

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 13.

JACOB, THE ZOUAVE HEALING MEDIUM.

Within a few months past the excitable Parisians have had a new sensation. A "miracle-worker," as he was called, was in their midst—Henry Jacob, a trombonist of the Zouave Guard, stationed at Versailles, who, after attending to his duties as a soldier in the morning, came to the city in the afternoon to perform "miraculous cures." The blind, the deaf, the palsied, the sick and the dying were restored at once to health. Actual mobs of crippled and diseased humanity pressed into the court-yard of No. 80 Rue de la Roquette, where he worked his miracles, and came away—it was asserted, whole and well, without taking any medicine, or submitting to any surgical operation. He received no pay for the boon conferred, but rich and poor alike were freely healed. Daily there was to be seen in the neighborhood a great crowd of carriages and pedestrians, attracted by his fame, and two hours before the arrival of the Zouave, the court-yard was thronged with invalids, sitting, standing and lying, who beguiled the time spent in waiting by relating stories of his cures. A score of policemen were always on hand to keep order. As the cured came out, they were greeted with frantic cheers by the spectators, many of whom would climb to the tops of the houses to get a nearer view.

The newspapers of Paris took up the story of this wonderful man, and heralded his fame as a "miracle-worker" all over Europe. The letter of the Count Chateau Villard, to the *Paris* newspaper, giving an account of his visit to the Zouave, was among the earliest testimonials to his success. He drove in his carriage, accompanied by his wife, to the manufactory of M. Dufayet, where Jacob was engaged with several poor and disabled patients. The Count, who had been paralyzed for years, was supported by his footman and a workman, who obligingly lent him his arm from his carriage to the court, where he was allowed to take a place in the circle of the sick surrounding Jacob. Persons were being transported on litters, or carried in men's arms to his presence, many being so utterly helpless as to be unable to sit upright, and only able to support themselves by leaning against each other. As soon as the time was full, Jacob entered, and said, "Let no one speak until I question him, or I shall go away." Perfect silence ensued. The Zouave then went from one sick person to another, telling each exactly the disease from which he or she was suffering. Then to the paralyzed he simply said, "Rise." The Count, being of the number, arose, and that without the slightest difficulty. In about twenty minutes Jacob dismissed the crowd. M. de Chateau Villard walked to his carriage without the slightest difficulty, and when his wife wished to express her gratitude to Jacob, he immediately imposed silence, and said, "Other sufferers await me; you are cured; let that suffice—beware!"

The manner in which his cures were effected and his miracles worked, is thus described by a correspondent of the *Birmingham* (England) *Gazette*, and, as the story of an eye-witness, is well worth perusal. He writes: "The Zouave admits no one to his presence who is not really afflicted with disease or infirmity, those who are led to the Rue de la Roquette by curiosity, being compelled to remain in the waiting-room. Fortunately I was furnished with a letter from his best friend, and became privileged at once. I entered the room with twenty of the most ragged and dirty of the whole mob, and am thus enabled to describe the scene. The Zouave was standing as in a reverie when we entered, pell-mell, into the long, low apartment where the cures were performed. He was leaning against the wall, with his eyes half open, after the fashion of some noddies before entering completely into trance—the only difference being in the intense light shot out from the living orbs beneath the drooping eyelids. He neither spoke nor moved, while his father busied himself in arranging the visitors upon the low wicker benches before him. Every crutch and stick was taken from the infirm patients, and placed in the corner behind the door, amidst the timid whines of the poor, frightened creatures, accustomed to look upon the help afforded by these objects as absolutely

necessary to their safety. When all were seated thus, leaning the one against the other, the father, going close up to the son, whispered in his ear. He was aroused in a moment, and coming forward with a movement brusque and hurried, snatching of the military cap, and not in the least of the manner of the Zouave's assistant, he walked up and down for a few minutes before the eager line of sufferers. To each he told the disease under which he or she was suffering, and the original cause of the malady; and as no objection was made in any case, I am led to suppose him to have been right in all. Presently, however, I observed him to stop suddenly, and fix his eye upon one of the patients who sat at the extreme end of the second bench, and after examining him for a moment, turn aside with a slight shudder, which I observed was neither of disgust nor dread, but a kind of involuntary recoil. He said abruptly, pointing with his forefinger straight into the face of the individual he addressed: "I can do nothing for your disease; it is beyond my power; go, and remember it is useless to return." This was all, but the words acted upon the man like a magic spell. He stood from head to foot like the aspen leaf, and tried to gasp out a few words, but whether of prayer or exhortation it is impossible to say, for his tongue seemed paralyzed and clung to the roof of his mouth, while the Zouave turned aside with an indescribable expression of fear, certainly indicative of a kind of intimidation. But this was soon shaken off, and he again passed before the line, uttering simply the words, "Rise and walk." The sound which simultaneously burst from the assembly could find no fitting description in any language. It was a sort of moaning wail, a kind of infantine wailing, evidently produced by fear and doubt. One feeble old beggar-woman, whose head had stopped his mischievous shaking from the moment the Zouave Jacob had fixed his glittering eye upon her, was the one who gave expression to the feeling which had evidently taken possession of them all. "Oh, how can I move without my crutches?" and, having turned a year-

ling look toward the corner where these old friends and supporters were standing, with a host of others, she began to murmur and moan most piteously. But the Zouave looked for an instant down the line, with an ominous frown on his brow, as he found that not one of the patients had quailed his voice. No pretension to the shortest glimpse of a prophet or inspired seer was there, for he stamped with such rule violence on the floor that the casement shook again. He almost uttered an oath, but it was unheeded, as he once more uttered the command to rise and walk, so that others might be admitted in their place. Then came the most strange and mysterious moment of the whole ceremony. One by one old every individual seated upon those low wooden benches rose and stood erect. No words could describe the singular spectacle offered by this fearful, haggard, doubting crowd, as each one found himself standing firm upon the legs, which for years had ceased to do their office. Some laughed like foolish children, some remained wrapped in stolid wonder, while many burst into the most heart-rending paroxysm of weeping. It was then that the Zouave stretched forth his arm and laid them down. All was hushed and silent for a moment. The pause lasted for some time. "I have been told that it is always so, but have not been able to account for its necessity; and then the door was thrown open, and the crippled and the paralyzed, the halt and the lame of the hour before, walked from that long, low half-darkened chamber, with somewhat timid gait, it may be, but with straightened limbs and measured steps, as though no ailment had ever reached them. One or two among the number turned to thank their deliverer, but the Zouave dismissed them brutally. "Go off; do not stand idly idly. You are cured, ain't you?—that's enough—now please not to camp!" In plain English. "Cut your stick, and begone." Before leaving the room I turned to look at the single patient whose case Jacob had pronounced as being beyond his power to cure—the man was paralyzed in both arms, and his neck twisted all awry. It certainly was

a hang-dog countenance—worse than any I ever beheld—and the expression of rage, and hate, and fear which it conveyed was unmistakable. His feet were paralyzed likewise, and twisted awry. The Zouave's father touched among the sticks, and crutches left in the corner for those which belonged to the only cripple destined to remain so, and as he touched each one, looked with inquiring glance toward the unhappy wretch, who answered with an awkward jerk of his very neck, until he seized upon a sort of wooden shelf or go-cart upon wheels, which the cripple had been used to push before him. A boy came in to help him from his seat, and as he disappeared, supported by this aid, he uttered a poignant groan, which resounded through the place with the most weird and terrible effect imaginable. I subsequently inquired of the Zouave by what impression he was made aware of his inability to cure. He answered simply that in cases of this kind a veil seemed to fall before his eyes and impeded his view of the patient.

The special correspondents of English journals sent home their various sensational accounts of the wonders performed, commencing when the excitement was at its height, with exaggerated statements of the proportion of patients cured, and using such phraseology as only superstitious credulity or ignorance could have employed. Knowledge of the Spiritual Philosophy would have enabled these gentlemen to avoid the palpably false and illogical assertions made, and the confused jumble of "miraculous cures," "the mere agency of his own will," "supernatural power," &c., by which they evinced their inability to understand the nature of the phenomena presented. Accordingly, when the Zouave failed to cure Marshal Forey of palsy, and General De La Pégrose of palsy, these voracious correspondents announced at length that this disinterested benefactor of the poor, afflicted people of Paris was but a sorry impostor after all.

As Mr. Benjamin Coleman truly remarks in the *London Spiritualist*, "It was generally rumored at first that Jacob had been successful with the Maudslayi as he had been with Count Chateau Villard and hundreds of others who had gone to him, for in that may lie the difference between success and failure. The man repeatedly announced that he could not cure all who came before him; but he certainly did effect cures of many whom the doctors had failed to cure. That fact, however, goes for nothing with some of the clever fellows who comment the columns of our press. The readers of this magazine are aware that there are many men in America who have, in a greater or lesser degree, the gift of healing, and prominently among them stands Dr. Newton, who succeeds under conditions precisely similar to the Zouave's, in relieving thousands of sufferers; and there must be tens of thousands in Europe and hundreds of thousands in America, who know that this healing power is a great reality, and will smile with pity on the lamentable ignorance which the press in England displays upon such subjects."

