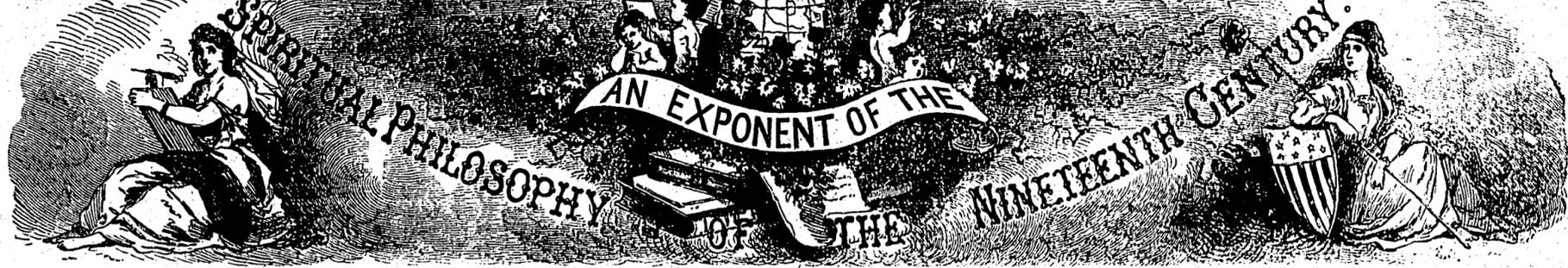


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STARVING BY INCHES.

BY REBECCA J. MASON.

CHAPTER I.

"Look, mother! see the woman has tumbled down!" And the child sprang with one bound across the street, closely followed by her mother. "Oh, mother, how white she is! Is she dead?" Mrs. Morton, little Edna's mother, placed her hands upon the poor, wan face that had fallen so helplessly upon the cold pavement, and, turning to a gentleman who had hastened to offer aid, besought him to convey the sick woman to her own residence, which was near by.

"Mother," said the loving child, holding a hand of the sufferer within her own childish fingers, "let me stay by her till she wakes up, and then I'll bring Kyley for her to see. Oh, Kyley, won't she love to play with you when she gets well!" exclaimed the child, as a large, dignified cut deliberately made his bed in the little one's lap.

Mrs. Morton's only reply was a loving caress, while she was silently thankful that herself and her child were so tenderly sheltered and cared for. And fitting it is, too, that the sheltered, the cared-for should pity and aid and sympathize with the homeless, the neglected, uncared for, of which there are so many in a crowded city.

"Tell us all, doctor," said the lady, looking into Dr. Brame's face.

"Not much to tell," said the plain, blunt man; "just about starved! all run down! chafes if there's vitality enough to carry her through the night. However, give her a drop of wine, just a drop, every ten minutes. I'll be round in an hour and see her again."

All this time the sick woman had lain in an unconscious state. She was still young, not hardly twenty-five, with thin, delicate, nervous-looking hands, heavy chestnut hair, and the face you could not pronounce upon how it should look, when fully alive, it was so sunken, so careworn. But, if she were now going out of sight, she could not breathe her life out in a more fragrant atmosphere of love than in the home to which she had surely been guided by unseen hands.

The door opened again, and Dr. Brame took his post by the bedside. "In the first place, madam, send this little one to bed." And, as he spoke, he gathered the sleeping child and her sleeping pet in his arms and bore them away to the nursery; then, placing his finger on the wrist of the sinking woman, he watched her in silence. Then, turning to Mrs. Morton:

"She will live! the crisis is over! Now, madam, as I helped find her I shall help care for her. Still follow up the wine, increasing the drops to a teaspoonful; also a spoonful of arrowroot once in fifteen minutes. I will send round old nurse Grace, and you had better find a little rest yourself."

Just then the patient opened her eyes, and wondrous was their expression, bewildered, yet fully conscious. She looked from one to the other, and sunk immediately into a quiet sleep. The doctor bowed and left the room.

And well might sweet Alice Vane rest peacefully in that quiet home—falling, as she had, into a family every fibre of whose natures was keenly sensitive to the woes and wants of others less blest than themselves, who were ever prompt in action to the relief of suffering, in whatever form, rarely asking the causes, and having an ample purse into which they reached a long arm and spread its gifts with open hand.

And who was Alice Vane, and how came she to fall upon the pavement? Her story was brief, sad, but which can be told of many another. Her father, a country clergyman, on a poor salary from which he could save nothing; her mother delicate; at her father's death she came to the city to try teaching. That requires friends, influence; she was unknown. That falling, she sought a position in a store. She had no experience; could give no reference as to serving others. Then she made the weary round of shops, obtaining a little poorly-paid work, so poor she could not pay her rent, buy fuel and food, to say nothing of washing and lights and dress and car-tickets. But pay her rent she must, in a wretched attic, up four flights of stairs, shabbily furnished, or—die! That was the alternative. Two dollars was the price of her room. She could scarcely earn four, and she must live without food. That was why she dropped in the street. Do you wonder at it? A refined, sensitive, educated woman, with finely cultured aesthetic tastes, struggling alone in a great city, with no home except a lodging-house attic—can you wonder that she cannot bear all that pressure without breaking down in health, if not in morals?

But Alice Vane did not break down morally; and there are hundreds of her sisters who go through all privations, and remain true to themselves. That is a point seldom noticed: this death in life; this struggling against the tide year after year, without a day of rest—of recreation. This is the life of hundreds of women in our cities who do not have moral temptations. If those come, as they do, to many, and they have not strength to journey on, then all their hopes must rest in a compensation in the next sphere of existence, for, assuredly, their chances for mercy here are small indeed.

When Judge Morton returned to his home, he did not look upon Alice Vane as a stranger, as Mrs. Morton had written him from day to day regarding her progress. As Alice gained strength, the family became tenderly interested and attached to her, particularly little Edna, who soon won her way to the invalid's heart. Darling little Edna! with a heart running over with kindness toward homeless children and animals, may you never know suffering!

Although exceedingly happy in the new tenderness which now surrounded Alice in the home of the Mortons, as her health returned she felt she could not remain longer dependent upon this generous family. Her face began to wear a pre-occupied, perplexed look, and one day, little Edna running into her room, surprised her in tears.

"Why, Ally, what you cry for? Was I been naughty to you, or did Kyley scratch you?" asked the sympathizing child.

"No, darling, you could not be naughty, and Kyley never scratches," returned Alice, folding the child in her arms, and covering her with kisses.

"Mother! mother!" called the child, as she heard her mother's step, who was just entering the room. "Alice cries 'cause she feels bad; is she going to die again, mother?"

"Why, Alice, daughter!" said the lady; "what troubles you? I have noticed for some time that you seemed thoughtful and sad."

"Only the thought of leaving you, my best friend. I am now well, and have no claim upon your home; I want to try and support myself, and being quite restored, I think I can do it."

Mrs. Morton sat silent a few moments. She did not like the thought of parting with this girl, who was growing quite into her heart, and the prospect of her again treading the thorny path from which she had so lately been rescued, made her shudder. At length she spoke:

"You have become very dear to me, Alice, and I had not thought to part with you; and yet I do not like to crush out your independence, your self-respect, by detaining you, if you have these views. But cheer up, dear, until I talk with my husband. We wish to help, not hinder you, all we can."

That night, after the family had retired, Mrs. Morton and her husband talked long regarding the change which Alice desired to make.

"But is she not contented here?" asked the judge.

"I have come to regard Alice as my own, and should be loth to have her leave us."

"So have I, husband, and Alice does not wish to leave us; but she feels that it is best to use her self-reliance, and not lean upon us longer; and, indeed, Charles, I should feel so, too, were I in her place. It gives a woman a feeling of positive dignity to know that she is sufficient unto herself—to know that she can stand alone. Why, husband, you forget how long I stood alone before I became your wife, and then you did not marry me because I could not take care of myself." And the wife laid her head caressingly upon her husband's shoulder.

"No, Agnes, no, I do not forget it," replied the judge, "but I want to shield Alice's future from the dreadful want she has known. I will not object to her striking out for herself. But, wife, why not make her a liberal offer to teach Edna? Alice is educated, pure minded, really good. Edna is not old enough to go to school; your own health not quite sufficient, in my opinion. Now don't say a word. You must not take too much care upon yourself, and she and the child are very fond of each other. Now I think that will be just the thing."

"And so do I," said Mrs. Morton, "and we will propose it to Alice in the morning. If it suits her we will make immediate arrangements, and then she can keep her present home and at the same time support herself."

The next morning a family council was held in the library. The proposal was joyfully accepted by Alice, who could now remain with those she loved. And what woman cannot work better and less wearily, surrounded by the magnetism of those who really care for her, and follow out her own natural tendencies—which were teaching and caring for children? Alice was passionately fond of children, and words could not express her love for little Edna. As for Edna, the child was wild with delight, and testified her joy by filling her apron with her patient cat, Kyley, her frisky dog, Glip, and her ever-obedient dolly, the broken-armed Sarah, and climbing with them all into Alice's lap. And her mother found she should have to give her a vacation of two or three days to commence with, before her lessons began, to allow the superfluous excitement to evaporate.

The judge and his wife did not approve of over-taxing either scholar or teacher; and after a pleasant, sunny room, in the quietest part of the house, had been chosen and simply and comfortably fitted up for little people, the hours were fixed—two in the morning, two in the afternoon. The studying was to be upon the Kindergarten system: ten minutes at a time, and then varying with instructive games, singing, little recitations, gymnastics; all of which are so pleasing to little children.

Alice had begged of Mrs. Morton the privilege of having three other little ones, children of poor women whom she had come to know in her days of trial, and to whom she gave gratuitous teaching, thus trying to pass along to others some portion of the kindness she had been receiving. And it is not right, thus to reach forth aid to others which we have some time needed? Yes, needed and received. Surely it is. How many fathers and mothers might reach forth a helping hand, as did the Mortons, in times of dire want and despair, and rescue young women not only from the grave, but from places that lead unto death, by a little aid, and then helping them to stand alone, to stand firmly; to be noble, self-poised; to teach them, if need be, to walk through life alone; to teach them, however pleasant companionship may be, that if their circumstances demand it, to walk bravely on—in time they will reach Jerusalem.

CHAPTER II.

Five years had elapsed, and a small gathering of earnest men and women were met together at Judge Morton's, to discuss the grave question which could no longer be put off: How should women be made more comfortable? There are

heroic men and women who work for babes; now the time had come when those no longer babes should be cared for. They had no cause to go forth into the highways and search for fitting subjects. Was there not one even in their very midst—even Alice Vane, who had worked incessantly to bring about an interest, but who had ever been met by the sneering retort that she was a strong-minded woman? What woman would not be likely to become strong-minded through such an experience as hers? And at last, with the cooperation of Mr. and Mrs. Morton, she had called this meeting. She did not hope for much; she knew public sentiment laughed at it. She knew the well-cared-for shut their eyes and became as blind to the sight of those wan faces, which were seen every morning going to and every night returning from their monotonous, often distasteful and ill-paid work. But she had set her face toward the great city and would not look back.

With the recollection of her dire poverty, of her constant struggles from day to day to keep those hungry wives, want and debt, from coming in at her windows, her very flesh shrieking and quivering, as it would always shrink and quiver at the thought of cold and hunger endured by herself or others, was not she a fitting one to plead for those who could not speak for themselves?

"Friends," she began, in a broken, tearful voice, (for what woman can speak calmly on such subjects?) "you all know my outward life up to this time. I care not to weary you with a recital of what you know so well. But I should like to unfold to you somewhat of the inner life I lived through all that misery. No temptations came to me to sell myself for warmth and plenty. A higher power mercifully shielded me from that. But oh have mercy upon those who are thus tempted! Some are strong to endure one trial, some another. The Father alone is judge. But there were hours, when my days' work was done, when, feeling so tired, so cold, so alone, I longed to let my life go out; when, as I dragged my limbs over the sometimes wet and always crowded pavement, and thought of my miserable room—so unlike my mother's home—my scant supper, often nothing more than a cracker and glass of water, with sometimes no fire, and no light, my garments dripping, my feet soaked, I thought—do you wonder that I longed to die? Then, when I would open my purse and carefully count the few little scraps of money, and saw there was hardly enough to pay my room rent, do you wonder I threw myself down and asked God why, of all women, I was so desolate, so forsaken? Do you wonder that I said to God I would never pray again, that I knew he had forgotten me, had cast me off forever, and what I asked, what had I done to merit all this? I, that never injured man or animal? What had I done, that, work as I might, I should still have to go cold and hungry? Yes, I cursed God; I hated God. I laughed, even in my wretchedness, at the idea of a tender, loving Father, thus allowing one helpless child to suffer. Ay, I was mad! yes, mad with want; with cold, with hunger! I know not what I did. Friends, who lies the wrong? Let society answer. God owns this vast universe. He gives the human race possession while they remain here—enough for all, for each one to have a portion. Where lies the redress? Let society answer. What is society? A class of human beings blended together for their mutual interest. Has one class in this society any right to oppress, to tyrannize over the other? Look at the other continent; see the wars, the dethronings, the uprisings which are continually convulsing the nations in consequence of this same tyranny. Shall we suffer it here even on a small scale? Surely not. How shall we resist? By an appeal to the public conscience? Has the public a conscience? There is a small band of true, loyal, earnest men and women who must work and pray without ceasing, who must rest not by day or sleep by night till the debris be cleared from the public mind, and its conscience be brought out clean and white, then these little ones will not be trampled upon."

