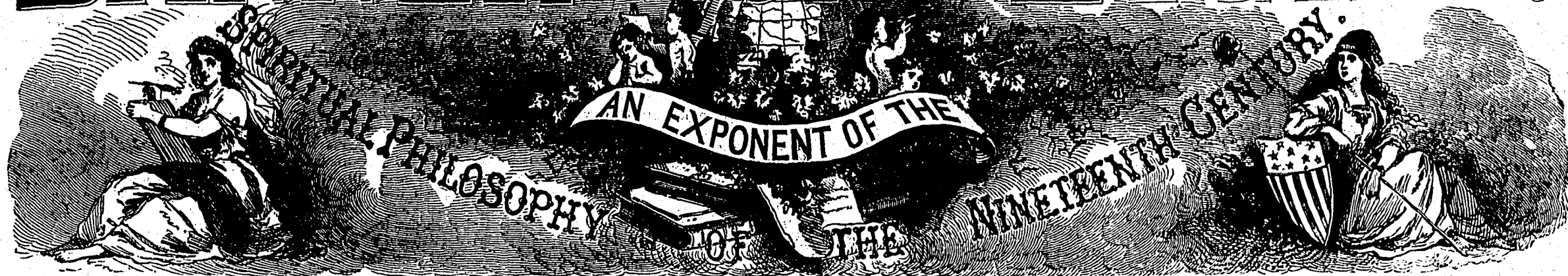


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 17.

The Lecture Room.

HAPPINESS.

A Lecture by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

An immense audience filled Music Hall, Boston, on Thursday evening, Dec. 22d, to listen to a lecture by Rev. H. W. Beecher—the last one in the Old Bay State course—on HAPPINESS, which, the speaker truly observed, was a favorite and fertile theme. He said: What an organ is in a vast cathedral, under the hand of an ignorant player, that is the soul of man in life—an instrument of wonderful compass and sweetness, badly played—and therefore uttering more noise than music. And yet a wise vision may see plainly that the instrument was not made to be harsh or dissonant. Man was royally built for enjoyment. There is a joy hidden in every faculty. It is the law of its normal activity and a sign of its health. Nature is not obdurate, and does not deal in intensities, but the goal of every one of her paths has a peaceful joy in it. Every one of her real flowers has at the bottom honey-cells, which coarse men often do not find out, and finer insects do. The resources of men for happiness are very great. The actual product is also very great, but it bears no proportion in quantity or in quality to the provision made for it. I say that there is a great deal of it, but there are a great many people on this globe, and if each man and woman and child but sigh once in a day, the sum of all their sighs would blow like a trade-wind; and if each one but smile, the sum of all their smiling faces will be like the coming of spring; if they laugh, the whole globe would sound. There is a great deal of happiness in every individual life, provided we are not too nice in applying the term. Not very much ecstasy, not very much long-continued happiness, not a very great variety of happiness, and yet there is a great deal of happiness scored up and down in half hours, in flashing moments; but the art of continuous happiness has not been found, or it has been stumbled upon by very few. I think that all healthy babes have a good time, however their mothers may fare. Childhood is apt to have a good deal of happiness—pity they don't know it. This is not true where disease is inherited, where poverty early drives children to exacting work, or where vice and squalor subject them to perversion and disease. But this condition on the globe, taking the globe all over, is exceptional. The great majority of children in all nations have no small amount of happiness, which, to be sure, may be of a low grade, but yet far more enjoyable than that higher up on the scale, which is called refined happiness, and mostly is refined away. All young animals have their elation at the beginning. Men in after-life look back to boyhood and exaggerate its joys. If men could have their childhood after they have had their experience, how happy they could be! No care quarrels with a child's sleep. Where he lays down his cheek at night, there it is in the morning. Think of that, ye great crowd of insomniacs. Men interpret by their reason, children by their imagination. The predominance of imagination in childhood is one secret of its felicity. In looking back to childhood, some are struck with the change in faith more than anything else. Childhood believes, but man doubts. Men mourn as they grow older that they believe so much less than they did in their childhood. I do not say that life is without joy. I do not say that it is a sham. Life is a very good thing to have. Yet the art of happiness has been imperfectly learned thus far. It has been studied but little as a science. It has been put to school mostly to the moralists, to the preachers, and to the maxims of the neighborhood. The best people the happiest? Not in my observation. There is no good rule or wise maxim that is not broken down every day. It is true that goodness tends to happiness, but all good men are not happy. Happiness is the result of temperament, harmonious organization, of fortunate relations of place, thought, faculties, disposition, the circumstances of things, and lastly upon those eddies or currents which are produced by the combined movement of men in society which some men call luck, which the common people call fortune, and Christians call providence. Yet happiness is a mere venture. Men do not know their organization, nor the laws of the world in which it must act, nor the relations of society. There is no chart which will lead surely in the channel of happiness: Can any one point to any rules, I will not say infallible, but intelligible? There are some hints, and some ways are better than others, but yet it is a lottery. Occupation is one element, and that only under some circumstances, for leisure and rest are also productive of happiness. If you are working, then your notion of happiness is rest, and if you are at rest, your notion of happiness is work, and both are right. An alternation of both is essential. Good health is necessary to happiness, but it does not produce it always. Some invalids are happier than those who tend them. [Laughter.] I have seen most robust grumblers. Then comes the hygienist, who says the world moves by law. You would think all the natural laws could be counted on your fingers, but the truth is, the natural laws are innumerable. A great, hulking boy goes smashing through all kinds of experiences, and woe to your moral laws. These laws are relative. There is unquestionably at the bottom natural law, but how shall a man manage his natural laws? If men would only transform themselves into angels, they would be happier; but how to do it, that is the question. Mr. Beecher satirized the hygienic professor sharply. Let no man be deemed a blunderer if he do not conform to these laws, he said. I myself have no scheme of happiness. Every man must find the way for himself. The problem of living is extremely complex, and happiness is the harmony of all our forces. All happiness is the normal product of

man's nervous forces; but men seldom think of happiness as the normal product of something inside of them. Men think that it is outside of them, and go out to seek it as they seek goods. Happiness is the vibration of a nerve. You will have no more happiness than you have power to generate within. A mere organization of itself cannot generate happiness, but under every condition, and in the most favorable circumstances, every man must have a source of joy within. Happiness is also limited by the capacity of each man to generate within himself nervous power. What education can do for a man depends upon what organization has been done for him. Man cannot enjoy himself for a continuous time. We have heard so much of the expansion of our powers that we have gained an exaggerated idea of our capacity for enjoyment. My observation has convinced me that a very few men are capable of high religious happiness, while a very great majority are capable of only a low idea of moral responsibility. One-half of what is deemed religious feeling is social excitement, one-twentieth perhaps is spiritual, and a very good deal is trying to feel as we think we ought to feel. I have seen persons who seemed to be trying to extract all the bitterness from life; others appear to extract all possible sweetness. This capacity for happiness may be cultivated. Still there is based upon organization a responsibility for disposition. A third law is that happiness augments as sensibility develops, and decreases as excitability increases. The activity of lower forces of mind partakes strongly of physical excitement; whereas the activity of the higher group is higher, more natural, less excitable and more enjoyable. The more excitement there is in pleasure, the more it is adulterated. The highest pleasures tranquilize, and the peace which the Master promised to give to the world is the consummation of happiness. The happiness of life will depend upon where a man places his centre. If he makes his centre in the basilar faculties he will reap corruption; if he makes the centre in the coronal faculties he will reap life everlasting. The great majority of men would be satisfied if they could have warmth, joy, food, sleep and the excitement of war or intoxication. The human system cannot generate enough of happiness to fill out the whole being. All our faculties cannot operate at once. Therefore distributive and successive happiness is the order of Nature, and this distribution must take place on settled principles. Every man ought to determine what part of his mind he will live by. The great majority of men live in the cellar of the soul. The peculiar folly of our age is the waste of nerve force. In all directions we see the sign of brain dissipation. The diseases of virtuous men are no longer what they used to be—blood diseases. Paralysis is beating up in every community, and finding recruits. Good men are living too fast. Each man is swept on against his will into the tumult of life. The great army of insomniacs is increasing, and such men have a call to inactivity. There are three kinds of dissipation—white, red and black dissipation. White dissipation is the waste of nerve and excessive use of the brain—that is pious dissipation, scholarly dissipation, business dissipation, the dissipation of the men who, with salutary shudders, thank God that they are not as other men are. Red dissipation is the dissipation of the increase of blood by luxurious food, or the waste of blood by all those passions and indulgences which come of luxurious living. Black dissipation is that of the grosser indulgences which criminal men seek. Mr. Beecher said that audiences sometimes seemed to him like Dante's Inferno, as he looked in the faces before him, especially those of the women. The more intelligent men need toning down and cooling off. Wealth and refinement should not bring indolence, but they should certainly bring leisure. Mr. Beecher then went on to consider the habits of life and hospitality in fashionable society, which he satirized in the most scathing tone. Entertainments must be lowered. Men must be invited not because they have the nature of the swine in them. There is more real enjoyment in a summer's picnic than in all the winter parties ever held. Fashionable parties are a mockery and a sham; and if there is anything more ridiculous than the thing itself, it is the costume of the people who attend them. Men may redeem occupations and make them pleasant. They ought to find their happiness in their business. If it can be made at all congenial, it should not be called the task of life. Amusements are to be narrowly studied by those who would get enjoyment by them. They are indispensable, but they belong to those chiefly who are overtaxed. Every one must test them for himself. They must not be deemed proper because they are innocent in themselves. If they destroy strength and vitality, if they kill your liking of daily affairs, if they make you gloomy and repining, they are not for you. Billiards were a very good amusement for the speaker, but not for scores of young men. It is difficult to estimate the value of religion in producing happiness, because religion has its hold in secret places. It is not to be found where men are debating over creeds, nor where men are haggling with their tailor over the cut of their coat; but if we include the fruits of the spirit, which are never catalogued in creeds—love, joy, sweetness, hope, charity—then there is no way of measuring the power of religion in the soul. That part of religion which dwells in silence and draws one away from the world gives light to the end of the world and to the world hereafter, and then its value is inestimable. [Applause.] Mr. Beecher's lecture was one of the best he ever delivered. At its close, he welcomed a large number of personal friends upon the platform.