The simple fact undoubtedly is that Jacob is a medium, through whose instrumentality, whenever favorable conditions permit, attendant spirits accomplish their beneficent work. His own statement is: "I see the diseases, and sometimes from twenty to thirty spirits acting on the invalids while I am standing in the room looking on." M. Dufayet, his friend and patron, whose premises have been the scene of the Zouave's operations in Paris, states that Jacob has been a thorough Spiritualist from his infancy, and possesses a number of faculties of an extraordinary kind. For instance, his drawings are most beautiful, and the delineation of trees, flowers and fruits, purporting to be representations of growth in the plant world, is exquisite. He has the power of describing the moral and physical condition of each member of a family upon seeing one of the family only, and the ordinary physical manifestations are intensified in him to a great degree. His character and conduct are excellent, and he is altogether an admirable subject for a medium of the highest order. Jacob's father, a fine, soldierly-looking old fellow of about seventy years of age, has also the gift of seeing spirits, and often describes those surrounding individuals as they are engaged in their worldly avocations.

A letter written at the request of Jacob, (who does not understand English,) by a friend of his to Mr. J. B. Lister, of London, contains the following statements:

"In regard to his healing powers, he wishes me to tell you that he has cured all sorts of diseases, but not all the cases of any sort. Sometimes he is successful; sometimes not."

He has no idea why he succeeds better in some cases than in others, and supposes that it must be a result of the Divine appointment, which permits some to be healed, while, in the cases of others, a continuance of suffering is appointed for their ultimate good. He also wishes you to know

that he can do nothing for patients at a distance. Sometimes his looking at a sick person produces a cure; at others he is obliged to touch the patient, making a succession of slight pressures on the parts affected. In some cases the cure is immediate; in others he is obliged to see the patient four or five times. He never accepts a fee or gift of any kind, saying that he does not sell what God has given him; but if he leaves the army, as his friends wish him to do, it will be necessary for him to live; and it is probable that, in such a case, persons benefited by him and desirous of showing their gratitude would be allowed to send him anonymous offerings, according to their means and wish, as was permitted by the first Teacher and Healer whom M. Jacob tried to imitate in the work which he believes that God has appointed to him; but he will certainly never take a fee, nor allow the question of gain in any way to enter into his plans of action."

M. Lévignier, a distinguished photographer artist, in sending the portrait of Jacob to the editor of the *Revue Spiritualiste*, says:

"As you propose to prepare a biography of the Zouave Jacob, I send you his photograph, taken by myself about three years ago, at a time when I used frequently to visit him. As a man, he is straightforward and honest. He makes no distinction in his treatment of rich and poor, but is equally interested in possessing absolutely nothing, he gives his services for his own satisfaction. Philanthropic, he counts not upon gratitude; he knows it is a vain word. He possesses a fervent, generous spirit, and is very friendly, even to his persecuting manner—speaking what he thinks boldly without any dissimulation, and his knowledge of character is such that he speaks truths one cares not always to hear, because he is entirely free from all his remarks. But to the cures he has performed so long, they are incredible; but I believe just now that there is an exaggeration on the part of certain journals, that has injured him. I believe him gifted with a great natural power, and that certain diseases are greatly benefited by him. To sum up all, he is a brave and worthy (parson) boy, devoted to humanity, and the ridicule that many journals seek to throw upon him does not hinder his continuing to do good."

M. Marie-Abel, described by the editor as "a man of austere life, who has consecrated himself to the cure of the sick and suffering, and whose character admits not the possibility of an untruth," also sends to the *Revue Spiritualiste* this testimony:

"The Zouave Jacob has not done miracles, as some of his admirers say—he has never made such pretensions. He says himself that he wishes it to be understood that Nature has gifted him with a great magnetic force, and that the influence of this upon certain kinds of diseases softens suffering and greatly alleviates the malady. He repulses all charges of supernatural, magic and sorcery, and if some have been helped by him, he attributes it to the fact that he has been injured by their reports, and he has done nothing to give currency to such a reputation. But because such a fame and power have gone forth, is it any reason to throw blame on the Zouave, and turn him out of his house, as he has been? I have seen several sick people go to him and have their pains and sickness very much helped, and have witnessed their gratitude. These are facts that being repeated, I affirm in all assurance. I have thought that such facts, attested by other respectable men, would make a favorable impression upon sensible people, and that it was just and honorable to give the Zouave Jacob a public testimony of the interest his acts have produced upon men, serious, sensible and capable of appreciating."

At the camp of Chalons, in 1866, his fame created as great an excitement as it has more recently done in Paris. When he was in the city, he was daily around Jacob's tent, obliged the officer in command to put an end to his practice. His fame at Versailles became a trouble almost a nuisance, to the fine corps to which he belonged. They were heartily inquisitive of the cause of the trouble, and all parts of France, being stopped continually and interrogated about the wonderful power of their celebrated comrade, so that they were inclined to hide themselves when they saw one, especially a countryman, approach. To these brave soldiers, the terror of the camp, the cause of the trouble, whom Albert Wolf in *Figaro* calls "the Zouave who are more excellent to destroy life than to save or restore it," this was a new phase.

Statements have been published that Jacob and his friends were the subjects of violent persecution from an opposing faction of priests, military men, police and others, and that the law has been oversteered. With the presence of twenty thousand people daily thronging to the street and premises of his friend, M. Dufayet, (who is engaged in extensive business as a refiner of metals,) it is probable that gentlemen's business would decline from mere curiosity. These assemblies are contrary to government rules, and the fear was that unscrupulous people might make them a pretext for starting a political disturbance. Indeed, an intelligent lady correspondent of the *London Spiritualist* says: "The truth is, that he has never been in any way persecuted, either by the Government, the Marshal, the priests or the police. This I know from him, from his father, from M. Dufayet, and from his superior officers. The officers said, 'Do one of two things: if you wish to set up as a physician, leave the army; if you wish to stay in the army, give up this pursuit, which keeps our barracks crowded, makes a fuss and a scandal about one of our men, that is subversive of all propriety, order and discipline.' Jacob had only to let himself be bought out by friends, or send a proclamation to his colonel, to be let off scot free. His pride prevented him doing either. Since his term expired, he has not been interfered with by anybody."

His present residence is in the suburbs of Paris, at No. 10 Rue de Camps, Passy. He refuses to see sight-seers, but attends strictly to his healing. Money, freely offered by the cured and others, he refuses, saying, "The power is not of me; if I sell it, it may leave me"; but he does not object to the patients, or their friends, buying his "cure" portrait from his father, the cost of which is a franc.

By some visitors he is called "a most intractable, disagreeable fellow, with a sort of conceit about him that must impede his work. He will not allow his father to accept a single shilling, when he might get his living out of gifts from the rich, with which also to help the poor." He is rich, and though undoubtedly a great medium, will evidently cease to be assisted by the higher spirits if he goes on in this unchristian style, &c., &c. Well, time will determine. It may be that those who are enabling him to perform these cures have also power to guide him aright, both in the appropriate treatment of visitors and to means of support.

A recent visit, made to his present residence, is described by a correspondent of the *London Spiritualist* as follows:

"Having taken the journey from London to Paris solely to gain certain knowledge as to whether or not the possessor of the spiritual gift of healing, I found myself at Passy, walking down the Avenue d'Empereur on Thursday afternoon, the 10th of September, 1868, about two o'clock, and on turning into the opening on the left hand, also found myself in the Rue de Camps. Before the house No. 10, there were about a hundred men and women, a carriage, a country cart and a donkey cart; and in them couches and chairs with invalids. Among the persons standing on the pavement were the police, the lame, the blind, the rheumatic with distorted hands and feet, and others evidently internally ill. The gate bell was rung by one of the crowd. The door was opened by the father of Jacob, and a pass or ticket was given to each, having on it a number—say 8017: several other persons pressed in and got tickets, then returned to the street, and the door was shut. This was repeated till about a quarter to three o'clock, when the gate was opened, and all pressed into the forecourt till it was full. I entered in with the rest, and found bench seats placed round on which the invalids sat. On a round table, about thirty persons were in the forecourt; one-third were outwardly afflicted, one-third inwardly so, and the other third were friends of the afflicted. At a quarter to three o'clock, the invalids were called in relation according to the number on their tickets; about twenty-eight entered the



THE FRENCH ZOUAVE JACOB, THE HEALER.



SCENES AROUND THE QUARTERS OF JACOB, THE HEALING MEDIUM, AT PARIS.

house, and the door was closed. In about half an hour the door opened and the twenty-eight came in, and twenty-eight others were in, in the same manner, and so it continued till all had passed in.