Alice now sat down, her whole frame trembling with emotion. She had dedicated herself to this work to the end of her earthly life. She was not alone. When she had finished speaking Doctor Brame arose and addressed the little company. Doctor Brame was a "rare old demigod." With a superb physique, large and massive, with an eager face, and as eager in daring in the course of right, a grand head, with heavy masses of iron-gray hair, the whole look and bearing of the man conveyed a sense of power; of power to lead his audience, were it large or small; of power to sway the masses. A man like that enlisted in any cause was a host in himself. You felt that such a man could not fail. You felt that he was a born leader, and that you would be led in spite of yourself.

Doctor Brame, in his plain blunt way, began: "Starved to death! Yes, the girl who has just been talking to you was slowly starved. How do women break down in large towns? First, they come, many of them, from a home where they have been tenderly cared for and sheltered. They go to a strange city. The very atmosphere makes them sick, although they do not know it. Then they work in a close shop and are not properly clad, housed, or fed. Living alone, and upon unwholesome diet will break up any constitution in a short time. People tell you, girls can get good hot dinners at saloons. Well, some women do not like to go into a public saloon; and if they do the dinner must be paid for. They not alone starve for food, but 'starve for free air and sunshine.' I see a good deal of suffering, and in many cases out of ten of real sickness these are the causes. Now, the question is, what is to be done? Much, very much is to be done, and done speedily. In the first place, let us resolve ourselves into a body to espouse the cause and protect the interests of all women who are obliged to support themselves. Let us hold meetings, public meet-

ings. To do that we must get a convenient place where all so disposed can come together to talk upon this matter; where it can be discussed in its entirety by all classes. Let the opposers come also; let them tell, if they dare, of paying women three, four, or six dollars a week, and then let these same women tell us how comfortably they can live, and support, perhaps, one, two, or three children, or a sick husband, or indolent mother. Good people, what we want is to have these oppressed women, these white slaves, to come forward and tell their own story. I know a widow, here at the North End, who has two young children. She is a lady; has become reduced. She rented two rooms. After a while she gave one up and moved into the attic. Three nights in a week she locks the children into her room, and goes to a 'Home' to watch with sick persons—herself nearly as sick as they. In the daytime she does sewing. She won't live long. She is overworked, underfed, poorly paid. Well, then what's to become of her children? She can't educate them, and after knocking round a few years they'll have to go into shops, and having no health to begin with they'll drag out a life of suffering; at all events, at the present rate of prices. Let us have a room to begin with. I give one thousand dollars. Pass a paper round, and we'll have a solid material basis to work on, to stand on. That's as good a platform as any other for a stepping-stone, then we'll go up higher."

In the meantime Judge Morton had drawn up a paper, which was liberally signed by both men and women; and after a few remarks by Mrs. Morton, John Collins, Judge Morton, Lydia Saunders, and other friends, they passed a series of resolutions pledging themselves to consider the body as already organized, and avowing their willingness to work steadily in the cause until their object was gained. They also appointed a committee, of their number, to provide a suitable place where they could hold public meetings. This done they adjourned.

CHAPTER III.

Away in the little town of Ashley, in the northern part of New Hampshire, there were busy times at Father Graves's. Squire Graves, as he was often called, was a well-to-do farmer, who had years before lost his sweet wife under the sod; and whose whole being was now centred in his two daughters, Susan and Jane.

There was one recess in the old man's heart into which no one presumed to look; not through fear, for he was not a stern man, for although puritanic in his notions, his hand and his heart were as broad as the face of his kind oxen. But his grief was for an absent and dearly-loved son, who, in the heat of his youthful blood, swore emphatically that he would not follow the plow, and one starry night, first standing a moment with his hand upon the latch of his mother's bedroom door, he left the homestead forever. The mother, in feeble health, sank at once, and her husband had not power to hold her back. For years the strong man mourned over his double loss, refusing to be comforted; then, old habits returning, he gathered his two daughters, and Becky and Leander from the kitchen, and read his chapter in the old Bible, and sang the old hymns precisely at the stroke of nine.

I have said there were busy times at Squire Graves's, for the sewing circle of the church, to which they all belonged, in good and regular standing, was to meet at their house on Wednesday, and it was now Monday. The new minister had come; had preached for them the day before, as the Squire said, a good, sound, solid Orthodox sermon, with none of the lems and ologies he sometimes read of in the papers. Susan, who was the Martha of the house, always cumbered with many cares, was bustling around, arranging the "front room," carefully setting the chairs in long rows against the wall, and for the third time that morning she polished the brass andirons, the door latches and the knobs of the bureau. A wooden table covered with a red cloth stood firmly between the windows, upon which the Bible, the hymn-book and Baxter's Saints' Rest were conspicuously placed. A large, tall glass lamp, neatly trimmed (but not burning) stood upon either end of the mantel; in the centre was a vase filled with gaily-colored paper roses. The whole room had a stiff, puritanic air that made one feel disposed to draw up the paper shades and let in the beautiful sunlight; to throw away the paper flowers and replace them with a profusion of the fragrant natural ones that were growing just outside the shaded windows. This room was Susan's own province, and indeed her own personality, her own peculiar tastes, were all mirrored in its arrangement.

It was hard to tell who Susan resembled. Possibly some far-off ancestor, of whom the family had never heard. Her father, although clinging to the old habits, the old creed of his youth, was not obstinate or self-opinionated; he even took the agricultural papers, and cultivated his land according to their now-fangled ways. So that proved him to be a man of progress. Not so his daughter Susan. Tall, hard-faced and angular, she stalked around the premises, and made everything as irregular as herself. Strictly conservative, narrow-minded and bigoted, fond of unceasing toil, she looked upon others as lazy, shiftless, who spent their time wandering through the fields, or reading books. And as for music, she lifted her hands in holy horror when Jane asked her father for a piano. There was the spinning-wheel in the kitchen—was not that enough? And yet Susan Graves was kind-hearted. Not a neighbor died for miles around, but Susan Graves was in at the death. She sat up the straightest, she cried the hardest, she wore the longest and deepest veil at their funerals, and she looked the most solemn. But Susan Graves possessed one rare virtue, seldom found in one of her character. She never gossiped, or meddled with other people's affairs. She simply held to her own likes and dislikes, without obtruding them upon oth-

ers; and if she could not endure frivolity and finery, she did not interfere with any outside of her own family. For was she not the eldest daughter?

Susan had a strong ally in Becky, the old and faithful servant of the family. Becky was a short, stout, square-built little woman, who had never known much trouble in any form, and who jogged along as she used to in the days of Squire Graves's boyhood, thus having been a fixture in the family ever since his first recollection. Becky believed in old-fashioned, thick-soled shoes, and she could be heard from morning till night, clattering about on the bare, sanded floors, or grunting audibly as she heavily climbed the broad, painted staircase, for Becky was not as ethereal as the women of to-day.

I have said twice before that it was pretty busy times at the Graves's just then. Becky had washed and ironed, and she and Susan had heated the great oven, and shoved into its cavernous mouth, and taken out when properly baked, loaf after loaf of golden-colored bread, and still deeper-hued golden-colored cake, and well-filled, tender, flaky pies; and deep dishes, still crackling with the cackling of the chickens baked therein, protesting they had never believed in hot places before.

And then, the sputtering and sizzling at the huge, open fireplace; the babbling and the hissing of tongues that could not ask for a drop of water to cool themselves; the grunting of the hams, that would grunt until they were fairly sliced and eaten—all this was keen pleasure to both these women.

The next day was also fully rounded out with duties well done, and the morning of the third Jane begged to be allowed to frost the cake. Now, Susan and Becky had ever considered themselves as joint mothers to Jane, and had ever carefully spared her all labor; but they had not been wise enough to give her something in place of household work, and therefore she had grown up vain, frivolous and insipid. It was not the girl's fault that she stood for hours at her glass, admiring her pretty doll face; that she busied not her hands in useful household work, for the two spinners both looked for "our Jane" to make a good match. Therefore the girl had grown up to twenty, idle and selfish. Was she to be blamed? Surely not. She was kind enough at heart, but were her father sick, or was there an extra rush of company—which happened but seldom—the two others took all into their own hands, and left her nothing—no care, no work. Thus she grew up helpless, and they—they know not what they did.

Precisely at three the company were to assemble, the matrons and maids in the afternoon, the young men and their fathers in the evening. The family breakfast was always over by six in the morning, and then the day began in earnest. The chambers and other rooms were all arranged the day before, so this morning could be devoted to laying tables and dressing for the occasion. In the first place Susan went into the "parlor chamber" and brought out the Squire's white bosomed shirt, his best cassimere pants and his ancient, blue, swallow-tailed coat, heavy with large brass buttons, in the pocket of which she placed a span clean handkerchief. These she carried down to the kitchen bed-room, whither the Squire would have to resort to make his toilet; and, having seen Becky go up to her garret to make the necessary preparations, she just took a peep at Jane to give her a word of advice, and then proceeded to her own apartment.

Miss Susan had a comb and cap she always wore on state occasions. The cap had been her mother's, the comb her grandmother's. I forgot to tell you she had red hair; had she been young and pretty it would have been called golden; but that time was long past, and, if she gave it one regretful thought, she determined to comb it out of her brain as she vigorously brought the comb and brush down through what was now simply wiry red hair. Having arranged her hair in classic severity, by drawing and tying it tightly on the top of her head, she placed in it the high-topped comb, and surmounted the whole with the high-crowned cap ornamented with green ribbons. Her dress was a heavy brocade silk of a deep purple color, relieved by wide stripes of yellow. Her shoes were good, thick calfskin; that she said "she could step out in." Becky appeared in a suit of homespun blue; with a clean, starched, check apron—a good, sensible apron; and as her hair was cut short it required only an extra application of home-made pomade in order to have it look perfectly sleek and shiny. As for Jane, she was prettily dressed in white; her hair hanging in natural curls, her feet encased in comfortable kid slippers, which seemed more in accordance with the June day than did her sister's heavier attire.

The new minister, who boarded with old Deacon Grant, was expressly invited to tea, as was the deacon himself. Precisely at three the good women might be seen driving up to Squire Graves's front gate, and the Squires and Leander had enough to do to drive the teams round to the barn and unharness the horses. Becky was to open the front door for guests, Jane to escort them to the chambers, while Susan remained in state to receive and place them; for this little town had its aristocracy and thought much of caste. So the poor widow Jones and her daughter Ann were not expected to come as early or sit as near the new minister as Deacon Grant's folks or Doctor Killam's wife and daughters. Mrs. Grant was the presiding officer of the sewing-circle, and of course came earliest; talked the most, carried the largest pair of shears—for they worked for Birmah—and made herself conspicuous in all good causes.

"I do declare, Miss Graves," said Mrs. Grant, wiping her face and fanning herself vehemently with a large feather fan, "I'd no idee seen 'so many this hot day!"

"Well," answered Susan, "I'm glad they've come. It's made us a dreadful sight o' work to

gl things ready, and I pride myself on being a pretty good cook. Besides, these poor heathen must want their things by this time. Only think, Miss Grant, to have them poor creatures go naked, or almost naked! Why, I should think they'd catch their death of colds!"

"Oh! it's a good deal hotter here for me—so I suppose they're used to it. Now I'll just look over this ere basket and see what's what."

So the good dame carefully looked over the contents of a large sewing-basket belonging to the society, and gave to each a portion. By this time the company had all assembled, and Deacon Grant and the new minister were to come to tea at five. The hands flew, and the tongues as well. Various topics were discussed—the state of the crops, the state of the church, and lastly, the young man who was to supply their pulpit.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Smith, "where he was born, and what Collins family he belongs to. There used to be a Collins family lived up on the upper road, down there by the big apple-tree, in a red house with only one door to it, as you go to Cousin Sabina's, on the road to the South Parish in Moorestown. I'll write to Sabina and see if she knows anything about him; or rather I'll get my Dick to write—so long since I've written anything my hands are clumsy at it. I might as well go down to Sabina's; but there! I didn't hear him preach till Sunday, and then Monday was wash-day, Tuesday ironing, and to-day's Wednesday, so I don't see how I could go. But then, I like to know all about folks. Perhaps he's a wolf in sheep's clothing. He ain't a very big one, though, if he is."

"Well, I don't know," responded Aunt Chloe Adams, the village tallness for more than thirty years, "as it makes so much difference after all, provided he believes the catechism and keeps the Lord's day. I don't know as we've any business to rake up his family, or to try to find out whether his grandfather was rich or poor. If he preaches to us about the blessed Jesus, that's all we need."

"It seems to me," began the timid widow Jones, "that we know sufficiently of him to give him our confidence. Although I do not like to comment upon an absent person, yet I have been informed from reliable sources that he comes from an excellent stock, who have been well cultured for generations; from a family conspicuous for charity of heart and hand, for pure morals, sound principles of right, and all that goes to make a man. Where he was born or bred I do not know. Such things have little weight with me."

