morning recently, the tidings flew over the village like wildfire that oil had come. The editor went with the crowd, and saw with his own eyes the realization of the rewards of all the previous labor in a steady discharge of oil from the earth. This is styled in the locality a "Spiritual Oil Well," which it is, beyond dispute.

More wells are to follow. Mr. James, the energetic manager, has already issued his circulars, giving prominent names as authority for his reliability, and we understand operations will commence at once. But whether it will be as well with the other wells as it is with No. 1, well, time alone can tell. We certainly hope so. Mr. James, we understand, has promised, in case of success, to appropriate the proceeds exclusively to spiritual purposes.

Evidence Wanted.

The churches are in as urgent want of positive and tangible evidence of the existence of "God and an eternal world" as any of the hosts that are not yet numbered among them. Dr. Walker says, for example—and he is a Unitarian—"you cannot find a single serious and thoughtful believer, far or near, who would not consider it a great thing to have his guesses respecting God, eternity, and the human soul turned into well authenticated facts." And he proceeds to make the open confession, which no preacher is ever guilty of making except under a stress of circumstances amounting to compulsion, that "what was most wanted in the beginning was information; what is most wanted now is EVIDENCE; not that we may be saved from our errors, but from our doubts." So they are all coming over to an open and unqualified recognition of the great truths of Spiritualism in all its force. We greet all such evidences of a healthy and natural change in the heart of the churches with a satisfaction we cannot properly express. The door is open now, as it always has been, and those who come through late are as welcome as those who come through early. What the churches want to-day is evidence of the truth of what they profess to believe!

Mrs. A. Wilhelm's Lectures.

Sunday the 16th Feb., Mrs. Wilhelm concluded her three weeks' engagement to lecture in Music Hall in this city. The first two Sundays were stormy, but on the third there was an improvement in the weather, and consequently a very large audience. The five lectures given here by Mrs. Wilhelm have won for her the good opinion of all. The lecturing field is evidently her right position, and she has given evidence of her ability to fill it satisfactorily. Her high moral recitude and energy will sustain her in all vicissitudes. God and the angels help all such noble workers.

A sketch of one of her lectures will be found on our third page, to be followed by another.

J. M. Peebles in Music Hall.

Next Sunday afternoon our friends will have an opportunity to hear this talented and eloquent lecturer from the rostrum in Music Hall, in this city. Mr. Peebles is too well known to our readers to need a word in his favor from us. The bare announcement that he is to speak will be sufficient for hundreds are anxious to listen to his inspired utterances.

Will Mr. Alexander M. Redman call at our office, or send us this address? We wish to confer with him on important business.

A Musical Treat.

We have before made mention of the perfection to which the wonderful medium powers of Mrs. Laura H. Hatch have been developed, and allude to the fact again that others may enjoy the rich musical feast at her séances. Mrs. H. is a remarkably passive instrument in the hands of the spirits, and when under their complete control, improvises some of the finest music ever listened to, and performs it mechanically on the piano entirely independent of her own volition. Often words accompany the music, and she sings them with a sweetness and beauty that thrill the listener. At her circle last Monday evening, a very good test was given. While Mrs. H. was performing a piece given to her by the spirits some time ago, called the "Battle of the Wilderness," a lady present recognized the performer by the style of music and the manner of manipulating the keys, as her brother-in-law, a professor of music, who has been two years in the spirit-world. Mrs. Hatch says the spirit requested the privilege of playing the piece at every séance, assuring that before long some one would recognize it. The lady was an entire stranger to Mrs. H., had never heard of her till invited to accompany a friend there that evening for the purpose of having her company home, as they both lived at the South End, and did not even know the nature of the entertainment she was to witness till it commenced.

Our friend D. Wilder, Esq., attended one of these séances last week, and gives his impressions in the following note:

Many of the readers of the Banner of Light will remember Mrs. Laura Hastings Hatch, who presided so acceptably at the organ when our meetings were held in Lyceum Hall, and those who enjoy music will be glad to visit her at No. 8 Kittredge Place, and hear what our spirit friends can accomplish through her as a medium.

I am confident from personal observation that all who do so will be surprised at the force, precision, as well as delicacy with which her pieces are given, and be well satisfied that our spirit friends have found another most efficient worker in the cause of truth.

I may be pardoned for adding, for the benefit of those who do not know Mrs. Hatch, that they will find both herself and husband persons of refinement and cultivation, and that a visit to them will be profitable, independent of the music, which is such as cannot be heard elsewhere.

Educating the People.

Lord Russell's resolution in the British Parliament for the education of the people, now that the elective franchise has been so greatly enlarged and extended, was voted squarely down. So the English legislators, it appears, do not believe in the efficacy of popular education. The privileges of the Church Establishment would not be so likely to continue if knowledge were more generally diffused among the people, and to that fear is no doubt due this cowardly refusal of the Parliament. Take away these time-worn and venerable privileges, and open all walks in life to all grades of men, and down comes aristocracy, kingcraft, and government itself. By this denial to the people, therefore, of educational advantages, the governing power of England hopes to perpetuate its existence. So that it stands openly confessed that the English Government rests on ignorance; and it hopes and expects to perpetuate that power by continuing that state of ignorance. What an admission for a civilized government to make in this age of the world! How long ought government institutions to stand that have no broader or juster basis than this? Who would wish to see a party in his country thrive at the expense of his country itself? Who prefers the patriotism that is wedded to the rulers and their personal interests rather than to the people and their emancipation from every sort of bondage? Power and ignorance are meeting for a close grapple in England, and the contest is likely to be a terrible one.

Qualifications for Masonry.

While we proffer all the respect which is due to Masonry as an ancient and honorable social institution, and one that has done so much good by the performance of heavenly charities, we cannot refrain from an expression of surprise at finding in "The Mystic Temple" a re-statement of the qualifications necessary to make a man a true "free and accepted Mason." It reminds its readers that even among members of the Order of many years standing it is not clearly comprehended "what is meant by being worthy and well qualified." After duly reciting the several points in their order, it is stated that, besides possessing the proper moral and physical qualifications, which must all be vouched for by reliable and responsible authority, a member "must not be an atheist; and if he does not believe in the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures, he will do well not to enter the Order." This is a test which we had not heard of before, and which, we doubt not, will greatly surprise numbers who are already members of the Order, in excellent standing. Is Masonry a buttress for the ecclesiastical edifice which the modern world is to-day engaged in taking down?

The London Spiritual Magazine.

So sterling an agent and organ of Modern Spiritualism, which draws to its pages the best thought and culture of some of the finest minds of Great Britain, and in whose presentations of the great truths of modern times instruction and delight are blended in the most attractive and impressive manner, ought certainly to be received with a sincere welcome into the homes of all advanced believers in the religion and philosophy which it so faithfully advocates. We have no similar publication anywhere. From the very first it has maintained the high character with which it set out, working only for the elucidation of those great principles in life which give it cohesion and meaning. The Spiritual Magazine should have a very liberal subscription list in the United States. There are certainly intelligent Spiritualists enough in this country to appreciate and profit by its thoroughly wise discussions. Its solid character is the best guarantee of its abiding value and increasing influence, and we should be glad to see it taken by the thousands. Sent to any address on the receipt of 50 cents.

Going to Michigan.

