

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## The Lecture Room.

### Spiritual Manifestations:

The Ministry of Angels in Bible History; Evil Spirits, and Evil in Life and Experience; The Infallible Guidance of Man in his Own Soul, freeing him from all fear of Evil in Spiritualism or elsewhere.

THE SECOND LECTURE OF DR. FERGUSON.  
In Music Hall, Boston, Oct. 25th, 1868.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Dr. J. B. Ferguson, of Tennessee, continued the course of lectures at Music Hall, Boston, by an address on the above subject, on Sunday afternoon, October 25th. A very large audience greeted the speaker, and the frequent applause with which his remarks were received told that an intense interest was being awakened in the minds of those before him. The singing by the Quartette Club was excellent, and everything passed off as pleasantly and successfully as the most sanguine person could wish. We give below a report of the lecture:

Dark, horrid, and forbidding views of God, said the lecturer, invariably gave us dark and forbidding views of man, the universe, or human destiny. So true was this that when we had ascertained the characteristics of a nation's God we could predicate infallibly its characteristics. Man never rose above the God he worshipped. In the discourse of last Sunday he had discussed the nature of spirit and we had found it Divinity, Deity—universal, undefined, and therefore not defined. This is the highest conception of human intelligence, and is the key to all the phenomena of life and the universe. Not a motion of matter nor an emotion of mind which has not spirit for its origin, manifestation and end. Thus we may know that no man is deprived of his God. Even though we may deny our God, yet this denial does not exile the Deity; does not alienate eternal Cause; and often it is the case that the very denial leads to a recognition of its own absurdity. For if man is allied to the Great Infinite Cause, how is it possible for him to be estranged in any condition to which mortality is subject? He may absent himself from a recognition, but it is an issue that he makes with himself, with his own conception of Deity—not Deity; with his own interest or his own existence in alliance to an infinite degree of causes which he may not care to see or use for universal benefit to himself and fellow. Thus man is a globe, hung in the centre of the great Infinite Globe of being that encompasses all. And there is not a point in the compass that globe does not take in. For example: can you show me any direction in the immensurable space that may not radiate from an apple, be it up, down, north, south, east or west? Is there even any fractional radius that does not find its point from the centre? This is man's position. You may turn over and over again forever this globe, and yet you cannot change, in any specific degree, its relation to the great central globe of cause and effect. And it is on this account we may say it doth not appear what man shall be—for no condition, no attainment, or lack of attainment, is a finality in infinite Cause. So long, therefore, as no man can say of himself *I am not*, just so long he believes his own birthright and turns avenger on himself, when he denies his spiritual origin, his innate inspiration and the eternity of his hope. This Infinite radius proves his immortality, for there is no point to which it does not turn, and there is none surrounding us from which he may not take a direction that leads throughout the trackless waste of immensity. If a peculiar point or direction is given, it is ever in degree to some other attendant direction. We speak of freedom; but it is not in that sense which serves to shock and startle, or in a defiant manner to shake the withered garments of our social or religious status as they cover some less favored object. We would be free to a Divine prerogative of right that is chained by immortal links to the central heart, whose pulsations beat alike in all, differing only in degree: yes, one almighty all—one unfathomable, unknown all—a part of which all our superstition had either buried in the grave or imprisoned in some selfish, confined heaven, or vainly imploring hell!

The immortal eye of man is set in a globe of glass, so to speak. Its shape is oval. Its light is alike in no given direction; but in all directions in this eye is a lesser globe encased in what we call a physical body, and ever from this the radius is infinite. We ask, Then what part or portion is lost or even obscured to this finite though infinite man? Of what is he deprived? Nothing, only as he will be. If he will look only in one direction he is at fault with himself, and results must follow from abuse or lack of use. And as man is immortal in his inherent nature and, consequently, in his action, should he ever close his eyes against himself? But let us not mistake. There is no condition but what is a lawful part of an Immortal Whole; none! And hence when man chooses to himself this or that, and vainly seeks to make it a whole, he does it by absencing himself from a Divine illumination which his immortality ever bestows. Man can, by perfect right, say he will or will not, but by the very act, he invites a result that would have been different had he acted differently. Every act, therefore, absolves some other act. He may have faith, and it may be blind. He should ever throw away a blind faith for practical wisdom, inertness for action, doubt for confidence, dismay for hope; for manliness or manhood of faith and hope come from childhood. It is not fate, but God in Nature or Intelligence; that gives to man his part. Measuring, defining events, times, Deity, has been the work of ages, and what has it accomplished? Nothing but chains to be rent asunder by every mind awakened to its birthright in God; for birth-

right and freedom are ever the same, one and inseparable.

Doubt you will and you must. Too long have public teachers called in question the right to doubt. It is by this path of honest doubt we arrive at clear, consistent and satisfactory views upon all subjects. No man ever had a true consciousness of the power that transmits either his duty or destiny, whose realizations have not passed through the furnace of doubt, fear, critical examination; and when that consciousness is triumphant over all, how Godlike, how irresistible his achievement, his destiny! All honor, then, to an honest doubt, for, when truly evolved, it evolves its own cure; for spirit is universal and its ministrations ever near and ever ready to lead upward the ascending hope of every inquirer at the gate of knowledge and virtue.

The evidences of modern Spiritualism invite criticism, and will be found only more rational, natural and irresistible as they are most scrupulously examined. It is folly to speak of them as recognized only by the credulous. The credulity that rejects them will be found to be the weakest and most inconsistent of any characterizing this age. Yes, I say credulity; for it is only a crude credulity that rejects them. You ask, How is this? I answer, The credulity of incredulity is the most obstinate and absurd of all credulity we meet. It rejects the evidence of all ages of all people when it denies the spiritual origin of all, and in the next breath will accept any explanation of fact or phenomena, however baseless, that may be presented. Ask yourself to-day upon what evidence the skepticism of these times is predicated, and what explanation it gives of spiritual phenomena, and you will see it believes not only without fact or testimony, but against and despite of both. What is this but credulity? Let us away with it.

Your *Atlantic Monthly* for August presents an array of facts and "wonders" such as have been familiar to every observing Spiritualist for the past twenty years; assures us they occurred in a "very respectable family"; were witnessed so often and under such varied circumstances as to admit of no question; and, after laboring to show that the facts transcend all scientific estimates of physical law and evinced intelligence and even prevision, such as defied the purposes and wishes of the writer and all concerned, very pertinently tells us he is not a Spiritualist. Oh, no! certainly not in the manliness that would acknowledge the honest labor and avowed convictions of hundreds of thousands of observers quite equal to this credulous, incredulous Neophyte! He does not believe in spirits, but he believes phenomena displaying marked and, to him, defying, intelligence, to have a physical origin? What is this but non-reflecting credulity? Any explanation but the true one! the one the phenomena themselves claim, everywhere and in all time, will be accepted where men are not born to mental freedom!

And here let me ask you upon what evidence the so-called Spiritualists of this century predicate their faith and their assertions as to the truth of spirit-communication? But first, what is spirit-communication? I answer, the allied power of the human soul, which forces its recognition in all thought, all action. Flesh and blood do not think. We appeal, therefore, in support of what we have seen, heard, over and over again, observed and scrutinized as true beyond question—

I. To the nature of the human mind: every faculty and attribute of which reveals the presence of a power allied thereto, from which it derives its growth and its ever increasing strength.

II. To the history of all human development and attainment, as exemplified in the records of all ages and all nations, whether now designated as poetry, philosophy or religion.

III. The intuition of the human soul whenever made alive to its own needs, wants or aspirations.

IV. The analogy of Nature in all her departments, discriminated as mineral, vegetable and animal; each seen to form the base of the other, and thus form a foundation ever for something higher, revealing Nature as a graduated scale of being.

V. The superstition and enormity of conception ever generated where this intuition is perverted or denied by men and nations temporarily absorbed in mere animal indulgence or selfish greed.

VI. The signal evidences of an Invisible Power directing and controlling the life and destiny of individuals and nations whenever their history becomes sufficiently apparent to admit a classification of events.

VII. The evidences of power and intelligence made manifest in our own time above and beyond all recognized organic life.

Upon these seven pillars of evidence our temple rests secure against all assault, and inviting to all sincere inquirers for the way of life. In our first discourse we made our appeal to the intuition of every soul. In this we would refer briefly to the history of human development; and our appeal is to the Bible, alike for the general veneration in which it is held by every Christian people, and because it is the most common and ready at hand among the ancient classics that have come down to us. But even here we would be understood. We are not contending for the genuineness or authority of the Bible records. The former may be subject to many qualifications among the learned of all sects, from a GAUSEN, who accepts every word as inspired and authoritative, to a Colenso, who makes one-half apologize for the other, or our modern secularists, who reject it in toto. With us there is no authority but that of truth. And the truth the Bible reflects, like all truth, is immortal and cannot die. Upon man's spiritual nature and its manifested alliances to intelligences that had cast off the fleshy form, the Bible is replete with graphic and impressive description and statement. Indeed, the Bible is a col-

lection of spiritual manifestations and communications; unequal and fragmentary, it may be, when compared with each other, and especially with the manifestations of these times, but progressive in their unfolding; and to remove the spiritual from the Bible would be to leave it as dead, hollow and worthless as a human body bereft of its soul. Make any allowance you please or you must for the exaggeration of the narratives, the interpolations of conflicting ages that have succeeded its day; draw whatever distinction you can between the imagery of language in the Orient where its pages were written and in the Occident where we now read them; still, you must see beneath it all the evidence of man's recognition of a spiritual universe and of human immortality as proved by human revelations after the death of the body.

The entire Pneumatology of the Bible may be summed up in three words: *Man, angel, God*. Man as spirit invested with flesh, angel as man or spirit divested, and God as the life of each! We remark also, that according to Scriptural usage, words our translators of the Bible have added in it are expressive of intimate relation to God. Thus angel is God's messenger or the messenger of the Elohim, and when the name of any angel or messenger is given, such as Gabriel, Michael, a still more specific relation is designated. In the language of our culture, Gabriel signifies President of God; Michael, prince of God; Samuel, heard of God; Lemuel, God with him; Nathaniel, idea of God. Even names of places carry this idea thus: Bethel, house of God; Peniel, vision of God, &c., &c. Angel, therefore, as descriptive of a class of beings employed as agents in the administration of the affairs of the world so as to promote the welfare of every individual of the human family, is a word expressive of an office from God to secure this end. One sent by God to announce, teach, perform or explore anything, may be called an angel; but the word is usually applied to a spirit once a man on earth—a spiritual being employed by God in human affairs; one who had become an angel by having passed through the great experience, death!

We may grant, with most Protestant and Catholic teachers, that the Bible speaks of an order of angels who were not men; still whenever the details of a manifestation of an angel or angels are given, they are invariably revealed as men. The angels that appeared to Lot and Abraham, appeared in human form; spoke, traveled, ate and acted as men. The angel that promised a child to the wife of Manoah was called man, angel, God; and he answered, *When I am with you, I will be as a man, and you shall be as a woman*. The angel that appeared to Cornelius, whom Peter calls an angel, is called by Luke "A man in bright apparel." The man Moses and the man Elias appear to Jesus and his chosen disciples, and commune with them respecting the crucifixion. And, finally, in that most wonderful of all books of Angelology, the Revelations, when the medium, or the Apostle, if you had rather, was ready to worship the angel who portrayed to him the splendid visions there recorded, he was rebuked in words that forever settle this question: "I am of your brethren the prophets! worship God!" In time past when this subject was forced upon my attention, I remember to have collected over one hundred instances of spiritual manifestations from the Bible records. I will not burden you with a reference to these, as any one may find them at his or her will. But I wish to remark, further, that whatever was beyond the explanation of the culture of an Israelite, was ascribed to God; and thus the words of an angel, or of a wise man, or the remarkable deliverances of a nation, family or individual, were generally referred to God; but whenever the details are given, we find it was through the instrumentality of a spirit or angel.

The I Am speaks to Moses in the unconsumed bush; and yet Stephen, the proto-martyr, tells us it was an angel that there and then spoke to him. Abraham offers his son to God, and yet an angel spoke out of heaven and said, "Abraham, because thou hast not withheld thy son from me!" The law was given by God from Sinai, and yet both David and Paul declared it was given by a ministry of angels. Man, angel, God, therefore make the whole Pneumatology of the Bible, as of all Hebrew literature. Man, as an animal, has an angel nature to be opened in intelligence and virtue. Man as a transformed being, having passed through the change of death, is an angel; and in either case, but especially as an angel, so far as he attains to truth and right, he is God of God and speaks for God; essentially, "a man of God." This is the history of the Old Testament and the faith of the New. From Eden to Patmos, the whole way is marked by spiritual, i. e., human, angelic manifestation. Let us put a thought or two here into distinct propositions, that you may readily test their truth or the opposite, as the case may be.

I. Angel implies the spiritual relation of man to God, or to universal spirit.

II. What the Greeks called *Pneuma*, *Pneumatikos*, the Latins *animus*, *spiritus*, we call soul and spirit, the Hebrews, the Bible calls angel! Therefore, according to Scriptural usage we may say, the spirit in man is the angel in man; no spirit freed from flesh is the angel in God. Undeveloped men, i. e., men in whom the principle of virtue had not been opened, or had been perverted and misdirected by passion or misfortune, in the later Scripture usage were called devils or bad angels. The Scriptures everywhere teach that angelized men, what we now call spirits, inspire, minister to, defend and guide man in the flesh, and when ready to throw off the fleshy garment, they receive and attend the soul up the unknown paths of an unseen world.

Yes, all this is admitted, and is not any more true of the Bible teachings than it is of all reliable history. Spiritual communion marks the tab-

les of every age, reaching over the unsearchable past, and antedates all records. Its altars stand or moulder in silent eloquence upon the hilltops of every land. Ever since death removed human beings from sight, their spirits have returned to influence and help those left behind. Hence we find impressive persons through whom spirit-messages have been received among all nations. All along the line of the centuries we see spiritual light striving to enter the institutions of the world. It flowed in the honeyed eloquence of Socrates; was breathed from the Tusculan retreat of Tully; and was proclaimed by Aurelius from the throne of the world.