Anxious to see Jacob and his method of curing, I suddenly remembered that my eyesight was bad (having some eight years ago suffered intensely from inflammation), and on asking for a ticket I received one, and determined to see it. The following day (Friday), therefore, I was again at No. 10, Rue de Camille, saw the same kind of scene as before, and in due course, passed through the doorway into a room about twelve feet square. The audience, the patients, the afflicted in various ways—deaf, blind, lame, and workmen—were seated round the room silent. A side door opened, and Jacob entered dressed in ordinary black clothes; he is of ordinary height, thin build, black hair, and respectful manner. As he walked into the middle of the room, he clasped his hands, glanced at the chest of each of the patients, and then stood silent. Quickly he half turned round suddenly, looked at a young woman behind—recoiled his position—turned again to the woman, went up to her and took her hand. I saw it was distorted. He earnestly but kindly spoke to her, then passed on to the next patient, and so on round the room. Whether the ailment was external or internal, he at once placed his hand on the place afflicted, and the inevitable answer to him was, "Oui, Monsieur." In no case did he look rough, or speak roughly; on the contrary, his voice was often tender when speaking to the patients. Some three or four he called out into the centre of the room, laid his hand on them; then requested them to extend their hands, fore and aft, and in position indicated, and evidently they were surprised at the ease they did what he directed. My difficulty in understanding "spoken French" is very great, and so I had to gather knowledge by seeing Jacob, and by the way, he turned out his fingers as one by one, and said, "You will be cured; do nothing to hurt; avoid cold, tea, and roast food, and come here in twenty days." I involuntarily put my fingers to my eyes, they being somewhat tired with earnestly watching the scene around me. He saw it, and requested me not to do so; then put his fingers again on my eyes; passed on to the remaining patients, and then to the chest of the patient in the middle of the room, spoke earnestly to several of them, and retired. As he was passing through the door, he turned, gave me a quick glance, spoke to a French lady who understood English, and then returned to the chest of the patient. As the patients were leaving—in answer to my inquiries—the lady stated she was suffering internally—that when Jacob came in she felt at once as if something had laid hold of her chest, and that she felt a change going on in herself. She added that the woman next to me had been there once before with arms and hands much contracted, and that Jacob's request she had come this second time, and was able so to use her limbs that she declared herself cured.

The consecutive number on my ticket was 2,207, and as the first on Thursday was 8,057, and other patients were waiting their turn, we may fairly take 150 as the daily average number of Jacob's patients. J. S. JONES, Emory Park, Norwood Junction, 15th September, 1868.

Numerous letters, asking him for information and instruction in the art of healing, have induced him to publish a small volume, entitled, "Pensées du Zangue Jacob," giving a sketch of his life, and many letters which breathe the most pure and lofty thoughts. From this book we make the following extracts, as translated by Dr. H. T. Child, Jacob says:

"You demand of me to know how I came to be a healing medium; all that I can say is, that I have a conviction that this power is given me for the relief of my fellow-men, and that I have brought it to its present perfection by practicing virtue, fraternity, charity, and love of God, and by instructing all who come to me in the doctrine of Spiritualism."

Before my initiation into Spiritualism I was living in darkness; my heart had never felt the sweet flowings of peace; my soul had never known true joy. I lived attached to the world, with all the excitements and pleasures of materiality, without realizing that there was a better world, which God, the Father of All, had made for the ineffable enjoyment of those who practice goodness. I acquired a conviction that God in his mercy had sent his good spirits to counsel us and encourage us in the practice of goodness, that he has given us the power to communicate with those who have quitted this world, and who still retain their affection for us.

This conviction has enlightened my spirit; I have seen the light, little by little, I was fortified in my notions, and by this means I became at first a writing medium.

My intercourse with the spirits and their good counsels have filled me with a living faith, and have confirmed me in the truths of Spiritualism, which have strengthened my faith, and by that faith the faculty of healing has been given to me.

My first successful healing was to make rice from his bed a comrade suffering with the severe pains of cholera. I laid my hands upon him, by impression, and he was soon relieved.

Thus, then, my dear friends, with a true and living faith in you, ever practice the spiritual maxims, which are: LOVE OF GOD, FRATERNITY AND CHARITY. LOVE TO ONE ANOTHER, and ye will all find that ye possess more or less of the faculty of relieving each other, and many ye will become skillful healers. Be ye always charitable and generous, and you will always be aided by good spirits."

TERRA INCOGNITA.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

A little song has come to me,
A strain of sadness from over sea;
And I hear its music in my soul,
Though the heart which framed it I cannot tell.

A little picture comes to me,
A dash of brightness from over sea;
There are clasping hands and a holy face—
But the name of the artist who can trace?

So I, in faith which comes to me,
Believe in a land across the sea,
Where my vagrant fancies steal supreme
In a grand perfection beyond my dream.

Oh land unknown! in thee alone
Shall formless fancies to shape be given;
In thee all rhapsodically true,
And the thoughts of beauty are ever new.

Oh land unknown! where all is best,
In thee is my aspiration blessed,
For I tell and tarry until I may,
With my broken sentences, pass away.

The Ecceteras of Publishing a Book.

The American Publisher and Bookseller well says, "There is no class of business so liable to misconception and misunderstanding as that of publishers of books. It is difficult for an author to understand the business aspects of publishing a book. In the first place, the expenses of composition, correcting, stereotyping, paper, printing and binding are very large compared sometimes to the size of the book. Then the advertising bills, and two or three hundred gratuitous copies for notice and review, must be added to the cost of publication. Then, of course, store rent, clerk hire and packing expenses, including paper, twine and boxes, should be reckoned as part of the cost of getting up an edition of a book; so that, in most instances, the sale of two or three thousand of a new work hardly pays the publisher for the labor and capital included in the outlay. Now all this the author, unless he or she happen to understand the business thoroughly, rarely comprehends. The elder John Murray, one of the most honorable and generous of publishers, used to say that an author who thoroughly understood all the intricacies and expenses of issuing a book from the press and properly launching it into the hands of the public, was as rare a prize to find as a phoenix or a unicorn."

Test Mediums.

I presume, dear Banner, that all investigators in Spiritualism seek knowledge in your valuable paper of those who are good test mediums, and where they may be found. Among the many whom I have consulted, I rank Mrs. Pratt, of 14 Austin street, Charleston, as being a medium possessing various gifts by spirit development. She is controlled by King Phillip, of Mount Hope, the wise and good Indian Chief, but her special singularity is with the spirit of a deceased man, whose name is W. H. B. Pratt, who returns to earth in all his native singularity; loving justice, hating oppression, shrewd, and showing a knowledge of disease and medicine not often found among the Aborigines of the forests. Those who have seen this spirit on a "trail" can never again doubt the power of spirits to seethe present or predict the future. Mrs. Pratt will be found reliable in clairvoyance by those who seek spirit-communication; at least, I have experienced remarkable tests through her mediumship. Yours respectfully, JAMES M. JACKSON.

The English Independent says the talk about "preaching Christ" is too often mere cant, and "many a reputation has been ruined by the glib charge of not preaching Christ, and many a reputation has been made by the credit of preaching him, when there has been nothing about but words in the one case, and nothing present but the other."

A revivalist encountered a large-sized African and asked him: "My good man, have you found the Lord?" To which Sambo replied, in a surprised manner: "Golly, massa, am de Lord lost?"

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address, No. 16 West 24th street, New York City.

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

NED RIGBY.

PART IV.

Little Nell was trying to wash the breakfast dishes for Mrs. Slater. Joe had awakened her from her sweet sleep beside Mrs. Rigby with the sudden call:

"Come, young one! Dad and ma'am will be after us, and they'll have a sharp stick whisking about your ears in less than no time if you are not home by seven o'clock. Hurry and come with me and I'll save you a switching."

Nell did not speak a word. She had awakened from a sleep that brought her visions of beauty, and her heart had been rested as if she slept in her mother's arms. But she did linger, for the old tremor had come to her heart, and the fear that always hung about her had again returned.

"Never you mind, little one," said Mrs. Rigby kindly, as she helped her dress. "I'll coax Joe to wait; and don't tremble so; nobody will hurt you. Dear me! are these all the clothes you wear? Why, you'll freeze to death! I have a piece of flannel left of Ned's shirt; I was going to make me a waist. I could n't think why I did n't do it; now I see that it was n't meant for me at all. Let me measure you, and I'll make you such a nice, warm garment!"

"Will you though?" said Nell, her whole face glowing. "But what will you do without it?"

"Oh, don't you be afraid. I am so much older than I do n't mind being a little cold; and then likely I shall get something a great deal better. Don't you know, Nell, that the Good Shepherd knows all about his flock and will take care of them?"

"I wish the Good Shepherd would go home with me," said Nell.

"So he will, you little lamb, and he will never forget you. But for fear that you should not see him or know that he was taking care of you, I will go and tell your aunt that I kept you. Come, Nell," she continued, "you put on the kettle and run for the bread, and then I shall be in time for my work."