As Mrs. Jones ceased speaking, there was a deep flush upon either cheek, for she was a woman of great delicacy of feeling, and in feeble health. Her husband, a man of superior culture, had met with heavy losses, and being intensely proud had come to this obscure village, where he was wholly unknown. Mrs. Jones had never mingled much with her neighbors socially, except at the monthly meeting of the church sewing-circle; and since her husband's death the little aristocracy of Ashley, with one or two exceptions, had neglected her entirely. But Mrs. Jones paid small heed to its neglect. Her resources were within herself, and her time wholly occupied in the education of her daughter and the management of her half-acre of ground, by which they supported themselves. Squire Graves often lent her a helping hand by sending Leander round to plow her land, and do many a small job that would otherwise have fallen hard upon the mother and daughter. And Susan often ran over with Becky carrying a basket, on baking days.

I have said that Susan Graves was no gossip; therefore she had not uttered a word regarding the new minister. She preferred to know him and judge for herself. In the meantime she and her sister had left the room, for their tea hour was five o'clock. Squire Graves was diving like a huge duck into a pail of cold water which stood upon the wash-tub in the shed. He then retreated into the bedroom, from which he soon issued, the personification of a country Squire. His face beamed with good nature and hospitality, and he looked decidedly dignified, as he always did in his high black neck-stock and swallow-tailed coat. The Squire had just time to finish his toilet when the rattling of wagon-wheels was heard in the yard, and hastening out, he reached forth his broad, cordial hand to both Deacon Grant and the Rev. John Collins, the new minister. The Squire called to Leander to unharness the deacon's horse, and at once ushered the two gentlemen into the "front room." At first an awkward silence ensued; then Mrs. Grant rose and introduced the minister separately to each of the ladies. Soon Becky appeared at the door with a summons for tea, and the whole party proceeded to the kitchen. Mr. Collins was placed next the Squire, who asked him to pronounce a blessing upon the food set before them, which he did, in a touching and reverent manner; thanking God for the plenty that was in their midst, and asking that they might ever remember those who seldom saw the bounty that met their eyes. Susan and Jane and Becky hardly tasted of the supper, so intense were they upon serving their guests, and the gentle Mrs. Jones made herself silently useful in helping the sisters attend upon the numerous company.

John Collins had little sympathy with foreign missions, and his motive in being present at this gathering was to acquaint himself more intimately with the people who had chosen him to expound unto them matters pertaining to their salvation. They thought of the salvation of their souls. He meant to preach to them of the salvation of soul and body both. In person John Collins was a small, slight man, with a thin, nervous frame, a purely intellectual face; you felt in looking at him that he was one who would die in a just cause; that, though slight, and all nerves, he would meet shock after shock, blow after blow, and yet rebound. You felt there was metal in him; smooth, clear, springy, both intellectually and physically. Was he in his right place? And John Collins, as he sat at that table and noted the talk, the manners, the apparently slight value they placed upon education, felt that he had met with elements that would be hard to battle with. The next day he was to be ordained, and great was the rush at Squire Graves's that night to see the new minister. While we have been talking the company had been eating, and by this time tea was over. All the ladies adjourned to the "front room" except Mrs. Jones and Anna, who kindly remained with the sisters, as the kitchen would be wanted when the young men should arrive.

"Now, Miss Jones," said Susan Graves, "I didn't say much to the new minister, but I watched him well; and it's my mind he's got a tough row to hoe here. But I'm going to stand by him. I've read him from top to toe; and you mark my words, you won't find him no such easy tool as Parson Lovejoy was. That man ain't no fool, not a bit. I tell you, we're going to have a war in this church, and he'll fight strong; and they shan't step on him if I have to learn everything over again."

"Well, Susan," replied Mrs. Jones, "I have a hope that Mr. Collins is somewhat reformatory; and we do indeed need some such steps here. We are stagnating; we know but little of what is going on in the outside world. We need some one like him, fresh and strong, just entering life; for, Susan, I have known something of life elsewhere, and there he's just to be done. All are not as peaceful, all are not as well fed and well cared for as we that are here."

"Why, Miss Jones, what do you mean? You don't mean that everybody do n't have victuals enough to eat, do you?"

"Yes, Susan. In your well filled house, where you have lived for forty years, never going beyond your native town, and not reading much, it is not possible that you should know of want and suffering. But I have lived in large cities, and there are hundreds of young girls like your sister Jane and my Anna, who do not have enough to eat or a comfortable place to sleep."

"Oh, Miss Jones," replied the good, kind soul, wiping her eyes; "you do n't mean that. You don't mean girls like my Jane do n't have no homes?" Miss Jones, do come over day after tomorrow and tell me all you know about it. You and Anna come early, and stay the whole day. That's news to me, that there's any place where folks do n't have victuals enough. Oh dear! if 't was our Jane! And I've always been so careful of her; never let her wash her own clothes, or sweep a floor."

"It seems to me, Susan," added Mrs. Jones, "that this young man, coming as he does from a large city, must have seen a good deal of life, and if I read him aright he will work for humanity—a humanity nearer than Birmanah, and—"

"Why, Miss Jones, don't you think them poor little heathen children ought to be taken care of?"

"Dear Susan," said Mrs. Jones, taking her hand, "your heart is all right, but there is not time now to talk. When I come to make that visit we will discuss all this."

The young men were now assembling who had been invited for the evening, and many, too bashful to enter, were still hanging around the door, talking of farming and raking cattle and the like, yet all anxious to be presented to Mr. Collins. Finally Jim Grant came in, and under his friendly shelter came Amos Smith, who sat down uncomfortably on the edge of his chair, crossed his legs, played with his watch-chain, looked up to the ceiling, down at the floor, and finally stammered out, his face turning scarlet:

"Good evening, Mr. Collins; glad to see you." Mr. Collins, who was just then engaged in conversation with Squire Graves, on hearing his name mentioned, rose and crossed the room, and taking the youth by the hand, expressed his pleasure in the opportunity afforded in meeting the young man. Amos, quite emboldened by his reception, hurried out to bring in his companions. Among them was Arthur Voss, a tall, stalwart, brown-faced farmer, who lived with Captain Smith as hired man. The young man extended his hand in a frank, cordial manner to the minister, and in a few minutes was engaged in close conversation with him. Mr. Collins found that, though uneducated, he was made of noble material, and Arthur Voss invited the minister to go with him to the kitchen and make the acquaintance of his comrades.

On the whole, John Collins was pleased with the new people among whom he had come. He saw, indeed, there was much conservatism among the elders, much prejudice to be met, many old and false ideas to be overthrown, uprooted. But he found many sound and sensible young men like Anna Jones, some large-hearted and energetic ones like Susan Graves; and her father he was especially drawn to. So among the young men; there were sturdy fellows, awkward and bashful, rough and unpolished, whom he felt sure would work with him. That meeting laid the foundation for many a real friendship between the young women, the young men and himself.

Soon the old house rang with merriment, for when the young men found that the minister was "not a bit stuck up" their reserve melted away like frost before the sun; and, although he did not enter into their games, he was round among them, chatting socially and gaily with all. At ten o'clock the company dispersed, all in good humor. There were those who thought they could lead John Collins as they might. There were others who saw that where John Collins planted his foot there he stood; that he was one who would say:

"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly from its base as soon as I."

However, the meeting was a success, and they separated, to meet on the morrow at the minister's ordination.

[To be continued.]

THE ARMY OF PROGRESS AND TRUTH.

BY JACOB W. SNYDER.

Come, Angel of Meac, inspire us to sing, In deep loving tones that will thrill every heart; Like beautiful song-birds of bright sunny Spring, Inspire what they know of their musical art. Let harmony ring through the isles of the soul, Infusing each life with its melodious swell, All potent to charm as its soul-chorus untold, Where we with immortals so lovingly meet.

Chorus.—Then come with the Army of Progress and Truth, To scatter the darkness of Error's long night; Let all join its ranks, from the oldest to youth, And give to the breeze every "Banner of Light."

Come, Angel of Love, and inspire us to live, By loving the good and by living for all; By living to love, and to learn to forgive A brother or sister who erring may fall; For Love is the chain which unites us as one With all human souls by its mystical tie— The main-spring of life—all the good that is done, Is guarded in Love by the All-Seeing Eye.

Chorus.—Come, Angel of Truth, and inspire every thought, To grow and expand like a rose in full bloom; May Truth light the soul which can never be bought, From youth up to manhood, from thence to the tomb, Thy image so fair on each feature impress, And speak through the eye, with its still earnest voice; Give comfort to life-weary souls in distress, And freedom to all in thy strength to rejoice.

Chorus.—Come, Angel of Wisdom, from bright starry spheres, And teach us by arts the past ages gave birth; By all the great joys and sorrowing tears Enjoyed and endured by the sages of earth; Oh, teach us to learn and to seek higher still; Through Science and Art, which are Wisdom's true wand, To grasp every Truth by the power of the will, And look at the Future and bright Summer-Land!

Chorus.—Spanish Ranch, Plumas Co., Cal., Dec. 24, 1869.

Religion is not the specialty of any one feeling, but the mood and harmony of the whole of them. It is the whole soul marching heavenward to the music of joy and love, with well-ranked faculties, every one of them beating time and keeping tune.

The Lecture Room.

THE SOUL AND ITS QUESTIONINGS.

A LECTURE BY EMMA HARDINGE.

In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Dec. 12th, 1869.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

WHO AM I?

The question of the present hour will be, Who am I? Last Sabbath, you will remember, we commenced with the first of these four mighty problems, which the soul in every age has perpetually put to itself; those fateful questions which neither science, religion nor philosophy nor mere external observation, has ever yet fully answered; which naught, in fact, but the light of a spiritual revelation can solve, namely: What am I? Who am I? Whose am I? and Whither am I bound?

The examination which we last Sabbath instituted, with a view to resolving the question, What am I? showed us man as the microcosm of the universe; a structure so grand, so mysteriously full of the germs which constitute power, and the elements that make up all we know of being, that we stood before the mighty statue of the divine humanity gazing upon its godlike proportions with an admiration little short of worship.

Entering upon a fresh scene of inquiry to-day, we advance one step further, and question, Who am I? A single identity amid the vast masses of humanity, who on every side of me present structures as grand, microcosms as complete, powers as mighty as mine; in the midst of a multitude all fashioned with equal wisdom, beneficence and care—Who am I? Whether I place myself on the lowest round of the ladder amid the outcasts of the city streets, or picture myself achieving the highest conditions of human greatness, still there are minds—many higher, some lower than my own. Let me once more turn my thoughts inward, and through my own special identity strive to solve the question: Who am I? I will remove myself in imagination from amid the surrounding masses, and stand alone in the wilderness, far from the throng of my fellow-men, with none to rival me in power or beauty, save the blooming flowers, the sighing wind and the waving grass, living isolated and unmatched. Here will I question myself, Who am I? As a mere external being I stand possessed of all the powers which constitute the grandeur of humanity; but I stand alone beneath the cold blast of winter, or the scorching heat of summer, with no one to construct me a shelter, none to fashion my garments; my feeble hand unaided cannot execute these duties. I have neither the architect's skill, nor the weaver's craft. I can neither build nor clothe me in the fabrics which the hands of so many artisans must help to complete. My unaided power cannot accumulate the implements of use, nor get together all those condiments for which the whole civilized globe is taxed to spread the table of luxury. I cannot reproduce the forms of beauty which the painter imprints upon the canvas, nor how out the marble into the living glory of the sculptor's art. I stand a poor solitary unit, and what am I alone? As the snows of winter silver my head, and I bend beneath the infinites of age, where are the kind hands of youth and strength to uphold my falling powers? Where the loving lips that shall whisper consolation in mine ears? Where the friendly eyes that shall look upon me with assurances of unfeigned love, when I read the silent valley that leads me to the unknown land of souls? Living alone, dying alone, Who am I? I must be one amongst my kind—and hence I must lie me back to the multitudes who absorb me—and amongst them endeavor to find my identity and my place, though it should be one of the least that make up the sum of humanity.

Now I return, and now once more resume my inquiries. I place myself on the lowest round of the ladder of civilized existence. I behold myself plodding through the city streets, where all I behold speaks of plenty, wealth, art, even luxury and splendor—a beggar, homeless, friendless, alone; I gaze with wistful face into the eyes of every passer-by, seeking one to whom I may appeal for bread. Hungry and fainting, I ask of some wealthy stranger, but he spurns me from him, and rudely denies me the poor pittance which I seek. Who am I, that I ask alms of him? Who is he that he should thus deny me? He is God's steward, entrusted with wealth and plenty, but only to be dispensed again to necessitous fellow-men like me. He is God's vicegerent, commissioned to feed the poor. I have tempted him, and he falls. I have demanded of him the store with which God trusted him, and he has fallen in his commission. For this act my mark is set on him; his lack of charity to me is a failure in his duty—a sign on him which shall remain forever. Unknown by name, yet in eternal destiny I am known to him as mine one forever. We may never meet again; I may look upon his face no more, but forever and forever he carries the stamp of my individuality through the temptation, to good or evil, which I became to him.