But it will be said by our modern churchman or Christian, we grant the ministrations of angels, and that angels were once men on earth, but it is evil spirits that now communicate. I confess, said the lecturer, I scarcely know how to treat such an objection with serious consideration; but as it is general we must do so. A statement of the objection, is its full refutation in any free or candid mind. I ask you what does it imply to believe spirit-manifestation and communion in intercourse with wicked and unclean spirits? We answer, and we appeal to your judgment as men for the truth of our answer. It implies that a creature born without his consent, into a life of trial, suffering and exposure; a creature made subject to every physical accident, pain and disease; to error of judgment; blindness of passion, and the evils inherited from and inflamed by an ancestry reaching back thousands of years; that such a weak, erring, suffering, dying creature, has not only been made subject to all the evil of this life and the danger of unending wretchedness beyond, but that he is so created and so placed by almighty power, that he may be invaded at any time by unclean and malignant devils, to add fury to his passions, defeat to his endeavors, precipitancy to his temptations, and greater certainty to his everlasting ruin; and that while thus exposed, tantalized and endangered, no friend or relative departed, no spirit of kindred love or philanthropic interest is permitted to come near to whisper a word of encouragement or hope! And all this while he is the offspring of an Almighty Father, under a divine government of irresistible power, unerring wisdom and inexhaustible goodness! Oh, it is a fable—a horrible fable, a thousand times told; and no abomination of Heathen Mythology is comparable to the absurdity and enormity of such an ideal! The evil communicate, but the good cannot! No wonder that insanity, cruelty and hypocritical trifling with the misfortunes of our kind have ever followed the track of this unclean and demoniacal idea. Can you believe it? Ask the hope within you; which ever soars beyond every ill of this life. It is God's witness, and is not made a false mirror to reflect the conflicting and painful fears of a fast decaying Orthodoxy. Every gift of heaven and every realization upon earth, is a rebuke to a thought so derogatory to our nature, not to say blasphemous to its author, God. It robs the sainted dead of their rights to leave man, amid the sad relinings of his fear, to weep over human perversity. It makes the mother that bore you and the father who perilled his all for your good, as some devil, some Gorgon or Argus-eyed fiend to watch your frailties, that your hopes may be lost and your ruin irrevocable! It sunders the nearest and dearest ties that bind you to your kind, and leaves you a blot upon the page of a fair and glorious creation. It desecrates the paternity of God to the malice of fabled fiends. Indeed, you may speak of fabled Gorgons, Hydras, Pythons, Devils, but neither Nature nor the chronicle imagery of ages can furnish an emblem that can portray the ignorance and superstition of such a thought. Look at it upon the acknowledged and repeated premises of the religious creeds around you. Christ received spiritual communications from the transformed Moses and Elias—were he and they wicked and unclean spirits? Hundreds of instances of spiritual communications, making the most interesting portions of the Book regarded as infallible—are they from wicked and unclean spirits? Do you not see that this idea would make every prophet, apostle, saint, and even Jesus himself, colleagues of wicked and unclean spirits for the deception of the world? No! Spirit is Divinity; God is spirit, and therefore there never was, is not now, nor ever can be, an evil spirit, in any just or rational use of the word spirit. If God is spirit, all spirit is of God. Spirit communion, therefore, is the birthright of the soul, and what we call evil as connected with it, will be found to be a lesser good, or something in our condition or surroundings that is less than spirit.

In conversation recently with a high dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, who admitted the wide-spread facts of this spiritual movement, I asked him how he reconciled the exclusiveness of the claims of his church with these admitted evidences of spiritual power and hope. Quoting from St. Augustine, "Many sheep out of the fold, many wolves in," he added: "God is not limited because he has limited us. But, further, he referred to one of the saints who had been for many years obsessed or possessed by evil spirits who tempted him to all sorts of crime; he asked me how I reconciled such facts to my theory of spirit. I answered: Did your tempted, obsessed or possessed man become a saint? Is he so acknowledged in the calendar? and is not sanctity or saintship the highest attainment possible to man, according to Catholic teaching? To all these questions he answered in the affirmative. Then, said I, why call ye that evil which eventuates or ends in the holiest and highest attainment of our humanity? And I ask the same of you. Show me a man possessed of what you call an evil spirit, and I will show you one who, if true to his new, strange and always confounding experiences, will transcend in thought, word and deed all not so favored. We ever call that evil which we do not understand until we learn better. As well chide the frosts of winter because they are not the genial sun-smile of summer as to call that evil

which simply is contrary to our narrow conception or perverted and unnatural taste. Water is water, as pure in that sewer as the dewdrop on the mountain; chemically as pure; all the water is as pure. Where, then, is the difference? In its admixture. So with spirit. It is ever pure and incorruptible. In many sad conditions of life its inevitable operation will absorb all that degrades and renders infamous our history as men; but still spirit is above form; God is above all real or supposed enormities called devils; right is above wrong, and, therefore, the triumph, however long delayed, is certain and glorious!

This idea of absolute evil as though there could be two absolutes, or of evil spirits, as though spirit could be evil, is a denial of the deified impress of Almighty God upon the heart of a common, however varied humanity. It is a bugbear to frighten cringing sycophancy that ever suffers its soul to be hid in some cast-off, saintly napkin. It would throw us back amid the labyrinth of time to be lost amid illusions that have already sufficed the chorus of angel-voices in many hearts. It would elevate the fictitious drobbles of andesite above the consciousness you have of your God being in God, and all the evidences of humanitarian help as seen faintly in the triumphs of your science and art. Oh, it is a monotonous and worn-out note of discord that must be stilled; for it makes humanity lifeless and robs it of every boon that elevates it above the brute.

No, I repeat, whatsoever is, is God, and evermore must be! I repeat, What we call evil is only our limited conception of what we know intuitively is embraced in universal good. It is a negative or perverted or lesser good; for as there cannot be light without darkness, so there cannot be good without evil. As well expect heat without cold, summer without winter, day without night, an odd without an even, a spirit without a form, or any other absurdity, as to expect to attain any spiritual good without complying with its conditions of attainment, which our ignorance only too often regards as an unmixed evil. All is good, all is human food, but all is not yet by any fully understood. Hence we were made to learn; and when we shall have so learned as to know what we do and do what we know, we will be disturbed no longer by obsession or possession of any idea of evil spirit.

These spiritual evidences and ministrations reach conditions of human life and human misery and misfortune the white-cravated clergyman dare not touch. In this I rejoice. The lowliest are not forgotten, the lowest are not forsaken; the poor have the Gospel now as ever, for the poor are often the only free. The rich are often rich in the desolation of their own souls; are owned, enslaved and held by forged chains of adamant strength, in the narrowness of greed and self-degradation. How divine, how grateful, how reconciling is it to see these spiritual evidences among the outcasts of our social systems, inviting and helping to a hope that spans all space and annihilates all time. Blessed thought, that there never was a man without a woman, a son or daughter without a mother! and that mother, dead, lives to form a link that binds and interlinks the heart of her offspring to Infinite help, reaching the most forlorn and abandoned of her children. Truly, truly, none are bereft of this spiritual boon. Its streamer of hope to all is spread by angel-hands and upheld above the den of crime, the haunt of vice, and even the pulpit or drawing room throne of pretension and hypocritical sycophancy to point each to higher and holier attainments. Its unfolding banner is everling in lathering of gold the inscriptions of life immortal to inspire every humanitarian effort over the whole earth; and the risen child of neglect and suffering finds it the cloud of his defence; and the chariot of his ascension is forever revealed. And yet you call it evil. Oh, shame on the poverty of soul that in churlishness would rob the fallen of their only hope! Internally or naturally, I repeat, *man is pure*, and the sad lessons of his impurity and vicious desolation reveal the misdirection of his noble and God-impacted nature.

Man must be free, and his hope should ever be the free evidence of his God in and out of mortal form. Our prejudices and misconceptions ever lead us astray when our horizon is beguiled, and we sink beneath the sphere of our manhood allied to the Infinite. A mind guided by the spirit, living in and of the spirit, lays down the flesh and looks beyond to see the celestial ray that guides it on. The same light is held out to you as to me. Shall we grasp it in the spirit in which it is presented, or shall we huckster these bright evidences of immortal life to amuse the idle and astound the credulous. Monuments could be erected of human hearts that have lost their all by mingling with contending factions whose end never rose above a personal consideration or self-aggrandizement.

I know that the morality of Spiritualists is a subject of common complaint. But I also know or believe it is equal to that of those who make it, or their estimate of it, an apology for ignoring the highest hope and divinest birthright of the soul. Spiritualists have more light than many—hence their darkness is so readily made manifest. Many religious associations are so bereft of spiritual light they see not even their own darkness. If ignorance is bliss, let it remain. The man of pure life and humanitarian hopes may be supposed to patronize vice because he will minister to all, but time and the approval of his own conscience will relieve from every misconception, and give power to men in the precise degree in which they in word and deed are true to the inspiration and aspiration of their own souls. I am not near enough to any man to pronounce condemnation or justification. Whom I, or who are you, or what heritage does any boast, to make you, or him the judge of his equal and fellow? I can only judge myself, and as I do this in devotion to universal truth and right, I bring a power of allied strength that elevates me above all hu-



man approbation or disapprobation, so far as my relation to God is concerned. I am no apologist for vice or crime; at the same time, I do not ascend the throne of Judgment and decide what God or spirit shall do for any, even the least. I ever recognize God in all things, however adverse they may appear to a finite conception of duty. I do know unmistakably that there is a program of events yet to be unfolded that will shame many of our cherished conceptions of what ought to be. It is to be planted in the heart of man by these spiritual evidences born of God, and it shall mature to full vigor and usefulness that no obstacle can prevent. I am equally aware that a long and silent admonition of soul and philanthropic hope, in many who have hailed these evidences, will justly question me, and say where? That thought, that question ascends to heaven, and breathes a prayer that God alone can answer, where or when. Duty is our guiding star, and it ever shines around the shrine of man, and must point the way to a more honored and honorable end than any we have yet accomplished. It will ever dispel the cloud that hangs over the brow of distrust, and its signet with me is already set in recognitions bright of future day. Its celestial gleamings are already in Nature born. And to you, student-beaten veterans, who have labored and suffered almost as living martyrs for this truth, and amid all the self-seeking and narrow bigotry of misconception and misrepresentation have been true to yourselves and these immortal recognitions, I do say, all hail! Dwarf not your energies. Complain not of your lot, even if bankrupt in purse, lost in reputation and abandoned by your early associates.

Such ever is the fate of Nature's noblest, greatest workers. Nature, however, and Nature's God never forsake their own. Though buried in neglect or harnessed in tented field, or passed by those invested in glittering robes of palace bright, you are and ever must be the firstlings of an unchanging Divinity; and hope with her ascending star shall shed her lustre, bright with genial warmth, upon your pulsations that carry the visible evidences of life; and still the picturing shall be that spirit triumphs over the diseased and dead consciences of humanity that have so long rendered life a visionary and dread uncertainty, clothed in doubt and fear, as the professed ministrations of heaven upon the hope of man. Anything is better than to be void of a living hope; for inaction will ever portray humanity as a dark film upon the sightless page of human erring. The tide of Time with swiftness will bring the ingathered wrongs spread out upon her face to mantle living power, whose unwelcome visitations are the legitimate products of her own divine comminglings.

The lecturer here delivered an apostrophe to freedom as the unfolded divinity in man, measured only by an ever increasing capacity from his God; paid a high and eloquent tribute to the efforts of some world-renowned Bostonians and to Boston for their and her efforts for human freedom, whose echoes, he said, resound throughout the world, and his forcible and eloquent utterances called forth hearty applause. He concluded as follows:

In viewing the prospects of Spiritualists, and indeed of my kind, I am ever made to feel the importance of individual evidences of light as great beyond expression. No man should, under any circumstances, allow any advice given him to take the precedence of his own judgment. If we can sufficiently free ourselves from the interest which others manifest in our behalf, we will ever be guided aright in ourselves—for there is to us no spiritual manifestation equal to that personal in our own souls. If God be in us, we should place firm reliance upon his divinity in our own guidance; and then whatever we may receive, claiming to be spiritual or otherwise, we will be able to appreciate, and apply in the light of the surrounding circumstances in which we may be placed. We should ever try what we receive by the light of truth, reason and judgment, for Reason is God's discriminating angel in every human breast. Matters of association, of feeling, and even of friendship, may often give bias to what is otherwise intended for our good. And, let me say, hurriedly as I must now, that however bright the external manifestations of spirit may be, administering to the care of those who seek guidance in them, there is to every soul none so true, so clear, so unmistakable in their nature and character, as those we ever bear in our own breast. Let them ever hold the ascendancy, and we have nothing to fear. This you may deem general and vague, but there is nothing more true or practical in God's universe. And when we remember how much of counterfeit we have of all genuine and valuable manifestations; how much is done for appearance sake which does not come from the soul, this truth will be manifest, and in the infallible guidance—which is only so to each individual, and to him alone—every honest man and woman may dispense with all fear, all anxiety and doubt. Brighter than the light of the stars, and more enduring than the overhanging mountains, is that guidance and guardianship to man, revealed by the God in man, radiating every thought, word and deed.

#### Singular Freaks.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—There is a curious fact in regard to locomotives to which I never saw any allusion in scientific works, and which is totally unaccountable to the best mechanics in this establishment (one of the largest machine shops in the country), and of which I would like some one connected with the *Banner of Light* to give an explanation.

It is a well known fact to all practical engineers that there are times when locomotives suddenly refuse to properly perform their accustomed work, and the best practical mechanics can see no trouble whatever in the machinery. The difficulty frequently continues for months, and then, to the astonishment of all concerned, the engine will take a new start, and run in perfect condition ten or twelve months, or perhaps longer, without any alteration in the machinery. This statement may at first appear strange, but I advise any one who doubts it to inquire of some locomotive engineer of his acquaintance and ascertain its truth.

Engine 61, on the Erie railway, at one time became so erratic that no engineer would run her. She invariably ran off the track before her trips were completed, and caused continual delays and annoyance on the road, and yet our best men could detect no fault in the machinery. Afterwards, of her own accord, she did her work properly. If asked for an explanation, the foreman of the shop would tell you, perhaps, that it is one of those things about which we should not trouble ourselves; but, for one, I do not choose to be put off with such an answer, and would like to get a solution from some of your mediums.

Respectfully yours,  
P. H. RAFTER.  
Erie Railway, Susquehanna Shop,  
Scranton, Penn., Oct. 23, 1868.

He who blackens others does not whiten himself.

## 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, much that are to be,  
Or may be it they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy day."  
(LUCAS HUNT.)

### WHAT'S THE USE?

"You're always snarling about something, I say, Jim. What's the use?"  
"I ain't either."  
"Now I say you are, and you know it, and what's the use? It don't alter things."  
"I don't snarl unless there's something to snarl about. I say it's a mean we can't go a fishing, and I'll fret if I've a mind to."

"I suppose you will, and much good may you get by it, but I ain't going to make a boat."  
It was a pleasant spot in the garden where this conversation occurred. The afternoon—it was Saturday—was glorious, and any excursion would have been delightful. Jim was disappointed that he was forbidden to go fishing. He had thought about it for a whole week, and had made all his plans accordingly. But his mother had read in the papers that morning of a sad accident that had occurred in a neighboring town, and she had forbidden her boys to go to the pond.

Jim yielded to his usual habit of complaint and what his brother Harry called whining. He knew and felt that it was his habit, but he did not like to be told of it. It vexed and annoyed him that Harry had pointed out his folly, and so he would not go boat building or join Harry, but sat down on the grass and twirled his fingers, and twirled the stems of a creeping vine that hung down from the fence behind him. He looked off, far off, to the range of hills, so blue in the clear atmosphere, and up to the sailing clouds and down to the waving grass, but nothing fixed his thought, except that repeated question of Harry's, "What's the use?"

"What is the use?" said he to himself. "Let me see. I don't get any nearer to what I want. There's Uncle Barney, he's always fretting and growling. He complains if the weather is hot and he complains if it's cold; and if the wind is east he's all out of sorts, and if it turns to the north it don't go the right way; and if there's a mist he's distressed; and if there's a drop of rain he thinks it will storm; and what's the use? He don't alter anything. And then there's father. He's always afraid his grapes will mildew, and his plums fall off, and his pears rust; and what's the use? He don't alter anything."

And he thought and thought, and finally his head fell on the soft grass and he dozed. His thoughts did not sleep, but were more awake than ever, and he dreamed the dream of  
SPY POND.