We learn that Mrs. Sarah A. Horton and Dean Clark, two of our most efficient laborers in the lecturing field, are engaged by the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists to do missionary work in that State, and are now on their way thither. We congratulate our friends in Michigan for the wise and judicious choice they have made. We know such noble and true workers will do a vast amount of good in spreading the truths of Spiritualism among the people. Mrs. Horton and Mr. Clark (her son-in-law) enjoy most enviable reputations in private life, as well as public speakers, and all with whom they come in contact cannot but feel that they are made better and happier for having listened to their inspired teachings.

The Anniversary Celebration.

The Committee of Arrangements are busy perfecting their plans for the grand celebration of the Twentieth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, in Music Hall, in this city, on Tuesday afternoon and evening, March 31st. A telegram from Andrew Jackson Davis announces the pleasing fact that he and his wife will be present, and conduct the exhibition of the Children's Lyceum in the afternoon. As the Lyceum system was inaugurated by Mr. Davis, it is peculiarly fitting—as well as an important point in the programme—that he and Mrs. Davis should lend their valuable aid and experience in conducting that part of the exercises on an occasion like this. Besides, Mr. Davis is the pioneer in unfolding the New Dispensation to the world, and his presence could not well be spared in the observance of an event which has so blessed humanity.

The arrangements for the evening exercises are not fully completed, but will be in time for due notice. Everything promises to make this affair a success. The prices of admission have been fixed as follows: to the Children's Lyceum exhibition in the afternoon, 25 cents; single admission in the evening, 50 cents; ticket admitting a lady and gentleman, \$1.50; can be procured any time at this office, or at the hall, and of the Committee.

Society Formed at Morristown, Vt.

The Spiritualists and other friends of progress in Morristown, Vt., have organized a Society for the dissemination of the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy through the agency of lectures, &c., and chosen the following named officers for the ensuing term: President, I. B. Noyes; Vice President, T. C. Bidder; Clerk, S. C. Town; Treasurer, H. S. Town; Prudential Committee, E. H. Shaw, C. Crane, C. Mower. A Constitution and By-Laws were adopted for the regulation of the Society, and everything seems to be in good working order, and we wish our friends the best of success in so noble an undertaking. Their perseverance will surely bring a reward more valuable than gold. [We have not room to print Constitutions and By-Laws; and as they are only of local, not general interest, we feel that we should not let such matter encroach too much upon our over-crowded columns; they should be printed in pamphlet or circular form, for the use of members of each respective society, and in that way all could have a copy.]

Mercantile Hall.

The Children's Lyceum, which meets in the above hall, in this city, had to duplicate the groups on Sunday the 16th, so large has the Lyceum grown. The necessity of having a larger hall is being seriously felt. The children are preparing for the grand anniversary festival to take place in Music Hall on the 31st of March, with happy anticipations.

Mrs. Wilhelm's lecture in the evening was one of her best efforts. Side by side she held up the truths of Spiritualism and the errors of theology, in such vivid contrast that the light of truth shone clear and radiant. Then she took up the strongest arguments used against the Spiritual Philosophy, and refuted them so completely and effectually that the audience expressed their appreciation by applause—a slight innovation on the solemnity of a New England Sabbath, but no one appeared to be unhappy or any the worse for it.

The Healer in New Orleans.

Le Salut, of Feb. 1st, contains a long account of the beneficial results from the visit of Dr. J. R. Newton to New Orleans. The editor publishes the names of a number who were cured, while he was an eye witness in the Doctor's office. Of the Doctor he says: "It was the first time that we had the happiness and good luck to see him, but long, long shall that bright face, through which benevolence beams by every pore, be present to our mind's eyes. And when he took us by the hand, we felt lighter, more at ease, a weight was taken from the heart, humanity appeared under a new light; we felt him stronger for good, and resolved to struggle on and march onward in the path of duty, though the thorns might tear our hands or the rocks blister our feet."

Charlestown.

The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold a service at the City Hall on Sunday afternoon, March 1st, in commemoration of the life of their late friend and brother, Mr. Charles H. Vose. The occasion will be one of great interest, and no doubt the hall will be well filled. Mr. Vose was a firm, consistent Spiritualist, a very benevolent man, and it gratifies us much that our neighbors are to pay an appropriate tribute to the worthy departed.

Sutton, N. H.

The Sutton, N. H., Spiritualist Association was reorganized Feb. 10, 1868, by the choice of Joseph Harvey, as President, Frank Chase, Secretary, and P. N. Little, Treasurer. The three officers above named also constitute an Executive Committee for the transaction of all business of the Association.

To our Subscribers.

Volume 22 of the Banner of Light being near its close, we earnestly solicit those who intend to renew their subscriptions to do so before the time expires, as it will save us much trouble in changing the names in our mailing machine, and also prevent the loss of any numbers to the subscribers. Please remit as soon as possible.

Spiritualism is not injured in the least by angular mediums. We are asked continually, in these columns, the short-comings of their fallows, or the alleged short-comings of such people; that the cause of Spiritualism will suffer if we do not parade these things before our readers. Now we possess the very largest charity for all erring mortals, whether Spiritualists or Christians—and the Lord knows the latter need our charity the most—and would endeavor to lift them up on the true plane of life, as we understand it, through the grand law of kindness. "Love one another," said our elder brother. Knowing the law, through his divine intuitions, he taught what he knew. We earnestly wish that Spiritualists, upon whose shoulders Jehovah is placing a mantle such as the world has never before seen, would more closely imitate the humble Nazarene, and not condemn their less fortunate brothers, whereby they sink them deeper in sin; but, on the other hand, strive to bring them into that true condition, so much desired, by extending to them the proffered hand of fellowship, thus enabling them, in time, to become useful workers in the field. There is much good in all developments of human life, and all are necessary in the great economy of Nature; therefore, we repeat, let charity, faith and love govern both head and heart of all true Spiritualists. Then, and not until then, can we expect that harmony in our ranks, which every one of us, as well as the angel-world, so earnestly look forward to.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We owe an apology to our friends for paying stated that the portrait of Washburn, an Indian spirit, painted by N. B. Starr, could be seen in our Circle Room.

Bro. Seaver, of the Investigator, has delivered two lectures before the First Society of Spiritualists in Central Hall, Charlestown—the first on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 16th, and the second on Sunday evening, Jan. 23d—which were listened to with profound attention, proving at once that Mr. S. is no ordinary speaker.

A writer in the London Spiritual Magazine says there are thirty thousand Spiritualists in Lyons, France.

The Philadelphia Board of Health have examined places from some of the finest looking specimens of pork offered for sale in that city, and have found them, without exception, to be filled with trichina.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—A remarkable phenomenon was witnessed at Coplago, Chilli, on the 29th of December. About 5 P. M., owing to the light clouds which covered the sky like a broad curtain of gauze, there appeared two rainbows surrounding the sun. Toward the west was a third rainbow, in a direction opposite to the other two.

COOL.—A correspondent writing from Sparta, Wis., Feb. 10, 1868, says: "The temperature, as indicated by Arctic thermometers this morning, in this place, was 5° below zero; also on the 11th and 12th of January, 4° and 6° respectively. Can you beat that at the 'Hub'?"

Jo Cose surprised Digby, a day or two since, by telling him that he took a "part" at the Howard evening before. Now Dig. knew that Jo was not a professional actor, (though if he was he would not act bad enough, heaven knows, if he followed his bent), and he naturally inquired: "What part?"

Lee & Shepard have for sale Peterson's Cheap Edition (for the million) of "LITTLE DORRIT" and "WAVERLY," which are published in paper covers and are certain to meet the wants of the great mass of readers. It is a pity but all shall read Dickens and Scott who desire it, when they can obtain copies of each of their immortal productions for the low price of twenty-five cents.