And so Nell received no whipping that day, and was only sentenced to "do the dishes" and sweep the room. And the little hands toiled willingly, and the little feet went in the path opened for them with less of timidity, for Mrs. Rigby had spoken good, true words for her.

The room that Joe's father hired was on the "first floor" of a tenement house. It was a back room without sunning or fresh air. The one window opened into a yard full of all unseemly things, broken pieces of furniture, a bench with wash-tubs on it, pieces of ragged carpet, and moving about in disconsolate manner were three fowls. When Nell was obliged to stay in doors these fowls were her delight. She wondered what they thought and felt. She watched their movements, and her great pleasure was to save a few crumbs from her breakfast and feed them. The table at which she washed her dishes was in front of the window. What dim light could come down through the enclosure of that back yard fell first upon that table and upon the sunny curls of Nell working there, so that she sometimes looked like the only brightness of the room, and so it was that light came there from her.

"I tell you to mind your work," said Mrs. Slater sharply. "I reckon those hens can manage to walk a step without your looking on. I'll have their necks wrung come Christmas! that's what I will. It's always a stopping and stopping with you when you ought to be at work. Come, I'm in a hurry! I want that table in just two minutes."

Nell's heart gave one bound and then fluttered, while her hands became unsteady and her knees seemed to have lost all power to move. It was no wonder that she dropped a cup, which, fortunately, did not break. The great joy she felt as she saw it roll off unharmed brought a smile to her face, and a little, rippling laugh escaped her lips.

"So you laugh, do you? take that, and see how soon you'll laugh again!"

The sharp blow on her ear almost stunned Nell, and she felt her head whirling and whirling, and a sickness began to creep over her. Just then a gleam of light from the breaking clouds far up beyond her vision shot down through the dismal yard and fell upon her face.

The beautiful sunlight is free and beautiful in its gifts. Men build enclosures to shut it out, but through some little niche and cranny it comes creeping, creeping, stealing away the gloom and shadows, lifting up the darkness, and clothing even unlovely things in some kind of beauty. It falls no more tenderly on the gorgeous lily in the palace garden than on the wayside flower. It gives its glory no more lavishly to the bearded grain than to the humble blade of grass. It falls with its golden gleams on the little child who draws back the embroidered curtains of a Fifth Avenue palace, just as it fell on little Nell's sunny hair.

Just as the golden light broke with some faint promise in that dismal room, the door opened and Ned stood there.

"I say, Mrs. Slater, if you please, mother says I may go with Joe up the river, if you'll let Nell go."

"But I'd like to know what Joe's going for; he's always off somewhere."

"There's a man wants him to go, and will pay him for it. He's to come over to Hoboken and leave Nell and me, and take somebody to row across the river, and then he is to call for Nell and me. Dick Somers is to go along to help."

Nell's face was glowing with a light that the sunshine could not give. To go off in a boat with Ned, and to stop for a ramble on the banks of the river, was a pleasure she did not dare to expect. She did not look at her aunt's face, for the fear that she should read her refusal. But Mrs. Slater had something that she wished to do that day that she did not wish Nell to know of, and she was rather pleased than otherwise at the thought of her absence for a whole day. But she was one of those persons who could not give a pleasure outright without taking away as much of it as was possible.

"Pretty business! to take a girl off on the river. What will she do, I'd like to know? Like enough she'll get wet and be sick, and then I shall have a pretty what-do-you-do."

"Oh, mother says that I can take care of Nell, and she wants some of the moss that grows in the woods; and Nell and I am to take baskets and try to gather some, and mother says it will be a real kindness to her to let Nell go, and she will not mind coming over and helping you this evening to cut out Joe's jacket."

"Well, I don't care if Nell goes; but she has n't any clothes fit."

"Mother says she can have her shawl, and she has tied a bright ribbon around my hat for her, and I am going to set her feet into my old shoes while she is in the boat."

"Well, well, take her; but hurry off, for I can't be bothered with fixing her."

In a moment more Nell was in the street, hurrying to Mrs. Rigby's room, that she might be properly fitted for the excursion by that loving, motherly heart. Was little Nell in the same world as a half-hour before, as she stood with her eyes laughing, with delight, as Mrs. Rigby arrayed her in her garments as best she could?

"Now here's a nice pair of stockings a lady gave me the other day for Ned; we'll have those first. Oh how warm these dear little feet will be. And now I'll put the shawl on like a cloak. There, see, here are the sleeves, and this is the cap, and it will cover up your dress; and this scarf of mine goes under Ned's hat to keep your ears warm."

And Mrs. Rigby arranged and rearranged the new costume of little Nell, and placed her curls just to suit the laughing face, and kissing her again and again, watched her and Ned go down the street toward the river where Joe was to meet them. Her parting words had been, "Don't forget, little one, that the Good Shepherd has made you one of his white lambs, and that he calls you his own."

"Lucky for me," she said to herself as she re-entered her room, "that I know where I am going to-day. Mrs. Clarkson would never say a hard word to me if I was not at my work till nine o'clock. I do believe she knows just what the Good Father wants, for she always does the very best and kindest thing. But I will never impose on her goodness, so I will work all the harder to-day, and I am sure I shall not feel tired, for I have not to worry for Ned."

And with a light heart Mrs. Rigby went to her daily task. Mrs. Clarkson lived on Twentieth street, in one of those elegant mansions that seem to have had an attractive power, and to have gathered into themselves every object of beauty and use that the art and genius of men have yet produced. And within this home Mrs. Clarkson was the light, the centre, the inspirer of all its beauty and elegance. It all seemed to fit her, and to be made for her.

But within all this beauty and richness she did not grow sordid or selfish. It was merely the centre from which she radiated its beauty and taste. It seemed as if it was right that she should possess so much, because she could not keep her possessions, but ever gave them forth, in delicate sympathy, in thoughtful kindness and loving tenderness.

Mrs. Rigby had said truly that she was not afraid of what she should meet at Mrs. Clarkson's; a reasonable excuse for her delay would be sufficient. As she knocked at the basement door a bright, laughing face peeped out of the windows. Was that face sweeter than Nell's? Was there more grace in the outline of the features? Did the hair curl in more soft, wavy tresses? Mrs. Rigby said no, as the delicate hand opened the door for her. She did not venture to kiss that sunny face, she only laid her hand lightly on the gleaming hair, and said:

"Your mother will excuse me for being late. I had to fit off the children for a ride across the river."

"Mamma don't care, only she wants to see you; and I will coax her to let you tell me all about the children. I wish mamma would let me go across the river. Who went besides Ned? You told me about Ned the other day. Here's mamma in the dining-room. Please, mamma, don't be in a hurry to get the windows cleaned, for Mrs. Rigby has a beautiful story to tell me."

"I should think my little girl was the story-teller, for surely none of us have a chance to speak."

"Well, mamma, I will be just as still as I can be, if only you will let Mrs. Rigby sit down and tell me all about the river, and who went in the boat. I know if papa was at home that he would take me in the boat."

"Sit down, Mrs. Rigby. I am not quite ready for your help, but I will tell you what I have for you to do, and then you can calculate just how much time you can spare for the story."

Mrs. Clarkson gave definite directions concerning all she wished to have done.

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Rigby.

"That is much more than I could do in a day, and quite enough for you, and when you have finished come to me. And, Grace, when Mrs. Rigby has finished the story you must leave her. No one can work well who is likely to be teased."

Mrs. Rigby's dress was always perfectly neat, and as neatness and simplicity harmonize better with elegance than untidy finery, her figure, as she sat beside the window with Grace leaning against her, did not seem out of place. She bent her kindly face toward Grace, as she said:

"You want a story, and it must be about Nell, the little girl that has gone across the river. Nell has two wonderful little servants."

"Why, I thought you said that she was ever so poor!"

"She is so poor that she has but one dress, yet she has two beautiful servants. I call them sunny eyes. Now sunny eyes do everything that Nell wants them to. Sometimes it looks very gloomy in my room, and I get very lonesome, and I can't think about heaven or the good Father. Then Nell brings in sunny eyes, and the whole room seems full of light. I even think I see roses and honeysuckles, such as my father used to have by his front door. We poor people often get into trouble, and trouble seems to us like a great mountain. Sometimes I have thought, I never could get up the steep mountain, and I have had to climb. But if sunny eyes come in the way looks bright, and I can see the track of the angels every step I take. Did you know that you had two beautiful servants, too, and that you could make all the beautiful things seem brighter when you let them in?"

"Let me run and tell mamma that," said Grace.

"She said I could be the light of the house if I would, but I didn't see how; now I think it is in my eyes."

And Grace ran to her mother, and Mrs. Rigby went to her tasks with a light heart.

Original.

ANGEL GRACIE.

In memoriam of Grace L. Peabody, late of New York City, who passed to the Summer-Land Oct. 25th, 1868, aged 1 years, 3 months and 22 days; formerly a member of the Children's Progressive Lyceum at Masonic Hall.