An old man came to live near Spy Pond—a good old man with seven sons, and he had great pride in them. He fancied they were the best sons that ever lived, and that together they could do almost anything that needed to be done for the world. He was a man full of queer projects, and wherever he lived he fancied he was placed there to do some wonderful things.

When he lived at the foot of Scramble Hill he thought the world would be much better off if there were no hill there, and he set his sons at work carrying it off in little carts, which they pushed before them and filled with the soil, and placed in the meadow, at great labor and cost of time. But Scramble Hill, in six months' time, was only a little altered in its shape, with a huge, unthought excavation on its side.

He next located himself near a forest, and immediately began to consider the propriety of removing the grand old trees, and opening the view, as he styled it, to the country beyond. He set his sons at the task, and for months they chopped and felled, but they only destroyed the beauty of the skirts of the forest; the grand shadows, with their green mosses, and the beauty of the tender vines were not much disturbed, and Long Woods remains to-day the crowning beauty of the country.

The old man did not stay more than a year in one place, because all he attempted failed, and all schemes seemed worse than folly.

But now he had come to Spy Pond, a pretty sheet of water nestled down among the hills, a mirror for their beauty. All along his shores was a pretty fringe of alders, whortleberry bushes and blders, and on its bordering trees grew vines that formed festoons that linked themselves to the shadows in the water, making deep caves, little nooks and fairy chambers. In fact, the whole place was lovely—almost perfect.

The old man and his sons had no sooner become quite at home in their little cottage, just on the declivity that overlooked the pure sheet of water, than he contemplated some important changes in the locality.

"We must have a few trees cut down there," he said to his oldest son, "for there is altogether too deep a shadow from those dark pines, and then there must be a ditch dug that will allow the water to flow down toward that interval, and we must trim up these vines, and dig a little bay out of the meadow."

The old man had not ceased speaking, when he felt as if pinched by a thousand needles. He was a man of great vigor and was never ill, and he was greatly terrified by his sensations, and almost fainted. One of his boys ran to the pond for some water, which he dashed hastily into his face. In a moment, new scenes opened before him. He saw ten thousand little imps, each with a lance, and all thrusting at him with the greatest earnestness. How his flesh tingled; his blood seemed filled with a thousand nettles, every heart-beat sent through his veins a poison that stung and irritated him.

"Who are you?" said he, "and why do you torment me, a poor old man?"

"Don't you know?" said a tiny chieftain, with a lance like musquito's sting, and a body like a gnat. "We are the imps that the fairies of Spy Pond have sent to punish you."

"To punish me? and what have I done?"

"You are invading their realm, you are changing the good and the beautiful into the unseemly."

"Oh no, not so," said the old man, "I am only improving on the order of Nature. I am removing the shadows, deepening the outlets, and clearing up the straggling vines."

"Did you not know that the shadows were beautiful, and did you never think that the beauty of Spy Pond came from its dreamy quiet and the restful peace of its shadows? Nature never makes mistakes."

"But just think of those gloomy pines!" said the old man piteously.

"Did you never think how much like Spy Pond was the life of man? We might say that your spirit lies before the fairy world like that pond. You reflect all that is about you. And are you not better for the shadows that have come to you?"

"I don't know what you mean," said the old man.

"Well, you have had disappointments in your life, have you not? Don't you remember when you have wanted to do something that you could not do?"

"Certainly, certainly," said the old man, "a great many things."

"Well, these disappointments were the shadows, like those of the great sombre pines, and were all necessary or the beauty of your life, just as the pine is necessary to the richness of the shadows that fall upon Spy Pond."

"But I'll give up cutting down the pines, if you'll let me dig a trench into the interval. Oh how you pinch me!" cried the old man.

"Let me tell you, the surroundings of that pond are just what is best adapted to it. That fringed border of willow-grass, that row of bushes, that live upon the sandy beach—all those are like the circumstances that surround your life. They all enhance the beauty of the pond, as all the circumstances of your life are just what you want to teach you, and make your spirit reflect the beauty that is about you."

"Dear! dear!" said the old man, "I did not think that I was put in this world for anything in particular."

"Your spirit is the mirror of all that you see and hear and feel—the reflection of the heaven that is about you and the world around you. Spy Pond shows on its surface every storm-cloud and every clear sky, and not a purple orchid grows on its bank that is not mirrored there. See yourself, then, in that sheet of water, and accept your life as it comes to you, with its disappointments and trials. But do not molest the beauty that for thousands of years has been accumulating about this pond. It belongs to the All-Beautiful; do not dare to molest it! Neither dare to repine at what you can't help. It is no use. Remember this: It's no use!"

Another dash of water awakened the old man.

"I say, boys," said he, "go to work! let us build us a house; let us plant corn; let us do anything except meddle with the beauty of Spy Pond. And don't fret, don't repine, don't complain of anything. Do the best you can and leave the rest to God."

"He's crazy!" said one son.

"He's going to be a minister, I do believe!" said another.

"Whatever I am take me as I am. Do not fret! What's the use? What's the use?"

Jim awoke with the question sounding in his ear.

"Have I been asleep?" he said, rubbing his eyes, "or where have I been? Down to Spy Pond? No, here I am, just where Harry left me. Oh, I remember all—a dream—all about what's the use of fretting? Let me try it. Here comes Harry. I won't let him what I've dreamed."

A few days after Jim was at school. His lessons were hard, his teacher had a headache and was a little cross, and the boys were inclined to plague him. He went out at recess and Dick Stone knocked him over. He was very angry, but the school-bell rang and he smothered his tears and went in. He had no chance to speak about his grievances, but still within himself he kept his anger and continually fretted. The teacher was at fault; the boys were at fault; there was nothing right.

Into the school-room the summer sun sent its glowing beams, and the hum of the flies and the monotonous tick of the school-clock gave a dreamy sense of rest and peace. Jim looked about him and rubbed his eyes for fear of going to sleep. Just then the class in Natural Philosophy was reciting. The teacher began a question: "What's the use?" and paused, for something had diverted his attention. The words fell on Jim's quietest brain like a voice from fairy land.

"Sure enough; what's the use? I'll get my lesson. I can't make Dick over so that he won't get into a passion. I'll attend to myself."

He applied himself to his task and was absorbed in it when he heard the teacher giving the class a little lesson on manhood:

"You all want to be good and noble men, and your being so depends on the use you make of the circumstances that are given to you. I've had a headache all day. The use of it has been to make me manly in bearing pain and patient as far as possible. If I have failed a little I hope you'll excuse me. School is dismissed."

"The use of a headache?" thought Jim, as he sat down in the garden in the old place. "I never thought of that. The use in Dick's striking me? Why, to make me manly and patient and forgiving! I see. So there is use in everything, and the imps that pierced the old man by the pond were right; use in everything, even in a scolding. I'll find, if I can, the use of everything."

## INDIANA.

### Report of State Agent for September and October.

To L. D. WILSON, Secretary of Indiana State Spiritual Association.  
DEAR BROTHER:—The past two months have been periods of such unusual political excitement, in which all other interests were absorbed, that it has been difficult to command the attention of our Spiritualist friends, sufficient for hearty cooperation in the direction of organic effort. Nevertheless, I have some progress to report, and think my field of labor looks encouraging.

I have broken ground in several places where no spiritual meetings were ever held, and where it will require time to reap the fruits of organization. There are many such places throughout Indiana, where glorious results may be realized, if our Association will put forth the needed energy and exercise the requisite patience. The missionary may not be able to report so large receipts as though his labors were confined to the old, well established Societies; but it is in those new localities where missionary work is most needed, and where it must be prosecuted, if we expect to multiply our available forces throughout the State.

The first and second week in September I lectured in Camden, Jay Co., and also at various school-houses in that vicinity. I found in Jay County a large body of active, enthusiastic Spiritualists, whom I organized into a Society, comprising about eighty members. Lecturers passing that way would do well to write Hiram Gregg, of Pennville (Post Office at Camden).

On the 12th and 13th of September I met at Muncie, in attendance at the First Quarterly Meeting of the State Association. The weather was very unfavorable and attendance small, but we had an excellent meeting, which was much enjoyed by all present.

I went to the western extremity of the State to attend a Spiritualists' Yearly Meeting. I found there two indefatigable workers in the spiritual cause: Mrs. Mary Thomas Clark and her noble husband. They reside near Attica, in a rich beautiful country. Our Sister Clark has for a long time been a pioneer speaker in the West. A few years ago she married our brother, Wesley Clark, a reformer of wealth and influence. They have devoted their energies the past few years to the building up of a Society in their own home, and besides wielding their speaking talents as free gift, have built a fine hall at their own expense, and deeded it to trustees, who are required to open it, without partiality, to all denominations of Christians and Spiritualists alike, with regard to religious belief. The sisters have endeavored to take advantage of this generous gift, and monopolize it in their own interest, which has only the effect of disgusting all liberally disposed minds with their arrogance. There was no more unpromising field for spiritual work than Attica and surrounding country. I placed in the State where bigotry was more strongly entrenched; but Mrs. Clark and her companion have sown seed there which already promises an abundant spiritual harvest. If we had a few dozen such practical, earnest Spiritualists, Indiana would be to-day so far in the rear of Ohio and Michigan, in public spirit and practical reform, as she now is.

From Attica I went to Crawfordsville, where I gave two lectures and organized a Society, which, from present indications, will soon inaugurate a Lyceum. Crawfordsville is

the county town of Montgomery county, about twenty-five miles from Indianapolis, the garden of Indiana. There are evidences of thrift and enterprise about Crawfordsville, and does not meet in adjacent towns. A fine college is established there, under the supervision of the Presbyterians, of which, I understand, is liberally endowed. The professors are all of high standing, and the scientific cabinet of fossils and the college library, the former of which are very fine, and well supplied with local and foreign specimens.

Crawfordsville is also famous for its fossil crinoids, of the alurina strata, some specimens of which are found nowhere else in this country. Geologists from every State flock thither to read this wondrous page of the "Stone-Book," and add to their private collections. I. H. Coney and Lewis Long kept up quite an extensive trade in these fossils, supply public and private cabinets.

One of the oldest and best established Spiritualists in this country resides at Crawfordsville—Fisher Dougherty—he has preached the gospel of temperance, liberty and Spiritualism, for twenty years in that vicinity. On his own responsibility he has sent hundreds of miles to procure mediums through whose instrumentality he has convinced scores of his fellow-townsmen of the reality of spirit-intercourse. I think it may safely be said that the liberality which prevails in Montgomery County, in contrast with the bigotry that reigns in adjacent counties, is largely due to the individual efforts of Fisher Dougherty. Long will I remember the hearty welcome I received in Crawfordsville and the many kind friends who made me God-speed in my public labors.

During the month of October I lectured in Indianapolis, where I met, in addition to the individuals, in each of these places I found some true, noble workers. Bros. Eldridge, Wilson, Buel and others in Indianapolis, are laboring hard to sustain meetings, and wish to engage the State Missionary Association, with a view to enrolling six months. I think with the aid of a competent speaker, a large and influential Society can be built up in Indianapolis, which, as a centre, would have a marked influence on our cause in other sections of the State.

At Richmond I met Moses Hall and Mrs. H. E. M. Brown. On the occasion of the yearly meeting of the Friends of Progress. They are busy, earnest and hopeful as ever in their respective fields of labor. I always met with a warm welcome in Richmond. They have a large and influential Society, and are doing good in the community. They have energy, too, which is just now manifesting itself in the construction of the finest hall in the city, which they expect to have ready for dedication at the next yearly meeting.

Residing in the vicinity of Evansville, I devoted the day to a Lyceum at Muncie. It was by far the most pleasant and encouraging labor I have undertaken in connection with the missionary cause. The secretaries have already taken the alarm, and called a meeting to devise means whereby to make their school-houses more attractive to the children. The Lyceum in Muncie has started with good auspices of success, under the efficient management of Wm. Lynn as Conductor, and Mrs. Dr. Hulbert as Guardian.

At places above mentioned, I have lectured in various small towns, and at school-houses in country places, at several of which, no doubt, societies might be formed if I had more time to devote to them.

The months of November and December I expect to devote to the vicinity of Evansville and Terre Haute, and attend the second quarterly meeting of the State Spiritual Association in Terre Haute, about the middle of December. Letters should be addressed to Evansville, care of Dr. A. C. Hullock, until December 10, after that date to Terre Haute, care of Mrs. H. Hullock.

I find the *Banner of Light* is the principal organ of the Spiritualists of Indiana, taken and read more than all the other spiritual publications, and I encourage its support wherever it is read.

I acknowledge the following receipts for September and October:

Camden, Contribution.....\$10.25  
Muncie.....4.50  
Richmond, Allen M. Brown.....4.50  
Clark's Corners, Contribution.....7.45  
Attica, Elizabeth Clark.....15.00  
Crawfordsville, Contribution.....10.00  
Richmond.....10.00  
Crawfordsville, Fisher Dougherty, subscription.....5.00  
Indianapolis.....4.00  
Daniel Lang.....2.00  
Muncie, Wm. Lynn, Treasurer for State Association.....20.00

With many prayers for the success of our glorious cause, I remain yours for truth and progress. E. W. KATES.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 26, 1868.

OHIO.

Cincinnati Matters.

To speak of "Cincinnati matters" has grown to be a task, there being none to speak of. Why the great field for effecting cooperative labor for the progress of Spiritualism that this city and vicinity is, has become stagnant, is a theme that sends many pangs to my heart in repeated contemplations. We have no lectures, no Lyceum, no publications, nothing to tell the public that Spiritualism has representatives in Cincinnati. I feel like calling upon the Executive Committee of the Ohio Association to send us a "missionary." For if Ohio has any "heathen" they can be found in the Queen City.

We have a society, a board of officers, but no hall nor funds. There seems to be no effort to get either the last essentials, and I presume they are both suggestive of an effort and perhaps impossible. It seems to me, however, that a few energetic, progressive and influential men could soon, with the elements here resident, build up a society that would be effective in its work toward instructing, harmonizing and spiritualizing the many that are in need, giving to Cincinnati a desideratum that is needed for its progress in liberalism and reform.

Some good work has been done by regular visits to the county jail, toward giving the unfortunate inmates reading and speech to help them to better conditions. The "Orthodox" element is here in force. To contradict their influence in the spread of bigotry and false teaching, to keep them from proselytizing to the maintenance and membership of "their church" from the ranks of the negative and ignorant, is a legitimate undertaking, and we, as Spiritualists, should holdly strive to do so more than we do. For our little efforts we cannot procure enough copies of the *Banner of Light* or *N. P. Journal*. We would gladly pay express on any sent us.

It gives me pleasure to conform with a request to send you the following name and address for insertion in the lecturers' column: Mrs. Annie M. Carver, No. 343 W. Fourth street, Cincinnati, O. She is a fine trance and inspirational medium and speaker. She has many friends in this city and vicinity that can recommend her worth to any needing her services. We have many more here that will, when conditions have been thrown around them, develop and be devoted to public usefulness. I sincerely hope the labors of Spiritualism may all continue to have the help of the spirit-world for effective work, and may, also, reap the full fruition of such devotion for themselves.

Yours for progress, G. W. KATES.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 26, 1868.

Report of Committee.