Attending church, being promptly at the Bible class, and contributing currency to the box every time it is passed round, doesn't necessarily make a young man a saint. These are often convenient cloaks for the meanest sort of purposes that ever merited mortal perdition.

There has been a terrible earthquake in the Island of Formosa, by which 30,000 lives were lost. "You ought to lay up something for a rainy day," said an anxious father to his prodigal son. "And so I have," replied the youth. "What?" "An umbrella."

A nautilus and all kinds of shells have been found while digging in Hays city, Kansas, which proves that once on a time it was the bed or shore of the ocean. "It may be true that a fool and his money are soon parted; but the process is nevertheless often an indication of sagacity among the shrewdest people. It is the purpose in these matters which determines whether folks are fools or something else."

Digby met Jo Cose yesterday, and Jo having a new coat on, Dig. asked him what it was made out of. "Out of the city," said Jo, at which Dig. ventured to smile.

"You ought to acquire the faculty of being at home in the best society," said a fashionable aunt to an honest nephew. "I manage that easy enough," responded the nephew, "by staying at home with my wife and children."

An old maxim has it that the pot does not exhibit special wisdom in trying to blacken the kettle.

According to official returns the number of special constables enrolled in England under the Fenian alarms reaches one hundred and thirteen thousand, six hundred and seventy-four, of which number fifty-two thousand were in the Metropolitan district. Rather an expensive peace army.

Mr. Bergh, President of the New York association for the prevention of cruelty to animals, prosecutes all drivers of horse-cars, even when four horses are attached, if more than the lawful number of passengers are allowed to enter the cars.

There is danger that we shall yield to the selfishness of our hearts, and desire that for ourselves which we should wish to have others enjoy.

Sir David Brewster died in London, Feb. 11, at the age of eighty-seven. He was a distinguished man of science.

Saturday is the visiting day to artists' studios in New York. Why not have it so in Boston? Then one could go without fear of intruding, and artists would be prepared for callers.

The evidence against Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., of New York, now on trial, is that he preached in a Methodist church on Feb. 15th, and read prayers out of a Methodist book of Common Prayer, gave out the lines of purely Methodist hymns, and wore, instead of the Orthodox Episcopal surplice and gown, a full suit of Methodist black. Shocking infidelity!

Good society in Meriden is suffering from the bleached characters of two of its members. A child-birth preceding a hasty marriage, an absenting bridegroom, suspension of both parties from the church. Had the parties been Spiritualists, their names and religion would have been paraded in every paper.

The Swedenborgian Society of Chicago has meetings of a social nature every week, when the pastor joins them and dances when they dance. This has caused so much dissatisfaction in clerical circles in that town, that the Swedenborgian pastor is not recognized by his Christian and clerical brethren. Such levity, say they, cannot be part of a Christian character. Put a straight jacket on to the wicked heretic! But if one of your "dyed in the wool" number whip a child to death for not saying the "Lord's prayer," defend him on the plea that he was "acting in accordance with his Christian duty!"

There is nothing purer than truth, nothing sweeter than charity, nothing warmer than love, nothing brighter than virtue, and nothing more steadfast than faith.

Michael Faraday, the great English philosopher, who recently died in London, was the son of a blacksmith, and all the early education he got was the meager one which English workmen's children received in the early half of this century.

A correspondent writes to know whether rabbits, foxes and moles may not be said to inhabit the "hole world?"

Mr. A. E. Newton, Superintendent of Colored Schools in the district of Columbia, reports that there are sixty-one schools, with sixty-four teachers, of whom forty-two are paid by the trustees, and twenty-two by various benevolent associations at the North; fifty-six of the schools report two thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven pupils, with an average attendance of eighty-seven per cent. Including the five schools not reported, the aggregate number of pupils is about three thousand. In addition to the day schools, the Superintendent, under direction of the Trustees, opened in January fourteen night schools, employing nineteen teachers. These were speedily crowded with pupils, mostly adults, to the number of six hundred and twenty-two.

A gentleman who wanted to make a speech to a Sunday school, thought he would adopt the colloquial style, and this is what happened: "Now, boys, what does a man want when he goes fishing?" A shrill voice in the crowd went direct to the point with, "Wants a bite!"

We hear much about what Mr. Stewart is going to do for the New York poor, but we know of nothing that he has done as yet to benefit them, and we fear we never will. Philanthropy would be a nobler monument to his memory than a needless marble mansion!—The Revolution.

A three-year old boy of a Pittsfield clergyman, watching his mother making biscuit one Sunday for tea, asked her if it was not wicked to work on Sunday. Of course she said it was, and the logical little chap continued: "Oo' catch it when 'oo get to heaven?"

The woman who falls to reform a man of the habit of drinking while engaged to him, will have a nifty task to do so after marriage. Think of this, young women. Better remain single than marry a man who loves liquor.

Elder Knapp is talking up "hell-fire and brimstone" theology in California. He seems to be exactly in his element while doing this.

A fervent church member recently astonished a prayer meeting by supplicating for the preservation of the lives of the young ladies of the congregation, and that one of them might eventually be reserved for him. On being remonstrated with by one of the brethren, he said such was the honest wish of his heart, and he did not see the impropriety of praying for it.

The poems of "Cousin Benja" are much liked by those who have read them. Every Spiritualist should have the book. The author was one of the purest-minded men we ever knew.

Prof. Denton in Worcester. From the following remarks in the Spy of Feb. 15th, it appears that Prof. Denton is creating quite a stir there. Of his lecture on "The Origin of the Species," the Spy says:

Prof. Denton's lecture of last evening was the most remarkable one he has delivered here thus far, and the peculiar interest of the subject called out a very large audience. We shall not undertake the full report, only allude to a few points brought forward. At the outset he discarded miracles, except as all life might be so considered, natural causes being sufficient to account for all results. There was a vital, living power in all materials of the earth, usually accepted as dead matter, and from this power came the first living forms of minute vegetable and animal life. He sketched the various laws and methods by which, in his opinion, all the different species can be naturally traced to a common origin. The startling illustrations, the scientific researches on which he relied for proof, the minor incidental details were all given with a positive eloquence and power that could leave no doubt of the speaker's thorough scientific belief in the theory that brought him to a summing up of the story in the simple statement that but for the orroids we should never have had the fishes; without the fishes the reptiles would have been unknown; from the reptiles came the lower order of mammals; and from that point onward he traced the natural development of higher forms, crowned finally by human life. The spirit which we call God he argued existed in and out of the universe. He saw in even the lower animal forms the drawings of that higher life that becomes the soul in man.

Mr. Denton speaks again in Music Hall, in this city, Sunday afternoon, March 8th.

A Note from Mrs. Wilhelm. While in this stirring metropolis of thought and action, I am prompted to drop a few words to the many readers of your valuable paper.

Boston is wide awake upon the subject of Spiritualism. An interest deep and increasing characterizes the many crowded circles held in various localities, represented by mediums of different phases and degrees of development. The "Banner of Light" Free Circle is doing a noble work, is well conducted through the systematic arrangement of its courteous manager, Bro. Wm. White. The privilege is freely extended to citizens or strangers to visit these circles, where neatness and harmony prevail; to listen to the ministrations of the Unseen through the excellent mediumship of Mrs. Conant.