I pass on, and another gives me the alms which he has denied. We, too, part, perhaps forever, but the deed of kindness wrought on me can never die. On that man's fate my need has written mercy, and charity, and through my agency there has a record gone up to heaven for him, and I have been the means. Though we may never stand face to face on earth, yet in the grand day of account, when God numbers up his jewels, that stranger's deed wrought out through me, the beggar, shall be remembered. I am something then to him. And to both these strangers I am a part of destiny.

I pass on still further. There are curious eyes gazing upon me; there are inquiring lips, demanding of me my history; they give me neither alms nor scorn, but they listen to my story, and in the organization of city life they cite me as an example—the pauper, and to them the representative of pauperism; they leave me to devise some scheme for remedying the condition of the poor, so that in all the reforms suggested by my condition, how much of consequence I have become to my kind!

I am no more the mere walf on the ocean of life. Society changes, and people think of and care for me. Though I know not my identity, yet I am one of those who form the substratum of society. Beneath their feet my tears are falling; they tread upon my woes, and shape their pathways in my grief. I am a motor in life's noblest schemes of reformation, and when the world shall be made wiser, and society more equal, my name shall be found recorded in the series of causation. Pauper as I am, when night's shadows fall around my way, I, like more favored beings, seek some place of rest, and no matter where I sleep or lay me down, beneath the tattered banner of my wretchedness and rags there cluster round me some who love or own me. Perhaps it is a father, mother, or relative; perhaps some poor companion, but some one there is who knows and cares for me, to help me, and beneath the ragged vest burns human love as ten-

der as fills the heart which throbs beneath the silken robe.

Not in my houseless wanderings I am not alone. There are loving eyes that looked upon my own in unconscious infancy; there are kind voices still to bid me welcome, though it be but to the shelter of the wayside; there is ever some one to love me, and for me to love. I am something to my kind, and millions such as I exist; millions, that walk the city streets—some to love, and some to hate—but all to make some mark upon the eternal page of human destiny.

I pass on. I am now the tolling operative; there are thousands of rough coats, and bilistered hands, and breaking backs and hearts like mine. Who knows me among the masses, as I carry my hod, or wield my hammer, and toll from early dawn to sinking sun? Who cares for me? I am weary now, and seek my humble home, as I go, I look upon the various buildings of the splendid city, the bridges, dykes, roads and canals which my hands, or the hands of such as I, have helped to form. Who am I? Why, I and mine are the thews and sinews, nerves and muscles of the world, and through our veins rushes the tide of power, which brings the result of perfected civilization. They do not write my name on the shining roll of fame, or emblazon it on monuments of bronze or stone; but the world is rife with me, and temples of worship, galleries of art, lycæums of science and works of use, are monumental tributes to my deeds and the deeds of such as I. We are all and each identities in the midst of masses; we can each say to the world, This I have done for you—what have you done for me?

Let me enter my humble dwelling. Everywhere I see the good and use another's hands have wrought; the planks beneath my feet have been felled from primeval woods, and sawed and laid down for my use; the hands of toil erected the walls around me; around me are the images of well-known faces which the sun-god majesty of the heavens have traced for me—faces of loved ones, drawn by the magic finger of the sunbeam; the jet of flame which lights my humble home is a mighty gospel, written by God himself; he laid the foundations of the coal in the ancient forests, and, as they fell, he packed them closely, during the process of ages, upon the floor of the heated earth, banked them up with mountains, and, in time, came man, to drag this wealth of treasure into light, and through veins and arteries beneath the city's streets it circulates, until it gleams with equal splendor as a jet of flame, in the abode of the artisan and the prince alike; the table is spread for me with the products of apothecary's toil; the fragrant tea that now invigorates my frame, was gathered in far-distant lands; the apples, from islands of the sea, are here; bread, from ears of wheat, prepared by toll and labor; roots and fruits, gathered by many hands for me. The poor rough cloth that covers my board, is woven by the same machinery that spins the fabric for the richest lady. All of man's toil I share in. I cannot number up the million hands that have been busy for my comfort. I cannot tell the gospel of eternal use mapped out around me; for in all the perfections of the age in vast machinery, and all that is useful in civilization, I partake with all mankind. My toil, too, blesses some who are dependent on me—an aged sire, or tender wife or child—for I am not alone, poor tolling operative though I be; this world is my world, and its heart-affections are as truly mine as thine; oh sovereignty of my nation.

And now for another picture. I will leave the sphere of use, and seek that of mere ornament, as my illustration. Let me take the life of the poor player. What am I now? Only a poor stage player; of what value is such a destiny as mine? To wear a tinsel crown, to wield a mimic sceptre, and then pass on, forgotten by those who for a brief hour smile on the transient pageantry of the stage. Stay! I, too, am surrounded with uses; the poet's inspiration kindles for my service; the painter earns his meed of bread through me; I am a source of employ to writers, artists, mechanics and many a son of toil and genius, ere I strut my little hour upon the boards. Hundreds reap the advantages of my occupation. The tinsel robes and mimic adornments that I wear tax the ingenuity of all who make and sell them. Thus beauty, use and art find in me a common centre—I am of greater power than I know. And as I recite the poet's thought, or give forth the merry jest, I cheer the weary heart, and light the smile of joy on some clouded face, and as the curtain falls I know that I have been a joy to some, a lesson to others, a source of interest to a host to whom I am unknown. Were I alone an artist—I am he who gathers up the beautiful, and enshrines on canvas the memory of the great, the grand, the terrible; he who perpetuates the past, and presents its glory to succeeding ages. Equally great the power of the musician which lifts the spirit up to heaven. Thus in the sphere of ornament as in use, where can you find a single thought that is lost, a word that sounds not through the corridors of time, carrying with it a power through eternity?

Picture me as the merchant, rich and proud—he who seems of no use, save to himself—he who gathers into his coffers the wealth of selfish gain. Who am I now? Pause a moment. As I stand upon the wharf, and send my ships from continent to continent, I hold the chain of commercial interest and human brotherhood, and connect its links from nation to nation; how many various peoples do I gather beneath the standard of my commercial power; how much knowledge do I draw forth of foreign lands and peoples? Am I not binding up the whole world in one gigantic system of mutual dependence and associative action? If I adorn my walls with gems of art; if I regale mine ears with the strains of sweetest music, do I not give bread to the artist, poet, sculptor and sons of genius who thrive upon my bounty? If I load my table with luxuries, and adorn my family with rich fabrics, how much wealth do I not put into circulation to procure them? Am I not God's treasurer? and is not every object that I gather around me an evidence that I am but entrusted to dispense his riches? Oh brand me not as merely selfish, though I am strong and rich. I am an instrument of commercial use to thousands, and as such shall be found my name in the book of eternal uses.

Who am I? though I may be destined only to shine as the puppet who wears a crown. Who am I? The merely idle prince. Behold my ante-chambers thronged with dependents; my command can stamp their names with infamy, or send them down to remotest times with honor. I am the central power around which cluster all the various interests of the nation. Though my personal service may not be recognized, or my presence seen by the public eye, yet all the powers of art, science and national life, flow through my veins. I am the central artery through which flows the tide of national influence and interest, and my uses are known to him with whom there are no high, no low, but all are necessary links in one eternal chain, on which are strung the beads of ever-varying minds and destinies. And now I must pass away, and whether beg-

gar, artisan or king, poet, player, merchant or musician, I must die. To-day I am—to-morrow I shall be forgotten. Not so. Whatever has been my use will never die. Whatever place I have filled will send down its uses through all time. The works of my hands will still live on, or prompt me to imitation or improvement. Still, who am I? Granted that I may leave the world made better than I found it; granted that its wheels roll smoother for my labors, what is that to me? And when I am gone and my labors left behind, where am I gone? and what of the soul that enabled me to become the minister of use? When my foot no more treads the earth, when I am not, what for me? And here it is that my speculation fails, and the dark cloud of mystery settles down upon my future. Only as the hand of the spirit opens it; only as I shall know that I shall live beyond the uses of the passing hour; only as I can realize that I may carry fruit with me to another life, will the uses of this be found. Beggar though I have been, crushed down beneath the load of poverty, when I pass out to the vast unknown, what shall I carry with me? I know that the prince carries not with him the value of his shroud. What my place or mission may have been among men, earth alone can answer. But earth has ended for me, when the heart ceases to beat, the light is gone from the eye, and the curtain is dropped forever! Oh raise it, lift it, souls of the mighty dead! lend it assunder, oh spirits of the immortals! leave me not in the dark mystery of material existence only! Religion answers me with the faint voices of the long ago which have come so far through the arches of time that their echoes are lost; and when I ask of the fathers for light, they answer me with strange, vague words. Sometimes they tell me I shall go to the Great Spirit, far off in some dim, mysterious land; sometimes, that I shall sleep the sleep that knows no waking till some distant day of wrath and doom; sometimes they answer me with the cold external voice of science, and point to the fires extinguished, the material form fading into decay with no higher result than the memory of its perished loveliness; sometimes they whisper of a life to come, but never tell me that my uses shall follow me—that the life I have lived on earth I shall carry with me to that land beyond.

But behold the gates are opened to me, and there I see stored up in the spirit-world all that I did on earth, and there I can trace the results of every deed I've done; there I may discover the resignation of the beggar, the tears and sighs of the poor. I see them woven into those crowns of glory and robes of transfigured beauty. I behold all treasured up; the works of the operative, the struggles of the player, the ideas of poet, sculptor and artist—all preserved.

All that we have done is there; I know that after I have fulfilled my mission I still shall be the man I was on earth, for I shall carry all my manhood with me. It only remains for me to return to my spirit and question whether I have made the most of its endowments, and put to its best uses the life which has been entrusted to me. Have I borne as best I might the cross of the beggar? have I done my duty as the tolling laborer? have I, as the poor player, acted well my part? have I striven for goodness? have I sought to help some other more feeble than myself? have I, as the merchant, faithfully discharged God's commission entrusted to me? have I been the soldier of the Lord in whatever place he has commissioned me to fight? Who am I? It matters not what round of the ladder my feet may tread—the lowest or the highest; the beggar is of as much worth as the king, the poet as the mightiest one who gives him patronage. Wherever the foot of man may tread, wherever he can toll, there is his mission marked out in the woof of existence. It is enough that around me lies my duty and my use; it is enough that I have seen that within the vast confines of the eternal world those uses are never lost. If I have played well the part—however small or large—which he has given me, I shall surely reap my harvest in eternity; and not only so, but I shall continue the uses commenced on earth, and rise to others of which earth is but the corner-stone. Since bright spirits have opened up the view of the land beyond I have learned that nothing on earth is lost in the heavens eternal—for pain and toil and grief there is compensation, glory for the thorns of martyrdom, and a crown for every cross. I will return to my life of effort, and never more may the voice of questioning murmur pass my lips. I live forever; I shall be an immortal spirit; and though here none may know like my Heavenly Father who I am, in the thought that I live forever all my destiny here and hereafter is accomplished.

The speaker closed with the beautiful poem "Evermore," and announced, after its recitation, that she should consider on the next Sunday afternoon the question: Whose am I?

REMARKABLE PRESENTMENT.—On Thursday evening last a gentleman and his wife attended a social at Harmony Hall, leaving their children at home in the care of a female domestic. During the evening the lady received demonstrations of so remarkable a character that something was wrong at home as to warrant the sequel verified. The lady in question, while a looker on upon the pleasures of the dance, was suddenly alarmed by hearing several very loud raps upon the glass in the window near which she was standing. Upon looking out a hand was seen, when the attention of others was called to the phenomena, all of whom witnessed the hand and heard the raps upon the glass as they were repeated. The lady was strongly impressed with the premonition that matters were not as she had left them at home, and calling upon her husband, she stated her fears and gave him an account of what she had seen and heard at the window, desiring that he should at once return home and ascertain whether her fears were groundless. He did so, and upon reaching home was astonished and amazed to find that the back door of the house was open, and the girl who was left in charge non est. Upon further examination it was found that the domestic had taken advantage of the absence of her employers, and had ransacked the house for plunder, which she readily found by converting the wearing apparel of the lady to her own use, leaving her old clothes in exchange therefor. The notice of wrong doing, given in such a mysterious manner, by the raps upon the window, has given proper cause for conjecture, and the question is asked what agency was employed? All the parties concerned are respectable citizens in the community, and are credible witnesses to the statement we have here given.—Cambridge Press.

WISCONSIN. To Mediums.

DEAR BROTHERS.—In the Banner of Light of Dec. 11th, was an article in relation to the protection of mediums. In response I would say I have a good comfortable house and lot of ten acres in the village of Mazo Manie, that I will let any parties have who are persons, free of rent for the next year. Any medium wishing can apply to me. O. B. HAZELINK.

Black Earth, Dane Co., Wis., Dec. 13th, 1869. A clergyman said in a recent sermon that the path to rectitude had been traveled so little of late years that it was completely run to grass.

THE ORDER OF PROGRESS.—A FRAGMENT.

Written for the Banner of Light. BY E. B. PLACE. Material things here ante-date the higher; From their firm base alone do all aspire...

Was it fate, or spirit power, or accident, that brought me into Muncie just in the nick of time? I was attracted by long yellow slips on post and wall...