To the Spiritual Society and Lyceum of Ohio, Ohio:

Your committee appointed for the purpose of presenting to this Society and Lyceum resolutions expressive of its respect, confidence and earnest good will toward our faithful brother, A. B. French, beg leave to submit the following for your consideration:

Whereas, Regarding it as highly proper and just that human testimony should be borne in favor of virtue, honesty and intelligence, whenever and wherever opportunity offers; and

Whereas, We deem it not only a pleasure but a duty, in view of the self-sacrificing efforts, earnest zeal and untiring labor of Bro. A. B. French, for more than ten years in our midst, and to whose influence and constant work the present flourishing and growing condition of our Society and Lyceum is mainly due; and

Whereas, In view of the fact which has come to our knowledge that our brother has recently been appointed by the Western Agents of the American Association of Spiritualists, which will necessarily call him to a larger field of labor and usefulness, and for which we regard him as most eminently qualified (for raising funds to establish a National College, where all classes can be obtained, both sexes upon perfect equality, free from all sectarian influences); therefore,

Resolved, That we most cheerfully and heartily recommend Bro. A. B. French to the confidence, to the hearts and homes of Spiritualists and earnest-minded men and women everywhere, as an honest man, a faithful friend and brother, a highly gifted and most eloquent speaker, who will bear with him wherever he may be laboring in the holy cause of religion, the earnest prayers and best wishes of this Society and Lyceum.

Resolved, That the Secretary of this Society and Lyceum be requested to forward a copy of the above preamble and resolutions to Bro. A. B. French, and to each of the Spiritualist papers for publication.

Dr. A. C. NEWTON,  
J. K. RICHARDS,  
A. L. BUSH,  
P. A. PERIN, Cor. Sec.

WISCONSIN.

Note from a Worker.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—With your permission I will give the readers of your paper a short account of my labors here in Wisconsin.

Last December I left my place of labor at La Crosse and Leon, where my time was employed between the two places, and made an engagement with the friends at Fond du Lac for five Sundays. At the end of the engagement they wished me to remain, and I have been laboring with them for the last eight months. During this time we organized a Society, under the laws of the State, with the great seal attached thereto; also one at Greenbush. They stand upon an equal footing with the churches, for they can hold property as a Society and are capable of suing and being sued by law. Each Society is capable of granting certificates of fellowship

to lecturers, authorizing them to solemnize marriage in accordance with law, thus taking the business out of the hands of senseless bigots, and making our cause what it should be, recognized under the laws of the land.

Through the instrumentality of H. S. Brown, M. D., my lot is cast in the "Cream City" of the West for the present. Have been here two Sundays. Good audiences greeted me upon each occasion, and general satisfaction was given. Here, as in many other places, the Spiritualists are afraid to come out, fearing it will hurt their business, and some church-going friend will laugh at them, and they will have to defend the faith that of all others is the most desired by all to cheer them in life, and which, when the last great change comes, will be a light to their weary souls. How long I may remain here time will tell; but I am ready to make engagements with Societies for the winter, or for evening lectures as they may desire. All letters addressed in care of H. S. Brown, M. D., 425 Milwaukee street, Milwaukee, Wis., will reach me.

J. L. FORTE.

Milwaukee, Oct. 26, 1868.

TEXAS.

Light Wanted.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—A short time since I became acquainted with Dr. Persons, who induced me to subscribe for your very valuable paper. I have received the fourth number, and am very much pleased with it.

I have watched with a great deal of interest to see if any communication should appear from any one that I knew in this world. Now if it is possible for you to call back different spirits, I would like to see a communication from some spirit that has passed away in this State; for instance, my father was a Spiritualist. Is it possible to call his spirit? In our family circles, different spirits have promised to communicate through the medium of your paper. We have communications at our house, but we are none of us well developed mediums; hence the communications are indistinct and unreliable, and the truth of Spiritualism is doubted and combated in this region of the world fearfully. So great is the prejudice, that an open advocate of the doctrine is regarded as an insane or light-minded person. I have taken the trouble to address you, making this request, not that I doubt the potency of the doctrine held by Spiritualists—for, on the contrary, I have an abiding faith in its certainty—but to answer the "flings" and negations of the numerous skeptics. I suggested the spirit of my father, for the reason that he was well known in this State, having resided here many years previous to his death. I desire the advancement of the theory, and believe that if it be in the range of possibility to comply with my request, numbers of persons that are now arrayed against us would at least—if not converted—be stayed in their opposition.

Hoping to be able to serve you in return, I remain with great respect and esteem, fraternally thine,

OSCAR F. HUNSAKER.

Giles Box 603, Galveston, Texas, 1868.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Physical Manifestations in St. Louis.

DEAR BANNER—I beg permission to occupy a short space in your columns, for the purpose of giving your readers an account of some very remarkable physical manifestations made through the mediumship of Mr. C. W. Jackson, at St. Louis. Mr. Jackson has been holding sances in this city during the past week, and on Saturday evening your correspondent availed himself of the opportunity and attended one of them. When the hour arrived for the commencement of the demonstrations, Mr. Jackson became entranced, and the spirits, through him, delivered a brief address explanatory of spiritual phenomena and the conditions necessary to a satisfactory sance. Mr. Jackson was then seated in the cabinet—a structure resembling an ordinary bedroom wardrobe, with no embellishment or artificial fixtures. It might be very appropriately termed a simple, plain box.

A committee, consisting of two gentlemen selected by the audience for their known hostility to Spiritual Philosophy and their utter unbelief in spirit-intercourse, proceeded to the medium. For this purpose a rope was furnished and a spool of cotton thread, the aforesaid committee very sensibly concluding that it would be exceedingly more difficult to untie the knots of small thread than those of a rope. Both rope and thread, however, were employed. Some twenty minutes were consumed in pinioning the medium, and every one present expressed a perfect confidence that Mr. Jackson, of his own power, would be utterly unable to extricate himself from his fettered condition.

The door of the cabinet was then closed and the gas in the room partially turned off, not so much, however, but what every person in the room was plainly visible to the material eye. In about five minutes the spirits requested that the door be opened, whereupon it was found that two iron rings had been placed on the medium's arms, and, after an examination by the committee and others, it was agreed that neither rope nor thread had been interfered with.

It is proper here to state that one of the skeptics committee had a private mark on the rope, so that if disturbed in the least the evidence of it would be plainly perceptible. He remarked that it was all right. The door was again closed, and in less time than was required to put them on they were taken off. Still the tying was not molested; door again closed, and in a very few moments of time, the medium was entirely disentangled. This was a stunner to our energetic committee-men. Door again closed, and in less time than before Mr. Jackson was tied infinitely







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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1868.

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ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

ALL BUSINESS CONNECTED WITH THE PAPER, DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER, UNDER THE CONTROL OF LUTHER COLBY, TO WHOM LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

### Marriage and Divorce.

This vital subject will force itself to the surface almost every time. Even the Episcopal General Convention in New York has been compelled to take hold of it, one of the reverend members of that body, from Connecticut, having started the rest with the statement that in his State there were so many more divorces than marriages, so that he was almost at a loss to know which was the larger part of it, on the facility with which divorces may be procured, as if the remedy lay first and last in that direction. And such appeared to be the prevalent opinion. It is much as if a physician, who might be called to a case of cutaneous eruptions, should set to work on the skin instead of finding his curative way at once to the interior of the demoralized system. Not until this surface way of divorcing evils is understood to be the wrong one, and finally abandoned, will the correction be applied which is to be effective for all time.

Then what is the evil, and what the cure? We answer for this fashion: the complaints, which we hear on all sides are but the symptoms of the disease beneath, and as symptoms merely we look carefully into their significance. The very fact that divorces are sought so frequently demonstrates as plainly as need be that marriages are not what they should be. It is simply the direct relation of cause and effect. Happily married people do not want to be separated. Or even if they marry blindly, and passionately, were they properly instructed afterwards from the press, the pulpit, and all public teachers, it would not be long before they would find their way out of the dark in which they grope, and learn to make much, very much of this closest of all human relations. The fault, then, lies with wrong marriages; and the wrong is to be cured only by better education on the subject. It must be got out of the minds of young people, to begin with, that marriage is "a lottery," in which only a certain number draw "prizes" and the rest "blanks," the prizes being only money-fortunes. A lower view could not well be taken of this sacred institution. And it must next be instilled into the youthful mind that the relations of the sexes are founded in something far deeper and more lasting than passion; that animal excitement, to which a slumbering sentimentality is closely akin, is not the right footing to put the institution upon; and that true chastity of feeling, purity of soul, innocence of thought, and likeness of sympathies are the essential and prime features of a happy marriage. Without so simple a basis to stand on, these ill-assorted affairs will always continue to make trouble and provoke discussion.

But, we are asked on the instant, how are you going to work any such ideal revolution as this among the people? We answer, by beginning with men and women early, as soon as they shall have their thoughts directed to the fact of sex at all. That is the time to instill into their minds proper ideas on this engrossing subject. But we did not purpose in an article like this to epitomize the subject, only to allude pointedly to the fact that it is constantly coming up before different bodies of men, and intruding its demands for right adjustment. It will come an adjustment, too, and that very soon. This social mockery cannot go on long as it is now going. If there is nothing stronger than mere human law to bind men and women in marriage, and if it is indeed accepted as a bond, then there will be found ways innumerable for setting those laws aside. It is just as easy to unmake as to make. But with the divine laws we may not meddle. "What God hath joined together," that no man has any right to sunder. And we simply insist that heaven's joining be the only one regarded. Lift up the human institution nearer to the divine standard and rule, and we shall soon see an end of these wretched complaints and these frequent divorces.

### Indian War Inaugurated.

Why is it thus inaugurated by Sherman and Sheridan at the moment when Gen. Grant is virtually elected President of the United States, after the Peace Commission had done so much to prevent bloodshed on the northwestern border? Selfishness is the moving lever that is to destroy the Indian, if the policy of such men is carried out unmolested. The telegraph brings us news of regiments on the way to the Indian country, and of actual fighting on the Plains. We contend it is, in the first place, to enrich military and political speculators at the expense of the General Government, the same as was done many years ago by Indian commissioners, who realized millions of dollars by the policy they pursued, who while sitting over their cups in a country tavern on the border, boasted of what they intended to do, namely, cheat the Indians and the Government at the same time, solely to make prestige for these military chieftains, who seek thereby to secure—at least one of them—the Generalship of the army of the United States, which office is soon to be vacated by Gen. Grant. When will the nation open its eyes to these stupendous frauds?

We have liberated the black man from physical bondage at the South, at an enormous cost of blood and treasure; and now we are driving from his native soil the free red man!—subjecting him to worse than negro slavery—starvation and death! and this, too, by a country that calls itself Christian!

We call emphatically upon Congress when it meets to thoroughly investigate the Indian question, that the people, who are already deeply groaning under enormous taxation, may know the why and the wherefore of the failure of the Indian Peace Commission, the inauguration of the war which will cost the nation a hundred millions of dollars—unless speedily brought to a close—and all other particulars bearing upon this important subject. When they do this, they will lessen taxation, satisfy the country, and bring it back to its normal condition. Let us have justice or ALL—whether they be white, black or red.

### "The New England Tragedies."

A continued press of other matter has kept out our intended notice of Mr. Longfellow's last volume until this number. Thousands of readers have in the interim made themselves more or less familiar with the peculiarities of the thought, imagery, and style of the author, as well as with the two striking episodes in our colonial history which he has treated with such picturesque effect. The exile of the Quakers and the Witchcraft tragedy form two exceptional points of our early New England history. True, Puritanism had a hand wholly of iron, and there was generally an unlovely spirit prevalent in the community; yet even from under such a heavy weight humanity continually reasserted itself, and a poet of sympathetic insight and exalted spirituality could not have gone amiss in singling out for treatment those manifestations of its existence and activity.

Mr. Longfellow has not sacrificed historic accuracy to dramatic effect, yet he has been singularly successful with the latter in bringing out to open view the historic scenes and character, which illustrate the periods chosen for literary treatment. The Endicotts and the Bellinghams, the Coreys, the Hathornes, and the Mathers of the olden times are brought before the mind almost in the flesh-and-blood clothing. It is not so difficult, either, to trace the intimate relationship of present bigotry with the tyranny of the past. It is more in form than in substance. There are plenty of misbegotten and half-blinded ministers to-day, preaching in the pulpits; there is a goodly number of narrow-minded journalists and writers without charity; and there are many public magistrates at present wielding power and influence, who would gladly see Spiritualists treated as the devoted Quakers were in Massachusetts Colony two hundred years ago.

One of the leading features, to our view, in these two striking dramas by our foremost American poet, is the spirituality which veins them all the way through. We could cite numerous passages that would just as properly have made their first appearance in the *Banner of Light*. Longfellow, as a poet, abounds in such passages. In truth, how can a man be a poet without first being a Spiritualist? John Milton declared in *Spel verse* as he alone knew how to build, that millions of unseen beings walk the earth continually by our side. It is unnecessary to go into anything like a demonstration of what is so obvious. We shall therefore content ourselves with appending to these comments on the rare beauty and simplicity of "The Tragedies," a few quotations out of the same for the benefit of such of our readers as may not yet have chanced to peruse the volume itself.

On page 21 occurs the following passage:  
"Truly we do but grope here in the dark  
Near the partition-wall of Life and Death,  
At every moment dreading or desiring  
To lay our hands upon the unseen door;  
Let us then labor for an inward stillness—  
An inward stillness and an inward healing;  
That perfect silence where the lips and heart  
Are still, and we no longer utter  
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions  
(But God alone speaks in us.)"

On page 39:  
"In the sight of God,  
Perhaps all men are Heretics. Who dares  
To say that he alone has found the truth?  
We cannot always feel and think and act  
As those who go before us."

On page 60:  
"When Death, the Reeler, shall have touched our eyes  
With moist clay of the grave, then shall we see  
The truth as we have never yet beheld it."

On page 81:  
"Oh soul of man,  
Drooping through mist and shadow, and recalling  
Back on thyself, how thy devoted was  
Subject to law? and when thou seemest to wander  
The farthest from thy goal, art thou still drawing  
Nearer and nearer to it, till at length  
Thou findest like the river, what thou seekest?"

On page 107:  
"Some men there are, I have known such, who think  
That the two worlds are far apart, and  
The world of matter and the world of spirit—  
Are like the hemispheres upon our maps,  
And touch each other only at a point.  
But these two worlds are not divided thus.  
Save for the purpose of the common speech,  
They form one globe, in which the parted seas  
All flow together and are intermingled.  
While the great continents remain distinct."

And again:  
"The spiritual world  
Lies all about us, for its avenues  
Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms  
That come and go, and we perceive them not  
Save by their influence, or when at times  
A most mysterious Providence permits us  
To see the shadow of their mortal forms."

On page 109:  
"These wonders of the world invisible—  
These spectral shapes that haunt our habitations—  
Are but prophetic trumpets that proclaim  
The Second Coming of our Lord on earth."

On page 112:  
"A drowsiness is stealing over me,  
Which is not sleep; for, though I close mine eyes,  
I am awake, and in another world.  
I see faces of the dead, and of the absent  
Come floating up before me."

On page 117:  
"The laws that govern  
The spiritual world prevent our seeing  
Things palpable and visible to her."

The book breathes with these spiritual airs from beginning to end. There may not be any great amount of intellectual power in it, so styled, but the seal of the spiritual is stamped on it visibly. There is profound pathos within in the poet's treatment of "Giles Corey of the Salem Farms," which will revive in the imagination many a scene over which memory is but too ready to draw the veil.