The vast amount of good thus accomplished in behalf of mortals and spirits, cannot be fully estimated, while results of the most satisfactory character must attend the efforts so nobly put forth in behalf of truth and consolation to the skeptical, progressive and sorrowing children of earth.

Let us encourage in deed with generous donations these public sances of light, hope and immortality, that are designed to bless humanity—sustained by voluntary contributions. The appeal is far and wide to every earnest lover of progressive thought.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum is growing in numbers and interest, through the efficiency of its active workers, constituting the foundation of reform, upon which will be reared, in coming time, a mighty structure dedicated to science and Christianity, through the "ministry of angels." Accept the enclosed five dollars for the Circle.

Truly, ALONDA WILKINSON.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 344 BROADWAY, (Opposite the American Museum.) WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT. FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Very Large Assortment of Spiritualist Books. Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty-two volumes, nineteen cloth, three paper: Nature's Divine Revelations, 24th edition, just out. 2 vols. Great Harmonies, each complete. Harmonies, Teacher, Reformer and Talker. Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author. Penetrating Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions. Home Lectures on the History and Philosophy of Evil. Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse. Philosophy of Special Providence. Harmonical Man, Free Thoughts Concerning Religion, Present Age and Future Life. Approaching Crisis, Death and After Life. Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual, Arabia, or Divine Guest, and Stellar Key to the Summer-Land. Four books by Warren Chase—Life Lines, Fugitive Wife, American Circle, and Gift of Spiritualism. Sent by mail for \$2.00. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$5; postage 50 cts. Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full set of our works, and we will send them free of charge, except book postage. Reply by office orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

Popular Medicines. Rensselaer's Positive and Negative Powders, Dr. H. B. Storer's Preparation of India's Nervine, (All per bottle) Scrupulous Balsam, (50 cents and \$1) Ring's Ambrosia for the Hair, (50 cts.) and an invaluable medicine for coughs and sore lungs, Dr. Chase's Balsam of Longwort, (50 cents per bottle.)

Our assortment of books has been greatly enlarged and our office newly fitted up. Please call and see it all when you come to the city.

The Children's Lyceum.

The reception by the New York Children's Progressive Lyceum, which took place at Masonic Hall, on the evening of Thursday, Feb. 6th, proved a decided success in every respect. The hall was well filled, and the exercises, both by the members of the Lyceum and the kind friends who volunteered to assist them, all passed off in a highly creditable and satisfactory manner.

The entertainment commenced with the "Overture to Semiramis," by Rossini, performed by Prof. I. Watson on the violin, and Mrs. H. Doehler and Miss Annie A. Watson on the piano. Next followed a recitation by Miss Ella Fox of Shore Group, entitled "Our Lyceum's Birthday," containing a graceful tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Davis, who were both seated near the stage. The solos by Prof. Watson, (perhaps the most accomplished American violinist), were received with frequent rounds of applause, especially one entitled "Rosin the Bow," with variations by the Professor.

An interesting feature of the entertainment was a dramatic scene, entitled "Aunt Peabody's Visit to the City," by young ladies and gentlemen of the Lyceum. The country aunt, (Miss Josie Crane), annoyed her fashionable city relatives and their friends excessively, but afforded infinite amusement and fun for the audience.

Mrs. E. J. Adams, Musical Director in the Lyceum, and her daughter, "Little Frankie," sang remarkably well, and were both warmly encored. A debate on "Gold," written in rhyme, and very ably composed by J. M. Baird of Liberty Group, and spoken by himself and Mr. Charles Taylor of the same Group, deserves especial commendation; but the most laughable, side-splitting affair of the evening was a "Quaker Sermon," delivered in character, by Oliver Johnson, Esq. All that can be said is that the imitation was perfect, the style inimitable, and the merit of the audience irrepressible.

The first part of the entertainment closed with a dramatic scene from "Sketches in India," by Mrs. Josie A. Probst and James Hart, which elicited a correct appreciation of the parts assumed and some very creditable acting.

The company adjourned to the supper room at about 10 o'clock, and after doing ample justice to the refreshments there provided, returned to engage in the dance, which was continued by a large company until 2 1/2 A. M., when all dispersed apparently well satisfied with the night's entertainment. The pecuniary proceeds of the occasion were sufficient to pay all the expenses of the Anniversary, including the gifts for the children, leaving a small balance in the Treasury. New York, Feb. 12, 1868.

More Historic Items.

We give a few more "authentic extracts of Christian History" in continuation from our last issue, culled by the same person, from Adams' "Compendium of the various sects which have appeared in the world from the beginning of the Christian era to the present day," that is, 1784, when the book was published:

Euthatians.—A sect of the fourth century, who prohibited marriage, the use of wine and flesh, foods of charity and other things of that nature.—Moshelm, p. 313, Bailey's Dict., vol. 2.

Flagellants.—A sect of the fifteenth century, who rejected the sacraments and every branch of external worship, and placed their only hopes of salvation in faith and flagellation.—Moshelm, p. 3; pp. 94, 95.

Melanctans.—A sect in the fourth century, who fastened little bells to the bottom of their garments, and sung their prayers dancing all the time, and this they thought a sure means to appease the wrath of God.—Broughton's Hist. Dict., vol. 2, p. 547; Chervreau's Hist., vol. 3, p. 98.

Montanists.—A sect of the second century, who condemned all care of the body, especially all unctions and all forms of ornaments.—Moshelm, vol. 1, p. 192; Forney's Eccles. Hist., vol. 1, p. 48.

Nicotians.—A sect in the first century who allowed community of wives, and indulged themselves in all sensuous pleasures without restraint. Dupin's Church Hist., vol. 1, p. 30; Broughton's Hist. Lit., vol. 2, p. 170.

Passivopuulites, who held that in order to be saved it was necessary to observe a perpetual abstinence, wherefore they kept their fingers constantly upon their mouth, and dared not open it even to say their prayers.—Broughton's Hist. Lit., vol. 2, p. 224.

Pietists, held, among other things, that all mixture of philosophy and human learning with Divine wisdom was to be most carefully avoided.—Moshelm, vol. 4, p. 465.

Silites, who stood motionless on the tops of pillars, expressly raised for this exercise of their piety, and remained there for several years.—Moshelm, vol. 1, p. 208; History of Don Ignatius, vol. 1, p. 31.

Turupines, who taught that when a man is arrived at a certain state of perfection, he is freed from all subjection to the Divine law. They often went naked, and allowed of no prayer to God but mental.—Broughton's Hist., Lit., vol. 2, p. 474.

Who Will Do It?

A friend suggests that four or five thousand copies of an abridged and true life of Socrates, showing his Spiritualism, &c., might be sold to the readers of our literature, if well prepared, selected and got at about fifty cents for two hundred pages. No doubt such a book would have a good sale. Where is the man to get it up and publish it? Our friend Burr has preserved the Wigglesworth Orthodox poems, in the Day of Doom, and we should be glad if some one would preserve the Spiritualism of the ancients in renewed publications.

The New Republic.

This is a valuable pamphlet of 124 pages, by our friend, L. U. Beavis, and contains a large amount of statistical information, with many

valuable and probable deductions from the growth and changes in our country. It is worth twice its price to any one interested in the future prospects of our nation. We have seldom found so much valuable information put out in pamphlet form, and never found it offered, as this is, for fifty cents. We think our brother expects some of the changes he predicts too soon; but with most of his conclusions we agree. We have a few copies for sale.

Words from the South.