Every lady who educates her servants into greater truthfulness, fidelity and orderly ways of life, is doing missionary work of the best kind.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ER DENKEN MEIN.

BY METTIE BELLE CRANE.

Er denken mein; the pale, soft light of stars
Lies on hill and plain;
I wander forth among the Sylvan shades,
Alone, yet not alone.

Er denken mein; 'tis blended with the voice
Of autumn winds, that tell
Their tales of love among the leafy bowers
Of wood and mossy dell.

Er denken mein; the silver-tinted waves
That lave the pebbly shore
Catch the soft echoes of the inspiring strain,
And sing it o'er and o'er.

Er denken mein; forth from the rifted clouds
Floateth the silver song;
And down the walls of heaven sweet spirits bear
The joyous words along.

Er denken mein; as by the pulsing streams
That grace the beautiful land,
He tunes his harp of gold to rapturous songs
As ever angels sang.

Er denken mein, he marks my earthly course;
And when my changeful path
Dangers beset and sorrows cloud, that voice
Whispers of hope and faith.

Ich denke dein; and when the sun sinks low
Behind the purple plains,
I'll come to thee, where shadows never fall,
And sunlight never wanes.

LETTER FROM DR. WILLIS.

DEAR BANNER—I wish you and all your readers a Happy New Year! When these lines shall reach your eye, the New Year will be with us with its pure white tablets ready for the record we are to make thereon during the weeks and months of 1871. To me there is always solemn meaning in this anniversary of the New Year—solemn and beautiful. Was it by accident that the universal heart of humanity has observed from time immemorial this season lying between Christmas and the New Year, as one consecrated to the purest affections of the human soul? Was it by accident that there came this pause before the beginning—this stop placed at the end of the year—this wonderful explanation point—it is finished—that the story may begin again as before? The colored people upon the Christmas at the South who have their holidays between Christmas and New Year's, do not count those days as time. With them the year ends with Christmas, and begins with New Year's. And there is beautiful significance in this. The end of the old by the birth-day—the end of time by the fullness of life—and yet it must go on. Time shall be no more only when that eternal holiday begins—when the spirit rests in its attainment, and knows only to measure by its desires.

Well, and what is the word of cheer at this beginning of the glad new year? What signs of promise greet the eye of the watcher for the morning? Where stands humanity to-day, as compared with one year ago to-day? Where stand we as individuals? Has the world's progress kept pace with the lapse of time? Have the days as they have glided into weeks, and the weeks into months, and the months filled up the full measure of the year 1870, witnessed the steady advancement of the race in all that constitutes true growth?

Everywhere we turn the eye, we note changes continually going on; constant advances toward a higher civilization; a persistent, unwearying effort to perfect the various branches of industry. And what progress is being made in the physical condition of humanity? It would seem as if men and women were beginning to realize that their bodies are really temples of God. Hence physical culture is becoming more and more popular. Physicians are sending their patients to the lifting cures and movement cures, and skating, riding, rowing and walking, are the popular amusements of the day.

And what splendid achievements mark the progress of the race mentally. Science is rapidly wresting from the bosom of nature her profoundest secrets. The astronomer, the geologist, the geographer, the historian, the naturalist, the chemist, are constantly enlarging our thought of creation, constantly adding riches to our store of knowledge, constantly increasing the supremacy of mind.

And religiously, too, how full of promise are the signs of the times. Rapidly are the sect-walls crumbling away. The bald dogmas and fearful doctrines that so long blighted the heart, and threw over the fair face of creation a sombre pall, have been forced into the background. The man who gives utterance to them in all their baldness to-day achieves a notoriety that no one can envy. Vide Fulton, of Tremont Temple notoriety, the defamer of Charles Dickens, whose sweet, noble soul while incarnated in flesh did a greater work for humanity than all the bigoted pulpits of Christendom have ever done. Henry Ward Beecher, in his Thanksgiving sermon, recognizing how full of promise the times are in this direction, said in his brave way: "Never was there so intelligent a faith as to-day among the plain people. There may be less faith in creeds, but there is a stronger belief in Christian ethics than ever before, and in God as the Almighty God."

And what rapid strides forward the Woman Question is taking. How splendidly women, the world over, are demonstrating and taking their right to enter any department of active use they may feel themselves fitted to fill. In three of the learned professions are they doing most efficient and most remunerative services. Rapidly are our colleges opening to them. Antioch College and Michigan University have thrown open their doors to them, and with what results? The trustees and faculty of both institutions bear unanimous testimony to the fact that while none of the evils predicted by the opponents of this simple act of justice have arisen, the positive benefits of

the step are numerous. The testimony from the professors of the university at Ann Arbor, where there are thirty female students, is that better recitations have never been made, and in the severest studies, than have been made by the ladies. "So far are they from injuring scholarship here, that by their earnestness and fidelity they are, if anything, stimulating it; and their presence is beginning to give to all utterances in the class-rooms just that delicacy, that civility, that humane tone which the recognition of women among the readers of books has been giving to English literature during the last hundred years."

Brown University and Cornell have well high given up their scruples, and the time cannot be far distant when these, and also Harvard and Yale, will have female students in all their departments of study.

And how is it with regard to our own ecclesial and most beautiful form of faith? What words of cheer does the New Year bring concerning that? Grand and glorious ones. Our faith never glowed more brightly than now. The knowledge of heaven, revealed through the pure and holy visits of angels and ministers of grace, has wonderfully increased this past year. We feel more and more confident of the sublime triumph of truth. The world over, Spiritualism is grandly marching on. Our beautiful ideas are pervading all literature and all life. Not a popular romance but introduces them. Not a poem that takes hold of the heart of the people but owes its power and its beauty to them.

And never was Spiritualism so recognized, never did it receive so much deference from the press, or so many demonstrations of respect from the pulpit as to-day. Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of New York, lately paid it the following fine tribute from his desk:

To me, the one interesting feature of Spiritualism is, that it makes so much account of use in connection with immortality. Its significance lies in the thought of mutual service, communion, communication, friendly offices, the brotherly and sisterly relationship of souls. The Spiritualists deny that the angels above are shining, perpetual psalms; they laugh at the prospect of sitting on golden thrones, or kneeling in adoration on the sapphire pavement, or wearing jeweled crowns on their heads. Their immortals are doing business, helping the sick, teaching the ignorant, managing the affairs of the world: in a word, they are men and women.

There are different kinds of Spiritualists; some are coarse people and some are refined people. Some teach doctrines of unholiness; others are content with none but the most delicate conceptions in regard to human and divine relationships. Some seek signs and wonders; others are satisfied with the simplest truths. Some look for revelations of more than earthly wisdom from the disembodied world, and others are inquisitive about that knowledge, consult no oracles, wait upon no mediums, and deem it enough to be persuaded that the disembodied are not also the disembodied. Some are constantly listening at keyholes for secret disclosures; others take God and man for granted. Some spend their time in idle speculations touching the hereafter; others take hold with both their hands to make this world better. But differing thus in moods and tendencies, one and all, to whatever class belonging, make this thought of use especially prominent in all they say and do; and it is this thought of use which has vitalized their heaven; has made real the immortal hope; has rendered the eternal world substantial and habitable; has begotten the conviction that the grave, instead of being a pit that people fall into to be lost forever, is a doorway that opens into the chambers of the Father's house."

We are grateful for this tribute from our reverend brother. It is but one of many that are coming from all quarters. We love to have that which has been to us life and light and truth, and crowned our lives with joy and gladness, recognized by others, and receive the homage of the good and true; and, had Spiritualism accomplished no more than what Mr. Frothingham so kindly says of it, it would still be one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed the world.

We can but feel that the voices of this New Year are voices of cheer, proclaiming to us the glorious spread of truth, the steady and persistent triumph of all that we hold dearest in our faith; and as we exchange the happy congratulations of the season, let us do so with a sincerity evidenced by an effort to actualize in our lives those truths and principles that can but make happy all our years, and impart happiness to every soul with whom we come in contact. Again, then, I wish you all a Happy New Year.

FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

PRAYER.

Many a soul—most souls—in all ages and lands, at times, yearn to address and commune with something higher and mightier than man. The propensity to this is innate, and outworks itself. Man needs a God; therefore there is a God. But who or what is he? Man knows not; or at best knows only a very little about him. Infinite, omnipresent, omnipotent, all-knowing, all-wise, all-benevolent are terms we apply to him, but no finite mind comprehends a millionth part of their import. We speak of him and to him as a person. But when the mind attempts to think of a person unbounded on all sides, spreading out everywhere beyond where thought can go, the common meaning of person is soon transcended. If God be infinite, then he is not a person in any intelligible sense. So logic decides. Reason says it is so. Still he or it is something; and such a something that the soul yearns to feel and commune with it. The heart, helped by the imagination, in many or most cases gives to that something a most glorious and resplendent human form, and lays hold upon, and speaks to, and clings to, and loves and adores it as if a person, in spite of all that the head may say. And the heart does right. It has its own needs, and may supply them regardless of any protests from the head. Prayer wants to feel that it speaks to a person, and the head should learn tolerance and let it do so.