### The Episcopal Church.

Ritualism threatened to be the disturbing element in the late Episcopal Convention, but that body gave it the go-by as if there was no trouble whatever apprehended from it. The fact is, the Convention was afraid to touch it. The High Church party, so called, carried their heads so stiffly it was not judged prudent to meddle with a matter on which they showed themselves quite ready to make a determined stand. So that, for another term of three years, certainly, these numerous of worship are to go on in that ecclesiastical organization, throwing it open wider than ever to the charge of being "the half-way house to the Church of Rome." What a fuss would be made over all these superstitious practices if they were followed by Spiritualists! Thank God, our religion is too rational and elevated to need such weak and childish bolstering!

### Napoleon's Spirit-Message.

We have received numerous assurances from the readers of the *Banner of Light* that the communication recently published on our first page was one of the most impressive ever given to the public through these columns. No evidence, except what the message of the spirit itself furnished, was needed to prove the perfect genuineness of the communication. The political and military history of the great Napoleon was given in a few bold strokes. His sorrow for his passionate and selfish actions was unforgotten. His view of life was manifestly enlarged by his experience since abandoning his tenement of clay. That he has progressed wonderfully from the position he held spiritually, while on earth, must have been evident to every one in the least degree familiar with the history of the great conqueror.

### Mr. Phillips on Indians.

In our last we promised to again refer to the lecture of Wendell Phillips, Esq., at Music Hall, during which he spoke of our Government's mismanagement of Indian affairs and its consequences, in comparison with the English mode of dealing with red men in Canada. But the crowded state of our columns to-day prevents a lengthy report, and we will content ourselves with briefly noting the points.

Mr. Phillips referred to the Sand Creek Massacre of the 29th of November, 1864, as a most infamous atrocity, and spoke of an incident of that bloody affair. Two young Indian girls, one about ten, the other twelve years of age, being separated from their people, attempted to escape by flight. Hand in hand they ran across the prairie, closely pursued by twelve soldiers on horseback. When the girls saw that they could not get away they knelt down, throwing their arms around each other's neck, and calmly awaited their fate. The white men approached, leveled their rifles and shot them down. Not content with this, they dismounted and sabred them—cut them to pieces in cold blood. Men, whose mothers had baptized them in the name of Christ, did this deed of infamy, cowardice and shame!

He spoke of the heroic defence made by the betrayed Indians on that occasion; their magnanimity toward three white guests in their camp whom they suspected as spies, but not having positive proof, permitted them to leave in safety. The speaker alluded, also, to an Indian girl named Em-mu-ne-es-ka, (who sat upon the platform,) whose father, Omwah, medicine-man of the Cheyennes, and all her blood relations, were brutally murdered at Sand Creek.

The remarks of the distinguished orator upon the subject of Indians, now agitating the public mind, riveted the closest attention of the audience. The child, Em-mu-ne-es-ka, was one of two captive children taken to Colorado from the Sand Creek Massacre, where she remained until last year, when she was sent to Omaha, Nebraska, where Colonel Tappan, of the Indian Peace Commission, found her and brought her to Boston, and put her into one of our public schools, which she has attended nearly a year and made good progress in her studies. She evinces a talent for music, in which she succeeds remarkably well.

### Music Hall Meetings.

Dr. Ferguson closed his engagement at Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, November 1st. To the regret of a large number of persons, both out of town and in our city, who wished to hear the farewell remarks of this eloquent speaker, the day was stormy and inclement in the extreme, and but few hundreds were able to assemble. The remarks of the lecturer were listened to with profound interest, and all seemed to be lifted to a higher region of thought.

"Beyond these chilling winds and wintry skies."

At the close of his lecture it was announced that he would speak that evening at Mercantile Hall, for the benefit of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of this city. L. B. Wilson, the Chairman, then made an appeal to all to assist the Lyceum cause, and spoke of the late exhibition of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, at Tremont Temple, which, though a perfect success as to performance, was a failure in a financial point of view, and declared it to be the duty of all Spiritualists to aid materially the workers in the children's cause. He closed by announcing Mrs. Nellie L. Bronson as the next regular speaker of the course.

The choir sang Dr. Ordway's new song, "O'er the Graves of our Loved Ones Plant Beautiful Flowers," after which the audience dispersed to their several homes.

Our best wishes attend Dr. Ferguson in his labors wherever they may be directed.

### The Official Report of the New England Lyceum Convention.

We regret to state that after the notes of our reporter were in type, we received the "Official Report of the New England Lyceum Convention" from its Secretary, Madison Allen. The Secretary gives a brief and succinct account of the doings and sayings of the body in question, and ends as follows:

"Thus closed the second New England Convention, called in the interests of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Though the attendance was small, the interest was large, the best of feeling prevailed, and the constant tendency was toward practical work rather than mere theorizing. It is believed that considerable good will result to that important branch of the great spiritual movement in whose interests the Convention was called."

We are under obligations to Mr. Allen for the report, and should have printed it had it reached us before our own was put to press.

### Oregon.

Spiritualism is finding its way into this far-off region, apparently without much effort on the part of any one. Wherever the human family is located, there the light of Spiritualism is sure to shine, in good time. In forwarding a notice of the meetings held in Astoria, Oregon, the Secretary writes, under date of Sept. 27th, as follows:

"From the little, though oldest town in the State of Oregon, situated where the mouth of the Pacific Ocean's roar is never hushed, the members of the Society of the 'Friends of Progress' greet you. We are desirous of being known to the friends of and lecturers on the Harmonical Philosophy, who may travel in this neighborhood; and assure them of a kind reception in Astoria. It is true that our regularly enrolled members are few as yet—numbering only eighteen—but we have many more who support the cause but like not the name. We have filed articles of incorporation, own some real estate, and have built a splendid hall, devoted to the advocacy of our spiritual teachings."

### Sponsoring the Printer.

The editor of a Pennsylvania paper, who has doubtless been severely bored by the class to which he refers, nudges them under the ribs after this fashion: "The public have a funny notion about printers. They think it costs nothing to puff, advertise, &c., and thus one after another will sponge an extra paper, a puff, or some so-called benevolent advertisement. They forget that all this business makes them known; they forget that it is the printers' ink that makes nineteenth-century of their immense fortunes. They forget that it takes money to pay compositors, buy ink, type and paper; and lastly, they forget to even thank you for working for nothing, by gratuitously puffing their business."

### A Great Cathedral.

The Roman Catholics of London are about to erect a cathedral that will rival any of the cathedrals of the continent. The site selected is, in Westminster, near Buckingham Palace. The building is professedly a memorial to the late Cardinal Wiseman, who styled himself, as does his successor, Archbishop of Westminster. It is said that it will be eventually the most spacious and attractive cathedral in the world. The ground alone which it is to occupy has cost no less than \$200,000. It will be the first recognized Roman Catholic Cathedral in England since the days of Queen Mary.

Single copies of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL can be procured at our counter. Patronize the spiritual papers.

### Festival at Tremont Temple.

The Children's First Progressive Lyceum of Boston gave one of their justly celebrated entertainments at the close of the New England Lyceum Convention, on the evening of Thursday, October 29th, 1868. The weather was fine, but the various sources of excitement and interest in our city at the time prevented the gathering of such an audience as the occasion merited. The Committee of Arrangements consisted of D. N. Ford, Conductor, Miss M. A. Sanborn, Guardian, Miss M. F. Haynes, Assistant Guardian, G. W. Metcalf, Musical Director, and Miss E. Fossenden, Assistant Musical Director. In the absence of J. H. Wilcox, the organist announced on the bells, T. P. Ryder presided at the organ. The Lyceum (mustering some one hundred and twenty-five members) executed a grand Banner March, passing in two divisions through the entrances on the right and left of the stage, around the hall and upon the platform, where were arranged the targets in the order of the groups. Immediately on their arrival they joined in a song and chorus, "Beautiful Land," after which they gave a Silver-Chain Recitation under the direction of Miss M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. The Misses Thomas next favored the audience with a duet upon the piano; judging from their extreme youth, they give promise of high musical attainments to come.

Master Warren Doolittle recited a brief poem, welcoming the audience on the occasion, which was well received; Miss Alice G. Blackman gave a very fine rendering of "Babe Doll"; Master Charles Engel declaimed a piece in German; Miss George Caban recited "All quiet on the Potomac," in a touching manner; and "No gifteth his beloved Sleep," was spoken by Miss Lizzie Warren, with good effect. Miss Eva Nowhall, who made her first appearance in the public recitations of this Lyceum, recited the "Loss of the Arctic." In a manner which promises much for her elocutionary powers when time shall have ripened her from childhood to womanly propriety. Her voice was full and powerful, and her style utterly devoid of affectation. To the eye of the imagination she forcibly pictured the dark scene when, enveloped in the "cloud of mist that eternally haunts the banks of New Foundland," the great ship went down into the "deep, deep sea." Miss Emma Quade followed with a piece entitled "The Dying Soldier," "Union and Liberty" was well spoken by Miss Ella Whitney, as also was the "Child's Pastime," by Miss Berlie Lovejoy, who was not much larger than one of the "little chickens" she discoursed about so earnestly.

A song and chorus, "We love our Lyceum," was then given by Miss Addie Davenport and a choir of children, after which a short intermission was taken. At its close the Lyceum, having taken distance, went through the "wing movements" under the direction of D. N. Ford, the Conductor, in a highly creditable manner. No one looking upon this exercise could fail to see the good effects it was capable of producing when entered into with spirit.

Mr. Charles W. Sullivan then sang "Dulcinea Bay," a descriptive ballad, finely, and was followed by a recitation, "The Diver," by George B. Ford, the elocutionist.

Mr. Charles W. Sullivan and Miss M. A. Sanborn sang "Mr. and Mrs. Snibbs" (comic) in an inconceivably ludicrous manner; they were enthusiastically received.

Mr. Jesse B. H. Shepard, the greatest living male soprano, then sang "Ah! quel l'Amata," accompanying himself on the piano, in a masterly manner. No criticism from those unacquainted with the high style of art in which Mr. Shepard performs, could do justice to him. We only know that it is entirely beyond human possibility for a full grown male to have (as he has) the delicate trilling, or the rich soaring, mounting notes of a woman's voice. In no other way save on the ground of a spiritual manifestation can this seeming miracle be explained. His singing, which was truly wonderful, was rapturously received by the audience.

Miss Hattie M. Teal, an old favorite with those who have regularly attended the exhibitions of this Lyceum, gave a truly impressive recitation, entitled "Reconstruction." Her manner, as well as the subject matter of the poem, was full of the patriotic fire of '61.

W. H. Lee, accompanied by T. P. Ryder at the piano, then took the platform, and passed through a severe test as to his abilities as a comic singer. His performances were so satisfactory that he was recalled twice, making three songs in all; the prompt manner in which he responded to the request of the audience was very gratifying to them, and indicative of a spirit of accommodation on his part.

The exercises closed by the singing of the Anniversary Song, "Glory Hallelujah," from the new hymn book, "The Spiritual Harp," by the entire Lyceum, the audience being requested to join in the chorus.

While an intense feeling of satisfaction was prevalent among the spectators, yet they all felt that it was really a culpable neglect on the part of the Spiritualists of Boston that the hall was not full to overflowing. The price of admission was very reasonable; the mental feast of amusement and culture was worth treble the small amount charged at the door. When will our people look the question in the face, and learn that these Lyceums, which are the hope of our cause, must be sustained by material aid as well as mere expressions of sympathy?

### THE OLD AND NEW.

BY JONAS C. WHITTELL.

Oh! sometimes gleams upon our sight,  
Through present wrong, the eternal right;  
And step by step, since time began,  
We see the steady gain of man.  
That all of good the past has had  
Remains to make our own time glad.  
Our common daily life divine,  
And every land a Palestine.  
We lack but open eye and ear  
To find the Orient's marvels here—  
The still, small voice in autumn's hush,  
The mangle weed, the burning bush.  
For still the new transcends the old,  
In signs and tokens manifold:  
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves  
With roots deep set in battle graves.  
Through the harsh noises of the day  
A low, sweet melody finds its way.  
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear  
A light is breaking, calm and clear.  
Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more  
For olden time and holier shore;  
God's love and blessing, then and there,  
Are new, and here, and everywhere.

### A Blind Poetess.

A New York correspondent of the *Boston Journal* thus notices a blind poetess in that city:

"Those who watch our Sunday school literature, especially the hymns, will observe the name of Fanny Crosby. She is one of our most popular and fertile writers of Sunday school songs. She is a blind woman and her husband is blind, yet they navigate all about the city without any assistance. They were very poor, and were rescued from actual suffering by the liberality of Mr. Perkins, one of our Sunday school publishers, who has nearly supported Fanny Crosby and her husband. The manner of composition is very peculiar. She takes the subject given to her, retires into a closet, undergoes a sort of spasm or inspiration, under which she writes her hymns. Every portion of her frame is moved, and she comes out with her production in a glow of excitement. Whether she is specially aided in these productions or not, it is certain that these hymns are the most fervent and glowing of any in modern times."

### The Spiritual Rostrum.

For November, which may be had at the *Banner of Light* Bookstores, in Boston and New York, is gaining in favor rapidly. Bros. Hull and Jamieson are wide awake, and "talk right out in meeting." Mr. Jamieson truly says that the spiritualistic press ought to take a position in advance of petty personalities, should be candid, independent in its utterances, impartial in the discussion of any question pertaining to human well-being, welcome criticism, temper its spirit by genial brotherly kindness, to the end that the children of Father and Mother Nature may become more receptive of Truth.

### The Presidential Election.

Took place on the 3d inst. Gen. U. S. Grant and Schuyler Colfax, candidates for President and Vice President, were elected by a large majority of the popular vote. They will also have a two-thirds majority in the Electoral College, without counting New York and New Jersey.

### Another Physical Medium.

We have just learned that Mr. Henry Peabody, residing in Middleton, Mass., has become developed as a powerful physical medium, of the same phase of mediumship as that of Mr. Charles H. Read, a description of which we have published.

### Repenting Sectarians.

The Pope's paternal offer to take all repenting sectarians back to the bosom of the Mother Church provokes both humorous and indignant replies. The English ritualists are the only class of nominal Protestants to welcome the invitation, and their organ, the *London Church News*, complains only that the holy father should be so unjust as to class Anglicans with Protestants, and offers to overlook this little slip in consideration of the general good disposition of the Pope. Rev. Dr. White, a Presbyterian minister at Liverpool, writes a bluff reply to his holiness, declining the invitation to attend the grand council, and saying: "I sincerely congratulate your holiness on the improved tone of your communication. Might I venture to suggest that you would carry out the assumed spirit a little further, so as to grant to all the inhabitants of Rome liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience; and also to exert your great influence to obtain the release of those who are pining in Spanish and other dungeons in Roman Catholic countries for reading the word of God?"