Messages are constantly reaching us from the South assuring us of the demand for spiritual food, and the pecuniary inability to procure it. The following extract from a letter, written deep down in the blighted region of war and famine, is a true specimen of spirit yearnings:

"I greedily devour all I can see that has the faintest approach to Spiritualism. The Banner is the greatest comfort. I read over and over again its columns. But I must be patient. Oh, it is so very difficult when my soul thirsts so greatly for light. You of the North are so blessed! The subject is never mentioned here. I wish some best mediums and lecturers would travel through the South. I believe the curiosity would call out many, when they would begin to reflect. My soul craves books, but strange as it may seem to you, I have no money to buy them. We have lost all by the war, although we have plenty to eat and wear, yet no money to spare to feed the soul!"

Is Depravity a Sign of Orthodoxy?

We are reminded every day by the news-gleaners of human depravity, and by our brethren in the church assured it is total, but still believe the eclipse is not total, for we are sure a portion of the disk is still visible in every soul; but yesterday the papers gave us a hard hit in the story of a man (glad it was not a woman) that owned horses and kept a stable in this city, who from drunkenness left his horses unfed for several days, until several died of starvation, and others, when found, could not stand, and some had eaten up all the boards in reach, and the paper that relates it goes for repealing the excise laws and all restrictions on rum selling.

Spiritual Lectures.

J. H. Powell, recently from London and now a citizen of Vineland, N. J., gave us two highly interesting lectures at Masonic Hall, Feb. 16th. We are glad to announce to our friends that Bro. Powell is now able in health and business to make engagements to lecture where he may be needed. He has had much experience in Spiritualism, and has ability to speak it or write it, with a fine, clear, logical mind, which we are sure will find a field for labor and usefulness in this country, and be better appreciated and rewarded than in his native England. Mr. Powell is coming to New England.

A true and esteemed friend adds the following "postscript" to a private letter, and we know he will pardon us for adding it as a P. S. to the Banner:

P. S.—BROTHER CHASE—Your audacity surprises me. In the last issue of the Banner, under the head of "Thomas Paine," (appalling words,) you announced that you attended a dinner party commemorative of the birthday of this most distinguished man. True, he never whipped, tortured, imprisoned nor killed any of his fellow beings for Christ's sake; he never wore the title of "Reverend," nor poisoned wives, nor whipped children to death, nor seduced virtuous females. He was always on the side of humanity, and his endeavors to save the head of Louis the XVI. were nearly fatal to his own. But no matter; he was Tom Paine, and the reverend clergy, whose false teachings and immoral practices he would not indorse, have proscribed him. How dare you eulogize such a man? Surely you will have to repent in "sackcloth and ashes."

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

E. V. Wilson is engaged by the Missouri State Organization of Spiritualists, as missionary for the North part of the State, and for this and the next month he will visit all important points along the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad and its branches. Societies, parties or persons desirous of helping on the good work of Spiritualism, by organizing on a business basis for lectures, will address Mr. Wilson or Hon. N. O. Archer, Hannibal, Mo., till the close of March.

Mrs. S. E. Warner has been lecturing in Rock Island, Ill., during February, and is to continue through March. She has made Davenport, Iowa, her permanent residence, and those wishing her services should address her there, box 329.

Mrs. Alecia Wilhelm speaks in Providence, R. I., next Sunday.

Dean Clark has been very successful in awakening an interest in Spiritualism in Great Falls and Dover, N. H., during the last three weeks.

Mrs. Fannie Allen lectures in Central Hall, Elm street, Charlestown, during March.

Mrs. M. E. Withee is speaking in Manchester, N. H., to good audiences, as we learn.

The Ellis Girl in New Hampshire.

I wish to say a word to the public, through your columns, concerning the wonderful manifestations which are taking place through the mediumship of Miss Laura V. Ellis. She has lately given sances in this portion of New Hampshire, and has excited by her astonishing powers a great degree of interest in the cause of Spiritualism. Skeptics of the most determined character have been compelled to acknowledge that there is not the slightest shadow of deception on the part of the medium, and that there is a power exhibited of which they have not the slightest conception. However much may be said concerning the unrollability, etc., of physical manifestations, I consider that they are the means by which many if not most of our best Spiritualists have had their attention called to our beautiful theory, and have been convinced of the sublime fact of spirit communion. We would, therefore, heartily commend Mr. Ellis and his gifted daughter to the attention of the brethren everywhere, trusting they will aid them in their very effective mission to the fullest extent. Fraternally,

R. B. PORTER.

North Sutton, N. H., Feb. 17, 1868.

Cleveland Children's Lyceum.

As Secretary of the "Cleveland Children's Progressive Lyceum," I deem the duty mine to keep the readers of the Banner of Light posted in reference to its success and doings, and to let the public at large know that the "Forest City" endeavors to keep up in the march of progression now going forward all over this land. To prove this the Children's Lyceum gave their second exhibition this season at Brainerd's Hall, Feb. 6th, which consisted of "Lyceum exercises," singing, reciting, tableaux, &c. Notwithstanding it was the stormiest day and evening this winter, the audience numbered between two and three hundred. Considering the weather it was a success. About one hundred and twenty-five children participated in the evening's performance, and gladdened the hearts of all present. Conductor Rose opened the exercises with a brief but spirited introductory, and our Guardian, Miss Clara Curtis, gracefully assisted him in carrying out a somewhat lengthy but well selected programme.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.) An HONORABLE REFUSE—Your query shall be laid before the spirit-circle for answer, and both question and answer will be printed at the proper time in the Message Department.

J. TITUS, KELLEY'S ISLAND, Q.—\$1.00 received.

Business Matters.

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

COURTNEY BENJA'S POEMS, for sale at this office. Price \$1.50.

DR. I. G. ATWOOD has good accommodations for patients at 23 Clinton Place, New York. F. S. W.

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

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CONSUMPTION AND ITS CAUSES can be cured, by E. F. GARVIN, M. D., the discoverer of the first Solutio, and also Volatilizing Tar. Send for circular, &c., 462 5th Avenue, between 28th and 29th streets, New York.

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. O. D. & I. H. PREHIO, Proprietors.

MRS. R. J. MOORE will send examination and prescriptions for each lock of hair, \$1 and 2 stamps. Address care Warren Chase, 541 Broadway, New York. F. Z. W.

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

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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MRS. L. A. SARGENT, HAVING returned to the city, may be consulted at her former rooms, 53 Bedford street, Boston, Mass. Circles Wednesday and Sunday evenings, at 7 o'clock. Feb. 22—1st

DR. PLUMB, MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN; MRS. P. LUMB, Perfectly Unconquered Physician, Business and Test Medium, and Test of the Mediums. Address: 100 Broadway, New York City. To the head of Eden street, Charlestown, Mass.

THEY will cure all kinds of humors that are curable, and benefit all that are incurable, such as Cancer, and Tumors. All kinds of Fevers broken up immediately, and Paralysis cured. All patients that have been given over by other physicians, please give us a call. Prices according to the condition of the patient. Those who are afflicted with the humors, and who are unable to pay, can have them removed by consulting the medium. Circles Sunday and Wednesday evenings, at 7 o'clock. Office hours 9 A. M. to 12 M., and 2 to 5 P. M. Will examine BUSINESS for a distance, for \$1 and stamp, and Correspondence on Business for \$1 and stamp, and will answer sealed letters for \$1 and stamp, will look for stolen property for the same. 1st—Feb. 22.

DAWN DAWN DAWN

THIS remarkable novel, of over four hundred pages, is for sale at this office. Price, postage free, 50 cts. Feb. 22.