BY J. H. PEABODY.

Good-bye from this earth,
Little innocent dove,
By angel host borne
To regions of love;
Our dear angel Gracie,
Has left us! Alas!
No more to see you,
The days dreary pass.

Lured while on earth,
Babbling blither sighs,
Now that she's gone,
Dear child of the skies,
Beneath the stars,
God surely knows best;
He has taken our Gracie,
She's sweetly at rest.

Her sweet little prattle,
And innocent mirth,
Never more will be heard
On this dreary, cold earth!
Gone with bright hosts
Of angels to dwell—
Gone to the Summer-Land—
Sweet one, farewell!

No one could prophesy for the life of any other individual all he made the subject his mental, spiritual, and physical life, and his ideas. No one was destined to redeem the world, was there? God had never written such laws. Each must save himself in the fulfillment of the demands of divine law. According to his needs would be the original salvation of every individual, for justice was the supreme law which governed destiny.

The Lecture Room.

Destiny.

A LECTURE BY MRS. N. L. BRONSON.

In Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Nov. 22d, 1868.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The subject of the lecture was selected by a committee chosen from the audience, and was read by the Chairman after Mrs. Bronson came upon the rostrum. A large audience assembled to listen to her inspiration, and her discourse was exceedingly well received. We give below a brief synopsis:

"Destiny," the subject selected by the committee, simply inquired, What is the future for man? Not for humanity as one great family, but what was to be the future of each individual, what the result of each talent, each gift, each principle, each law embodied in every human being? From whence did these gifts come to man, and by what power were they transmitted from one to another along the pathways of existence? By whom were we given these powers by which we could write our mental daguerotypes upon the blackboards of Nature, so that time could never erase them? Some said from God, but the lecturer declared that each man or woman, according to his or her capacity, shed an influence upon the life of those around, which went to make up the sum total of all life.

The products and forces of life, in those utterances which they gave forth in their time, and which they believed to have been inspired by God, were only influenced by the needs of humanity, and being assured that in the fullness of time those needs should be supplied, prophesied to that effect. All men were a prophecy, to-day, of what to-morrow would bring forth. There was nothing which destiny had found a limit to; nothing known in the angel world or our own, which contained not a prophecy of what should come in future days. Each individual was destined to fulfill the law of his own nature, as a creative being, an offshoot from a creative God. In this sense all were creators; but no one had the power to go beyond his own conceptions.

The grand destiny of the race depended upon the labors of that race in becoming acquainted with and thoroughly using all the powers and forces implanted within it. In science, the destiny of any truth was to bring forth good to humanity; therefore this truth prophesied good. But the good must come of labor, not of foreordination; just as the earth brought forth her treasures to man when he worked for them. The germs of the beautiful and good were implanted in man's heart for what purpose? That they might be improved to the answering of his spiritual needs, either here or hereafter; as man satisfied his bodily hunger by taking the germs of the grain and scattering them in the cultivated field, stilling not his labor at planting time, but continuing it on till a harvest rewarded his toil in the autumn of the year; and even then, after he had reaped the grain, it grew to an hundred-fold in bulk, it was not fit for consumption till it be submitted to the refining demands of the spiritual tenant of his body. When we looked upon a flower, and perceived its beauty with the natural eye, and inhaled its fragrance with the natural sense provided for the purpose, we were also ministering to the delight of the soul, which was receiving that which quenched its thirst—perceiving in the blossom before it the image of its God.

Wherever growth was, there was God; wherever there was growth, there was law; wherever growth existed, there the Law of God was at work. Life was but a synonym for growth or progress, only that we applied the term life to matter, and progression to the soul. In all life, whether in physical or spiritual, each depended, in a certain sense, upon the influence of his brother. Every sense, talent or emotion of man depended upon those of some other one, and could not live without him; and the influence which each cast out was an unfailing index to assure the observer where was the God of the individual. Facts developed that which was inherent; there was nothing within us which would not shine forth in some wise, making known its presence, however carefully concealed by us; as in the instance of the hypocrite, who for a season could cloak his real character, but time and acquaintance would finally reveal what was written on the inner man by the style of the soul. There was a relation within us which bound us to all the rest, and we could not evade that relation, or hide the outgrowth of our own lives. The man of sixty, with his head white with the years of age, but the fulfillment of the prophecy which he himself when a child, and a prophecy of what was to come in the world of spirit.

If any asked the question: Are we to receive in the hereafter—the spiritual life—great, transcendent truths and revelations, as an answer to the asking of our souls? she (the lecturer) would answer, Not without labor and suffering—labor to obey the law within ourselves—the law of God in the human soul. Suffering was not intended, in itself, to bestow upon its victim a crown of glory; only when its action upon the divine law within had led him or her to be ready to obey the law, and resolve the corresponding benefit; only when we have fitted ourselves by the fulfillment of our duty to humanity and to God. The oak, growing on some lofty eminence where the storm wind raved about it, struggling to force its roots down among the crevices of its rocky habitation, might think itself useless to God's creatures. But when, in the fullness of time, its limbs, toughened with struggling, were converted by man into the ribs and stanchions of the ship, whose mission it was to go forth and do battle with the elements, we could perceive the usefulness of the winter storm and the lonely, unsheltered existence which had knit the giant form of the tree as with bands of iron. And the same was true of the sufferings of the human soul; these were the instruments to bring a perfection which should in its turn bestow good to the race at large; for one so schooled was able to impart strength to the weaker of his brothers, and thus meet the needs of humanity.

Let us question ourselves as to our adherence to the light we had. How many of these present were willing to go out into the streets of Boston and take the fallen by the hand, calling them brothers and sisters, and securing them, as the law of God required, back to purity and strength again. How many were ready to do this? Were there ten who dared promise this within and to their interior selves, even if they dared not to speak it aloud to others? Until we could do this, not in the name or for the sake of God, but for our own—until we acknowledged these fallen ones—were we not the spirit? we were only living a life of deception to ourselves, and inhabiting the deserted temples whose altars were set up by angels. Thus man's soul depended upon communion with others—upon communion with the angels and with God, and it was his destiny to discover, by gradual experience, that what he did for others was only an answer to the prompting of his own soul.

Religion was only a prophecy in the past of what the future should bring. The idolaters who bowed before their hand-made deities, the followers of Brahms and Mahomet, as the Christian world of to-day, were only living in the great chain which stretched from God, the Creator, to the end of time, from the commencement of growth to the limit of progress.

Did any ask, By what means, then, are events foretold, if we are only to receive those rewards as we labor for them? How can we write down principles for our guidance, unless we are dependent entirely upon an independent spirit who can read our hearts? Why, some spirit, observing your interior needs, and knowing by the eternal law of demand and supply, that sometime the answer to your wants would come, did not find it difficult to say as much. The prophet Isaiah saw the need of a reform in men and manners, law and morals, and the elevation of the standard of universal justice, and knowing that each necessarily brought its supply in due time, prophesied that the Messiah should come one day. So, in the history of our national affairs, those whose lives were spent among the people and who saw the needs manifested, were able to prophesy the occurrence of events which have lately transpired in the fulfilling of natural demands. It would not be difficult for any one, perceiving the outcroaching spirit of this age, to prophesy that fifty years hence there should be given a brighter light, a new Christian world of to-day, were only living in the great chain which stretched from God, the Creator, to the end of time, from the commencement of growth to the limit of progress.

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10/10/2008

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The Conflict of the Ages.

We are more and more confirmed, by the confessions of the theologians themselves, that the contest which has begun and is to be continued for the greater part of this century, is one between the forces of Spiritualism and Materialism. A book has been recently written by Professor Fisher, professor of church history in Yale College, reviewing the evidences of "the Supernatural Origin of Christianity"; and in his introductory essay he admits the fact that the skepticism of the present day is earnest, and that "the writers are men whose lives and characters forbid the idea that their unbelief is intended as an excuse for licentiousness. Denying revealed religion, they cling more tenaciously to their moral instincts; their tone is one of earnestness; their inquiries are marked by a profound conviction of the possibility of finding truth; not content with destroying, their aim is to reconstruct." This is more just than common toward the men who combat old theology on its own chosen ground. We shall make substantial headway when the senseless prejudice against inquirers is beaten down, so that the substance of the issue can be got at. A reviewer of Prof. Fisher's book observes that it is painful that such fairness as he manifests should be worthy of remark, but, he adds, "it is an exception, among books written by theologians for popular reading, in defence of their own views, to find one of which it can be truly said." And, after a careful examination of its aim and character, he closes with the following paragraph, which has a welcome significance: "We hope this book will be very widely read. Nothing is more unfortunate in the education of the American churches than the lack of an intelligent interest in the great strife of ideas between Spiritualism and Materialism, between faith and disbelief, which is the chief battle this century has to decide. Our pulpits themselves are generally ignorant of what is doing, both in attack and in defence of the positions upon which their safety depends. Yet the noise and dangers of the struggle are at their very doors, and the time is near when, prepared or unprepared, they must take part in it."