Philosophically we care not whether one calls his God Him or It. But practically we insist upon the right of the heart to have a God that it can speak to and love as a person. Imagination is a useful faculty, and let it work for the heart when it can do the heart good; let it fashion and perfect for the soul's use the most beautiful and majestic human form it possibly can, and call that image either God, "Jehovah, Jove or Lord"—call it Allah, Buddha, Manitou or Nature—it matters little what the name—the

thing is sought for, and is needed. Something is the life and the controller of all the worlds, &c., and all the dwellers in them. The soul feels this, and that something is God. Reason may call God all-pervading, impersonal principles—let her; but also let the imagination embody what it can of the divine principles in a person for the soul's use.

This implied doubt of God's positive personality—doubt because of our absolute inability to handle the question—may be thought to argue the futility of prayer. Indeed, whether regarded as a person or not, scripture and all cultivated reason tell us that "God is without variableness or shadow of turning"—therefore, why pray? On either ground, why pray to the unchanging, unchangeable one? The best thought of the day says that *Law* reigns everywhere. Then why pray? Many a heart knows from experience that prayer is answered, and that itself gets strength and comfort from prayer. And the sneers of the head and the ice of logic cannot suppress and quench the inward fires which yearn upward—our position is that they should make no attempt to do so.

Still reason will ask, why pray? We answer, Because by the action of universal laws, a soul, when yearning and aspiring toward God, opens itself to the influx of new light, strength and peace. God flows into man when he opens the doors of his inmost being and invites God to come in there. Man may thus become more full of God—may thus become more God-like in himself and in all his acts. God, like the atmosphere, may be made more or less abundant and healthful in one's dwelling place by his own attention to windows and doors. This is *Law*.

There is another view. Let God be unchangeable—let law reign; and still there may be listening ears, feeling hearts, and helpful hands unseen above, and attend us, whom prayer reaches. Universal law may permit and require ministering spirits to hear our prayers and be roused by them to work in our behalf. If literally the Great Infinite have no ear, no heart, no hand, if he do not hear, do not feel, do not help directly, yet his ministering spirits are invested with wisdom and powers which enable them to vary the action of universal laws as teachers and helpers of men. The more sincere and earnest one's prayer, and the greater his own purity and God-likeness, the more pure and more powerful may be the spirits who hear the prayer and labor for his benefit. But in all cases, both the praying soul and the spirit-helpers must work in obedience to law, or the desired results will not be obtained.

One of the most gladdening effects of belief in Spiritualism has been that of making prayer a more simple, natural, earnest act than it was before we had distinct conception that loved helpers were near to bear our prayers upward, and to give us, in some form, the help we need. Though prayer be only the soul's sincere desire, whether expressed or not, still the expression tends to make the desire more definite and to make its existence known more widely in the spirit realm.

ALLEN PUTNAM.

LAFAYETTE'S REMARKABLE FACULTY OF REMEMBRANCE.—It was often remarked of Gen. Lafayette when he was on his tour through the United States, in 1824, that he possessed in a very extraordinary degree the faculty of recognizing his old companions in arms, whom he had not seen for more than fifty years. He could call by name as well the privates in the ranks as the highest officers in the line. The following incident is related by a correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch*, to whom it was told in the year 1852 by the late Judge Brooks of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, who had been a captain in the war of the Revolution:

"While Lafayette was in Richmond, a guest of Virginia, an obscure individual living in Person county, North Carolina, who was known in the Revolutionary army as Sergeant Hood, who belonged to the company commanded by Captain Brooks, and who, on account of his singular daring and uniform good conduct, was a pet of his officers, visited the capital for the purpose of greeting his old commanding general. Judge Brooks said that on walking across the capitol square one morning, he met an old man who inquired of him if he could direct him to the quarters of General Lafayette, adding that he had fought under him when he was a youth, and had come 150 miles to see him. Before the Judge had time to respond the stranger said to him: 'Is not this Captain Brooks to whom I am talking?' On receiving an affirmative answer he said, 'You do not appear to recognize me. I am Sergeant Hood who belonged to your company during the Revolutionary war.' The Judge told me that he was immediately so filled with the most pleasant recollections of the sergeant's many deeds of valor performed under his own inspection, that he gave him a cordial grasp, and went with him to Lafayette's room.

On entering, and before a word was spoken by any one else, the Marquis, who was in a remote part of the room, eagerly approached the strange old man, and exclaiming, 'Sergeant Hood,' fell on his neck and wept tears of joy. He recognized this humble private in an instant, and recounted some of his deeds of daring to the astonished company. That he should have recognized any of his brother officers after a separation of more than half a century, during which time they must have undergone the usual change wrought in one's appearance by old age, while his own eyes must have grown dim, was a matter of no little surprise, but that he should have hailed an humble private in the ranks by name excited the astonishment of all who were present. The Judge remarked that it was one of the most agreeable and joyful reunions in which he ever participated."

MARRIED MEN.—There is an expression in the face of a good married man who has a good wife that a bachelor cannot have. It is indescribable. He is a little nearer the angels than the prettiest young fellow living. You can see that his broad breast is a pillow for somebody's head, and that little fingers pull his whiskers. No one ever mistakes the good married man. It is only the erratic one that leaves you in doubt. The good one can protect all the unprotected females, and make himself generally agreeable to the ladies, and yet never leave a doubt on any mind that there is a precious little woman at home worth all the world to him.

Free Thought.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The *Woman's Journal* of Nov. 20, contains a most admirable speech made by Julia Ward Howe in Philadelphia on the 10th ult., at a meeting of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association. A good cause, such as the Woman's Suffrage movement is, with such gifted advocates to commend it, cannot linger long on the road to success, and we already see the more advanced minds of the age hastening to array themselves on its side. The stale objections that have been thrown in its way by the coarser and more bigoted of the sterner sex, are receiving a sifting at the hands of gifted women in their journals and conventions that is thoroughly exposing their weakness and sophistry, and it is hardly probable that another decade will pass ere taxation with representation—those cardinals of freedom—will go hand in hand throughout the Union without distinction of color or sex. Says the vulgar minded political trickster, "All we want of woman at the ballot box is to sweep from our town halls the peanut shells and tobacco quills left there by the lords of creation." "Let us enter there," replies woman, "on an equality with men, and we will keep them clear of such nuisances by the mere force of our presence without the aid of a broom." Says the arrogant M. D., "we want no woman beside the bed when a child is born, save as a nurse to do our bidding; we want her not in the sick room, save to administer our drugs; we want her not in the dissecting hall, save to remove the human blood and brains we have scattered around." Says woman, "We read in the *good book* that when Hebrew mothers were assisted by their own sex, their deliverance was so 'lively' that the child was born 'ere the midwives could come in to them,' and the midwives Christian mothers now were it not for the damaging presence of the doctors." Again, says woman, "Give us the sole care of the sick, and with the aid of the intuitive powers that God has so peculiarly endowed us with, we will arrive at a cruder diagnosis of the ailments of the human body than you can obtain with your books and scalp knives, and do more to restore it to health by the healing magnetic currents that Christ imparts through the organism of all who believe understandingly in his spiritual power, and the application of simple vegetable remedies, than has ever been done with all your drugs and mineral poisons."

And now says the learned L. L. D., "it would become your sex to partake in the lying and rillyard of the court room, or to sentence from the judgment seat the criminal to the gallows or the prison." "Let us," answers woman, "plead in your courts, and though we may not be potent to make your lawyers honest and truthful, we will at least shame them into external decency; give us a share in the making and administering of your laws, and we will vindicate crime by wiping from your code every statute enacted in the spirit of self-perpetuating murder and revenge; we will annihilate your gallows and turn every jail and prison into reformatory infirmaries." And now comes with sepulchral tone the dogmatic D. D., full almost to choking of Paul and himself, "Woman, the first tempted of the devil, and the author of man's fall, has no right to administer at the altar or expound the Word from the pulpit. It requires no waste of words to establish this dogma, for has not our great high priest, of the churches, the apostolic bachelor of Tarsus, his very self ordained as an eternal law to last far beyond the time when time shall be no more, that woman shall, in all humility and thankfulness, remain tributary to and the slave of man; 1 Cor. ii. 3, Eph. v. 22-24, and learn religion of her husband, at home, in silence, with all subjection." Tim. i. 11. Now mark what Mark xv. 16, says, "He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned to eternal hell-fire, forever and forever, amen!"

Answers the spirit of her who was 'last at the cross and first at the tomb,' "We seek to offer no vain oblations on your altars, no long prayers in your pulpits, we want no high seats in your synagogues and temples, we covet none of your ecclesiastical positions or worldly honors, we would only show our love to God by administering to the needs of his Christ in the persons of the poor and afflicted, to feed him when hungry, to give him drink when thirsty, to clothe him when naked, to take him into our houses and provide for him when a stranger, and to visit him when sick and in prison, even though we should have nothing left to bestow upon the erection and maintenance of the costly churches dedicated to his worship."