THE DRUNKARD'S CURE.

THIS valuable receipt, given by a gifted clairvoyant in Philadelphia, has been the means of curing hundreds of the painful vice, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. Address: Mrs. M. SMITH, Aurora, Ill., Box No. 44. Feb. 22.

LADIES.—Here I am again, The Elastic Baster and Holder, and with me I have a friend I am going to introduce to you—Dorothy's Self Acting Tack Greaser and Tack Puller. We are going to get acquainted, and we are going to be good friends, and bring sunshine and cheerfulness wherever we go. We are simple, therefore easily understood, durable, and all we claim. Come and see for yourselves, at the Arcade Building, Room 16. Agents wanted. Address, with stamp for circular, &c., J. MANSFIELD & CO., 74 Winter street, Boston. Feb. 22.

WANTED A PARTNER, (active or silent) with \$1000 to develop lead mine in Missouri. I am able, by passing over the land, to locate Lead, Zinc, Iron, Silver or Gold, unmineralized, but want the means to make it of profit. Address: E. THOMAS, M. D., Box 507, Quincy, Ill. Feb. 22—3rd

MRS. M. B. BEALS, Test, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, Public Circles every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday evenings, and Wednesday 24 P. M. Feb. 22.

MRS. EMMA A. HOWLAND, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, Public Circles every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday evenings, at 7 o'clock A. M. to 12 M., and 1 to 4 o'clock P. M. Feb. 22.

WANTED.—A progressive farm manager and worker. Address, Miss S. WADE, Lowell, N. Y. Feb. 22—1st

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JUST PUBLISHED.

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant. while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil.

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.

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

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

Invocation.

Oh God, while unnumbered universes chant their eternal anthem unto thee, while the voice of Nature, like the cadences of some deep-toned organ, doth perpetually chant thy praise, thy children would join the chorus, giving all honor unto him who was, and is, and ever shall be.

We ask not that thou wilt remove all obstacles from our pathway. We only ask for strength to grapple with all error; for light with which to overcome all darkness; for wisdom with which to overcome all ignorance.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, in pursuance of your usual custom, we are ready to answer whatever queries you may propound.

Q.—Referring to the passage, "So would our souls praise thee, oh Father, Son and Holy Ghost," in the Invocation in Banner No. 8, of May 11th, what are we to understand by it? Is it meant to affirm the doctrine of the Trinity? If not, why use language devoid of meaning or truth?

A.—"The Father, Son and Holy Ghost," means simply the past, present and future, or the Jewish Jehovah. I can understand it in no other light. We know that there has been a past through which we have come. We know that we exist in the present, and we believe we have abundant evidence that we shall exist in the future.

Q.—Is it true that spirits took possession of the bodies of men and tortured and maddened them in the time of Christ, as related in the Bible, and does it happen now?

A.—I believe it is true. There are various degrees of possession or obsession. There is what may be called absolute obsession, and there is partial obsession, and there are, as I said, many degrees of both. The persons possessed and obsessed are, I believe, synonymous. I may possess this subject in one certain direction, or I may possess the entire nature.

Q.—What is the history of the deaconess? Was it a revelation to Moses or anybody else through spiritual agency—that is, through a medium—or was it entirely of human origin?

A.—During my earthly life I believed it to be the voice of God to his servant Moses. But in my second state of experience, I believe that the man Moses knew no more of it than you know—perhaps not at all. I believe that all truths may be called the voice of God. I believe they

are true inspirations from the highest wisdom, and it matters very little whether they are given through a Moses or through a little child. Truth is truth wherever it comes and under whatever garb it exhibits itself.

Q.—What is the history of the institution of the Sabbath? How should it be passed, irrespective of sectarian prejudices?

A.—Again, during my earthly life I believed in the religious observance of the Jewish Sabbath. It was a part, and a very great part of my religion. But since I have ascended from earth to the spirit-land, I have learned that God has sanctified and made holy all days, and that he requires absolute service and divine worship at the hands and hearts of all his children every day in the week.

Q.—What is the distance of the second sphere from the earth?

A.—The second sphere, so called, is the sphere of mind—that can act independently of flesh and blood and bones. It is the sphere where the mind can exhibit a larger degree of power than while attached to mortality, and that second sphere is by no means any particular locality. It may be here in your midst, and it may be ten thousand miles away.

Mary Graham.

I was born in the fall of 1844, and entered my home in the spirit-life in the fall of 1867. From my earliest childhood I was in the habit of receiving almost daily evidence of the power of the spirit to return after death, but the evidence was largely increased as I drew near my spirit-home.

Perhaps my dear parents and many friends have no need of this assurance from me of life after death, and of the ability of the spirit to return; still I feel that there is a necessity on my part to come, and I know their hearts will be wide open to receive it.

I realized nearly all I expected to after death. I entered a home as real, as tangible, yes, more so, than anything here. This world seems to me more the world of shadows, things are so fleeting.

I am happy, oh, gloriously happy in my spirit-home. I have now no sickness. None of the dark shadows that come in consequence of physical suffering attend me here. It is all joy, and I am looking forward, oh, with so much joy, to the coming of my friends.

I am Mary, daughter of Dr. Graham, of Evansville, Indiana. Dec. 10.

Mrs. Allen.

Is this Mr. White? [Yes.] I am Mrs. Allen. [I am glad to meet you.] Give my feeble evidence in favor of life after death. Tell my children I cannot express the glory of this life. I cannot convey to them any clear knowledge of it—it is so beautiful. Oh thank God that he giveth us the victory over death. Praise God that death is under our feet. I come to strengthen

the faith of my children. I told them I should come. I want them to know that the blessed philosophy is true. I am happy. I experience what I expected to, and oh, nothing would tempt me to return again here. I passed seventy years on the earth. I knew something of its dark and of its bright side. But this spirit-world is so divinely grand I am lost in wonder.

Oh, how thankful you ought to be to the Indians—the dear children of Nature. They have blessed you so much—you don't know how much you are indebted to them. You ought to constantly thank God for the gift of the Indians, who are so constantly opening the door for you to their beautiful hunting-grounds. Oh prize them—prize them.

[I was not aware you had passed away till last Friday.] Oh yes, thank God, it is all over. I am so full I don't know what to say. I only come to let them know I could come—and that it is all true. [Are you able to be around them?] Oh yes indeed, I was at my funeral. I thought I should be. Good-by. God bless you. Dec. 10.

(Mrs. Allen was from East Westmoreland, N. H., and the Chairman was well acquainted with her and her daughters.)

Aleck T. Forney.

I am singularly exercised in thought at coming here. I am forced to believe that a strange, mysterious power goes before us, leading the way for us, and whichever way that power leads, there we must go. We cannot turn either to the right or the left.

I was a lieutenant in the Confederate service. The night before going into the action in which I lost my body, I dreamed that I was in just such a place as I find myself in to-day, and that by a strange, mysterious force I was speaking to the people who had gathered there; and the strangest part of all was, I was dressed in female apparel.

On waking in the morning, almost before the first dawn of day, I was so thoroughly impressed with my dream, it seemed so vivid to me, that it was like a something that haunted me, and was only driven out of my thoughts by the stern activity of war. And strange to say, I thought no more of it from that moment till I found myself here, in the very places I dreamed of, with the very number of paintings that I counted in my dream—everything bears such a striking resemblance to that, that my dream is literally fulfilled.