The writer is evidently enlisted on the side of theology, for he merely means to convey by "Spiritualism" his idea of the supernatural. Spiritualists, on the contrary, mean by the supernatural about what is commonly conveyed by the word superstitious. We hold a faith in what is spiritual as being what is perfectly natural; that there is no "supernatural," which is the divine, law; and that to preach the supernatural is to preach the superstitious. Between this genuine Spiritualism and the superstitious materialism of old theology the conflict is at present going on, and few are the pulpits that comprehend the nature of the struggle, or how near it is to them.

Spiritualism in Brazil.

We have before us the translation of a letter from Lima, in Peru, written by a person of character and standing, in which is given the art of natural, or magnetic healing, by certain classes of doctors in Brazil. The writer is conversant with the people of that part of South America, and recites facts of great and general interest. They are of special interest to ourselves, as to all the readers of the *Banner of Light* also, because the system of curing diseases which is followed by these native doctors is based on the acceptance of great spiritual truths. Their practice may be more or less confounded with rank superstition, but any one at all conversant with the laws of communication and influence will be readily able to separate what is real and true from what is exaggerated and the offspring of mere mysticism.

There are classes of these doctors, who are in reality mediums. They hold themselves subject to the directions of a leader, whom they style their Master Spirit, and who does not hesitate even to use corporal punishment in order to keep them in subjection. On stated days the sick are brought to a designated place of meeting, usually in a scattered neighborhood outside of a city, where the circle of doctors is to be held. The time chosen is usually just at night, and the healing process consumes the whole of the time until morning. The lights are turned down as low as possible for the larger portion of the session. Several spirits dictate modes of cure, and present themselves to the different doctors as called for. The medium doctors never attempt cures while in their natural state, but use certain charms for inducing a condition much like somnambulism. They smoke tobacco, and blow the smoke over their arms and person. After they sit silent for a while, they walk to the nearest wall of the room and strike it hard with the palms of their hands. He personates always the spirit; which is supposed to take possession of him, and not himself but the spirit is addressed by those present. A variety of superstitious incantations are practiced, and movements are made in the same spirit. The sick are minutely examined, passes are made, and the prescriptions ordered for their diseases. The remedies are generally herbs, barks, and resin. So wonderful are many of these cures, people from choice pass by the educated doctors and apply to these natural magnetic physicians.

That the laws of magnetic influence work in tropical countries with amazing effect, is no new fact in the history of modern scientific investigation. Climate and habits of living make every thing different from what it is in the temperate belts. These are the laws which are illustrated very profusely in the work of Spiritualism, and daily and hourly vindicate themselves by their successful application to human life and welfare. Spiritual Philosophy is fast assembling a large range of facts for the study of the world, gathered from countries where they have existed in full force from early times. Before denouncing the philosophy, it would be better for prejudiced persons to look up and investigate the facts that are strewn on every hand.

Food for Reflection.

We stated in our last issue that the spiritual periodicals in this country were not adequately supported, and never had been; and added that unless the friends of the cause bestirred themselves, there would soon be fewer journals devoted to our beautiful Philosophy than at present. At the time of penning the article we were not aware that one of our papers had in the meantime suspended. We have just received letters from San Francisco, Cal., informing us that the *Banner of Progress* has ceased to exist. The publishers of that paper have labored both early and late, with ability and zeal, to promulgate our heaven-born Philosophy on the Pacific slope; but have been obliged to suspend their labors for lack of patronage, notwithstanding there are thousands of Spiritualists in California. The fact is, Spiritualists, a majority of them, worship the "almighty dollar," as devoutly as do our brethren in the Church; and more so, in fact, for the credulists do fully support their organs.

In alluding to the demise of the *Banner of Progress*, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* holds the following appropriate language:

"The golden rule is the only rule which will ever guarantee success to our cause. Our friends—Spiritualists—love to see good newspapers published—love to see the cause advanced—they love to see the devotion increase in number—they love to hear good lectures—they love to hold sweet communion through the instrumentality of mediums. But many do not love to pay anything for all of these things they so love! Hence the mortification and regret at failures. In one sense they are not failures, they are lessons ever pointing to the beacon light inscribed, 'whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them.'"

We speak words of truth when we say to Spiritualists, so long as we cling to the plane of selfishness we shall be doomed to disappointments, that bring in their train receding sorrow. Seeker, be not the object of the golden rule—the *lex*—the balancing of the scales, will insure success. This principle is equally applicable to publishers of papers as to subscribers; to all men and women in every pursuit of life.

While we regret being obliged to chronicle the demise of one paper in California devoted to our cause, we rejoice that another has made its appearance, namely, "*The Spiritual Light*," published in San Francisco, by George G. W. Morgan, Esq., the first and second numbers of which have been received. The editor in a note to us says: "It is my intention to establish a paper that shall reflect credit on the cause and on myself. I purpose giving *verbatim* reports of the best lectures delivered on this coast," etc. If our brother does this, and eschews personalities, he ought to succeed. At any rate, he has our sympathy, as all devout workers have.

The second number of the "*Spiritual Light*" contains a pungent editorial, entitled "Spiritualists, to the Rescue!" which we copy in this connection as peculiarly significant.

"Money is as necessary in religion as in war—Spiritualists are as well able as other people to support their lecturers (newspapers, also); then why this remissness? It is well known that many have come month after month to the lectures and the object of the lecturer is to get one dollar to the income of the Society. If the Trustees had the money that was thus withheld from them by these *deadheads*, there would have been no necessity for their *Secret* action. Our lecturers are as worthy of being paid as others, and think it a shame that they are not; but how can the Trustees do so, unless the members supply the means? It is said: 'Oh there are plenty of rich people in the land who can pay.' If the Trustees do not, it is their fault, not the fault of the lecturers. We have no people to inspire the minds of delinquents with, as the 'Orthodox' churches have. Spiritualism ignores that, but we all recognize that for future bliss is to be enjoyed in the realization of earthly duties well performed, and that our penalty will be the remembrance of meanness, pettiness, etc., and that will be had enough for some people, if we are not greatly mistaken."

Pursuing the Indians.

Sheridan has got his force all mounted, three thousand strong, and armed with breech-loading carbines; and with them he has gone forth to "kill—kill—kill" the hostile Indians. The grounds of their hostility are nothing to the point. There are four tribes to be assaulted—the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas and Comanches. They are to be pursued down to the branches of the Canadian River, along the borders of Northern Texas, and there attacked in their villages, which contain the stores of buffalo meat and pony feed for the winter. The plan is to destroy these important stores, and thus starve the Indians out, rooting them up entirely and destroying them as organizations.

In the report recently sent in by this fighting officer, we find an acrimonious, if not a contemptuous, allusion to the Peace Commissioners, as being the cause of this latest manifestation of hostility, equally with the conduct of the false and corrupt Indian agents! The General has allowed his prejudices to master his strong common sense. With such marked developments of the partisan warrior, it was to be expected that what he said of the causes leading to this Indian war he would say emphatically; but he is not warranted, by any fact so far known, in ascribing to the Peace Commission such a result as he chooses to lay to their charge. We shall now see him reduce his own theory to practice—that there is no way of making peace with the Indian but by exterminating him. That may be the military recipe for ending troubles which we have been mainly the cause of ourselves, but it speaks little for our Christian civilization.

Aid Needed.

The Spiritualists of America are aware of the fact that we have established free circles at this office, for the double purpose of aiding spirits, that could not otherwise do so, to reach their earth friends who are skeptical in regard to the return of the spirit after death, and of affording those unable to pay a fee an opportunity of witnessing the manifestations. It is needless to add that many have been convinced of Spiritualism by the publication of characteristic messages in these columns.

This department of our institution requires large outlay, and has consequently drawn somewhat heavily upon our exchequer—so much so, that at times we have seriously thought we should be obliged to suspend it. But our spirit friends have counseled us to continue these public seances, assuring us that means would be provided to insure us against permanent loss. These assurances have proved true in the past. But to-day our rents are again doubled, and the donations are lighter than ever before. Under these circumstances, we ask, in behalf of the spirit-world, the friends to come forward at this time and lend us a helping hand. By so doing they will hereafter not only benefit themselves, but aid a class of spirits who will be under lasting obligations.

Missionary Work.

A. E. Carpenter proposes to lecture in the following places during the month of December: Ware, Dec. 7th; Monson, 8th; Holyoke, 9th; Hatfield, 10th; Whately, 11th; Hatfield, 12th; North Hadley, Sunday, 13th; Conway, 14th; Shelburne Falls, 15th; Charlestown, 16th; Greenfield, 17th; Montague, 18th; Leverett, 19th; North Leverett, Sunday, 20th; Orange, 21st; Athol, 22d; Baldwinville, 23d; Winchendon, 24th; Ashburnham, 25th.