ITEMS OF PROGRESS.

BY J. H. POWELL. Muncie, Ind. Was it fate, or spirit power, or accident, that brought me into Muncie just in the nick of time? I was attracted by long yellow slips on post and wall...

Free Thought.

MORE "PLAIN TALK."

DEAR BANNER—I have just been reading Bro. Dean Clark's article in your last number, to which I can say "Amen" so far as the truth thereof is concerned...

Free Thought.

DEAR BANNER—I have just been reading Bro. Dean Clark's article in your last number, to which I can say "Amen" so far as the truth thereof is concerned...

Free Thought.

DEAR BANNER—I have just been reading Bro. Dean Clark's article in your last number, to which I can say "Amen" so far as the truth thereof is concerned...

Except his partial statements from incorrect data, and want of knowledge, he did us no injustice. But looking at him with the knowledge of his past sad experiences, he becomes at once a subject for commiseration...

PENNSYLVANIA.

Passed On.

Mrs. Fannie Lanning, a loved wife, mother and daughter, and Leader of Garland Group, of Lycoming No. 1, of Philadelphia, for several years. At her funeral the following remarks were made by Bro. M. B. Dyott...

Sympathy in Fish.

That the bond of sympathy runs through all classes and ranks of created objects, is as apparent as any other truth that is capable of being fairly understood. We have read what may seem a remarkable proof of this fact in the case of two fish...

Free Thought.

MORE "PLAIN TALK."

DEAR BANNER—I have just been reading Bro. Dean Clark's article in your last number, to which I can say "Amen" so far as the truth thereof is concerned...

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And what excuse for this? Why, they have reared a much finer building than was talked of, and help must come from Chicago, and of course they are not going to help build any but Universalist churches...

PENNSYLVANIA.

Passed On.

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Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to obtain from the General Assembly such legislation as may be necessary to protect the citizens of this State from the influence of ignorant and unprincipled mediums...

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Mrs. FANNIE LANNING speaks in Madison Mills, Me., one-fourth of the time. Address, Rendell's Mills, Me. Miss S. J. DICKSON, Inspirational, Vinland, N. J., box 291. Rev. C. H. DEWEY, Inspirational speaker, Chicago, Ill.

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J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT is issued and on sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1870.

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THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 10 NASSAU STREET, WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, LETHBRIDGE, JACOB B. BROWN, EDITOR.

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LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All business connected with the editorial department of the paper must be sent to the editorial office, to whom letters and communications must be addressed.

The President and the Indians.

Everybody must understand by this time the precise policy recommended by the President toward the Indians, in his late Message. His states, in brief, that he adopted the plan, at the beginning of his administration, of dealing with a certain number of tribes on the reservations through the agency of the Society of Friends, and of sending to the others, not special agents who would have to be supported by troops, but military commanders with their own force, who would be personally interested in promoting and establishing friendly relations. Both of these plans, to the extent to which they have been carried out, he admits have proved successful; and in consequence he earnestly recommends the reservation system for the whole body of the red men, to be completely protected by the Government, to be assisted by civilizing influences, to become competent to testify in the United States Courts in their own behalf, and in due time to be brought within the pale of citizenship by the influences of civilization, including education. The President remarks, to begin with, that he does not hold "either legislation or the conduct of the tribes who come most in contact with the Indians blameless for these hostilities." But the past cannot be recalled; he would concert proper measures for the future. It is to be kept in mind, as the President suggests, that railroads are rapidly bringing civilized settlements into contact with the red men, and that eventually the weaker race must succumb. A policy of extermination is abhorrent to the instincts of Christianity and justice; and hence he advocates a system of large reservations, the Indians to be protected upon them, their occupation of the lands in sections, and at the proper time the erection of territorial governments for their own protection.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge's third lecture was given in this city Sunday afternoon, Dec. 19th, in Burnside Hall (Music Hall being occupied by a Fair). Soon after the doors were opened the hall filled to repletion, and many were obliged to go away for want of room. Her lecture was a grand inspirational feast for those hungering for spiritual food. Her fourth and closing lecture was given on the 25th, in Music Hall. We shall print a report of these fine lectures, for the benefit of our readers.

Prof. Wm. Denton next Sunday.

All Spiritualists and liberal minds will be pleased to learn that Prof. Wm. Denton is engaged to lecture in Music Hall, Sunday afternoon, Jan. 21. His subject—"The Irreconcilable Science and Scripture—Genesis and Geology," is a very interesting one, and a large audience is sure to greet him as heretofore.

William R. Alger at Union Hall, Charlestown.

On Sunday evening, December 19th, Rev. W. R. Alger, pastor of the Music Hall Free Church, addressed the First Association of Spiritualists of Charlestown at the above named hall. The house was filled to overflowing. The subject chosen by the speaker was "The False and the True Keys of Heaven." He briefly referred to the claims set up by the church in the past—and to day as well—to the possession of the keys of heaven, and the power to admit or banish from it at will; said the true idea contained in the promise had been advanced by the church, for they who substituted their own false notions, gathered from oriental tyrants, for the glorious characteristics of the Infinite Spirit of all spirits. Among other false keys he enumerated Authority, Ceremony and Dogmas, and among the true were Salvation, Intellect, Esthetics, Morality and Religion. He said Swedenborg had expressed the truth when he declared that man got into heaven through God, and into hell through himself, for heaven and hell were only mental states; heaven was harmonious and hell discordant function; and heaven must be in a man also there is none for him; the idea of a fixed Jehovah upon a material throne in a located heaven was rather limited for our age, and should long ago have been abandoned for that of a God who is everywhere. The speaker counseled all to a cultivation of the spirit of harmony. During his remarks the closest attention was paid, and at the end the audience signified their approbation by hearty applause. Want of space alone prevents our giving a lengthy abstract of this truly progressive address.

legislation hitherto has been, that we have regarded the Indians as a sort of hostile power circumscribed within our own national domain. We made treaties with them—a confusion of relations at once; we declared war, and made peace with them, like any other belligerents—though they were a part of our population. The new view is not to exterminate, but to civilize the Indian; not to consider him as beyond the pale of law, but to bring him upon reservations where he will conform to law; not to deprive him of human rights, but to throw before him the scale of citizenship, and so teach him to prize and not to spurn it. General Ord declares that these are the views of army officers, and that it would not be a preventive if in such cases, the murderers could be arrested by the military and held or turned over for trial by the nearest United States Court; and it would give the Indians some little show of equal justice. General Thomas says that he sees no better method than to extend civil authority over the Indians now within the settlements, and to enable them to appear as witnesses in all cases affecting their own interest and that of the whites toward them. All this can be accomplished by Congressional legislation, which, we doubt not, will be promptly provided.

We could not have expressed the true remedy for this gross outrage on our civilization in better language, and therefore have not attempted it. But what we would now say in addition to the body of opinions and the weight of solid testimony above adduced is, that the original criticisms, recommendations and associations of the Banner of Light, were neither more nor less in substance than what has been spread out above. We are only strengthened in our position as being one strictly of truth and justice, and our recommendations to Congress are but repeated in substance by the several authorities and witnesses whom we cite. We early denounced the notorious and gross wrongs practiced by selfish, cruel, and characterless men upon the Indians, declaring that the spirit of simple justice did not practically govern our relations with the red men, that the Government and the nation were continually deceived and defrauded, and that the expensive and disgraceful wars which were waged, were produced by precisely such causes as we have above recited, were conducted in the interest of base and designing men, and could never be stopped or prevented until the Government looked closely into the conduct of our Indian Affairs and applied a prompt and proper remedy.

We expected that the common sense of our leading public men and the conscience of the nation would combine to put an end to this state of things, so soon as both were aroused by a truthful representation and enforcement of the facts, which is now being done. We shall next look to see Congress adopt some adequate measure, agreeably to the recommendations of the President and the body of our leading army officers, that shall express in a proper degree the civilizing and humanizing tendencies of the age we live in, and be worthy of the authority to which is committed so grave a responsibility. It will be no more than what the Banner advocated long ago as a measure of necessity, justice and humanity, and will only verify the soundness of the criticisms and suggestions we have urgently offered.

The Late Charles H. Crowell.

OBITUARIES AT HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON—DISCOURSE BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE.

In our last issue we briefly alluded to the sudden decease of our brother and co-laborer in the spiritual ranks, Mr. Charles H. Crowell, who departed this life, from heart disease, while walking in the streets of Nashua, N. H., Dec. 16th, 1869. Mr. C. was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in July, 1828, and in early life learned the carpenter's trade. He was at one time employed at the Watertown Arsenal, where Major Walwright, who was a firm believer in the spiritual philosophy, engaged him as a medium, having his communications transcribed as delivered. Mr. Crowell served his country during the late rebellion with credit, as a member of the 11th Massachusetts Battery, commanded by Major Edward J. Jones, of this city.

Mr. C. was the brother of Mrs. J. H. Conant, and, like her, an unconscious trance medium. He became attached to the Banner establishment as a medium six years ago, and for several years was a member of the staff. Previous to his connection with us he had succeeded successfully as a medical clairvoyant, and also devoted a portion of his time to lecturing. Indeed, for the last twenty years he has been of great service to the inhabitants of the spirit-world, as a channel of communication with this, and many of earth's children have rejoiced in a knowledge of the life beyond, obtained through his mediumship. His principal spirit-guide and adviser was known in the earth life as Dr. Rufus Kittridge, a noted practitioner for many years in Portsmouth, N. H.

Before the remains left Nashua for this city for interment, religious services were held at the Indian Head Hotel, conducted by Rev. Mr. Canoll, in a very appropriate manner. We give below a full account of the proceedings at the funeral of Mr. Crowell, which was held at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Monday, Dec. 20th, at 11 A. M. Mrs. Emma Hardinge officiating. The hall was crowded. The singing (words from the Spiritual Harp) by the Music Hall choir, was refined and touching, and carried the mind of the hearer up to those spheres of eternal beauty wherein the newly enfranchised soul has received the welcome of the angels.

According to the custom of our faith, the casket was tastefully decorated with flowers by friendly hands. The plate bore the inscription: "CHARLES H. CROWELL, Died Dec. 16th, 1869. Aged 41 years 4 months." The exercises commenced with music from the choir: "We are waiting by the river." Mrs. Hardinge then read the following appropriate spiritual selections from Scripture: "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But some men will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of man, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a spiritual body; there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual, as is the earthly, so are they also that are heavenly: as is the heavenly, so are they also that are heavenly. Now this is the firstfruits, that death and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

At the close of the reading the choir sang "There's a beautiful shore where our loved ones are gone." Mrs. Hardinge then offered the following invocation: "Oh our Father, our brother has fallen in his steps; thine hand has heavily upon us, but we murmur not, for thou dost all things well, hast done the best for him. We bless thee that while we mourn, thou, our Father, dost hold him by the hand—thou art the strength of his soul. We ask thee that thou wouldst give him back to us; we ask thee that thou wouldst again return him to the tolls of life, for thou hast done well for him; but we ask of thee strength to bear—oh, pity us, pity the souls that bleed with the heart-venom that tears from their life's treasures and leaves earth so dreary. Thou knowest our weakness, oh, be to us strength in this hour when the curtain closes over the mortal form of him who has worked with us, and fought side by side in the battle of life, but who has now passed before to that shining day whether our dim, mortal vision can scarcely follow. Pity us, Father, and give us light; lead us to remember the gracious deeds that he has done; give us more fully to realize the promise that he shall still work with us, a better, stronger, purer man than earth can show. Give us renewed consciousness that we shall meet with him where sorrow comes no more. We commend ourselves to thee; we ask no more for him; we know that he is safe on the shining shore where thou hast numbered up thy jewels; we know that thou wilt guide him, and lead him to the fulfillment of a grander mission; and that we shall one day meet with him. Oh Father, give us strength to-day, and thy will be done, in darkness and in light, forever and forevermore."