"But," says the soldier, bearded like a pard, "if woman votes she should be ready to shoulder the musket and fight for her country." Woman replies, "Where in history can you name a more successful conqueror than Socrates? who understood the Roman power so long and successfully as Zenobia? who more valiantly than Boudicca? who, when France lay bleeding at the feet of Edward, of England, as she does now at the feet of Russia, but a simple peasant girl intuitively demanded place at the head of her armies and turned the tide of victory." But, continues woman, in the low, sweet tone so excellent in her sex, "we seek not, we covet not military honor. Give us place in your councils and we will soon bring all wars to an end, and hasten the ushering in the day foreseen by the gifted clairvoyant of old, whose lips were touched with a living coal from on high, when men 'shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks,' when 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn any more.' And may not that glorious day be indeed nearer at hand than we expect? It is truly said that it is darkest just before day; hitherto man has monopolized and conducted the governments of the world mostly through his intellectual faculties, and the result has been countless mistakes and one continued scene of war, crime and misery. May not the present dark hour, with perhaps a still darker one at hand, be but the veiled harbinger of a brighter morning than has ever yet dawned upon earth; a morn that is to usher in an era wherein the coarse, hard, halting, uncertain intellect of man is to seek counsel of the angel-eyed intuition of woman in the governing of the nations? The brute that faithfully follows the promptings of the instinct that Nature has endowed it with is never deceived. The intuition of the human is but a higher order of instinct, and, if faithfully followed in childlike simplicity, it, too, will never deceive. It is a nobler, truer, more godlike faculty of the soul than intellect, and reflects far more brightly and clearly through the frail, delicate organism of woman than man. It was through intuition that Isabella of Spain beheld America in the distant vista, that Maria Theresa of Hungary, the first two Catharines of Russia, and the Queens Elizabeth and Anne of England, discerned the intellect, and called to their councils the hosts of able men, both in cabinet and field, with whose aid they ruled their kingdom and furthered the cause of civilization

so wisely and so well. Napoleon, the all but conqueror of Europe, was successful in his gigantic enterprises only so long as he took counsel of the intuition of Josephine. And as in public affairs so in private life; all other things being equal, it will be ever found that he who takes counsel through the intuition of a faithful wife will ever be the more successful man in his undertakings. Intuition is, as it were, the poetry of intellect. The one pauses not over the slow deductions of the other, but springs with heaven-directed certainty from cause to effect, touching but the stopping stones over which intellect plods to conclusions, with wings rather than feet. It is the earth link of the mighty electric chain that unites the worlds and universes with God and the spirit-realms, through which angels telegraph their affections, their wisdom and guardian admonitions to mortals, and through which Christ, the Spirit of Truth, is ever striving to lead "and guide mankind into all truth."

But, says the man of fashion, as he revolves in the dance, with the glowing, half-naked maiden clasped to his breast, it would destroy woman's refinement and delicacy of character to permit her to mingle with men at the polls and in our halls of legislation! But what says experience, that best test of every question? For nearly two centuries and a half women have exercised in the Society of Friends "all the rights and privileges of men, both in their religious and secular meetings and concerns, and to this day their drab bonnets are a sufficient passport into the best and most cultivated society. And why? Simply because it is well known that, let their station in life be ever so humble, they possess an instinctive sense of propriety, a true and natural refinement and culture that will not permit them to offend the most fastidious taste in good breeding. In point of numbers the Society of Friends have always been exceedingly limited, and yet, few as they are, if we search the world for specimens of high female culture, in all that pertains to the family relation, home duties, and the qualities that adorn and utilize character in women, we shall hardly find superiors to Elizabeth Fry, Anne Jenkins, and hundreds of others of the Quaker sect.

These facts speak volumes in behalf of "woman's rights." Another most significant fact is, that the movement is following closely upon the advent of the late second great outpouring of spirit-influences from the unseen world, which, too, are concentrating their mighty powers in favor of elevating woman to an equality with man in all that belongs to social, civil and religious affairs and government. There is no question that the righteous cause will progress and finally be crowned with success, and I believe that the people who first grant to woman her full and just rights will acquire a prestige among the nations that will not depart until Shiloh, the prince of peace, shall be crowned on earth by woman's hands, and all the peoples thereof be brought into one common, peaceful brotherhood and fraternity, comparable to the beautiful Scripture simile, when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the falling together; and a little child shall lead them."

—*Amos, R. I.*

THOS. R. HAZARD.

THE DOGMAS OF CHRISTIANITY.

First, original sin; next, total depravity; next, an incarnated God, the great sacrifice of God upon the cross, vicarious atonement; next, remission of sins through the shedding of God's blood; next, salvation by faith, and eating the body and drinking the blood of God; and the next and the last, the resurrection of the body, and the final judgment day at the end of the world—this is the whole of Christianity. Whatever of goodness and morality are mixed up with it are common to this and all other religions, and are accepted and practiced by unbelievers and hence called infidelisms, as well as by professors of Christianity. Indeed, they are practiced more thoroughly by infidels, who have no church to cover their sins. I never knew a person who was slandered by the church as an infidel, that was not a moral, upright man. Open unbelievers, whom the church slanders as infidels, have always been the most faithful people in the world—so true to their convictions as to subject themselves, in every age, to all kinds of persecution, even to the cross, the gibbet and the faggot. And even now, they are willing to bear all the persecution that Christianity can impose, slander, denunciation and lies, even to be put out of the protection of the laws by having their oaths denied in the courts, rather than renounce their honest convictions. Jesus himself was never a Christian. Christianity was got up in a subsequent age by the Greeks, who wrote the gospels and compiled the New Testament; hence we can account for the New Testament being originally written in Greek. Jesus was an unbeliever in the dogmas of the church of his time, and was therefore denounced as an infidel and a blasphemer, and was finally accused, sentenced and executed as such. And should he now appear again in human form, preaching the same doctrine, would he be received by the churches? What! the son of Mary—we must say the son of Joseph also, if we do not want to slander his mother—the carpenter and the carpenter's son go into our great churches with high steeples and bells in them, into our respectable churches—the man that was born in a manger, and had not where to lay his head—into our fashionable churches, in his knit jacket, his coat woven without seam, and before the rich Christians in their cushioned pews, and the elegant ministers in their shining pulpits, and tell them to their faces that it is impossible for such rich, proud people to go to heaven, and then say it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven; and then to pronounce a woe upon all those who live in ease and luxury upon the labor of others, and then say, "Woe unto you, scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers; woe unto all you who bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders, while you yourselves will not move them with one of your fingers!" Do you suppose they would bear all this? I tell you, no. They would cry out again, "Away with him! Crucify him! Crucify him!" But if he came among the infidels and the Spiritualists, they would not turn him out, because he used to associate with the common people. He consorted with publicans and sinners, and said he did not come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance.

He sympathized with the poor, and chose his personal friends from among ignorant fishermen. His most loving disciples were harlots. One of them washed his feet with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head. He loved them because he saw that they were less sinful than their seducers that had driven them into harlotry. He loved the prisoner because, all things considered, he was often less sinful than the judge that condemned him. His most loving disciple was a profane swearer, and another was a thief and carried the bag. Well, what of it? He saw, not-

withstanding, that they were less sinful than the scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites—less sinful than the greedy capitalists that devour widows' houses and for a pretence make long prayers. He knew that all the contrivances to live at ease and grow rich upon the labor of others are but systems of legalized robbery, and he taught us that the rich of this world are the meanest paupers in the next, beggars even for a drop of cold water to quench their burning thirst; that it is the law of retribution that with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again. He knew that oaths and profane swearing are less sinful than formal prayers, composed to be heard of men and recited in public for pay. He knew that the honestest way to appropriate the property of others is to go and steal it. He could, therefore, tolerate the swearing Peter and the thieving Judas among his disciples, as less sinful than respectable sinners in the higher ranks of life.

FREDERICK ROBINSON.

Marblehead, Mass., 1870.

WHAT WILL THE CHURCHES DO?

It is a fact that nearly all the mediums in this immediate vicinity have been developed out of the churches. In olden time, it would have been counted as high honor—this gracious bestowal of spiritual gifts in their midst; but now it is met with marked disapproval. Some are disellow-shipped; some withdraw naturally, because, having begun to grow, they hunger and thirst for the true spiritual food, which is not furnished them in the churches.

There is a remarkable case among us of discarding of spirits by one of the most strictly Orthodox and devoted members of the church. She is a working woman of middle age, and has been called to pass through fiery afflictions. She sees spirits at all times—just as readily in the height of sunlight as in the dark. Her spiritual vision was opened while in church, and she could scarcely restrain herself from shouting glory. She dared not tell any one of her church, for she knew their great prejudice against those who were receiving and believing in the gifts which were once so common among them, but now entirely ignored. But she must tell some one; for when a new light breaks in upon the soul, it must have vent. It can no more be altogether smothered than volcanic fires. Of course she must go to the Spiritualists, for all sympathy would be denied her in her own church; she would only be laughed at, and called "crazy," or worse, if she told them. After months of the beautiful, uplifting teachings and communion of angels, she ventured to tell her pastor. He laughed at her, of course, but finally gave her permission to see the angels if they did not teach her anything wrong—which was equivalent to saying they must not teach anything contrary to his theology. He also warned her against the Spiritualists, and especially against "reading the *Banner of Light*." She knows very little about Spiritualism, and has great faith in all church doctrines and ordinances; and with her peculiar mental and religious characteristics, it is to her a certain good. The church will continue to hold many Spiritualists, for some natures have not the power of standing alone and braving opposition; and such had better remain, perhaps, where they are, until Spiritualism is more generally or publicly accepted.