### No more War or Capital Punishment.

We clip the following note from the Philadelphia *Bond of Peace*. It breathes the right sentiments:

"I have been reading the *Bond of Peace*, and cannot refrain from sending my note to encourage the like sheet alive. The world swarms with political and religious journals of almost every shade. But how seldom do we see the pure principles taught and practiced by the meek, loving, forgiving Jesus, advocated in the literature of the age, or hear it preached from the pulpit. And how few who profess to be Christians, and take him as their rule and guide, are able to live out the plainest of his teachings. Too many are still sustaining war and upholding that infamous relic of barbarism, the gallows, and yet calling themselves Christians. If we love him shall we not keep his commandments? Are they not so plain that man, woman, or child, need not err therein? A few noble souls, filled with love to God and mankind, have labored to enlighten and reform this wretched world. Among them, Adin Ballou, Myron J. Butts, Harriet N. Greene Butts, H. C. Wright, W. L. Garrison, Jeremiah Hocker, James and Lucretia Mott, Alfred H. Love, and others equally devoted to humanity, have stood up in this generation and boldly declared God's truth, but not of us have heeded the messages of love from inspired lips? May you, dear friend, be blessed with means to carry on the good work in which you are engaged, until war, capital punishment, and oppression in every form shall no more curse the family of man. May good angels ever be about you, and may the love of God be essential to the good work, is the prayer of your devoted friend,  
South Newbury, Georgia Co., Ohio."  
H. H. OBER.

### Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

William F. Wentworth is engaged to lecture in Oswego, N. Y., during November and December. Miss Lottie Fowler, writes O. Griffin, of Fort Ann, N. Y., "is going to Boston soon, and those on the way from Rutland, Vt., to Boston can engage her services by writing to her at Fairhaven, Vt., until Nov. 12th. She has done us good service here, and is a capital medical and business medium."

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson will lecture in Springfield, Ill., during November.

J. Madison Allen is in the field as a lecturer, and has been for several years. He is a fine medium and good speaker, and should be encouraged. Some of our speakers have already left the lecturing field because they have not been adequately supported. Others, some of our best speakers, will also leave, unless they are paid for their services. Spiritualists, it behooves you all to keep your lecturers in the field, or our cause will languish.

### Warren Chase in Charlestown.

This veteran worker in the spiritual ranks lectured twice in Charlestown, on Sunday, Nov. 1st, to appreciative audiences. In the afternoon the subject of his discourse was "Protestantism in its various forms," and in the evening he decried upon eternal life, involving pre and future existence. Both lectures, replete with common sense and vital truths, were listened to with marked attention throughout their entire delivery. We regret that the crowded state of our columns at this time precludes the publication of reports of these able lectures.

### Troy Lyceum.

B. Starbuck, Conductor of the Troy, N. Y., Lyceum, writes to the *Lyceum Banner* the following encouraging words:

"Mr. Finney's leaving has been a great loss to us. His conductorship has placed our Lyceum in a high position, and his loss is irreparable both to Lyceum and society. We yesterday assembled for the first time since he left, and I assure you, I felt highly encouraged again to meet the dear children with their happy faces, and to see the earnest-hearted leaders and officers again ready to join heart and hand in the good cause. We had full attendance, and all were glad to begin again their labors of love. There is perfect harmony between officers, leaders and groups. Put our Lyceum down for one hundred copies of the *Lyceum Banner* this year."

### New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co., 27 Washington street, have issued the following new musical compositions: "William Tell," being No. 15 of the Beauties of the Opera Series, arranged for the piano by Adolph Baumbach; "Addie Waltz," arranged by J. S. Knight; "Reception March," as played by Gilmore's full band, composed by A. E. Warren; "O'er thee alone," a song, by W. T. Wrighton; "T. S. Grant is the man," a song adapted to a favorite melody; "The Woodland Stream," words by Charles Mackay, music by W. T. Wrighton.

### Going West.

Bro. A. S. Hayward, magnetic healer, leaves for the West the present week. His headquarters will be Chicago, Ill., where he will treat the sick during the winter months. Mr. H. has been very successful in his practice in various parts of the country, and we bespeak for him a cordial reception in the great West. Address care of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

### Dr. Newton in Indiana.

It will be seen by a card in another column, that Dr. J. E. Newton, the well-known healer "by the laying on of hands," opened an office at the Bates House, Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 6th, and remains until Dec. 10th. This great benefactor of humanity invites all to come and be healed, and those who cannot pay will be treated free.

### Lecture Sunday Evening.

Mr. J. H. Powell will deliver a lecture at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, Boston, Sunday evening, Nov. 15th, at half-past 7. Subject: "The Relation of Mesmerism to Spiritualism." Admission ten cents. Mr. Powell is said to be well informed upon this subject, and an interesting discourse may be expected.

### The Convention at Worcester.

Friends, do not forget to attend the Convention of the Massachusetts State Association at Worcester, on Thursday and Friday, Nov. 12th and 13th.

We answer, Yes, Bro. Seaver. We have heard of "Materialists remaining firm in that belief in life," but never knew of one remaining so "in death." In regard to the Ethical Law matter, we regret giving currency to that "Orthodox lie," and so we apologize to Mr. Allen. Thank you, Bro. Seaver, for calling our attention to this oversight. We shall be more watchful in future.



ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. Albert Morton's appeal to the officers of Children's Lyceums in New England (to be found in another column) should meet with prompt attention. Mr. Morton is Corresponding Secretary of the N. E. Lyceum Convention, and by that body was chosen a delegate to the National Convention to be held in Philadelphia November 26th, and intends to be present on that occasion. He is an earnest friend of the Lyceum movement, and it is important that he should have the information he asks for.

Dr. FERGUSON addressed a good audience (notwithstanding the severe storm,) at Mercantile Hall, in this city, Sunday evening, November 1st, having kindly volunteered his services for the benefit of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. His lecture was pronounced by all who heard it to be superior to anything he had previously delivered in this city, able and eloquent as his other efforts were. We wish the million could have listened to him.

We have received a supply of Mrs. M. J. Wilcox's new tract and poem, entitled "The Festival Night." The poem was given through her mediumship. The price is only eight cents. Scatter the pamphlet broadcast.

THE RADICAL.—The November number is a sterling one. Every body should subscribe for the Radical. It does not profess to be devoted to Spiritualism, but first rate spiritual ideas crop out in its pages. For instance, it says: "Death is but a second birth, as natural as the first; the only possible door to another world. We are exhorted to prepare for death, as if it were a merciless arbiter of human destiny, when in truth it has nothing to do with the soul's weal or woe. Its effect is physical, not psychical. It is only a means of passage from one world to another."

The wife of Dr. J. P. Bryant, the healing medium, died in New York, Oct. 7th, after a lingering illness from cancer of eighteen months. If cranberries are dried a short time in the sun and placed in bottles filled with them, and then closed with sealing-wax, the berries will keep in good condition for several years.

A naughty little boy, being told by his mother that God would not forgive him if he did a certain act, replied: "Yes, he would—God likes to forgive little boys—that is what he is for."

To make a valuable speckled dog bullet-proof, Mark Twain says, "Take off his hide and line it with sheet iron. Russia iron is the best, and is slicker and more showy than the common kind. Dogs prepared in this way do not mind bullets."

A new sect of religionists has appeared in Russia. They acknowledge a Divine Being, but deny every other doctrine or practice of a Christian sect. They are suffering severe punishment from the Russian government for their "unbelief and abandonment of all forms of Christian faith and practice." About fifty of the leaders are now in prison. But the "heresy" is not suppressed.

A daughter of Mrs. Müllbach, the novelist, is a young actress. She lately incurred the displeasure of a Berlin audience and was hissed. She burst into tears, and the audience, seeing her distress, applauded her as heartily as they had before hissed her.

A lady advertises for sale, one baboon, three tabby cats and a parrot. She states that, being now married, she has no further use for them, because their amiable qualities are all combined in her husband. What do you think of that, Hudson?

A lady, in a crowd of children in France, being bitten by a mad dog, held on to the animal till he could be secured, and thus saved the lives of the others. For this bravery the Government has given her a gold medal, her life happily being spared.

A boarding-house keeper in Springfield is in the habit, when her boarders neglect to pay up promptly, of placing an extra fork by their plates, as a silent intimation to "fork over."

One of the editors in Reading had a clean shirt, about which he made a brag, and abused his contemporaries for having none. It afterwards appeared that he had stolen it off a pole from a brother editor who was in bed waiting for it to dry. Poor editors!

Earthquakes were of frequent occurrence in New England during the first century after its settlement by the Puritans.

The use of bread containing mould ought to be rejected; indeed, several cases of poisoning have been observed by the use of mouldy bread. Johler has signified the poisoning of three animals which had eaten mouldy bread. Westerloff has made known the case of poisoning of two children who had taken rye bread containing the mould, mucedo, the most common species of mould. *Journal of the Chemist.*

Allice Carey has lately been compelled to resign her position as President of the New York Sorosis, in consequence of severe hemorrhage of the lungs. Fanny Fern will probably be her successor.

A recent writer declares that the English people only think a newspaper article right or wise because it exactly represents what had been vaguely coming up in their own minds. Some people in this country carefully imitate their ancestors over the water in this respect.

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher declares the difference between Presbyterians and Congregationalists to be of as little account as that between tweedledum and tweedledee, and laughs at the mutual jealousies of the two denominations.

A little girl in Rochester stole a piece of candy, and her mother, in order to show her what hell is, where little girls who steal candy go, roasted the child's hands over the kitchen fire. The pious demonstrator of such a delightful doctrine was arrested for inhuman cruelty, but, no doubt, will be let off with a severe "talking to."

The New York Post is of the opinion that the sidewalk of the future will be paved with wood, and the sooner the best slaps for the blocks and the best manner of laying them are decided upon, the better it will be for pedestrians.

"THE SPIRITUELLE."—We are indebted to the kind courtesies and polite attention of the fair and gifted authoress, Mrs. Abby M. Lavin Ferree, for a copy of a neat and attractive quarto, which has just been issued from the press of William White & Co., Banner of Light office, Boston and New York, entitled "The Spirituelle, or directions in development." All who indeed desire the dead to still be near them, will be anxious to seek the instructions contained in this useful and much needed volume. It can be had at Parker's Periodical Store, No. 438 Seventh street, Washington. The cost of obtaining it is only thirty cents. *Washington Evening Union.*

The Boston and Albany railroad will soon be connected with deep water at East Boston, having repaired and relaid the rails of the old Grand Junction railroad from Brookline through Cambridge to Somerville.

The Bishop of Carlisle, England, is vexed by a ritualistic "burial guild of the Holy Trinity" for the improvement of funerals. They propose to burn wax candles night and day by the corpse, to carry a cross at the head of the funeral procession, to have tall candles and incense in the church, and offer prayers for the rest of the departed soul, all of which the bishop says is wicked, opposed to one of the thirty-nine articles of the Anglican Church and rank popery, full of "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," and so he will have none of it—if he can help it.

Two new volumes by Mrs. Mary Howitt, one of the most popular living authors, are announced in London. One is "John Oriel's First Start in Life," with twenty-one engravings; and the other, liberally illustrated, is "Vignettes of American History," being an account of the principal events in the early history of the United States.

A monthly magazine, called "The Bible Repository," has been established at Salem by Rev. Rufus Wendell, to advocate the doctrine that the righteous only are immortal, and that there is to be no eternal punishment. The pretended believers in the infallibility of the Bible readily construe it so as to justify the most absurd notions and dogmas.

Mediumship: Its laws and conditions, with instruction for the formation of spirit circles. By J. H. Powell. Also *The Spirituelle*, or directions in development. By Abby M. Lavin Ferree. Boston: William White & Co., Banner of Light office. The Spirituelle is enlarging the amount and greatly improving the quality of their literature as they themselves become better acquainted with its mysteries. These two works are pamphlets or tracts, prettily got up, and their titles bespeak their contents and character. *—Revolution.*

The population of Holland, at the close of 1867, amounted to 3,592,416 souls, of whom 1,782,212 were males, and 1,810,204 females.

Among the names mentioned for President of Harvard College, is that of Col. J. W. Higginson. But there is not much hope that so liberal and able a man will get the position.

The Jesuit missionaries are making great progress in China. They are building magnificent cathedrals in the chief cities, that in Canton cost three millions of dollars.

The dyes now largely employed in woolen fabrics are often deleterious, and even the time-honored red flannel, as it is now manufactured, may be positively injurious when worn next the skin, owing to the danger of absorption. It is better to use white than colored under garments. So says the *Journal of Chemistry.*

*Town Cousin*—Ah my dear, when you've lived a little longer in London, you won't be quite so green. *Country Cousin*—Better green than withered.

The amount of freighting business done by the Boston and Albany railroad is enormous, and is still on the increase. Eight day and five night freight trains each way, from Boston to Springfield every twenty-four hours, is about the average.

To the Officers of New England Children's Progressive Lyceums.

The first Convention of the National Children's Progressive Lyceum organization meets in Philadelphia, Nov. 26th. In order to ascertain the present condition and needs of the Lyceums and prepare for future work, it is necessary we should have full reports from the officers. The writer, as Corresponding Secretary of the New England Lyceum Convention, desires full reports from all the Lyceums in New England, stating date of organization, numbers of members enrolled, leaders, average attendance, books in library, and all facts in relation to working, success, equipment, and other matters which will be of assistance in forming accurate estimates of the work accomplished and to be done in the future. The last New England Convention received but few and meagre reports; and the principal object it accomplished was to demonstrate the necessity for greater unity of action. In union is strength; and if the progressive minds of the country desire to withdraw their children from the bondage of sectarianism, they must be willing to learn a lesson from the orthodox element, and unite in a common work. While availing the committee of credit and liberal organizations we cannot afford to do without the machinery necessary to forward the work of progression, and assist the rising generation in the formation of liberal views of the duties they owe to each other, and to hasten the era of the republic of heaven upon earth. To expedite the work of making a report in season for the National Convention, officers will please communicate soon as possible. Address: ALBERT MORTON, No. 29 Hanson street, Boston.

"Disembodied Man."

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Permit me to inform the public, through your columns, that I have placed the balance of the second edition of my above-named work in the hands of William White & Co., of the *Banner of Light*, who will furnish it, so far as it goes, at \$1.00 per copy, postage 6 cents. The same house will also hereafter constitute the medium through whom such works as I have written or may write will go forth to the world, one of which, "Pre-Adamite Man," will soon be obtainable of them.

My correspondents will please direct all letters, other than for books, to me at Berlin, W. Va., during my three months' tour through the West, and absence from my office in Boston, Mass.

Respectfully, P. B. RANDOLPH.

Particular Notice.

Subscribers who may have occasion to change the address of their papers, should invariably name the town, county and State to which they are sent, as well as the town, county and State to which they desire them forwarded, when they change their localities; otherwise, we must wait until they do so. A little care in this particular will save us a deal of perplexity in endeavoring to hunt up the names in our mailing machine, besides lessening the annoyance such subscribers subject themselves to in consequence of the non-receipt of their papers at the places they desire them sent, through negligence to conform to the necessities of the case.

THE HARVESTER: For Gathering the Ripened Crops on every Homestead, Leaving the Urnripe to Mature. By a Merchant. Boston: Wm. White & Co., 158 Washington street. Chicago: Western News Company, corner of Dearborn and Madison streets. Pp. 150. Price \$1.00.