At the close of the invocation, the following beautiful and appropriate remarks were made inspirationally by Mrs. Hardinge, on the lessons of the hour: "FURNERAL ADDRESS. "And there shall be no more death."—Rev. xxi: 4. "This hour we meet to celebrate the birthday of a soul into a greater, better, fairer land than ours. We cannot part with the mortal form, nor lay aside the sacred clay that has sustained an immortal spirit, without questioning of our souls, What does death do to him? We all of us have looked on the crumbling form before us, but never perhaps, to some of us, till now, has come such a glorious assurance of that grand eternal destiny to which the soul has gone that passed from these poor remains. It is well that we should recall the merciful teachings of that wondrous truth that has been revealed to us, showing by its light what death does to him whom we must part with now; and yet we cannot part from the relics before us, without that great heart-wrench which superstition has implanted in our natures, teaching us to mourn rather than rejoice when the soul's birthday comes, and takes from our mortal eye the forms of those we love. "Forty-one years ago a walling babe was born on earth; a helpless infant came to take up the cross of mortal existence. There were those who gladly greeted it, though they knew life had been hard for them, and would be for him; though they were conscious of the bitter pangs they had borne before, and which awaited his awakening spirit, yet they rejoiced, and called their friends around to share in the joy that welcomed a new-

born soul! Forty-one years of toil; oh brother, hast thou borne! None may know the pangs thy heart has felt; none may comprehend the mighty struggle within the interior recesses of each human soul. We look coldly on and judge, without knowledge, what our brothers and sisters are! never heeding the lesson that God has implanted in every human heart a special destiny and mission, and gives with it no more and no less of strength or weakness than that mission calls for. It is enough that we all know that life's thorns are sharp, and its crosses heavy to bear. There are some of those here present who knew our brother to be a good soldier of the truth; I am one; long years ago, when darkness was on my pathway, his finger pointed the way to everlasting light; long years ago, when the world sneered at Spiritualism, and scoffed at its believers for taking upon themselves an unpopular cause, he stood forth among the first to bear the cross that you and I might find the way of truth. A standard bearer in the path of human progress, God knows, and God alone, how he has fulfilled his part; this much we know, he stood in the vanguard fearlessly; and this much may we affirm as we stand in the light of his soul's birthday, that his labors have guided many a darkling pilgrim to the land of light, whither he has gone. Let us remember, at this hour, that during the last score of years our angel visitors by thousands and millions have been among us, and the darkness and uncertainty that gathered around us is all dispelled—let us remember at this hour that which they have taught us concerning the better land to which he has ascended. Let us follow him in thought, that we may learn what is his destiny. They tell us, these spirits living in the very experience of that concerning which they speak, that there is light even for the darkest criminal; light for the lowest condition of ignorance, light for those whom we brand as outcasts and drive down to lower depths of sin by harshness and cruelty—for all these there is light and glory beyond. Suffering for them there may be, but it shall act but as a teacher leading to the higher plane; retribution, but its duty is that of a reformer, not a revenger of wrong. We should not weep were we even bidding a last farewell to the darkest spirit that ever breathed, for we know that in that land of fadeless glory every pang the soul shall feel—which even the deepest criminal can bring—is but a teacher leading to a future advancement in the path of progress.

There are those spirits who scarcely realize life's mysteries, who hardly comprehend that they have an immortal destiny. What for them when they cross the shining river, and all the mists that shut out the grand vistas of eternity are dispelled before their eyes? What for those who here "see as through a glass, darkly," when they shall see face to face the real purposes of existence—the grand mission unfulfilled on earth? Then must they take up the broken threads of life, where they have dropped them, and strive to pass onward by earnest effort in the world of progress. And what for him, our brother, who in the fullness of a mighty purpose, dared to uphold the right?—for you know not, strangers, (if any such there be present!) the cross which society puts upon the Spiritualists! You little realize that our own hands have nailed us to that cross, by the espousal in our spirits of an unpopular cause. He, our brother, bore this cross in the early days, that the world might be made better and stronger; and we know that all must be well with him, and he now rejoices in communion with those he loved, who crossed before him to the other shore. Those spirits who come back tell of a wondrous telegraphic communication opened up for us; they give us the assurance that there is no more death—nothing but change; that those whom we have mourned as lost have not passed away from us, but are here in the spiritual body; that around us is the world where they dwell, and that one of the brightest privileges of spirit-life is that they may be ministering angels to those they loved in mortal.

They come from every grade of life: the dark spirit to give us warning; the careless one to awaken us from our apathy, and lead us to action; those who have passed to the evergreen hills, as "full-grown spirits, return to guide, to bless and comfort us—all to give us strength and encouragement in the struggles of mortal existence. Oh! thank God, the Father of our spirits, for this blessed revelation! that we know that as each broken casket is carried from our homes, there is another guardian spirit left to cheer us; that while the mortal is borne away, the immortal remains to cherish and sustain those who can behold him no more! Thank God, that he has shown us that nothing is lost—not even the kindly wish—that the life, cut short in the bloom of earthly manhood, is renewed there in that land of immortal fruition; that there is no cessation of life at the stroke of death—that stroke falls only on the crumbling dust—the old garment which our brother has laid away. Look not at him; but look beyond, and realize that all the unsatisfied purposes which mocked his soul will now be fulfilled; and that newer and grander ones will, in him, be given fruition, for it is another and a better world he trends. For him, the garments of mourning are changed to flowers which fade no more forever! Thank God! who has taken the bleeding hands down from the cross, that they might receive the crown so dearly won!

Let us remember the lesson of this hour. As with him who has passed on, so with us; at any moment our part in life may be closed; let us remember that, like him, in the very fullness of human thought, we may be called to enter upon our mission in the land of souls! Let us give thanks that he has passed to that higher life, and give him up thereto uncomplainingly; let us give thanks that his spirit has grown wiser—even in the few short hours of its higher existence—by gazing face to face upon the real sequences of life, to take up the duties of a purer, stronger, holier manhood. He is not parted from us—he is with us still—but in a fairer form—to aid our toiling steps. We know the scales are fallen from his eyes, and freed from whatever of darkness may have been his lot in life, spared from temptation that so easily assails us, he is with us—risen and sanctified—a source of strength in the hour of need! And though we lay away the holy dust, and put the garment by; though the flowers and grass of summer shall wave above the crumbling form, we will look for him beneath the holy stars—he is not prisoned in transitory clay. All the deeds of kindness he has done, while here, are in our loving memory; even now his translated spirit whispers peace and joy, thanking God that he is free; even now he promises to his Father and ours, that he will be a guardian angel to the loved ones left behind! Rejoice with him, then, and let the grand halleluiah go up to his God and ours, "Oh Death, where is thy sting? Oh Grave, where is thy victory?"

At the close of the address the choir sang with beautiful effect "The Silent River," and Mrs. Hardinge pronounced the following BENEDICTION. A blessing on our meeting, as we celebrate the birth-day

of our second brother; a blessing on the hour when he passed on to the land of light; a blessing on this hour when his glad eyes look back upon us from his radiant home, a risen and happy and translated soul; a blessing on the purpose that he announces through these lips, that he will be strong in the right, humble as a little child, unfeeling the mistakes and errors of the past, and laboring, as a good soldier, for the truth. Thank God that he is safe from the shafts and reefs on which his soul might perhaps have suffered shipwreck. A blessing on thy mercy, oh God, that thou hast taken him in the fullness of mortal life and opened his eyes to the glories of infinity. A blessing on those bleeding hearts who mourn, and to their weakness may divine strength descend. A blessing on the broken casket his soul has deserted. We bow before the crumbling dust, but upward and onward we follow the risen and glorified spirit forever and forever.

At the close of the exercises a large number of sympathizing friends passed forward to take a closing glance at the still face, and then all that was fading of him who is now arisen was removed to Forest Hills Cemetery, where the body was interred, Mrs. Hardinge making a brief prayer at the grave. We know that the snows of winter piled above his resting place are but Nature's curtain, hiding from our view the wondrous workings which shall bring forth the blossoms and flowers of a coming year; and behind the gates of the tomb, taught by the light of our glorious revelation, we know his spirit is expanding in the light of an eternal day.

The city press generally speak in respectful terms of the deceased and of the funeral services. The Boston Post says: "A large concourse of friends were present, and the occasion was one of interesting solemnity. The discourse of the occasion was delivered by Mrs. Emma Hardinge. It was remarkable alike for its depth of thought and eloquence of language, no less than for its appropriateness and sympathy." The Traveller closed its report thus: "The celebrated lecturer, Mrs. Emma Hardinge, delivered an impressive funeral discourse to a very large concourse of the friends assembled for the purpose of doing honor to the memory of the deceased. At the conclusion of the discourse, when all had taken an affectionate leave of the remains, they were conveyed to Forest Hills Cemetery and interred." The Transcript remarks: "Mrs. Hardinge delivered an impressive funeral discourse to a very large concourse of the friends assembled for the purpose of doing honor to the memory of the deceased."

The following article came to us as a communication through the mediumship of Mr. Crowell, last summer. It was given by the guide of the medium, Dr. Kittridge, who often edified his hearers in a like manner. A press of matter at that time prevented its publication, and it is now appended as a fitting review of the great subjects on which it treats: LIFE AND DEATH.

The consideration of life and death is by no means confined to this age, or any other age—nor have there ever been a people who have not made it their special study. Death has ever been doted with all that fills the soul of man with horror, and causes it to dread, while life was decked with beauty, and under nearly all circumstances its continuance was earnestly and devoutly prayed for. The consciousness of life and death being one and the same—death being but a part of life, one of the manifestations which it makes, by which to show itself to the human soul in mortal—has never been arrived at in the past. The great problem of life has been sought to be solved only by the search for its origin, independent of and separate from death. Man has claimed for it a distinct origin and office; and in a great majority of cases has taken the object of life in its manifestations, for life itself. All these conclusions, at which the human soul is constantly arriving, are not to be wondered at when it is considered that as yet it has had but little opportunity to conceive what life really is. You see the human body in your midst; you behold its movements, and the manifestations of intelligence in the brain and motion in the members, and you decide that life is present. You see the tree, in its various stages of upward growth, from the tiny shoot to the age of maturity, and you proclaim that life is shown in the tree. You see the animal kingdom in all its varied gradations of activity, and you declare that life is present there. And with your men of science you go into the mineral kingdom, and seeing the multiform series ever unfolding outward to the gaze of the searchoer, you proclaim that there also life is made manifest to the human soul. And not only in the mineral kingdom already known do you acknowledge this life-principle, but upon it you predicate the existence of like powers in all matter, down to the very foundation stones of the world.

Science has taught us that the manifestations of life are everywhere; and thus the human soul has described and defined life: Wherever there is motion, there is life; wherever there is change, the result of motion, there is life. And at all times, and under all circumstances, man has been ready to declare that in these life has presented itself. No one can deny that this is true. We do not wish you to take dark and despairing views of Nature, or to believe that you have been so long following a phantasm, a vague shadow—a something which you can never reach. But we have come to give you our idea of life; to consider it as it is—a something entirely separate from that which life produces. When the soul departs from the body, and has taken its upward, or outward or onward flight, as you may choose to denominate it, the souls of men who remain, in view of this strange phenomenon, declare life is extinct—that the man is dead, and that another soul has gone far away. When one member of the animal kingdom ceases to possess motion, or to present to your senses the appearances which are necessary to conscious existence, you declare the animal is dead—that life is extinct—has departed from the machine it can no longer use. Now, make no mistake about this—this oft-times repeated declaration that life is extinct. When you descend to the vegetable kingdom you find there that when the flower has reached the topmost round of the ladder of beauty, then decay must sweep over it, and scatter its perfume, and separate its atoms to the performing of other duties in the material universe. And at such a stage of its being the human soul is ready to exclaim, the flower is dead. You are told, and you are continually repeating the assertion, that the flower is dead when it is cast aside as useless, just as the body or garment of the man or the animal is cast aside out of sight, when it is no longer of service, because life is gone. Life must be considered in all these cases as something separate or distinct from the substance or entity, and that when it passes away death ensues as far as that substance or entity is concerned—no further.

In the early history of the world we are informed that mankind were wont to consider the sun to be the source of all power, all life, all animal and vegetable form—the source of all the grand and beautiful manifestations which the inhabitants of the earth present, and of all those grander and more beautiful manifestations which Nature is gradually impressing, from her secret

of our second brother; a blessing on the hour when he passed on to the land of light; a blessing on this hour when his glad eyes look back upon us from his radiant home, a risen and happy and translated soul; a blessing on the purpose that he announces through these lips, that he will be strong in the right, humble as a little child, unfeeling the mistakes and errors of the past, and laboring, as a good soldier, for the truth. Thank God that he is safe from the shafts and reefs on which his soul might perhaps have suffered shipwreck. A blessing on thy mercy, oh God, that thou hast taken him in the fullness of mortal life and opened his eyes to the glories of infinity. A blessing on those bleeding hearts who mourn, and to their weakness may divine strength descend. A blessing on the broken casket his soul has deserted. We bow before the crumbling dust, but upward and onward we follow the risen and glorified spirit forever and forever.

At the close of the exercises a large number of sympathizing friends passed forward to take a closing glance at the still face, and then all that was fading of him who is now arisen was removed to Forest Hills Cemetery, where the body was interred, Mrs. Hardinge making a brief prayer at the grave. We know that the snows of winter piled above his resting place are but Nature's curtain, hiding from our view the wondrous workings which shall bring forth the blossoms and flowers of a coming year; and behind the gates of the tomb, taught by the light of our glorious revelation, we know his spirit is expanding in the light of an eternal day.

The city press generally speak in respectful terms of the deceased and of the funeral services. The Boston Post says: "A large concourse of friends were present, and the occasion was one of interesting solemnity. The discourse of the occasion was delivered by Mrs. Emma Hardinge. It was remarkable alike for its depth of thought and eloquence of language, no less than for its appropriateness and sympathy." The Traveller closed its report thus: "The celebrated lecturer, Mrs. Emma Hardinge, delivered an impressive funeral discourse to a very large concourse of the friends assembled for the purpose of doing honor to the memory of the deceased. At the conclusion of the discourse, when all had taken an affectionate leave of the remains, they were conveyed to Forest Hills Cemetery and interred." The Transcript remarks: "Mrs. Hardinge delivered an impressive funeral discourse to a very large concourse of the friends assembled for the purpose of doing honor to the memory of the deceased."