I have dear friends, some of them in New Orleans, some in Montgomery, in Richmond and Savannah. I want to reach them. I want them to know that this great, wondrous something that is deluging the world with its demonstrations of power, is absolute fact—spirits return. Death is annihilated, and the grave becomes no more the dwelling-place of the spirit.

I was attached to the 2d Louisiana Infantry, and my friends knew me by the name of Aleck T. Forney. My last letter to them was written on the eve of battle, and in that, I unconsciously foreshadowed to them my expectations—in that I made this very singular remark. I was wisest I knew: "Let it turn which way it will, it will be right in the sight of God, though wrong in the sight of man." I am very glad to be able to remember this simple passage in my letter, for I hope it will convey some evidence to the minds of my friends that I not only live, but that I am possessed of a memory of the past, that I am attached to the past as I am to the future.

I want my friends to seek out some one of those persons as mediums who are considered good, through whom I may come to them. I shall be made happier, and they certainly will lose nothing, and have every chance of gaining much by the interview.

[Do you wish this sent to any particular person?] I expect that Louis Forney will receive it. Through him I hope to reach my friends. Many thanks for your kindness. I hope sometime in the course of being to be able to repay you. Dec. 10.

Séance conducted by Rev. Joseph Lowenthal; letters answered by H. Marion Stephens.

Invocation.

Our Father, thou Spirit holy and perfect, whose benediction falls alike upon all thy children, whose love sustains all, and whose wisdom will finally bring all to the haven of rest that the soul so earnestly sighs for—thou Spirit, thou guardian of mind and matter, we can lift our thoughts to thee in prayer, and though they may be sent out over the turbulent waves of matter, yet thou wilt hear them, and we know thou wilt answer them. We do not pray because thou art far from us, because thy love does not sustain us, because we do not know that thy blessings are all around us, but because thou hast fashioned us to pray. Thou hast planted the seeds of prayer in our being, and thou art constantly asking for prayer from thy children, and as perpetually thy children are praying unto thee. Yet, oh Divine Spirit, if we ask for aught we should not have, in mercy withhold it. If in our ignorance we beseech of thee to give us those things which will not tend to our highest good, oh, turn a deaf ear to our prayers, and lead us into paths of wisdom, where we shall understand what we need more truly, where we shall learn better our relation to thee, and to all the world of mind and matter. Our Father, we thank thee for all thy blessings; they are numerous, and we cannot count them. They are like the sands upon the seashore, numberless. We praise thee for the gift of human life, with all its sorrows and joys; for the gift of divine life, with all its keen sorrows and joys. Oh we thank thee that heaven is not that heaven that many suppose it to be while they dwell in earth-life. We thank thee that thou hast so fashioned the soul that it must continually change in the external, that it must continually change its appearance in outer life. We thank thee, oh, our Father, for the dark shades of time, for its experiences that cause thy children to bow their heads in sadness, and cause

their hearts to bleed before thee. Oh we thank thee for all thy manifestations—for spring-time and for summer, for autumn and for winter—for everything just as thou hast ordained, oh Spirit Divine, we praise thee, and we only ask that we may continue to draw nearer and still nearer unto a consciousness of thy greatness and our relation to thee. And may we understand thy voice that speaks to us through Nature, and may we be willing to learn of thee in the earth, under the earth, and in the skies. Through all thy works, oh God, may we be willing to learn of thee. So shall thy kingdom come unto us wherever we are; so shall we do thy will wherever we may be, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen. Dec. 12.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Why is it so difficult to communicate satisfactorily with spirits when they are so readily seen by mediums?

A.—There are more conditions which materially and spiritually interfere with the communion between departed and embodied spirits, than we could possibly number. Sometimes the atmosphere is very much against their control. Sometimes the mental atmosphere surrounding the medium is very much against control, however much the friends may desire to commune with them. It is impossible to enumerate all the conditions which are unfavorable to a perfect communion between spirits and their friends in the flesh.

Q.—Was the earth formed, or created? and by whom?

A.—Both; both formed and created, certainly. Creation is constantly going on through everything in Nature, through everything in the realm of mind. Creation, when properly defined, simply means change—means nothing else. It cannot mean to form something out of nothing. That is absurd. It means change, a new exhibition of form. Your correspondent asks, And by whom? Suppose we should say by Moses? He would probably understand us just as well. Suppose we say by Jehovah? by the great spirit governing here and everywhere? Suppose we should say by the great eternal law running through mind and matter? It matters very little whether we determine in this direction or that concerning the person or power that has spoken this world and all others into existence. You may as well call it God as anything else. It is God, the great, good, infinite Power that takes care of us all—worlds as well as souls.

Q.—It was recently declared, at a public meeting, that Theodore Parker, when in earth-life, was an opponent of the Spiritual Philosophy, whereas his writings are strongly unctured therewith. What is the truth in the matter?

A.—Theodore Parker, in the external, opposed modern Spiritualism, but in the internal he did not oppose it. There was a something within me which said, in plain, unmistakable terms, "There is a great truth in modern Spiritualism," but I could not accept the external manifestations. I saw so much of chaff mixed up with what little good there really might have been, that I was not ready to accept any in my external reasoning. Nevertheless, as I before remarked, in the internal I was a believer in Spiritualism, ancient and modern. Those who knew me best know that I often remarked that I believed there was a very great truth, a wondrous philosophy underlying these crude manifestations. And I also believed that the world was not ready for such an exhibition of spirit-power. But I have learned many things since I passed beyond this human life. I have learned that God does not deal with his children according to their caprices. I have learned that nature and mind will march steadily on through the infinite law of progress, whether we will or no, and we may denounce the manifestations of mind and matter as much as we may, it is all the same. It will show whether we will it or not. The sun will shine whether it scorches us or not; and so it is with regard to the manifestations of mind. Mind is free, and it will run on through the infinite law of progress just according to the law. We cannot change the law. We have not the slightest power over it. So these spiritual demonstrations I believe to be the result of law, infinite law, and that law does not only pertain to mind but to matter. It belongs to the growth of the earth as well as to the growth of mind. It is an exhibition of both mind and matter, and we can no more control it than we can control the sunlight. We may shut it out from our own reasoning powers for a time, but it will shine on all the same, and its power will be precisely the same, whether we close our senses to it or the contrary.

Q.—Can the intelligence give the true origin of the Book of Mormon?

A.—Perhaps Joseph Smith could do that better than we could. It is an anonymous work. That has been fairly proved. The writer's name does not appear, and, although it is held by a certain class as an inspired work, something sacred, the voice of God, yet to me, as to thousands of others, it is simply the work of man and of a personage who, for some cause or other, did not wish to be known. Joseph Smith claims certain rights concerning it, which, by the way, he has never been able to substantiate; it is in very much the same position as many books of the Bible—children without any special father or mother. Dec. 12.

Frederic Seltzer.