A copy of this beautiful little volume has been laid out on our table. We have not given the book a thorough reading, but from the cursory examination we have given it we would most cordially recommend it to all who are desirous of knowing how the great work of Harvesting is going on in the world of human intellect. It would seem from reading the author's preface that the thoughts embodied in this little volume were not his own, but those of the angels. In his preface he states as follows: "Having no other experience than that of a mechanic and trader, my mind became greatly exercised; and at times the most intense mental anguish would overwhelm me. In these seasons of sorrow, thoughts before unknown to me were forced upon my mind, which found relief only in writing. On those portions of thoughts this little volume faithfully portrays. This work contains many very peculiar thoughts, which would be well for those in search of truth to peruse, as, perchance, they might find some golden grains which would be invaluable to them. *—The Spiritual Rostrom.*

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 544 BROADWAY. WALKER 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 only paper: *Satan's Divine Revelations*, 20th edition, just out, 3 vols., Great Harmonia, each complete—*Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker*, Hodge's, an Autobiography of the author. Penetrating Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions, Morning Lectures (20 discourses), History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spirit Interference, Philosophy of Special Providence, Harmonia, Man's Ever-Young Soul, Death and Religion, Present Age and Inner Life, Approaching Crisis, Death and Afterlife, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual, Angels, or Divine Guests, and Stellar Key to the Summer Land—last two just issued, and most highly interesting and instructive. Whole set, (twenty-two volumes) \$28; almost valuable present for a library, public or private. Four books by Warren Chase—*Life Line*, *Fugitive Wife*, *American Crisis*, and *Gift of Spiritualism*. Sent by mail for \$2.00. Complete works of Thomas Paine. In three volumes, price \$6; postage 50 cts. Persons sending us \$10 in one order, can order the full set, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed \$1.00. Send post-office orders when convenient. They are received with pleasure under the new law. We can now supply a few complete volumes of twelve numbers of the new London monthly, *Human Nature*, edited by J. Hume, London; price \$3.00, postage 20 cents. "Ideal Atlases" in the new republication in this magazine as a story, but it is not a fiction. Human Nature is a radical and well-constructed monthly, and devoted to zodiac and other sciences. Send us \$1.00, and we will send by mail *Arabia*, *Stellar Key*, *Memorabilia*, and the large and elegant lithograph *Figures of the Zodiac*, by J. Davis, of which we have a few left. To secure this liberal discount you must send soon. "Young England" is sold, but we have another rare and valuable book, *Human Nature*, on the position of principles, by Henry M. Laverie, showing every position of the human body in two thousand figures (only one copy). Persons sending us \$1.00, and if it is sent in payment of a copy of this book, would that it of great value; but as a library book it is not valuable for reading, as its 161 large pages are mostly taken up with the engravings.

American Association of Spiritualists.

Prematurely born. We believe it was; but it was born of the Fifth National Convention after five years of incubation. We thought it should be six—perhaps seven would have been better—but both worlds conspired to push it into life at Rochester, where the rappings were christened, and where, with uncovered heads, standing on their feet, the whole body of that Convention, solemnly, unanimously breathed it into life and gave it form for future action, and over five hundred dollars in greenbacks for swaddling bands, with a solemn pledge of support, which we trust will be faithfully carried out as it was spontaneously given. This premature child is not expected to build a college this year, nor establish a central bureau next, nor to sift the chaotic literature of Spiritualism for several years to come, but it will live and breathe and grow, walk and talk, and with its twenty thousand circulars, and two or more missionaries, may awaken some new interest in local and State organizations, which is at present all it proposes to do.

If a child is prematurely born it is not best to strangle it; better give it good nursing and coax it into ripened growth. We have had some useful experience in such matters. Over thirty years ago a living form breathed in our own household, at least two months before its proper time. This was largely premature, and the learned and skillful physician, who then held a professorship in a medical college, told us to make no preparation for it, as it could not live; but it did live, and grow, and walk and talk, took its diploma in college, and honorable discharge after three years service in the army, and now carries saddle-bags like the M. D. who pronounced sentence of death on it for being born too soon. Another premature instance occurred to us in the full-grown manhood, mentally and physically, of our Bro. Dr. R. T. Hallcock. Strangulation would have been had in halcyon in either of these cases for many in this world, or for all but the churches, which might have been stronger without them; and we think the churches are all that could be benefited by the premature death following the premature birth of this young child. We propose giving it milk awhile, and if it does well give it honey, and to prevent its being carnivorous or combative never give it meat nor blows, and if it is naturally depraved, regenerate it as the churches do sinners. If it should grow into strength as a fabled Samson, and use it as the Bible says he did, we will wear off its locks. If it follows the pattern of Moses, and deals with the Church as he did with Pharaoh, we will send it into the mountains with the chosen people. If it attempts to build a tower like Babel, we will cleave its tongue and distract its language (if that is not already so). But if it follows the pattern of a Jesus, who was said to be born in a stable, and was surely premature to the Jews, if not to the world, it will nurse it and teach it a trade, and when it is thirty years old let it go out preaching, if the world is ready then. Viewed in any light, since we cannot toll for some years what it will do nor what it will be, and as it can be made into almost anything by proper treatment, and education, we give in our single voice for saving it and nursing it into life, and developing its powers for good uses. It cannot do much good or evil in one year, and as the next Convention will decide where it shall be schooled, and whether it shall be, or whether it shall be sent into Egypt to escape death, or be strangled, and will have full power and authority to dispose of it, we hope it will live and do well till it is one year old, at least.

Holy Days.

During our half century of life we have been utterly unable to find the least evidence that one day or hour of time is more holy or sacred than another, and have never been able to find the time when it was right to do wrong, or wrong to do right. The Jewish Sabbath and Christian Sunday are alike to us, and both like any other days in the week, so far as any sacredness exists in the time thus designated. As a legal day of rest for man and beast, we would not have it abolished. But as a day in which it was a crime to do any act which was not a crime on any other day, we cannot regard it. If, as is claimed by Jew and Christian, one-seventh of the time is set apart by the "Creator of heaven and earth" as holy time, we do not see why he has not given some sign by which we should know the exact time when it should begin. After once starting it right, by deciding the year by the seven-day rule, we could keep it correct afterward, but of course it would begin at the same hour and minute all over the earth, and consequently must begin at some place each hour and minute of the twenty-four-hour day, and terminate accordingly. It might begin at ten or eleven A. M. or two or four P. M. in New York, and thus divide the sunshine part into holy and part unholy time, so we could shut up our shops and wash up a little before the holy hour reached us. But as it is now claimed, we have no data to establish even any part of the holy day. The Jew has one, the Christian another, and somewhere every day in turn is counted the special holy time, and hence one neutralizes the other, and all or none is holy. The changes from old style to new style in reckoning and other corrections and changes in the time-table since the date of Christianity, have rendered it utterly impossible to fix any point of time as the original beginning of the day of rest of the primitive Christians, and still more remote and uncertain is the time of the Jews, and hence

all the authority we have now is the Church authority, and as our churches are very unreliable authority, we are of opinion that the law can make a day of rest of one in seven, and the Church cannot make it holy.

Gone Home.

The bishops, clergy and laymen of the Episcopal Church, including Howell Cobb, who went to his spirit home some days ago, have terminated their three weeks of the Triennial Convention, held in this city. So far as business was concerned it was a "mountain in labor," from which a mouse was born, if anything. It did nothing prematurely, because it did nothing except talk and enjoy a good social visit; settled no questions of issue between its members, nor any between it and the truths of modern sciences, which have made havoc with its creed. Its elegant display and long speeches were mainly for show of learning and dignity of manners, and had nothing for real religious or spiritual effect. It has proved conclusively that it is a church of forms and ceremonies, which "makes clean the outside of the cup and the platter," and is careful of the tithes of "mint and cummin," and leaves the poor out in the cold to spiritually freeze and starve. Good-by, bishops, and may the "Lord have mercy on your souls." We are sorry for the churches that have to feed on such husks when there is spiritual bread enough in our Father's house for all.

Mrs. Allen's Lectures.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—At the last lecture in this city by Mrs. Allen, a question by some one in the audience seemed to give her more difficulty than any other; and as it was one in which I felt some interest, I submit it to you and, if you are willing, to your readers for consideration. I cannot give you the exact words, but it was in substance this: "You told us last Sunday evening that when in your trance state your spirit was out of your body, could discern your body from that separate condition, and sometimes traveled away to other places, to see your little boy, or for other purposes. Now I would ask whether it is optional with you to return to your earthly form or not, as you choose; and, if you can leave your body and not return, whether the time you are not when all shall possess that power, and thus triumph over death and all its terrors?"

I do not pretend to give the precise words of the question, but such was its exact purport, to the best of my recollection. I was struck with the force of the idea, and have thought much of it since. The Scripture says, "The last enemy to be destroyed is death." Would not this power, imparted to man, be his destruction, at least so far as man is now—that wherein he preys?

Mrs. Allen has had a splendid success in her meetings here; no one ever more so. Her evening meetings were very long and, to her, very laborious, but she held her great congregations almost as entranced as herself to the last moment. Some of her extemporized poems exceeded any I had ever before heard from those sources. Her treatment of the great number of questions submitted to her at the opening of the meetings was truly wonderful and frequently elicited irrepressible applause, while the exalted, moral and religious tone of her discourses throughout secured for her the admiring approval of all true souls who had the good fortune to hear her. We shall wait with joyful expectation her return to us in April next.

I write in haste; but am, Messrs. Editors, most truly and respectfully yours, FITZ EDWARD SMITH.

New York, Nov. 1, 1868.

Mrs. Wolcott's Lectures.

At a meeting held in West Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., Nov. 1st, the following resolutions were unanimously passed: Resolved, That as we have heard Mrs. E. M. Wolcott repeatedly, we sincerely and heartily recommend her as an inspirational speaker of a high order; that she is well adapted to gain the close attention of inquirers after truth and more spiritual liberty; that we recommend her as an honest and true woman in social life; that she merits the sympathies and patronage of all a cultivated public.

Mrs. Wolcott has lectured for the Spiritualists in this county three months, and has been the means of awakening an interest in the minds of skeptics that will tell for the good of the cause hereafter. She is now settled in Canton, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., where all letters should be addressed. Friends of liberty and truth now have an opportunity seldom enjoyed in this county, of hearing a good lecturer on spiritual and humanitarian subjects. J. K. DEARTH, Secretary.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Services are held in this elegant and spacious hall every SUNDAY AFTERNOON, at 2 1/2 o'clock, and will continue until next May, under the management of Mr. L. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with alto normal, trance and inspirational speakers. Season tickets (securing a reserved seat), \$3.00; single admission, ten cents. Tickets obtained at the Music Hall office, day or evening, and at the Banner of Light office, 158 Washington street.

Mrs. N. L. Bronson, of Ohio,

will lecture Sunday afternoon, Nov. 15.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] AN ESSAY entitled "Paradise—Theoretical Original Sin," has been received and filed for publication. J. F. S. WASHINGTON, D. C.—The bubble indignantly burst, as all such schemes do. Like attracts like. Selfishness begets selfishness. Experience is a severe schoolmaster; but sometimes necessary to bring such people to their senses.

Business Matters.

MRS. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4w-27.

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

COUSIN BENJA'S POEMS are for sale at this office. Price \$1.50.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE (price 30 cents) and HUMAN NATURE (price 25 cents) are received regularly and for sale at this office.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 13th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. N7-2w

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. N7-4w

C. D. & I. H. PRESNO, Proprietors.

MISS M. K. CASSIN will sit for spirit answers to sealed letters. Terms \$2.00, and 4 red stamps. Address, 21 Wickliffe st., Newark, N. J. N7-3w

THE THREE QUESTIONS.

What shall we eat? what shall we drink? And what for clothing wear? Of all the questions we can think, These the most common are. In answer to the first we'll say—Eat plain and wholesome food; And when your thirst you would allay, Drink water, pure and good; And teach your boys, when they want "CLOTHES," At prices which are fair, To purchase them at GEORGE FENNO'S, AT TWENTY-TWO DOCK SQUARE.

THE SPIRITUAL ROSTROM: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Moses Hull and W. F. Jamieson, editors. For sale at this office. Price 20 cents single copy. November number now ready.

JEANNE WATERMAN, DANFORTH, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, gives correct diagnoses clairvoyantly, and heal diseases in France state. Residences 313 East 33d street, New York. N7-4w

REMOVAL.—Dr. E. F. GARVIN gives notice to his friends and the public generally, that he has moved the office and manufactory of his patent medicines from New York to 21 East Concord street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. L. F. HYDE, Business and Test Medium, has rooms at the same place. Mrs. H. was formerly of Boston, but latterly of New York.

Special Notices.

In theory beautiful, in practice perfect, NEGATIVE FOR CHILL or AGUE, POSITIVE FOR FEVER! Hence Mrs. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders know no such thing as CHILLS and FEVER, DUMB AGUE, CONGESTIVE CHILLS, and FEVER and AGUE. Oct. 2.

MATTHEW A. MCCORD, 513 Chestnut street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps on hand a full assortment of *Spiritual and Liberal Books*, Pamphlets and Periodicals. *Banner of Light* always to be found upon the counter. Aug. 1.

Agents wanted for Mrs. SPENCER'S POSITIVE and NEGATIVE POWDERS. Printed terms sent free, postpaid. For address and other particulars, see advertisement in another column.

Spiritual and Reform Books, MR. E. P. BROWN, and MRS. LOU E. KIMBALL, 137 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. Keep constantly for sale all kinds of Spiritualist and Reform Books, at Publishers' prices. July 18.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in Agents type, twenty cents for first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance. Advertisements to be renewed at Continuing Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Thursday.

Letter Postage required on orders sent to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah. For New Advertisements see Eighth page.

DR. J. R. NEWTON

WILL HEAL THE SICK AT

BATES HOUSE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

From Nov. 6th until Dec. 10th.

A cordial invitation to come and be cured without fee or reward is extended to all who are not well able to pay. Nov. 14.

PLANCHETTE'S DIARY,

EDITED BY

KATE FIELD.

A FAITHFUL record of the sayings and doings of one of those little three-legged spirits, during the space of three months under the control of a medium. With a brief outline of the various theories by which these curious phenomena are accounted for. Specially printed and covers. Price 50 cents. J. R. NEWTON, 10 Fulton street, New York City. Nov. 14—2w

PRACTICAL RESULTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

By ABRAHAM JAMES, and his wonderful Old Disclosures in Pleasantville, Pa., under the control and direction of his "Spirit Guides." With a full and complete account of the published. For sale by Wm. WHITE & Co., Banner of Light office, Boston; also, BRANCH OF LIGHT, 544 Broadway, New York. Also, ALICE H. CARVER, 102 West 13th street, New York. MRS. E. P. BROWN, General Western Agent, Post-office Drawer 2556, Chicago, Ill. Price, postage paid, 40 cents. Nov. 14.

MRS. E. S. SMITH,

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, No. 1 Grafton street, Boston. Hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., during which time she will examine, advise and treat the afflicted of whatever disease can be cured. Females are particularly requested to test her powers. The spiritual community will be pleased to know that there is a new medium through whom such works are performed as to prove the reality of the phenomena, as well as prove the truth (did they need one) of their beautiful faith. Nov. 14—1w

MRS. PLUMB.

Perfectly Unconscious Physician, Business and Test Medium, 418 Russell street, opposite the head of Eden street, Charleston, Mass. MRS. PLUMB cures Cancers and Tumors, Fevers, Paralysis, all kinds of diseases, and gives correct diagnoses. Prices according to the conditions of the patient. Will wait with the sick till called upon to do so. Will examine diseases at a distance, for \$1 and return stamp. Correspond on Business, answer Sealed Letters, look for Lost or Stolen Property for \$1 and return stamp, each. Nov. 14—1w

PLANCHETTE OUTDONE!