The following article came to us as a communication through the mediumship of Mr. Crowell, last summer. It was given by the guide of the medium, Dr. Kittridge, who often edified his hearers in a like manner. A press of matter at that time prevented its publication, and it is now appended as a fitting review of the great subjects on which it treats: LIFE AND DEATH.

depths, upon the consciousness of man. But from that which we have enabled to learn on earth, and also here in the spirit-world, even those individuals who were wont to worship the sun and the solar system as the sources of all power, were brought, by interior light, to the consciousness that life, after all, was something separate from the sun or the stars—a something inherent in itself—a something which could never be reached by the understanding of man.

Death has always been considered the grand enemy of humanity—the entire opposite of life; and you are told, in that which is called the "Good Book," that he came into the world to inflict a penalty upon man—a punishment for sin. And Death—this agent of life—consequently has been declared the enemy of all the human race—a something which all should seek to set aside and avoid. In every age of the world, by all peoples, of whatever characteristics, religious, or attainments, death has been declared to be an enemy. In proof of this, you have but to see how carefully every avenue is guarded to prevent his approach; how each individual of the human family seeks to evade his merciless grasp, as he marches onward—ever onward. You are told that everything is uncertain but death; and your children, almost as soon as they can talk, are instructed to fear him as a monstrous enemy, clothed in terror, who seeks all the beauties of earth to grace his dire domains.

Thus, in all ages, mankind have been led to consider death not as a part of life, but as a mighty agent outside of life, through which he satisfies his tyrannical demands, and appeases his vengeance. We do not intend to discuss the question of the justice of that belief which proclaims that all the human race are first damned, cast out into utter darkness and desolation; and then, by another act of equal injustice, called back—without increased knowledge or power, or the receipt of any benefit, for such exposure to wrath—by a blind faith that the Father had, by some act of unmerited forbearance, rescued them from the bosom of this black despair. This question has animated the human race for centuries, and a very large share of the agonies which afflict mankind may be traced to this idea: that death is not a part of life, but a penalty inflicted by the hand of the Infinite. But let us look at death, and see what sort of an agent it is. We behold life coming up from all ages of the past, till we no longer see man sinking down in ignorance, satisfied with that which only meets the cravings of the animal part of his nature, but rising in the full power of his being, and soaring upward from the earth plane toward the spirit-world. We see the slow, successive stages of advancement by which man in the past progressed from the low plane, where he raised his hand almost universally against his brother, and where wisdom did not restrain him in the act, or enlighten him as to its probable consequences. We see the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms in their constant evolutions, and are satisfied, by the truth brought us by the hand of science, that everything is to-day higher than it was yesterday. And this advance will continue, till, ultimately, the earth shall cease to be a fit habitation for the human race. There are those to-day who believe that millions of years shall pass away, each in its turn bringing in the power to fit man for the hour when the earth will cease to be for him a fit dwelling, and he shall pass on, to form for himself a new destiny.

In every age the human race has been led to look on death as separate from and not as a part of life; disregarding the true relations which must exist between the two—and denying that death was the agent—life the superior. But death must no longer be looked upon as a grizzly giant who comes to rob you of your darlings, to destroy all the verdure of your mental gardens with his untimely frost, and to summon back to their original dust the cherished ones who beautified earth and gladdened the human soul. After life is fully understood and its uses analyzed, it will be perceived that death, so far from being the opposite of it, or the enemy of the race, should be welcomed always as a friend, and you should fear his claim no more. We do not perceive, in our consideration of the relations which life holds to death, that it has ever made any more distinctions than death, as to persons, in its onward career; nor are we told in history that life has ever looked with more leniency on the infant in its smiles, the wise man amid his labors for mortal blessing, the pure or the divine in mortality, than on the hardest and hardest undeveloped as to good, in this changing world. It has worked out the divine command upon great and small, never staying its onward march though it bathed a nation in tears. So of death; it is not necessary to go further back in history than the time when your own President Lincoln was snatched suddenly from your midst. He was the people's idol, the object of many prayers and earnest solicitations, yet this tyrant laid his hand upon him and called him from the midst of his labors, just as he summons the helpless infant, who, just born into this breathing world, has had no time to learn the sublime lessons of mortal experience. In no instance is it apparent that death—when life and death are understood—is an enemy to the human race. When death can be said in any degree to have gone contrary to the commands of the Infinite, in the conscious judgment of the human soul, then and not till then can he be considered an enemy—otherwise his office is that of a friend.

Death, then, according to our acceptance, is life—a part of life, and will continue in the discharge of its duty as long as the human race continue to inhabit bodies of mortality. Never will it cease its coming as long as change is necessary to life—as long as change or motion forms a part of life. Death then must be life itself; for what is life? Stands it outside the universe? does it occupy a position above, beyond and outside this mortal form? Does this changing power, this mighty phenomenon transcend the human soul? Is it a power outside the solar system, or does it stand fixed far beyond the vast systems of worlds, and suns, and planets, of which this earth and its surroundings form but an insignificant part—a system in the immensity of space of which mortals have never dreamed? May the human soul consider it as a thing outside of and separate from anything it can hope to know? Can you think of this power as an existence distinct from and above all the conceptions of your being? Can you so consider it, and yet be true to your belief in the justice of that Infinite Wisdom which created all.

By no means! The mind of man, in its efforts to solve these questions, is led back to one conclusion, one single point of conviction: that the human soul, in itself, is life—it is manifestation wherever there is life. Human life, animal life, or vegetable life, are only parts of that mighty life power which runs throughout the whole universe; from this world, or far systems of worlds, down to the minutest atom of material form, or action of animated matter. All its life and all one particle of these vast existences, one grain of sand, or one human thought be taken from them—if one soul be deprived of its power to act, progress, give manifestations of life, then life would

no longer be life. Life we believe to be the whole of Nature—the entirety of Nature's law. Therefore we may say that although you may seek to solve the problem of life, the only point to which you can possibly arrive in truth, is that life and death are one in accord and action; that there is not one of these manifestations (which you call by different names) but has its place to fill. It is just as certain that death is not absent from the universe, as it is that life is always present. If death were not present, and constantly on the march, continually carrying out the mission for which it is adapted—taking the mineral up, by the mysterious process of change, to the vegetable, the vegetable to the animal, the animal to man—everywhere transplanting the germ to a better and a higher plane, there could be no improvement in matter or spirit. We would, then, ask your wise men the question: What is life? and what is life without change? When the human family come to know death as their friend, who performs the kindly act of opening the door to grander possibilities, just as his hand, throughout all the departments of material nature, unbars the gates of progress to the atoms in their ceaseless round of manifestation in differing forms, they will recognize that life cannot be life without death to produce the changes necessary for its existence—changes in you, changes in the sun, moon and stars, and all the systems of the eternal space; for life is widespread, unconfined; beyond the dim, cloudy light of the nebulous stars, far, far beyond the utmost reach of human thought, or, perhaps, human faith, there is still life everywhere.

It has been said that if death were considered in a different light from that in which the human soul has been taught to look upon it—a terror, an arbitrary power which came to bereave, a penalty exacted from man by pitiless, eternal Wrath, as a punishment for sin—that the soul would cease to look to the infinite God of the universe for help and protection; that that which now inspires man's inner nature and causes it to look upward would be removed; that the human race would relapse back again to that state of darkness which marks the early ages of the world, and has clung to all the centuries till you may trace its relics among you even to-day. But let us see if this is the case. Ask the human soul whether, if it looked on death as a friend, it would cease to love its God? to look upward for light in this path which is so little understood? In what manner did death relieve the terrific garments with which it is clothed to-day? How came he to be robed in bonds of darkness, and attended by a pallid host of fears? Who placed in his hand the sceptre of destruction? Who filled his eye with the lightning's glare, flashing wrath through the trembling heart of mortality? Who caused maledictions and cursings to proceed from his cavernous lips, received by the human race as coming direct from God—the best and only friend. Surely, not God! Surely, not the Being who holds in place and harmony the rolling universe of worlds—the mineral, the vegetable, the animal kingdoms—and every human soul? What then? These dark and fearful views are the outgrowth of the teachings of those blind guides to which, in days gone by, the human soul has given credence—those who scrupled not to render dark, awful and mysterious everything through which they could not see clearly. But the rightly educated soul beholds Nature filled with love and tenderness; it never looks behind, fearing the coming of an enemy, for it has learned that everything is in perfect accordance with the laws of God, and death is a friend who stretches out a helping hand to assist its passage over the solemn river of change to the shining shore—who gives the signal for the falling of the curtain on the scenes of time, that it may rise amid the glories of the eternal world!

When the human soul is ready to understand its surroundings, it will hail death as a friend. But no man should court death. You should not summon him to your side when the burdens of life become heavy to bear; when your fellow-men prove faithless, and the way is dark and dreary; for death knows when he is to perform his work and fulfill his mission. Death, like everything else in life, is fitted for his sphere, and knows when to call you from these to higher scenes. He never stretches out his hand till it is decided that your duty is completed. It matters not whether your head is "silvered o'er with age," or if your life has just begun. He never turns from his path for the cry of innocence, or the wall of despair or fear. He is the same universal friend to all, whatever be the welcome he receives.

The little fish, encased in its tiny shell, is performing its duty, and is as necessary to life as is the human soul; and there is no soul, however dwarfed or cramped by earthly circumstance, which is not a part of life also. The dark savage—the untutored Indian on the plains, about whom your wise men are now quarreling to-day—is a part of life, and nobly has he proved it by the steadfast endurance he has manifested amid the fires of the great crucible into which he has been cast. Life is all pervading in its manifestations. If it were not so, where were the guaranty of its continuance? where the certainty that after a few years in the spirit-world it would not be lost, and the accumulation of years become useless in the great scale of being? But there is in this matter no uncertainty; each and every thought and movement is clearly and distinctly marked, and will be so seen by the human soul when it casts off the garb of materiality. When a man has attained to years of maturity he may be said to be ripe and fully ready for the reaper; that he is perfect; that life in him has reached the highest point of excellence that it is possible to gain. But is this all of life? Are there no mighty outgrowths of the mind which are stretching forward to the grand future? Life's accomplishments, on the plane of mortality, are only the alphabetical lessons, the rudimentary studies, wherein the soul learns what it is to be and to do in days to come. We believe that each individual of the human family is filling his own sphere in life, and will be rewarded as he discharges his duties in mortal; but, when he shall have lived in the spirit-world, he will perceive that he can go higher and higher—that he possesses the capability of endless advancement and expansion.

Life and death are one. Life is the lot of all; but no less so is death. The old and the young, the great and the small, the high and the humble—all are born into life, and all must pass out of life, by death, to the enjoyment of that eternity that awaits the soul beyond the silent river.

We understand that Prang has got up a fine picture of the poet Whitler's residence in Amesbury. We should like to see it. As we have often seen the original, we can judge correctly, we think, in regard to the merits of the picture.

"THE SPIRITUAL MESSENGER" is the title of a small quarto sheet issued from the office of the Ohio Democrat, New Philadelphia, by Charles H. Mathews, senior proprietor of that paper. It is filled with interesting matter bearing upon the subject of Spiritualism.

Our Christmas Present.
Our old subscribers, last week, added sixty-five new names to our list. A better Christmas present could not have been made, for it enables us to send broadcast the truthful teachings of the spiritual philosophy. F. M. Wheat sent two names; L. Stevens, one; W. Chase, one; E. Worcester, one; Charles M. Lachlan, one; R. H. Allen, one; W. Chase, two; F. R. Spencer, one; Oles Doe, one; Peter Holbern, one; T. C. Wilson, one; J. A. Nute, one; J. B. Tuttle, one; Dr. Harris, one; W. J. LaTune, one; Y. A. Carr, one; Joel White, one; F. A. Crans, one; Dr. M. N. Hambleton, one; Mrs. M. S. Hoadley, one; C. M. Hendee, one; C. Clayton, one; A. Stelmeyer, one; A. Musselman, one; Dr. J. H. Rhodes, one; Mrs. E. A. Pierce, one; Mrs. S. B. Stephens, one; J. C. Ransom, one; J. Valentine, one; C. H. Currier, one; C. Chase, one; James Boyd, one; Isabel Oliver, one; A. H. Worthen, one; H. C. Lake, one; Mrs. A. B. Lane, one; St. John B. Sanborn, one; M. H. Sessions, one; Mrs. S. Goldsmith, one; William H. Woodard, one; Rufus Clapp, one; M. Webber, one; N. Loomis, one; Elizabeth T. Holmes, one; Mrs. M. S. Mounsey, one; Mrs. M. W. Clark, one; E. Garland, one; Elizabeth Fisher, one; A. Housinger, one; Friend, one; Mrs. H. C. Hunter, one; Edwin Hosmer, one; S. T. Laughlin, one; J. J. Strong, one; Jno. Matteson, one; S. P. Cheney, one; George W. Oreston, one; Mrs. P. Van Voorhies, one; M. S. Dunlop, one; Prof. G. Godfrey, one; Sidney Toland, one; P. Horton, one; Mrs. M. Blackwell, one. God bless the helpers.