Mr. Carpenter will have with him copies of all the latest published spiritual books, and will take subscriptions for the *Banner of Light* and other Spiritualist papers.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham on Theodore Parker.

On Wednesday evening, December 1st, Rev. O. B. Frothingham delivered the sixth lecture of the Parker Fraternity Course, at Music Hall, this city. His subject was "Theodore Parker." A large audience assembled to listen to the speaker's essay, which fully sustained the author's reputation as one combining in himself the merits of good composition and good delivery.

He said that more than eight years ago—on the 10th of May, 1860—Theodore Parker was laid to rest among the violets and daisies of Italy. Mr. Parker could not be said to have been one of the calm, eternal men, like Plato, Descartes, Spinoza or Emerson, who sat apart from and above mankind in an atmosphere of pure thought. He was eminently a man of utility, a thorough worker, who had both his feet planted on the solid earth. His fidelity to his place and his hour was his genius; the strength of generations was in this single man. The very slight respect for institutions, which seemed to exist in the mind of Mr. Parker, might possibly be traced to the fact that while one of his progenitors had been a "church-member," the feelings of whole past generations of his ancestors were expressed in the ejaculation of the babe, "Oh don't!" as the baptismal water touched his face.

In all the "rudimentary qualities of human nature," Mr. Parker was especially strong; fidelity, love, courage, zeal, contentment—all these he had in more than ample measure. Intellectually his wonderful receptive faculty was his most marked peculiarity. What seemed his creative power as a writer was, perhaps, rather his power of packing up the truth in a portable compass. His mind was always open to be instructed from any and every source. Emerson, Spurzheim, Wordsworth, Carlyle and Coleridge, all found an appreciative student in him. He was deeply interested in the cause of social reform; and Mr. Garrison and Horace Mann, the advocates of abstinence and of equal rights for women, found a warm and steadfast friend in him. And "he aided the hand of the Dial in its attempt to mark the progress of celestial time." He was no skeptic, but put his whole heart into every labor which he undertook.

His life taught, first of all, the great lesson of sincerity. He always believed "in his rational self," and acted up to his belief in a straightforward and manly way, wherever he was placed. "What he was called to be, he was all over." His "grand characteristic was character"—not learning, nor eloquence, nor intellectual range, though these were all his in an unusual degree. As might have been expected, this tremendous earnestness and directness of character was very offensive to his enemies, for the very reason that it made such havoc in their ranks.

Mr. Emerson had said that it was a fault in Mr. Parker that he over-estimated his friends, but it might be said, to balance this, that he did not hate his enemies. "Even clerical malignity, which was more 'vitriolic' than any other, did not sour the sweetness of his nature. He had no foes but the foes of his ideas, and they would have been his friends if they had known him. And as the best proof of the tranquility and peace of his spirit, it is to be noted that in his last three years of painful sickness he said he had not had an unhappy hour."

It was impossible to fit Mr. Parker upon any Procrustean bed of opinion; his feet stuck rigidly out and condemned the bedstead. Political parties could therefore do but little with him. He was a steadfast friend of Temperance, yet opposed the Maine Liquor Law; an active friend of the poor, yet called the society for the prevention of pauperism a society for the gradual diffusion of poverty. He lent all his powers to the enfranchisement of the negro, but negro worshippers got little comfort from the man who said that the blacks were sluggish in mind, and who called them equatorial grasshoppers. It was his love for humanity, and his desire to elevate it, and to elevate the whole of it, that made him sympathetic with all the great philanthropic enterprises of the day.

Mr. Parker foresaw the war, prophesied its coming years before it came, and was in correspondence with leading minds of the land as to the shape it would take, and the results that would flow from it. The war had helped to enthroned Theodore Parker, the "man who more than any other aided in precipitating the great conflict, and who, more than any other, fortified the conscience of the North." The lecturer spoke with great beauty and feeling of the loss sustained in the death of Mr. Parker, and closed with an eloquent defence and exposition of Mr. Parker's work as a reformer in theology.

Our Lyceums.

The CHARLESTOWN LYCEUM, at the time it was visited by our reporter, (Sunday, Nov. 22d), held its sessions at Central Hall, No. 25 Elm street, in that city, and was—owing to the recent resignation of Dr. A. H. Richardson, as Conductor—in charge of its Assistant Conductor, G. W. Bragdon. Mrs. Mary Murray, Guardian, Mrs. Mary Rowell, Assistant Guardian, and an able and efficient body of Guards, Group Leaders, and other officers, lent their energies with a good will to the successful prosecution of the work.

The exercises commenced with singing, followed by Silver-Chains recitations and Wing Movements; after which the groups spent a short season in the consideration of their lessons. Questions were then answered, first by the groups in their order, and then by volunteers from the wings. Declarations followed, which were of the true stamp, and Miss S. M. Adams (a very young miss, by the way) sang a song, accompanying herself with the piano. Mrs. Mary Rowell read a poem entitled "Address to Youth," from the *Banner of Light*, after which the Lyceum executed a Grand Banner March, and soon after, a Target March. A number of small misses then sang "Gather them In," from the *Lyceum Banner*, and after a song, from the "Manual," the exercises concluded with Wing Movements.

This Lyceum has on its roll of members one hundred and forty names, (exclusive of officers and leaders, who number twenty-nine); average attendance, ninety-five. Number of books in the library, two hundred and eighty-one. There appears to be no reason why the Spiritualists of Charlestown should not be proud of this Lyceum; it gives great promise of usefulness in the future, and is deserving the hearty encouragement and support of all who believe in the truth of our new dispensation.

By reference to the column of "Spiritual Meetings," it will be seen that this Lyceum has lately removed to Washington Hall, and that Mr. G. W. Bragdon has been elected Conductor.

Obituary notices sent to us for insertion in the *Banner of Light* must not make over twenty lines in any one case; if they do, we shall be obliged to charge twenty cents per line for all over that number. The great pressure of other matter upon our space compels us to adopt this course.

Music Hall Meetings.

Mrs. N. L. Bronson closed her engagement at Music Hall in this city on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 29th. A large audience assembled to listen to her remarks upon this subject: "The Inspiration of the Past and the Present. Which is Divine? and How do they Differ?" The lecture was full of earnest truth, forcibly expressed, and seemed to find an echo in every heart. We shall print a synoptical report of the address soon.

At the close of the lecture several questions were propounded by persons in the audience, regarding certain phases of the spiritual phenomena. In her answers she stated the absolute necessity of every one's using reason as their guide in investigation. Many undeveloped spirits came to media for the purpose of being elevated, and, fearing to announce themselves, sometimes took the name and personality of some one known to the individual inquiring. This would account for the contradictory statements sometimes made. She also advised media to be certain of the aid and defence of a guardian spirit or spirits before they gave themselves up to promiscuous influences. Lying spirits on earth, becoming unclothed of the flesh, were lying spirits still, until brought up from the low plane to which they gravitated at the change called death; therefore it became a medium to endeavor to fit him or herself to be in rapport with truthful ideas and intelligences, that, by this means, strength might be generated to help the erring ones who would also come but to deceive. Our senses must be the avenues by which we ascertain the fact of a general inspiration or an individual one; and this test could apply only to each mind as regards its receptivity; one man's conception could not do for another's.

The singing on the occasion was very fine, consisting of two selections from the "Spiritual Harp" and Dr. Ordway's song, "Come, darling, come to the spirit-land."

The Chairman announced that Mrs. Bronson had generously offered to give a lecture in the evening in Mercantile Hall, the entire proceeds to be given to the Children's Lyceum. [And here we will say that the lecture was a most excellent one, and met with a general appreciation by the audience. The subject was: "Has the Spiritualist a creed? and what constitutes the pearly gate of the future?" Better, indeed, would the world be to-day if the human family lived up to the teachings laid down by the speaker; and the future would be all the more glorious if we paved our road to the pearly gate in the manner eloquently suggested.]

Prof. William Denton.

The able and eloquent lecturer, whose scientific elucidation of the Spiritual Philosophy has attracted so much attention of late, follows Mrs. Bronson, in Music Hall, for four Sundays. As was the case last year, he will fill the hall with searchers after truth.

HOPE.

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAW.

Oh glorious morning! o'er the pilgrim's way
Thou stream'st, a vision from the hills afar—
A reflex of that broad and glorious day
Where risen, triumphant souls in glory are!
Thy mounting beams' round Reason's colder star
Throw warmest light—Fruitful the golden flame;
Life's crowding clouds, perchance, may briefly mar
Thy conquering course, but Death presents no claim
To stay thy rising tide, which erst from Eden came!

Thou shin'st forever; 'mid the Spring-tide's glow—
The warm, rich gales of Summer's ripening hours—
The wild, weird winds of Autumn, when they blow,
Changing a requiem through earth's gloomy bowers.
Thy light immortal streams from heavenly towers
Across the tide; but mortal eyes are dim—
We call it night when life's fair, fragrant flowers
Fade from our sight beyond earth's cloudy rim,
And all our cherished joys in Grief's black deluge swim!