I was not much acquainted with this power of coming back. I had not anything to do with it when I was here. I was told about it, and I once saw something, but had not any knowledge about it myself. But it seems to be something so natural that it is pretty easy for anybody to come if they only get into the right conditions. It is very much like everything else in the world; it has need of certain conditions to make it perfect. Now I have tried a great many times to come here, but I might as well have gone through a granite rock with my body I had here, as to overcome some of the conditions. They were just right for somebody else, but not right for me. I could not understand it, but the people in charge here said to me every time I come, "It is not right for you. You cannot speak there. You have not the right quality of magnetic life to go there now. You must wait." I could not understand it. I saw little children and old people and Irishmen come, and many others who seemed not to possess so much will as I, and I said, "I don't understand it. Here I am shut out and others coming, and they say it's right, it is beautiful," and I could not come, not at all. But it is something you've got to experience to know much about. The last time I came here I made a pretty hard effort. I was told by the conductor in general here, who was unpretending affairs, that I might try. Well, I did; but I was sent back—it was worse than a cannon ball. I would come just so near, and it was back on me before I had any idea, and then I was out again. I saw it was no use; there was something wrong. But today I came. The guardian says to me, "I think it is right for you. I think you will be successful this time." Well, I come, I come near and nearer. I puts

my hand on the shoulder, and then I was gone a moment—I don't know how much time I lost—then I was here. I tried, and I see I could speak, and I was able to move. Now I want to know what's the reason? I'd been here some days when it was fine air, and everything seemed much better than to-day, but not right for me. [You ask me a question I cannot answer.] Well, I don't expect you could; but it's strange. It shows that there is very much to learn.

My name, to begin with—to come to business, I been speculating, now I come to business—I am Frederic Seltzer, of Cleveland; was not born there—I claim High Germany for my home. I have a brother Carl, and I want to tell him how I live here, and that it's true that I can come, and I want him to go to some place where I can come and tell him about the affairs he wants to know about. He says, "Oh, it's a pity he went to war!" I don't think so. He would not go himself. He did not think he would stand it, and he advised me not to go. But something was pushing me, and I went. I got killed; but that's nothing. I only lost a body, and I got a better one. Now he knows my affairs are in a tangled state, and I want him to make things as easy as he can for those I have left. I should go to my wife directly, but she is so nervous she would go into fits if a ghost was mentioned to her, and I want Carl to get her familiarized with these things a little first. Tell her we are just the same, only the body is gone—just the same. It is all real, no fancy about it. I want Carl to show her—not come right out and say Frederic has come; his ghost has come back; no, but come easy, come easy. When you doctor a child you don't put in big doses, you know.

There is one I would like very much to come into communication with. I think he has some idea of these things, for he once said to me, "Mr. Seltzer, is n't your people gifted with the second sight, the power to see spirits? Is n't there persons in your country who have the power to talk with the dead?" Says I, "I heard about it; I don't know." He said, "You look as if you were one of that kind. Why don't you try?" "Oh no," I said, "I don't try. I don't want anything to do with it."

Now I should like to come into communication with him. [Do you remember his name?] Samuel Hines. He is an American; he told me so. I think he knows about these things, and if he gets my talk he knows what to do to give me a chance to talk better than I can tell him. [Do you wish to say anything more to your friends?] I wish to say a great deal, but I haven't the right to stay any longer. I think, somehow, my brother will get this. My wife's name is Alice. Oh dear me, this is a queer thing.

Well, Mr. Chairman, if there's nothing better I can do for you when you're coming across this way, if you like music I'll entertain you. [Thank you; I do like it.] Then I'll do my best when I know you're coming, to entertain you. Good-day, sir. Dec. 12.

Lillian Worcester.

Are you Mr. White? [Yes.] I am Lillian Worcester, from Milford. I am eight years old. [You never saw me before, did you?] No, I heard about you. I only been in the spirit-land just long enough to get contented and happy. I come here twice before, and Mr. Parker said, "You wait, little one, till you are better fitted to come, and I will tell you when you had better come." And I come to-day and he said, "Little one, I think I will make a place for you to-day."

I want my father and mother to know—I want you to tell them I come here, and I am very happy, and should n't want to come back. And I joined the Lyceum, and I am nicely contented now. Tell them not to mourn any more for me, and when they think about missing me, think that I may be close by. Tell mother I've got a beautiful blue dress, all covered with stars, handsomer than any I ever had. I am glad I was dressed in my blue dress, because it did n't look so dead-like. I saw it. Mother always said I should be laid out in blue, if I died before she did. Do n't forget to tell her about the handsome blue dress I've got. I shall try to keep it, so they can all see it when they come. I don't know whether I shall outgrow it or not; but if I do I shall try to keep it. Do n't forget to say how happy I am, will you? And do n't forget to say I am much obliged for the flowers, and that we have got, oh, ever so much more flowers here where I live, than we had on the earth. I never saw so many flowers. Everybody has them that wants them. If I could I should have brought you some; but Mr. Parker said, "Little one, his eyes would not see them," and so I thought it would n't be any use, would it? [Perhaps I could perceive their fragrance.] Would you like me to bring you some? Where do you live? [At 7 Indiana Place.] Who have you got to come with me? [You can come directly to me.] Can I? Well, if you think of me, so I can, to-morrow morning I will come to you with a basket of flowers and put them on your bed. Do you get up early? [Not very.] Well, I'll see. If I can't come then, I'll come in the evening, if that would do. [Yes, that would do.] Do you wish to give me your brothers' and sisters' names? No; do you care? [No; your parents understand this philosophy?] Yes, they know I am coming. Good-afternoon. Dec. 12.

William Sayles.

I am somewhat sad on coming here, for I bring bad tidings to my family. Our ship went down, and I shared the same fate. I have a wife and mother and one child in New York State. They are not aware of my death. I told them they would hear from me by New Year's—I thought I should be home by then. Since the loss of my body I have been constantly haunted with the wish to make myself known on or before that day. So I come here with the hope of doing something toward softening their sorrow. I went down in the ship "Navarro," of St. Thomas. My name, William Sayles. I knew all about these things. I had thought that when the spirit was free from the body it enjoyed itself hugely, but I see that the causes of sorrow reach out even here. I am constantly thinking, what will my friends say—still more what will they do? If it were over I should be better. If they knew of my change I should feel better. But, oh God, how they will feel when my name is announced in your Banner as among the dead. But so it is. If it were not for those I have left behind, I should feel glad of the change. But as it is, I have left an aged mother, a sickly wife and a little one, and with not much of the wherewith to purchase the comforts of this world, and still there is a something that tells me it is all right. I shall be able to look after them, and to do more for them, I suppose, than I can now. I feel very helpless now, but still there is a very strong hope that that weakness will pass away, and I shall come out strong and ready, to work. I feel that the book attending the news of my death will bring my mother to me. That is well; that gives the joy. And as Mr. Parker remarked in his prayer, "There is a power that takes care of

Banner of Light

WESTERN DEPARTMENT EDITOR

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and...

Lois of the Liberal Sect

If our memory is not becoming over-freacherous upon...

No one who is not a member of the Universalist denomination...

These sectarian dogmatists, sensitive and envious...

Each denomination willing to take donations from Spiritualists...

Ascending to higher grounds, it comprehends all things...

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In a zoological garden, like two overgrown children...

Mrs. E. C. Crane, writing from Adrian, Mich., says...

At a "Peace Meeting" held last month at Woodard Hall...

The document was drawn by Father Beeson.

Address to the Ohio Spiritualists. We take pleasure in presenting our readers a portion...

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SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston. The First Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings...

Chicago. Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists...

St. Louis. The Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings...

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LIST OF LECTUREES.

TO BE USEFUL, THIS LIST SHOULD BE RELIABLE. IT THEREFORE BECOMES...

J. MADISON ALLEN, Principal "Blue Anchor Industrial Institute..."

C. FANNING ALLEN will speak in Central Hall, Charlestown...

Mrs. S. A. ANDERSON, transference speaker, Delton, Wis.

Mrs. J. T. AMOS will answer calls to lecture upon Physiology...

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