Dumb Creatures.
"Our Dumb Animals"—the publication bearing that name—appears with a statement of the cases it has directly prosecuted, in consequence of the abuse of animals. The cases number 111, and the amount of fines imposed is \$1,131. Its managers, or rather the Society of which it is the organ, has investigated and acted upon a thousand cases of various kinds, remonstrances and warning being from preference tried first. The Society appeals to a humane and civilized public for aid in its work, in every way calculated to promote its worthy aims. It is grateful for the reports of friendly disposed persons, and hopes the whole community will enlist with enthusiasm in this plan of enlarging the area of kindness. The effect is as visible on the man as on his beast.

The Physical Manifestations.
Ira Davenport, Sr., with his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Davenport Blandy, accompanied by Miss Wing, have been giving a few private sances, in New Philadelphia, says the *Spiritual Messenger*, which have elicited considerable interest, and done much good to the cause of true Spiritualism. The exalted character of the control, and the wonderful doings of the scientific circle of which Mrs. B. is but a humble instrument, are among the curious things of our day and generation. They must be witnessed in order to be understood. No description of ours can do justice to the subject.

Michigan.
The State Association of Spiritualists held its fourth annual convention in Battle Creek, Dec. 10th. Col. D. M. Fox, the retiring President, made a lengthy report of the workings of the association, from its organization to the present time. We regret that it is not in good working condition. Funds are needed to warrant the putting of missionaries into the field. We trust the Spiritualists of the State will wake up to the importance of sustaining this method of spreading the truth of Spiritualism among the people.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.
Moses Hall speaks at the Everett Rooms, New York, every Sunday during January and February, in Masonic Hall in Williamsburg, N. Y., every Thursday evening during the same time.

Dr. O. B. Payne, a trance speaker, formerly of Eldorado, Mo., has arrived at Sacramento, Cal., where he intends to locate for the present.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will lecture in Union Hall, Charleston, Jan. 21.

E. S. Wheeler, on his way to Cleveland from Boston, gave a course of six lectures in Erie, Pa., and spoke on Sunday, at Painesville, Ohio.

Prof. Stearns at Mercantile Hall.
On Monday evening, Dec. 20th, Prof. I. G. Stearns gave a complimentary entertainment at this place, consisting of a brief exposition of the art of psychology, illustrated with practical experiments from all who chose to volunteer from the audience. The Prof. succeeded in highly amusing those present, and his remarks were often applauded. He gave notice that he should continue his entertainments during the week.

A Discussion in Iowa.
W. F. Jamieson and Prof. G. T. Carpenter, of Oskaloosa College, Iowa, were to hold a discussion on the Divinity of the Bible, the Divinity of Christ, and Spiritualism, at Des Moines, Iowa, commencing Dec. 27th, to continue twelve sessions of two hours each. Orthodoxy is strong in Iowa, but the people are hungering for the light and truths of Spiritualism, consequently it is a good field to work in.

Troy, Miami County, Ohio.
Yella H. White, writing from the above place, says there are a dozen or more Spiritualists there. The town contains about four thousand inhabitants, thoroughly crowd-ridden, hence no spiritual lecturers have ever been there, although all the more needed. Bro. White is anxious to have good lecturers visit them. He will give them a welcome at his house.

Brooklyn, N. Y.
A correspondent writes a long letter of inquiry why the Spiritualists of Brooklyn do not unite and hold their meetings in one hall instead of two. That is a matter to be decided among themselves. It is not newspaperable.

Robert Collyer, Unitarian, talked to a large audience in Boston Theatre, on Sunday evening, Nov. 20. His subject was "Disguised Angels," and he treated it in a broad, liberal and great-hearted sense. Taking for his text the apostle's injunction to be hospitable to strangers, and the unconscious entertainment of angels in this guise, he declared that these angels were in all forms and things and events, and that the hospitality which secured them as guests must be ever open, vigilant and urgent. Excellent Spiritualist! The gentleman no doubt reads the *Banner of Light* and other Spiritualistic journals.

The meed of praise is due to C. C. Mead, printer, 91 Washington street, for the superior execution of his calendars for 1870.

Read on our sixth page what some of the invisible say in regard to Mr. Mumler as a spirit-artist. It seems they endorse him.

Morristown, Minn.
Mrs. Harriet E. Pope writes as follows: "It is not two years since there was but one family of Spiritualists in our town, and now we have a thriving society, and the chief complaint of Orthodoxy and its preachers is, 'We can't do anything in Morristown, there are so many Spiritualists there. One thing is certain: we give the enemy no peace; we are not only defenders, but aggressors; and as long as the *Banner of Light* comes to us every week, freighted with such good news, we shall continue to fight for truth and reason. Bro. J. L. Potter, of Milwaukee, has been with us a number of weeks during the past summer, and has dealt many a sturdy blow at the tree of error, and we feel sure that the angel-world will second every endeavor to spread the doctrines of our beautiful Philosophy. May the *Banner* never grow less, and may many yet enlist under that noble ensign."

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.
Jan. 24, Lecture by Prof. Wm. Denton.
The third course of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism will be continued in Music Hall—the most elegant and popular assembly room in the city—
SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, at 2 o'clock,
until the close of April (20 weeks), under the management of Lewis H. Wilson, who has made engagements with some of the ablest inspirational, trance and normal speakers in the lecturing field. Prof. William Denton will lecture Jan. 24 and during March, Thomas Gates Foster, Jan. 23 and 30 and during February, Mrs. Emma Harding during April. Vocal exercises by an excellent quartette.
Season ticket, with reserved seat, \$3.00; single admission, 15 cents. Season tickets can be obtained at the counter of the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, 153 Washington street, and at the hall.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:
THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cts. THE RELIGIO-SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. B. Jones, Esq. Price 8 cents. THE LANCET: Published in London. Price 10 cts. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 5 cents. DAYBREAK: Published in London. Price 5 cents.

To Correspondents.
(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)
"R. M. L." WASHINGTON, WEST FLORIDA.—We pay no attention to anonymous communications. Send your full address, if you desire a hearing.

Business Matters.
MRS. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. J.W.D.18.

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

M. K. GASSIEN will answer sealed letters at 185 Bank street, Newark, N. J. Terms \$2.00 and 4 blue stamps. J.W.D.25.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. D.11.

MRS. ANNY M. LAFLIN FERRE, Psychometrist, Psychometric readings, \$3.00; Directions in development, \$3.00; Personal directions, \$5.00. Address, San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. S. A. R. WATERMAN, box 4193, Boston, Mass., Psychometrist and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c. Terms \$2 to \$5 and three 3-cent stamps. Send for a circular. D.11.

\$30,000.—An honorable person with a capital of \$20,000 can make a large fortune in a lucrative business. The money to be spent under his own supervision. The best references required and given. Address, A. Johnson, 111 East 12th street, New York. J.W.D.25.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND AFFECTIONS OF THE CHEST. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" or Cough Lozenges are of great value. In Coughs, Irritation of the Throat, caused by cold, or Unusual Exertion of the vocal organs in speaking in public, or singing, they produce the most beneficial results. The Troches have proved their efficacy.

THE CLOSING YEAR.
How quick the passing year has gone!
How grateful should we be,
Who're in its rapid current borne,
If we its end shall see!
What is there can so well become
Those who shall see the NEW
As making happier each home
By something we can do?
Parents can "CLOTHE" their boys, we know,
And make their happiness complete,
By calling on GEORGE A. FENNO,
Corner of Beach and Washington street.

Special Notices.
WARREN CHASE & CO.,
No. 827 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.
Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Mendum, Adams & Co., and all other popular liberal literature, including all the Spiritual Papers and Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, &c.

Herman Snow, at 319 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books at Eastern prices. Also Planchettes, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, &c. The *Banner of Light* can always be found at his counter. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. May 1.—

Notice to Subscribers of the *Banner of Light*.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the order or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper itself, then you know that the time for which you paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Those who desire the paper continued, should renew their subscriptions at least as early as three weeks before the receipt-figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

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Each line in *Agate type*, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment in all cases in advance.
For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.
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Message Department.

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 125 Washington Street, Boston, No. 4 (Station) Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoon. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock...

Invocation.

Lead us, oh Lord, where those truths abide that shall best nourish our souls for future eternity. We have called upon thee, O God, for thy aid in the darkest hours, and in ways strange to our mortal sense...

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, your questions I will now endeavor to answer. Q.—Suppose two children of the same age and of the same mental calibre were separated at the time of their births, one to enter the spiritual world, the other to remain here in the physical life...

rights. But as long as we men—speak of the lord of creation, we are very apt to exercise too much lordly force over what is not a part of ourselves. If it was, it would be different; but as it is not, it is human nature to exercise too much lordly force. There is only one way, under the present state of things, to keep this lordly force in subjection...

had since I went away. I hope by coming here, getting into working order through human life, I can do better for her. I intend to send Tom home from California if I can. I can't say what will come of his coming home, but I intend to do something for her—the best I can, anyway. And I hope she won't despair. And as for feeling that I am among the lost because I wasn't a church-member...

to be just to us; but it is because we are weak and we are ignorant. But thy mercy will be long toward us. Thou wilt never fail to deal with us mercifully, and kindly, and wisely, for thou art the one Great Spirit presiding over us all, caring for all life, manifesting through all form, and giving unto each whatsoever belongeth to them. Thou art the one God presiding over Israel, and over the Gentile world; thou dost know no difference between Jew and Gentile, the bond and free...

will get it there—a kind, good man, and a blessing to his parish. It is no wonder, is it? I have tried hard to get my poor little ones under his wing, because I know their mother is going to leave them, and a work-house life is a terrible life. It hardens the heart, and makes you what you would not be if you were out of it. English work-houses are terrible places—terrible places. I came to this medium last night, and I learned how I should proceed with some of my children...

Banner of Light.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WARREN CHASE, No. 55 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

OUT OF PLACE.

Among the misfortunes to which the people of this country are subject, on account of persons being elevated to places of wealth, or wealthy friends, for which they are entirely unqualified...

ANOTHER CALL FROM THE SUMMER-LAND.

With feelings of deepest regret we are again called upon to part with one of the ablest workers in our ranks, and one who gave us greater promise of usefulness than most of those of her age...

WHO WROTE IT?

The North British Review gives us the following as a close translation from a Lyric in the Vedas, for which even this Christian authority is compelled to admit an antiquity of at least four thousand years...

Mediums' Convention in Western New York.

The Quarterly Meeting of Mediums and Speakers convened on the 20th of November, in LeRoy, continuing two days. P. I. Clum, of Rochester, presided.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. BY FREDERICK GARY.

Great master of the poet's art! Surely the source of thy powers lie in that true and tender heart...

A Call from Modern Macedonia—"Come over and Help us."

FRIENDS OF SPIRITUALISM.—During a late visit to St. John, New Brunswick, I perceived that the people there, as in the case wherever the light begins to shine, are waiting for some person or persons to guide them...

Interest on Money.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—A correspondent in your last issue (Dec. 25) asserts that to exact interest on money is a crime, and there are many who believe this, and would have our laws so amended that at least the amount paid by the borrower should be limited.

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR BANNER.—On Sunday evening Miss Nettie Pease lectured on the life and virtues of our much beloved sister, Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm Slade, to one of the largest audiences that ever assembled at the Law Building.

Westward, Ho!

To the readers of the Banner of Light on the Pacific Coast: I wish to invite correspondence with people in California or Southern Oregon, and especially Spiritualists, in relation to the country and its advantages.

Adrian, Mich.

The Spiritualists of Adrian are holding their meetings in Odd Fellows' Hall, with good attendance. The Ecumenical Council is in session at Rome. One of the most important committees was announced, being that on questions of faith.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January, 1870, presents a strong line of poetry in particular, the prose articles not falling behind the standard of any of the best numbers yet issued.

PURMAN'S MAGAZINE for January, 1870, has a steel engraving of Pere Hyacinthe as a frontispiece, with a sketch of the distinguished preacher and his church by John Bigelow.

LITTELL'S MAGAZINE for January, 1870, leads off again with the story of Anthony Trollope; gives a sparkling Christmas tale, with a ghost and a fairy in it.

WOMEN OF POWER, by Marc Monnier, is the seventh of the delightful series of volumes from the press of Scribner & Co., New York, designed for entertainment with valuable instruction.

MR. JAMES REED, the Swedonborgian minister, has written a thin little monograph on "MAN AND WOMAN, UNLIKE YET EQUAL," which contains a compact and compendious argument on the subject which it treats.

THE OVERTURE OF ANGELS is a beautiful volume for Christmas, from the press of J. B. Ford & Co., New York, and is a fragment from the forthcoming "Life of Jesus," by Henry Ward Beecher.

LEE & SHEPARD put forth a little gem of a box, containing "PATIENCE," a series of thirty games with cards. Compiled by Mrs. E. D. Cheney. It is a nice thing for the young folks.

Opinions of the Press.

DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Boston: William White & Co. Mr. Davis is a modern Spiritualist—a leader in that numerous body of extremely liberal-minded men and women...

Henry Ward Beecher dooms an offender to "sit for four mortal hours in a cold church and listen to a sermon read by a near-sighted man who had lost his spectacles!"

A New Story for the Banner.

As the Banner is never backward in good works, we this week commend the publication of an Original Story of great merit, entitled "STARVING BY INCHES!"

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