Mrs. F. LEE SMITH.

Leicester, Mass.

THE SISTERS.

BY JOHN O. WHITTIER.

Annie and Rhoda, sisters twin,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,
The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.
Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.
"Hush, and harken!" she cried, in fear;
"Hearst thou nothing, sister dear?"
"I hear the sea, and the splash of rain,
And roar of the northeast hurricane.
Get thee back to the bed so warm;
No good comes of watching a storm."
What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring and wild winds blow?
No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbor-lights on a night like this."
"But I heard a voice cry out my name;
Up from the sea on the wind it came!
Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"
On her pillow the sister tossed her head,
"Hail of the Heron is safe," she said.
"In the tautest schooner that ever swam,
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.
And if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee-shore rocks, would he call on thee?"
But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And, wringing her small, white hands, she cried:
"Oh sister Rhoda, there's something wrong;
I hear it again, so loud and long."
"Annie! Annie! I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"
Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame—
"Thou hearest! He never would call thy name!
If he did, I would pray the wind and sea,
To keep him forever from thee and me!"
Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast:
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.
The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone—
The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.
"Dearest!" she whispered, under breath,
"Life was a lie, but true is death."
The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.
My ears shall never to woeer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.
Sacred to thee am I henceforth—
Thou in heaven, and I on earth!"
She came and stood by her sister's bed,
"Hail of the Heron is dead!" she said.
"The wind and the waves their work have done:
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.
Little will reck that heart of thine;
It loved him not with a love like mine.
I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and broiler thy bridal gear,
Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.
But now my soul with his soul I wed:
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Spirit out of the Body.

A curious case of the apparition of a living person is recorded as occurring not long ago at Clifton, Eng. A lady and her husband were walking among the fields beyond the Downs. Suddenly both observed a figure resembling the wife's brother walking hastily toward them, and the wife exclaimed: "Good Heavens! there is Charley!" Charley was an officer then in India. The figure approached still nearer, and then lightly leaped on a bank, as if to join his sister and brother-in-law. At that instant it vanished from their sight. The lady was so impressed with the vision that she wrote down an account of it immediately on returning home, and waited with great anticipation for news from India. The mail brought her a letter from her brother, dated the day after her singular vision, and containing the remark: "I saw you quite clearly in a dream last night; you were walking in a path with J—, and I ran to meet you, and jumped over a fence to join you, but at that moment, unluckily, I awoke."

Spiritual Phenomena.

IF IT IS NOT SPIRITS, WHAT IS IT?

For twelve years I have been investigating Spiritualism, whenever and wherever an opportunity offered; and, in all my association with media, in whatever form it may have been, whether by writing or the public lecture, the public or private circle, I find a degree of intelligence flowing spontaneously, as it were, that I cannot account for except it is from spirit influence as it is claimed. I will cite two or three cases that have come under my observation. I think it was nine years ago last February that I was told by a spirit that I had known in earth-life, who had died about one hundred miles from where I lived, that he had, on his death-bed, given some choice specimens of gold to the lady of the house, with directions to send them to his sister living in Philadelphia, and that they had not been sent. 'Also that she had written two letters to her. He said that I would have business with that family within a few months. He wished me, when I went there, to ascertain, if I could, what was done with the specimens.

Within the given time I was unexpectedly called, as he had said I would be, to the very place where he died. Upon inquiry I found the letters had been written by the lady, and that she had received the specimens from the dying man and had given them to a person whom she supposed was going to Philadelphia, to be delivered to his sister, but, in fact, had never left this coast. The knowledge communicated to me by the spirit was not known by a single person in the room, neither was it believed until I afterwards received the confirmation. From whom did this knowledge come if not from the spirit of my friend?

Again, I wrote to my father, who passed to the summer-land thirty-five years ago, and sent it to Mr. Mansfield, who returned it unopened, with every question answered or alluded to by my brother, who passed from earth-life near the same time that my father did. If it was not my brother who dictated the answer, from whom did it come? Later I have written two or three times to Mrs. Mary Lewis, of Bloomington, Ill., for psychometrical readings. She has given past, present and future events with an accuracy truly astonishing. In her first letter to me she spoke of financial matters which at that time were unknown and unexpected by me, which have since then transpired as predicted. Was it a spirit-friend speaking to me through her, or from whence came the knowledge? Those who wish to test this branch of mediumship I would recommend to write to Mrs. Lewis. I think she will not fail to give satisfaction.

Again, I saw the advertisement of several different mediums for taking spirit-likelihoods. I sent to Mumler for the likeness of my mother. In due time it was received. I am well satisfied with its correctness. With what astonishment and pleasure I recognize those features so long hid from my view, for she passed to spirit-life in 1837. I gaze on them, and ask from what source does Mumler get them? how can he go back to the past and bring up the features of loved ones long gone from sight, unless it is by the very means by which it is claimed—that of spirit-agency? In this particular branch of mediumship, Mumler, Anderson, Milleson, and others fulfill the promise that Christ made when he said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do," &c.—John xiv. 12. I cannot find in the Bible where Christ or any one else ever took the likeness of spirits, notwithstanding they were in daily communication with them. How strange! Yet I am inclined to think that there would be no mystery in spirit-communication at the present day if the Bible had been handed down to us without the misinterpretation of it from the clergy.

It is very evident that it was the constant habit of Christ and his apostles, and many others, to commune and talk with spirits; and it is reasonable to suppose that it was through natural laws, and that the same laws exist to-day, and always will.

I have been a member of the Masonic fraternity for thirteen years, and in June, 1864, it was our good fortune to have a visit and a course of lectures at Susanville, Cal., from Mrs. Emma Hardinge. During her stay, we were privileged to receive her as a guest at our home. The 24th of June was celebrated by the Masons, and while making preparations, I had some Masonic emblems in our parlor; and Mrs. Hardinge became partially controlled, and, while in that condition, and during a running conversation, she gave me two Masonic signs and two words in a manner that was not observable by herself or any one else present.

For the time I was very much surprised, it being the first Masonic signs that I had ever received from a spiritual source. When the influence left her, I asked her if she would meet with a few Masons in our parlor, and see what the spirits would do. She said she was willing to give her time. I invited some twelve or fifteen brothers from Lupen Lodge, No. 149; among them were the Master and Wardens. They met in our parlor, and the family retired to another part of the house. The doors were locked and the windows blinds closed. We all being seated around the room, Mrs. Hardinge became entranced, and to all appearance perfectly oblivious to surrounding conditions. She acted in the capacity of Master; went through the work of opening the lodge on the first degree of Masonry. She gave all the lectures, signs and words pertaining to the degree in regular order; closed in that degree; opened in the next, giving everything in regular order; and so on, through what is known as the Blue Lodge. After closing on the Master's degree, she gave us a very impressive address on the morals and teachings of Masonry, and remarked that she would like to have gone on through higher degrees, but she saw that was as far as any of us had gone (which was the case). This I give upon the honor of a man and a Mason. I say, let the skeptic decide. I know all the resources that Mrs. Hardinge would be likely to have to gain Masonic secrets and knowledge; and then, when we take into account the high moral character, and consider how far it would be from her, even if it were possible for her to have gained this knowledge from any other than a spiritual source, she would never have used it and claimed it to be from spirits. I cannot account for it upon any hypothesis except that she was entranced and controlled by a spirit that knew more Masonry than all of us combined. I am thoroughly convinced that, in her normal condition, she knows nothing of the secrets of Masonry.

During the whole course of my investigation of Spiritualism, I have tried to account for many of the tests I have received in some other way; but when I lay aside the agency of spirits, it is all a mystery.

It is true, I have received many false communications; but how could it be otherwise, when so many ignorant, undeveloped persons have passed to the spirit-life? I see the Lord had no difficulty

in finding a lying spirit when he wanted assistance and advice how to get Ahab to go to war. He easily found one that was willing to be a lying spirit in the mouths of all Ahab's prophets (1 Kings, xlii. 22; 2 Chron., xlviii. 19).

But I have received so many communications which contain beautiful lessons of friendship, love and truth, pointing and directing the mind to higher and happier states of spiritual existence, that I cannot think, as a Methodist preacher told me, that it was all from the devil. I told him that was just what the Pharisees said of Christ and his apostles, and it gave me more hope to hear him say so.

Paul says: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. ii. 14). He also says: "Are they not all ministering spirits?" (Heb. i. 14).

Yours for truth,
Hamilton, Nevada. P. CHAMBERLIN.

TESTS OF SPIRIT-AGENCY.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Permit me to relate a circumstance that has occurred here in this city under my own observation, that to me is one of the strong evidences of continued life or spirit individuality that, among the many, are being given at the present, to convince the inquiring minds that there is no death to the spirit—only putting off the mortal, and thereby leaving the spirit in its (resurrected) immortal state, with all its faculties as active as before the change, freed from the surroundings of its mortal conditions, to follow the pursuits of its higher aspirations.

The occurrence is this: There is a spirit-friend of mine by the name of Washa, with whom I have been acquainted about one year, who says that when in the form he was a chief of one of the New England tribes of Indians. He has frequently spoken to me of Fanny V. Kelton, of Montpelier, Vt., who, he says, was the first medium that he controlled, and always spoke of her as his "Fanny Media," and says that when she became surrounded and controlled by her band of medicine braves, he then commenced controlling a lady in this city, Mrs. Lawrence, (a cousin to Fanny,) whom he has controlled for several years, and whom I regard as a noble, consistent and truth-loving woman and medium.