But still thou shin'st; thy light shall pierce the gloom
When we are drawn to our Emmanuel night,
And all the lesson learned, the heart finds room
For humble, patient trust in God on high.
The Master spoke, 'neath a Judean sky,
The words that ope'd the blind one's faded sight;
So each dark trial ope's the spirit's eye,
And gleams, a Christ, amid celestial light,
When from our rayless orbs is swept the doubting night.

Oh Father God! thou art the same to all—
The martyr, or the wanderer from thy face!
Thou bid'st, for each, the fruits of labor fall,
Appointed, as thy recompensing grace
Beholds the needed gift. Oh may our race,
In coming years, with hope and love be crowned;
Light thou the weary path we dark'ning trace,
And o'er our spirits pour that calm profound
Befitting deathless souls to thy great bosom bound!
Boston, Nov. 30th, 1868.

An Unworthy Critic.

The spirit of Rev. John Pierpont has lately been warning the Spiritualists, through "*The Banner of Light*," against the evil influence of the Free Love doctrine, which prevails so extensively in that sect, and the *Banner* indorses his warnings, and declares that longer silence on the subject is positively criminal. The *Republican* used to admonish the Spiritualists, some years ago, on the same subject, but they did not take it kindly; indeed, the *Banner* pretended to deny the facts. Now that the vileness has become so gross that even the spirits come back to protest against it, the *Banner* declares its determination to repel every attempt to engraft free love upon Spiritualism. This conversion to decency comes late, but is better late than never.—*Springfield Republican*.

We give all that the *Republican* has to observe on this subject, that it may see we have not garbled its statements. All that we wish to do now is to say that the *Republican's* charge, that "*The Banner of Light* pretended to deny the facts" of Free Love, is wholly without truth. We never alluded to such a state of affairs inside of Spiritualism without condemning it. We have invariably deplored all these debasing practices, whether followed, as they notoriously are, within the fold of Old Theology or nearer home. The *Republican* is guilty of a certain meanness in crediting the *Banner of Light* with repudiating Free Love only after "the vileness had become so gross that the spirits came back to protest against it." It is so ready to ascribe interested and unworthy motives in others, we are not at liberty to believe it is above their easy reach and influence itself.

The Funeral of Mr. Foster.

We mentioned in our last issue the sudden departure to spirit-life of N. A. Foster, Esq., editor of the *Portland Press*, which took place in this city, November 20th. Funeral services were held in the First Parish Church, in Portland, on the 24th. Mr. Foster was a believer in Spiritualism, and the services were conducted by Spiritualists, M. A. Blanchard, Esq., a prominent member of the society, making a brief address, giving a sketch of the life of the deceased, and inviting his friends to speak as they should be moved by the circumstances of the occasion. He was followed by Dr. R. T. Hallock, of New York, who made some excellent remarks touching the religious opinions of the deceased, and explained the general belief of Spiritualists in regard to death, and the life hereafter.

See advertisement of an Automatic Gas Machine for sale.

Holiday Books.

The *Banner of Light* Bookstore offers to buyers of Holiday Gifts as rich and varied an assortment of Books as any publishing house in the country. It not only offers its own splendid collection of liberal and reformatory volumes, large and small, but its proprietors possess facilities for filling orders for books from other houses, which belong to the system of few book establishments. We have on our shelves all the works of Andrew Jackson Davis—earliest and latest—the writings of Prof. S. B. Britton, the works of Prof. Denton, "The Harvester," Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," Lizzie Doten's "Poems," "The Spiritual Harp," (an elegant and popular book,) besides juveniles, games, toys in nameless variety. Our bookstore is well worth a visit, to see what a wealth of good things can be packed into a limited compass. We ask the readers of the *Banner of Light* to run their eyes searching over the list of our own publications, and see if there is not something to select for a gift to a friend or relative. The mature and the child-like can be equally suited, and what we do not ourselves publish, we can as readily supply to order as any other house in the country. Now is the time to look about for presents; do not let the business all be crowded into a day or two before Christmas and New Year's. Take time to deliberate; choose wisely, and purchase according to ability and inclination. Again we say, run over the list of the books for sale in the *Banner of Light* Bookstore.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. N. L. Bronson, during the month of December, will lecture before the Society of Spiritualists in Portland. It is her first appearance in that city, and we congratulate our friends there in having secured the services of so able an inspirational exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy. The Rev. J. C. Gill, formerly a Universalist clergyman, but recently converted to Spiritualism, having associated himself as a partner with Hull & Jamieson in the publication of the *Spiritual Rostrom*, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays in towns and villages in the vicinity of Chicago.

Edward S. Wheeler is lecturing again in Cleveland, Ohio.

J. Madison Allen lectures in Ancora, N. J., during December.

Mrs. Ada Ballou has gone into the missionary field in Minnesota.

Seward Mitchell, of Cornville, Me., writes: "I feel an earnest desire to say a word to the friends of Spiritualism in relation to the beautiful truths we have lately heard through the mediumship of Mrs. Clara A. Field, of Newport, Me. To all those who love truth and desire its promulgation, they can find in Mrs. Field an excellent and deeply interesting speaker. She has given five lectures in this vicinity, and gave excellent satisfaction. Mrs. Field ought to be kept at work all of the time, and well paid for it. The truths that come through her reach the people's hearts and supply their wants. To all lovers of truth in Eastern Maine, I would say, give Mrs. Field a generous call; open your hearts, houses and purses."

Catholicism.

The Catholics boast most of their progress in England. Ten years ago their public services were conducted almost in secret, and their places of worship were few and difficult to find. Now they are springing up everywhere. A magnificent metropolitan cathedral is going up close by Buckingham Palace, and a new church has just been built under the very walls of Windsor Castle. They have had for some time a Roman Catholic archbishop in England, and it is now announced that they are to have two cardinals, while the hierarchy is to be restored even in Scotland, and an Oxford man is to be created archbishop there. Only a week or two since, the only daughter of the bishop of Oxford, and her husband, himself a clergyman of the Established Church, have gone over openly to the Romish Church.

Spiritualism in a Nut-Shell.

The following sentiment was uttered by Mrs. Bronson in one of her recent lectures in this city. It is brief, but contains a world of truth: "Everything proclaimed from the spirit-world rested upon one platform: That the individuality of every man, woman and child was present in eternity, just as much as the presence of him who gave up the powers of a life after we had outgrown the cement of clay. In every sentiment expressed has this lesson been found, and over acting by the side of this declaration was a companion law which proclaimed that a man's love for God was enhanced in proportion as he loved and did good deeds to his fellow-men."

New Publications.

The *Nursery* for December cannot delight the "very young juveniles" more than it has pleased large numbers of the older ones. The illustrations are positively irresistible. Miss Humphreys uses the pencil of a genius. "Grandmother's Come" is a picture to make old and young laugh together. "We do not wonder at the marked success of this popular little monthly. It is a perfect beauty. Published by John L. Shorey, Boston.

Mrs. M. M. M. for December, published by H. B. Fuller, Boston, closes a successful volume. The new volume promises to bring increased attractions to its readers, of whom there are delighted thousands. "Merry" gives fine pictures and rare reading.

An Energetic Worker.

We learn from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* that "between October 1st and November 24th of the present year, Bro. E. V. Wilson delivered fifty-four lectures, wrote a hundred and twenty letters, besides his articles in the *Frontier Department*, and traveled twenty-three hundred miles. What apostle of Spiritualism has done more?"

THE SPIRITUAL ROSTROM.—This excellent monthly magazine for December has been received. The Discussion between Moses Hull and Rev. George Clendenen is continued. An article from the pen of J. O. Barrett, Esq., "Invisible Agency—Church Atheism," is capital. Other articles upon various subjects are also very readable, especially Bro. Jamieson's reply to Rev. Robert Collyer. Vide the following extract: "If we should say that Christians delight in spending nearly all their time in counting beads, praying and accumulating of this life. He says that those who receive the phenomena of Spiritualism with perfect good faith, 'will do nothing for the uplifting of our common humanity.' There are thousands of Christians whose principal occupation consists in religious ceremonies, mourning and groaning. 'We are all miserable sinners.' These same Christians do not so much as lift their little fingers to relieve freezing, starving humanity—perishing at their own doors, and right before their own eyes. They will supply them abundantly with tracts. The managers of the *Banner of Light* supply them with bread!"

A very handsomely printed card, done in colors and bronze, large size, of the *Banner of Light*, giving price, etc., will be sent free to any address where the paper is sold, on application to William White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston. Societies should have this card in their respective halls, and lecturers should call attention to it. Now is the time to use every effort possible to get the *Banner of Light* before the public. We hope our friends everywhere will hear this in mind.