Have you seen the Electro-Magnetic Disc? PERSONS may be the aid of this valuable combination of metals, associated who are infirmities, and all the remarkable manifestations of Electro-Psychology may be produced. The Electro-Magnetic Disc is in common use by professors throughout Europe. It can be obtained only by ordering of CHAS. CARVER, 102 West 13th street, New York. Price, \$1.00, by enclosing 50 cents, and 3 red stamps. Wholesale price, \$3.00 per dozen. Nov. 14—1w

DR. W. H. COLLINS,

The Great Healing Physician, HEALS the sick, at No. 27 Boylston street, without the use of medicine; relieves all pains in a few minutes, whether acute or chronic. He is skilled in the treatment of all diseases. Consultation free. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 6 P. M. Satisfaction given in all cases or no pay. Nov. 14—2w

LIGHT IS BREAKING!

THE Spirit of the builder and the destroyer. Hence those who understand the evolution of the human mind, and the laws of the universe, as such are needed, such has been found in the mediumistic development of MRS. J. C. GILNEY, No. 15 Pine street, Boston. She will attend to all inquiries upon all harmonious conditions known to mortals, with a certainty of relief. Office hours from 9 to



I got permission to come back here, sir. The name I had when I was here was Timothy Paris, and I belonged to the Boston. It is a very good place and I tell you, sir, what brings me here is I want some way to come back to my wife and tell her of the death of her oldest brother in the old country, and she has some property by him that will make herself comfortable and the children. That's what I try hard to come here for. [What was his name?] Dennis Grogan, and he is here, and he was very well off in this world, and he's left all he had to her. And now what I want to say is, I'd like to have her, where the news comes to her, which it will, I want to put it in Mr. Riley's hands, and he will make it all right. [What was his name?] James. She knows it. [What was his name?] James. She knows it. Then there's no more need of going out to work; no more need of keeping the children round the streets, without half-clothing, nor anything to make themselves uncomfortable. I want them to be sent to school, and I want them to have a decent education and a decent place in the world here. [Will not your brother's friend send word to her?] Oh yes, the letter is coming and I know she will be all upside down about it, and I know she will want to go, and I come to help her, and I want to see her first coming, and next I want to tell her Mr. Riley the right man to see about it, yes, sir, and he will make it all right.

That's all I died. A bad sickness took me off in about nine days. [Your letter will be published under three months.] Oh the devil! That's a fix then, sure. Oh the Lord! Why let that then? [Because so many have given me







## Western Department.

J. M. FRENCH, Editor.

Individuals subscribing for the BANNER OF LIGHT by mail or ordering books, should send their letters containing remittance direct to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Post-Office Orders, when sent, should be made payable to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., and will be sent direct to the Boston office. Letters and papers intended for us should be directed to J. M. FRENCH, Boston, writing us in November and December will direct to St. Louis, Mo.

## Alcott's Tablets.

A score of moons have changed from old to new since we were privileged with an afternoon in the library-room of Emerson—the most suggestive, the richest afternoon of our life. His spiritual presence was an intellectual baptism. Departing, he said, "You should see Alcott."

Through the kindness of a literary gentleman, we have just seen Alcott in his "Tablets." Tasting his soul in the magnetism of his words, we pronounce the feast royal. Rivers of thought from Alcott swim in sun or drift-wood. His "Metamorphoses" translated as for the moment into our soul's native home—those pre-existent heavens so beautifully pictured by the Grecian poets.

Alcott is a heart-neighbor of Emerson, "sage of Concord." A New York letter writer gives the following as a sample of his theosophic conversations:

"What is your opinion of Emerson, Mr. Alcott?"  
"Emerson is a wizard, an enchanter. He is descended from a race. His father was a genius; his mother a woman of beauty. A dose of generations of culture is behind him. He fascinates you in spite of yourself. He gets possession of your secret. He is so magnetic he fills you with his thought to the exclusion of your own. Emerson has the most brain in the country. He is a poet, a prophet, a seer. He is in advance of the century, and nothing can crowd him out of the age he has illuminated by the radiant wonder of his individuality."

Again: "Do you consider meat injurious as an article of food?"  
"The man who eats meat must have the least in him. A meat-eater cannot have fine manners, any more than the person who carries his face down to well-bred company. Meat is out of all fitness, the opposite of spiritual food. We should subsist on vegetables and fruits to be divine. That which is above us is better than that which is below. When we pluck the apple above our head, eating is an aspiration; and the clustering grapes of our own arbor and their soft purples in mellowing light upon the whiteness of our souls."

Alcott's usual conclusions are like this:  
"The time has sped; it may not be recalled. Many fine things might have been said; but sympathy cannot be created. The future is not provided; the gods were not willing. Fate rules all; spirit flows to spirit by an eternal law that cannot be governed. The stream of congeniality pours into the river of God."

It is very evident that through the law of assimilation, connected with the soul-forces of action and reaction, men grow to act, to think, to be like what they subsist upon. If not discernible in the present, the fact becomes manifest in future generations. Refined food for thinkers.

"Boys of sunrise for breakfast.  
Brims of the East,  
Foaming fountains of frolic,  
His evening's feast,  
Mingles merrily  
With morning's merriment.  
Sage seasoned from crumets  
Of Plutarch's chaste table—  
Thus basking his genius,  
His wonderful word  
Brings forth and Sybil's  
To rapt his hand."

His gifts unabated,  
Transfigured, translated—  
The idealist, prudent  
Saint poet, priest, student,  
Philosopher, he."

## Manhattan, Kansas.

Autumn mornings in the southwest—how beautiful! When delicate shadows fall pencilled upon the serene grass; when hazy sunbeams kiss the quiet, wide-stretching prairies; when corn-fields bustle musically with ripeness; when earth and heaven seem blending, and life a glad, trembling, waiting deliverance and ascension into upper kingdoms, it is sweet to go away from the multitude out into God's sky-roofed cathedral to worship. Aspiration is prayer. Deep soul-reflection is worship.

Tread softly on Nature's brown carpet. It is the Infinite's weaving. Exquisite the mingling of hue and shade. The spear-shaped blades of grass point upward. They struggle against the law of gravitation. This is the paradise of insect life. Rising through effort, their wings murmur music.

We are standing this moment upon a high rain-fretted bluff, admirably terraced by Nature's formative hand and robed in shadow-broken gray, calmly awaiting winter's winding sheet. At the foot of this bluff rols the Big Blue, with fine mill privileges a few miles above; a little to the east nestles Manhattan, close by the junction of the Blue and Kansas rivers, numbering nearly fifteen hundred inhabitants. On the right of us is an elegant stone edifice, the State Agricultural College, with a real estate endowment of ninety thousand acres of land. Manhattan, between one and two hundred miles west of the State line toward the interior of Kansas, is surrounded by a magnificent country, abounding in great variety of scenery.

Considering the population there is a strong liberal element, and quite a large number of Spiritualists in this vicinity. They are not legally organized, however, as in Topeka.

There is an amusing tendency in this glorious western country to paint in high colors, and confer honorary titles. Captains, majors and colonels are scattered around as loosely as profuse. Seminaries are termed universities, school-teachers professors, traders merchants, and villages are they are aware, awake cities. Last season, E. V. Wilson delivered a deeply interesting course of lectures in this place, accompanied by numerous and satisfactory tests. The hall during our stay has been nightly crowded.

Accompanied by Judge Humphrey of the Eighth Judicial District, we start westward, Nov. 1st, for Fort Ellsworth, Fort Hays, and still onward, perhaps, toward Colorado. We are anxious to see the herds of buffaloes now crossing the country in armies to find the fresher pasturage of more southern latitudes. Fort Ellsworth is some distance south and west of the recent Indian depredations on the Republican and Solomon rivers. Of these (with causes) we shall give an account in a future communication. Gen. Sheridan is now in Topeka, making arrangements for raising a second regiment, to move against the Indians as soon as they retire to their winter lodges.

We take pleasure in acknowledging our obligations to Judge Humphrey and family for personal kindnesses.

## Woman's Suffrage.

Keep these phrases before the people: human rights, equal rights. Governed implies the God-given right to vote for those privileged to govern. Kansas seems alive to the interests of woman. At the election in Topeka last spring there were eighty votes cast by women. All through Kansas they are permitted to vote upon school matters in country districts. It is lamentable that they do not all avail themselves of this opportunity.

Apropos. The reader is aware that there has been a war of ideas raging for several years in

the University of Michigan, touching the comparative merits of Allopathists and Homeopaths—big pills and little pills. Dr. Haven, President of the University, recently argued at great length against the establishment of a chair of Homeopathy, and at the same time argued with equal fervor in favor of the admission of women to the university. Young ladies, abundantly qualified, have frequently been refused, and yet the Institution claimed to be the People's College. The President now favors the joint and coequal education of the sexes. Surely, the world moves. Michigan University is not wholly fossilized. Equal rights and privileges will soon be established in our colleges and universities, before the law and at the ballot-box."

## Topeka, Kansas.

Though Lecompton was capital for a time during the Territorial organization when the State Constitution was adopted, Topeka, because of central position and other advantages, was decided upon for the permanent capital.

It is admirably located upon the Kansas River, and presents the appearance of enterprise and thrift. The most important buildings are of stone, the country abounding in stone quarries and extensive coal deposits.

Westward is the watchword. It is the energetic of the East that settle the West, and while securing and beautifying their prairie homes they wisely encircle their social centres with books, literature, educational advantages, and the freshest thoughts of the hour.

The West is radical. Its suns, skies and broad prairies all inspire and intensify this tendency. Progress permeates the very atmosphere. Life in these new States is real and earnest. The wide fields, rich harvests, and generous, off-handed, whole-souled people, all charm us.

Grains and fruitage the present season have generally been good throughout the State. This was specially true in the more eastern counties.

Apple trees, necessarily young, begin to bear sufficiently to confirm the most hopeful prophecies. The peach crop was abundant. One gentleman near Topeka marketed four thousand bushels. There was a time they sold for fifty cents, and even twenty-five cents per basket. Grapes grow luxuriantly. Many farmers are putting out extensive vineyards. California will not excel some portions of Kansas in purpling vineyards. No portion of the broad, free West can present greater inducements to Eastern settlers than Kansas. Its growth, thrift and present attainments absolutely astonished us.

During our stay in Topeka we were kindly entertained at the hospitable home of F. P. Baker, editor and proprietor of the *Kansas State Record*. Pleasant our memories of friend Baker, his estimable lady, the friends of Topeka, and all through this comparatively young State, budding with golden promises.

## Douglas Co., Kansas.

This State is fired with the inspiration of organization, circulating libraries and aggressive movements tending to the upbuilding of the spiritual temple. The purposes of these people are worthy of high commendation. Some two miles southeast of Black Jack, in Douglas Co., the friends of progress have recently perfected an organization, with Mr. Snyder as President and Mrs. E. J. Partridge, Secretary.

In Topeka the Spiritualists have a thorough legal organization, Dr. F. L. Crane President, and Mrs. J. Crowe Secretary. They own a fine cabinet organ and have regular Sunday meetings. They intend, within the coming year, to erect an elegant hall of their own. Blessings upon the workers in this movement.

## New Lecturer.

Robert Teggart, formerly a Methodist clergyman in Canada West, has, through reading and investigation, become a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy. He has already commenced the proclamation of the new gospel, though officially connected with the Methodist Church. He will find a wide field in the West all ready for cultivation. The people everywhere are calling for test-mediums, lecturers and liberal reading matter.

## Lecum Matters.

As there is to be a Convention for the benefit of the Children's Progressive Lecum, I thought I would make a suggestion for its consideration. As far as my experience goes in the Lecum, there seems to be a great want of means to instruct the children. Some of the leaders are as ignorant of our philosophy as the children themselves, and as a natural consequence not much instruction is derived from them. What we want are primers, one for the small children, and one for the children in the higher groups, questions and answers embodying, as near as can be, all the facts and principles of our philosophy. I think the National Lecum Convention should appoint a committee to prepare the work, and that, Warren Chase and A. E. Newton should be on that committee.

A. McFARLANE.

Gensco, Ill., Oct. 28, 1868.

## Address of the Ohio Executive Board.

It was the expressed desire of the First State Convention to incorporate and vigorously push the missionary work in the State. The means placed at the disposal of the Board were limited, and they did not deem it advisable to employ more than one laborer. The work was entirely new and necessarily experimental, but has been attended with unlooked-for success. It was soon found that one agent was entirely inadequate to the demand. From every part of the State the cry came up to the Secretary, "Send us our missionary." It has been impossible to satisfy this demand. Aided by the experience of the past, the new year is opened by a band of eight missionaries, at the head of which is placed the already tried warrior, Dr. Wheelock. They are all armed and equipped to go at a moment's warning against the enemy.

A much greater work has been accomplished during the past year than appears at a cursory glance. Seven Lecums and several societies have been established, and the disjointed fragments of Spiritualism and Liberalism have assumed a consolidated form. The Ohio Spiritualist has been fairly launched, and equipped for the strife. But with the growth of the work the responsibility of workers and believers increases also. The Executive Board has assumed heavy responsibilities and is relying faith in the Spiritualists of the State and expending aid from them. It is not time to turn back; we cannot do it if we would. We must press onward. Friends of Liberalism and Spiritualism everywhere, we look to you for aid. You ask for missionary laborers, we endeavor to supply your desire, but do not think, because they are missionaries, they do not need compensation. They need it the more. If you overpay them it will balance the expenditure they make that do not pay, or the deficiencies of others who perhaps at the same time are receiving no compensation. Our place is to make the gains of one balance the loss of another, thus equalizing the burden and keeping all these laborers engaged. It is apparent at once that it is impossible for the Board to keep the missionaries in new and unexplored localities all the time. The old fields must yield the necessary support, and hence we ask societies to engage our missionaries for a portion of the time, thereby enabling the Board to send them to new fields. This is not the interest of a few, but of every Spiritualist in the State. A belief in the grand phenomena of Spiritualism values as well in one common brotherhood, and what is for the interest of one is for the interest of all. To carry out the work requires money, not to pay high salaries to your officers, who one and all receive not a single dollar for all they may do, but to pay the missionary agents. The pioneer work they are called to perform is severe and wearisome, and they should receive, not to pay so richly to them. All subscriptions to the missionary fund must be sent to D. C. Pratt, of Cleveland.

## Hudson, Tenn., Dec. 5, 1867.

Self-denial leads to the most exalted pleasures, and the conquest of evil habits is the most glorious triumph.

## Ohio Missionary Work.

Cephas B. Lynn proposes, in behalf of the State Association of Spiritualists, to speak in the following places: Monroe Center, Nov. 8th; Kingsville, 10th; Conneaut, 11th; Warren, 12th; Dover, 13th; Easton, 14th; Chagrin Falls, 20th. He will arrange accordingly. This young brother is one of the best speakers we ever heard, under reasonably favorable conditions. Will those interested see to it that "all things are in readiness"—Ohio Spiritualist.

## SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Alphabetically arranged.

ADRIAN, MICH.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in City Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Lecum meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. Martha Hunt, President; Extra T. Sherwin, Secretary.

ASTORIA, CLATSOP CO., ORE.—The Society of Friends of Progress have just completed new hall and invite speakers to bring their way to give them a call. They will be kindly received.

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