About one year or something more since, Washa began controlling a Mrs. Emma Powell, a lady in whose family I have been boarding, and through whom I have held frequent "talks" with Washa and others. A short time after "Fanny" passed into spirit-life Washa said to me: "Brave, me come to you to tell you that me said to-night, and me happy, too—me happy to tell you that my Fanny is with me in spirit-life, and me sad to feel that she is taken from her sphere of usefulness in earth-life; me think much of my Fanny media; and, brave, me tell you me was with her and made her way easy across the river."

Some three weeks later I saw Mrs. Lawrence, and in conversation about Fanny, she said that Washa had told Mr. L., through her, that Fanny had passed into spirit-life, but they had not been advised of it by telegraph or post by any of their relatives in Vermont, and were uncertain in regard to Washa's information. Mr. Richardson, the blind medium from Vermont, being present, said that Fanny was in the spirit-land, and that the notice of her change had been published in the *Dancer* some two weeks previous. This information gave us full confidence in Washa's veracity, by confirming what he previously said.

Some four weeks after this, Washa said to me through Mrs. Powell, "Brave, me like you; me give you some lines to my Fanny soon, when me get them; me got them most all now;" and some few evenings later, at one of Mrs. Powell's circles, Washa was controlling, describing the spirits that were around the different persons in the room, when he seemed to break out into ecstasies and said: "Oh, brave, me wish you could see the beautiful spirit that I see—oh! it's my Fanny! How beautiful! how beautiful!" And then took a pencil and wrote the following acrostic, and gave to me:

"Fairest and purest of earth pass away,
And soar to the regions of light;
Near loved ones their spirits are hovering by day,
Nor forget them not when it is night;
In seasons of gloom, when the heart is so sad,
Endeavor to cheer them, and make the heart glad.
Vow then to be true to thyself and thy God.
Kind Spirit, we love you, we welcome you home,
Endless your pleasures in your mission of love.
Lov'd friends you will cheer, as they bid you come,
To tell of the beauties around and above.
Oh! Spirit of Love, Sweet Angel of Light,
Near Washa you've come in your beautiful light."

If you deem this occurrence of sufficient moment to give it a place in your truly good and valuable paper, I shall hope that it may have the effect to convince some anxious mind of the certainty of a present resurrection and the retention of our faculties in our spirit-home. I wish to speak also of the high medium qualities of Mrs. Powell, whom I regard as the best clairvoyant, trance, test and physical medium in this city; and persons from other cities or places wishing a sitting, will do well to call on Mrs. P., No. 429 Spruce street, Philadelphia.

Yours for the Progress of Truth,
429 Spruce street, Philadelphia. E. Y. KNAPP.

A TEST.

DEAR BANNER—I visited New York not long ago, and hearing so much of the writing medium, R. W. Flint, I called on him, and was delighted to accept an invitation for a sitting; and, to my surprise and exquisite pleasure and gratification, I received one of the best as well as satisfactory and pleasing tests that I have ever been favored with—a sweet tribute of love, a communication from my mother, whose name was never before revealed by any medium; and in addition, these interesting and affectionate missives related to circumstances unknown to any person excepting the author (my beloved mother) and myself. Under these circumstances, I concluded to make this fact public through your paper, both for the benefit of the cause and humanity, and in justice, esteem and high appreciation of the medium, Dr. R. W. Flint.

LOTTIE FOWLER.

EARLY MYSTERIOUS MANIFESTATIONS IN NEW YORK.

A correspondent, J. F. Draper, sends us, Oct. 16th, from Taberg, Oneida Co., N. Y., the following description of certain occurrences during his childhood:

"I have a communication to make that may be interesting to some of the readers of the *Dancer*. In the fall of 1827, when I was eight years old, my parents lived in Westmoreland, Oneida Co., N. Y., in a log house with my Uncle Orellia Draper. There were two rooms in the house; we occupied one part and my uncle's folks the other; and in our part there was an old-fashioned Dutch fireplace, and in the corner of the room near the fireplace were stairs leading to the chamber; these were raised in with a door at the foot of them, and in uncle's room there was a room on which mother was weaving. In the afternoon,

This paper is issued every Saturday Morning, one week in advance of date.

Banner of Light.

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Business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of LEWIS COLBY, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed.

The New Year.

To the true believer in intercommunion between the different worlds, there is no yesterday or to-morrow, no old year or new, but all things are present and now. It is a blissful condition of mind to enjoy, because it strips away many an illusion that, by thinking about it and accepting it, becomes at last a reality. For the sake, however, of a convenient division of time in matters secular and mundane, it is universally agreed to cut up our passing existence into hours and days, months and years; and in conformity to such an arrangement, we have come to the opening of a New Year. It is customary at this time to look back over the past in review, and forward to the hoped-for future. With what different classes of feelings do we consider each! That which has been woven into experience we regard as irrevocable, though, by frequent recalling and reflection, it never ceases to play an active part in our lives and character. The future is as yet really nothing; the past is wholly ours, and we may return to it again and again, drawing consolation, satisfaction, strength, or healthy regrets from it, so as to apply its lessons to the task of making the future a better possession. We have no such free warrant to live wholly in the future. It is not yet ours, though the past is; and it is out of its materials and the present opportunities that we are able to weave the new web whose figures form the substance of present hopes and imaginations.

For ourselves, we recognize this brief bridge of time as the place on which to stand for a moment and extend cordial wishes to the multitude of the readers and friends of the *Banner of Light*. On its behalf, we promise renewed efforts to make it the acceptable and influential journal it has proved during its long career, while we beg in return the sympathizing aid and support of all its former friends and as many new ones as are ready to join them in the good work that is going on. By vigorously maintaining the regular publications of their faith, Spiritualists have become persuaded that they can most successfully advance its growth and extend its active influence. There is much to do yet; the field is white for the harvest. Old organizations are falling asunder, and new ones are continually forming; the world is looking eagerly for new symptoms and better proofs, which Spiritualism alone has to point the way to; and now, after so many years of hopeful service and obedience, it will be the richest reward of true Spiritualists to witness the acceptance of their faith as the supreme good to man and the inspiring hope of his life. Let the New Year see us entering the field with new zeal, as if we truly believed that what we have already accomplished, by direction of invisible power, was to work out still more marvelous results in the near future. And so to all we send "A Happy New Year."

Condition of the Churches.

From their own authorized journals we discover that the Presbyterians of the country are burdened with a debt of two millions of dollars, which may more accurately be estimated at twice that amount. Throughout the country there are sixty thousand ministers, their annual salaries averaging seven hundred dollars. This is decidedly poor pay from those who assume to have all the charity on their side, to say nothing of liberality and the like. It is evident, from putting this and that together, that it is not the heavy salaries that load up the churches with debt, but an extravagant style of church architecture which few of our communities can so generally afford. The statement in reference to ministers' salaries in Connecticut is made thus: One year ago the highest salary paid in the State was twenty-four hundred dollars; now three churches pay five thousand dollars each, thirteen pay forty-five hundred, one pays four thousand, and quite a number pay twenty-five hundred and two thousand dollars. In New Hampshire only seventy-five of the one hundred and ninety-one Congregational, or Orthodox, churches have settled pastors; seventy-one have what are called temporary supplies; while forty-three are without any. There it is different from what it is in Connecticut. In the latter State salaries appear to be plentiful; in the former, churches. There seems to be a difficulty in adjusting the relation. Many of the ministers have embarked in office and the political calling.

In Pennsylvania we find there were eleven hundred Presbyterian churches last year that could not, or certainly did not, contribute so little as five hundred dollars apiece to the support of a pastor. This, with the other facts enumerated, speaks ill for the growth of the modern Orthodox church. It is evident that the spirituality is rapidly dying out of it. There may be spirits of effort here and there, now to double a salary and now to erect a splendid edifice, but the general average reveals a rather sorry condition of things. Contributions are made to anything and everything before the church, and then chiefly with ostentation. To arrest this visible decay as much as possible all sorts of sensations are tried, by people and preacher, but the general effect is but temporary and limited. The vital element has gone out of the old creeds, and that is what is the trouble. More genuine spirituality is demanded, and less theology and dogmatism. The Spiritualist faith and philosophy opens the heavens for a new revelation, that is direct and individual in its character, and appeals to the experience and nature of every one. It is not by any machinery of clergy that the truth comes to the human soul, but as the light falls down out of the heavens, illuminating the paths of the just and the unjust. It is to the broad, high, and permanent ground of this faith that the people are rapidly passing over, and as they go they disperse with those clerical agents who have been wont to hold them under their rule by discoursing of fear and denouncing general damnation.

The Boston Children's Lyceum—which heretofore has occupied Mercantile Hall—meet in the new Hall, corner of Elliot and Tremont streets, next Sunday forenoon, Jan. 1st.

Mr. Hepworth's Interpretation.

This gentleman has undertaken to explain the meaning and intent of the compromise made at the late Unitarian Conference in New York, after a fashion to suit himself; and he makes such bungling work of it that he provokes the revolt of those who profess to be at least as good Unitarians as himself. The *National Standard* takes him up in no gentle manner for his delinquency of inference, and charges, so far as relates to him, that "sloppy declaration, showy rhetoric, and a sublime disregard for the truth are poor substitutes for intelligence, culture and veracity, and in the long run are fatal to the man who resorts to and the institution that tolerates them." It will be remembered that the Unitarian Conference, after an extremely stormy session, finally settled itself on the following declaration: "Reaffirming our allegiance to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and desiring to secure the largest unity of the spirit, and the widest practical cooperation, we invite to our fellowship all who wish to be followers of Christ." Out of such a declaration Mr. Hepworth makes, in a pamphlet sermon on the present status of Unitarianism, the following deductions: 1st, that "the Christian Religion is the God-given machinery by which the world is to be converted," and is "a specially providential religion," and that the Bible is "the authoritative revelation of duty and immortality"; 2d, that "we (the Unitarians) stand pledged to the exceptional and phenomenal character of Jesus of Nazareth, the authoritative Head of the Church; 3d, that 'we have invited to our fellowship all who wish to be followers of Christ.'"

The *Standard* does not see, nor do we, where he spins all these inferences from. Where does he get his authority for making the Unitarians declare that the Christian Religion is the "God-given machinery by which the world is to be converted"? Where his authority for saying that they hold the doctrine that the Bible is "the authoritative revelation of duty and immortality"? The preacher rambles in a fog. He has lost himself. He would like to construct a platform to suit himself, and then pound away on it with his own tools. While he would be Hepworth, he would also be a Unitarian. The *Standard* rather credits him with an ambition to lead the organization, but is obliged to confess that such a task is not legitimately within his capacity or calling. It is even sorer on him in regard to both, styling him the "self-constituted champion of Channing Unitarianism," and declaring that it is on account of such preaching that so much defection from the denomination is to be witnessed. It says, with sharp point, that "birds fed on wheat six days in the week are not often caught with chaff on the seventh"; and that "no such ideas were discussed by the Conference, nor voted upon by it"; in fact, that "these ideas were just what the Conference did not agree upon, and declare as the status of the body, and just what it did not mean to agree about and declare." "They are"—it adds—"the open questions of the Unitarian body, and the questions it has repeatedly declared its intention of keeping open, leaving every man to be persuaded in his own mind. This being so, we should say that Mr. Hepworth would do as well to try again, and to abstain from lathering his thoughts into a rhetorical fury when perfect clearness and simplicity are the sole need of the times. Mr. Hepworth will have to put on the yoke once for all, or renounce it for a larger liberty."

Rights and Wrongs of Children.

Mrs. George Vandenhoff, of New York, a well-known teacher of elocution and public reader, presented herself in Boston a few evenings since as a public lecturer for the first time, choosing the theme above stated. It is a subject full of suggestions, and deserves to be treated with the tender sympathy and vigorous thoughtfulness which she bestowed upon it. Quoting Victor Hugo's saying—"Let us aid progress by assisting children"—she went on to assert that, in these times particularly, the child must be our leading thought and care. Because the child is called the future, the whole fatherhood of the present is to be exercised on the future. What we do now for the child, the future will render back a hundred-fold. If the child means health, virtue, honor, the future will be good. The torch of infancy is the sun of the future. In this age of progress and reform, the rights and wrongs of children are to be considered equally with those of other persons. Children have physical rights, moral rights, and social rights. They have a right to a good constitution, to good food, good clothing, to a good education, and to a happy childhood. Not merely to a school education, but to that highest education of the heart and the faculties, for which the best school is a happy home. The lecturer laid no more stress on the rights of children to good bodily health as an inheritance than it deserved. When deprived of this, they receive a wrong that nothing can compensate for. A mother's duty to her child begins not when she first looks her little babe in the face, but at the hour when she takes upon herself the holy vows which give a right to become a mother.

From that hour, she said, the wife belongs no more to herself, and her health should be her sacred care. Girls do not many of them think of this at the marriage altar; if they have secured a husband, they think they have done all that is worthy of their solicitude. Both sexes are appealed to to forego their frivolities, and become more serious in view of their coming responsibilities. "If," said Mrs. Vandenhoff, "men would think more of good health and the good temper which good health brings with it, than of pretty hands, delicate complexions, slender waists, style in dress, and fascinating ways; if a thorough knowledge of the duties of domestic life were as much regarded as the fashionable accomplishments so often laid aside with the bridal wardrobe; if men and women thought more of good health and good sense than of the money to be gained by matrimonial contracts—there would not be so many wretched men and women bound together like tethered hounds, each pulling in a contrary direction; and the children of such households would not suffer the incalculable wrongs they now endure." On this branch of the subject the lecturer was very emphatic and candid. She said we made a great mistake in underrating the intelligence of children. The first four years of a child's life are of prime importance. Their moral rights and wrongs begin immediately after birth. Things learned in childhood are not easily unlearned. The mother's impressions and influence follow the child through life. Unsullied tablets are placed in parents' hands. The mother represents all the truth, power and mercy that the child will know. The home life is of the first consideration—the school life is only secondary to it. Whipping ought always to be interdicted, and long recesses and plenty of play should be indulged in. Mrs. Vandenhoff showed an intense personal sympathy with her subject, and her lecture is calculated to do excellent work for children wherever heard.

There are four Episcopal churches in Ohio that discard the use of the surplice.

The Woman-Suffrage Bazaar.

The friends of woman-suffrage during this week succeeded in establishing a fair on a very large scale, in Music Hall, with tributary sections in Bumstead and Horticultural Halls. In Music Hall they had a well-stocked bazaar, an art-gallery, and various auxiliaries in the raftle way. The booths were arranged as usual, a continuous line edging the hall on all sides, while the centre of the floor was occupied by sundry tables covered with miscellaneous articles. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe officiated at the "President's table." The hall was tastefully decorated, the centre-piece being surmounted by a golden eagle, and in the centre were the following lines from Goethe: "Das ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan." (The eternal womanly draws us upward.) Beneath this is suspended the motto: "All political power inheres in the people." On each side of the enclosed lines of Goethe were the mottoes: "Taxation without representation is tyranny." "The consent of the governed women is as necessary to a just government as the consent of the governed men." Over the Parker Fraternity table was the motto: "Woman's work, like charity, begins at home; then like charity, goes everywhere." The names of the several tables were labeled in a neat manner upon the drapery that surrounds the first gallery.

Bumstead Hall was floored over and fitted up as a restaurant.

The third section of the fair was located in Horticultural Hall, where musical and dramatic entertainments were given nightly.

The Case of Horace Cook.

The Tribune sums up the religious experience of the Rev. Horace Cook, the Methodist minister who ran away with a young girl of his flock, in the right way. It says the wretched man was tempted, and yielded to the temptation. He ran away with the girl, but his conscience smote him before he had completed the sin. On the very brink he repented, and took back the girl pure and unpolluted to her parents. He came out before his church and the world, and made a clean confession of his sin, sincerely repenting of the same and imploring forgiveness. The Church, as its members pray to be forgiven as they forgive others, took the case into consideration. Did they forgive him, and receive him back with the open arms of sympathy and love, as a man tempted beyond the power of the human will to resist? No, indeed. They spurned and kicked him out. They wanted nothing more of him. They would hold him up as an example. His repentance was of no use to him; God might accept it, but they would not. If a man who has been tried, and finally has conquered, as poor Horace Cook did, is of stronger spiritual fibre in consequence, then this man ought to have been received back. How he could have thundered against the wiles of "the devil," having been made acquainted with them himself by a bitter experience. Christ set a different example. In the presence of his disciples he said to the erring woman, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

Grand Spiritualist Fair.

Another meeting of those interested in getting up the Spiritualist Fair, announced in our last issue, will be held at Elliot Hall, corner of Elliot and Tremont streets, this city, on Tuesday, January 31. The afternoon for ladies—gentlemen joining the meeting in the evening. It is earnestly hoped there will be a large attendance. It is fully determined that the Fair shall take place, and it only wants hearty cooperation to make it a grand success. Hundreds have already expressed their determination to aid in the enterprise.

The meeting of ladies at the *Banner of Light* Circle Room last Wednesday (notwithstanding the storm) was well attended, and gave evidence that the ladies are ready to do their share in advancing the interests of the projected Fair. The meeting adjourned to meet as above stated.

To our Subscribers.

Now is the time for those of our subscribers who have paid to the first of January, 1871, to renew their subscriptions, as it is our rule to stop sending the *Banner* at the expiration of the time for which it was paid. In this way, no back debts ever accumulate against our readers. We do not stop the paper because we are afraid to trust our subscribers, but because that is the rule we have adopted; and it has proved, so far, more satisfactory than any other method we could devise.

We shall send this number of the *Banner* (17) to all those of our patrons whose subscriptions expired with No. 16, with the earnest desire and full hope that they will all renew.

Music Hall Spiritualist Meetings.

Thomas Gates Forster closed his engagement at this hall on Sunday, Dec. 25th, with a highly appreciated lecture on "Mediumship," in which he spoke for mediums, rather than described them. His argument was couched in earnest language, calling on all who professed a faith in Spiritualism to protect, by their aid and countenance, these channels of inter-communion between the two worlds. Mr. Forster goes hence to Philadelphia, carrying with him the good wishes of his numerous friends in this vicinity. Prof. Denton succeeds him in Music Hall.

Prof. Denton's Lectures in Maine.

The effect of Mr. Denton's recent lectures in Dexter Village was electrical, according to a correspondent (Mrs. Lydia A. Bean), who describes the occasion as one of the most intensely interesting and enjoyable ever witnessed there. It was a grand success. The hall was crowded at each lecture, people coming in from all the surrounding towns. The fruit sown will ripen in good time.

"Helen Harlow's Vow."

The second edition of this entertaining and instructive book is now in press, and will be issued forthwith from the *Banner of Light* Publishing House, 158 Washington street, Boston. Mrs. Walsbrooker, as our readers are already aware, is a writer of much merit, as articles from her pen which have appeared in the *Banner* readily attest.

"An Eye-Opener."

This exceedingly interesting work will be issued from the press of William White & Co., Jan. 4th, 1871. It will be printed on beautiful new type, and bound in a handsome and substantial manner. Dealers should send in their orders early.

Owing to increased expenses and the dull times, we feel obliged to curtail our extensive free list. We are now sending the *Banner* free to hundreds of people who are unable to pay for it, and it would give us great pleasure to continue to do so, but the cost is more than we can sustain without aid from the generous-hearted, who are blessed with the means of doing good to those in less fortunate circumstances.

New Publications.

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY VERSUS DIABOLISM: WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM? AND SOCIAL EVILS: THEIR CAUSES AND CURE.

The little books—some would call them pamphlets—of Mrs. Maria M. King, on Spiritualism and its power and growth, are circulating with great rapidity and doing a world of good. It is her mode of lecturing, and certainly there is no more effective one. We bespeak for her productions a wide circulation and a faithful perusal, feeling assured that they will work much good wherever read as they deserve to be. She gives her attention to questions of pressing and practical importance, and may be esteemed a teacher worthy of being widely heard.

A very beautiful little poem is that of Warren Sumner Barlow, author of "The Voices," entitled "The Voice of Prayer." It is put forth by Carleton, and its dainty dress of pearl paper makes it, with the united page, an exquisite and appropriate gift for the holidays.

JOHN WHITNEY, or the Dreamy Pastimes of Youthful Years, by William Wallace Hobbard, is the complete title of a stout volume of verses which the author—a widely-known and popular lecturer on the laws of health and living—assures us are printed in obedience to the expressed desires of his multitude of friends, rather than from any wish to confront or draw the fire of classic criticism. The sterner criticism these verses certainly will not withstand, for they are cast too largely in unconscious imitation, in sympathetic impulses and in the lively of poetry, to be wholly the inspirations which the best verse unquestionably is. But every one who writes verses does not lay claim to genius, and he has a right to please, if he cannot kindle others. Mr. Hobbard displays much and sincere feeling, an elevation of sentiment, and a genuine love of beauty and truth; but he offers nothing profoundly spiritual or highly imaginative, neither is he yet possessed of the art of facile versification. He could appreciate poetry better than he can write it. He does not probably mistake, however, in assuming that his numerous friends will gratefully possess themselves of copies of his verses, and enjoy them as a proper souvenir of his sentiments as they have frequently listened to them. The topics treated on his fair pages are of great variety, applicable to many moods and experiences, and springing naturally out of his personal meditations, observations and daily life.

Oliver Optic's December number of "Our Boys and Girls" is a handsome closing up for the year. It is, too, the last collection of the Weekly into Monthly Parts. The January number of "Our Boys and Girls," which is thus promptly before us, begins the Monthly series of this popular publication for juveniles, and hereafter it will be issued in this form alone. The facile and versatile pen of its prolific editor will henceforth be strengthened by those of a liberal variety of contributors, among whom are some of the most approved writers for youth in the land. We congratulate both editor and publishers on having established their enterprise on so sure and permanent a foundation.

Leo & Shepard have re-published in a very handsome type and paper cover, the Swedish story of "GOLD AND NAME," by Marie Sophie Schwartz, whose fictions are pronounced among the freshest in conception and description that are now current. This one ranks very high, and has received the most emphatic praise from the best judges of productions of this character.

GOOD HEALTH proves its title to the name by the vigorous condition in which it makes its appearance for the new year. It has proved itself a most valuable periodical, dispensing the soundest advice on all matters of physical comfort and safety, and entailing "the general reader by an untiring variety of articles to peruse its pages for his own profit. The January issue opens the new year for this popular monthly with a rich promise, which we expect to see more than fulfilled before the twelvemonth has rolled around.

The third of Mr. Charles Barnard's "Tone Masters" series (Leo & Shepard) is before us, being devoted to Bach and Beethoven. The other two volumes are "Handel and Haydn" and "Mozart and Mendelssohn." This volume makes a perfect series of biographical sketches that are handled skillfully and popularly, and will be found of permanent interest and value for the musical enlightenment of young people, for whom they make a fine present. The volumes are each illustrated strikingly, and their mechanical appearance is striking in the extreme.

S. R. Wells, of New York, publishes, and Leo & Shepard, of this city, have for sale a handsome volume bearing the suggestive though general title of "MAN AND WOMAN"; that is, considered in their relations to each other and to the world. By Henry C. Poddor. The author discusses his chosen theme from an elevated point of view, adducing some of the best thoughts current concerning it, and presenting those sides of the subject which cannot become too familiar to the common mind. His sincerity is particularly to be remarked, as he evidently believes what he says, and his suggestions search to the very marrow of the reader's consciousness.

The same publisher likewise has a neat pamphlet, entitled "TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE WEST," by L. U. Reavis, which is full of excellent reflections and exhortations.

New Music.

Oliver Dilton & Co. have published a new song and chorus, "Kiss the Little ones at home," by George Cooper, music by W. F. Wellman, Jr.; "Children's Voices," song by Carleton; also a musical composition transcribed by W. Kuhn, entitled "Come back to Erin."

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Dr. J. H. Currier will lecture for the Lyceum Association of Cambridgeport, at Harmony Hall, Sunday evening, Jan. 8th.

Frank H. Marshall, familiarly known as "the boy test medium," is holding sances in Newport, N. H., where he will remain several weeks.

A young "Indian" trance speaker, (Roy St. Francis) of Cananda, spoke in Vineland, N. J., Friday evening, Dec. 16th, and Sunday morning and evening, 18th. He is very eloquent, rather radical, but altogether one of the best speakers in the field. He was in company with Dr. Robinson, of Boston.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., recently gave six lectures in Lake Village, N. H., which gave such general satisfaction that she has been solicited to return at a future day. She gives utterance to the spiritual truths as they appear to her, in a bold and fearless manner.

Mrs. Laura Smith and husband are on their way from San Francisco, Cal., to the Eastern States.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis's address during January, February and March, is Willimantic, Conn.

"Sheridan's Ride."

This truly beautiful work of art, by the celebrated poet as well as painter, T. Buchanan Read, is at present on exhibition at the Melancon, Tremont Temple, Boston, under charge of its gentlemanly agent, T. B. Pugh. The picture is a life-size representation of Gen. Sheridan's rapid move from Winchester to check the retreat of the Union army from Cedar Creek, Va., Oct. 19, 1862, and was painted for the Union League of Philadelphia. In the words of Gen. Grant, Sheridan then and there turned "what bid fair to be a disaster into a glorious victory," and closed the war in Western Virginia.

The painting represents Gen. Sheridan as having arrived on the field, and the point chosen by the artist for the illustration, is where "With foam and with dust the black charger was gray; By the flash of his eye, and the red nostrils' play, He seemed to the whole great army to say: 'I have brought you Sheridan all the way! From Winchester down to save the day!'"

Mr. Read has generously been permitted the privilege of exhibiting the painting for his own benefit, for a limited period, after which it will be placed in the rooms of the Club; and all desirous of seeing an historic work of real merit should visit the Melancon, before its departure.

J. B. Roberts gives a brief lecture on the battle of Cedar Creek, and recites the poem: "Sheridan's Ride," by T. B. Read, each day at 12 M. and 4 P. M., and each evening at 8 o'clock.

Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

Boston.—Music Hall.—Prof. Wm. Denton will lecture in the above hall Sunday afternoon, January 1st, on this subject: "Who are the Christians?"

Mercantile Hall.—Sunday morning, December 25th, the usual exercises were gone through with by the Children's Lyceum meeting at this place, the attendance being large. Notice was given that on Sunday evening, January 8th, the first concert for the benefit of this Lyceum would be held at Elliot Hall, Elliot street. The management of the school hope to be firmly fixed there by that time, notice being given that the opening season would take place Sunday, January 1st, 1871. The concert on the evening of the 8th will be something in advance of former ones, as an orchestra of ten pieces will be present, and extra attractions in the way of singing, &c., are announced.

On the evening of Sunday, December 25th, Mercantile Hall was crowded with the members of the Boston Children's Progressive Lyceum and their friends, to witness the distribution and reception of presents from the Christmas tree which had been prepared. The exercises commenced with a song by the audience, after which Santa Claus (D. N. Ford) made his appearance. Singing a few appropriate lines by way of introduction, he proceeded, assisted by a large corps of attendants, to take the presents from the tree and send them to the names designated on the wrappers. Some of the presents being of a ludicrous nature, caused considerable merriment; others, of value, were received with evident pleasure. During the evening D. N. Ford, Conductor, and Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian, received a fine wreath of each from the Lyceum, as testimonials of gratitude from their mates and pupils. The presentation speech by Mrs. Perry, of Chelsea, read as follows:

Respected Conductor and Faithful Guardian—Allow me in behalf of the Lyceum children here assembled, and in token of the high esteem and love in which they hold you, to present you with these testimonials of the same. These gifts we do not wish you to receive merely for their intrinsic value, as they but poorly express our warm affection and appreciation of your endeavors to guard and guide us in the right way, but simply as tokens which may serve as remembrances of our faithfulness and pledges of future good faith and cooperation. To you, Mr. Conductor, we humbly return thanks for the way in which you have administered your duties, and trust the efforts you have put forth to perform them aright, thus being instrumental in training the young minds under your charge in the right way of progress and liberal ideas, will meet with due reward, either in this world or in the angel world beyond. And to you, faithful guardian of your little flock, love flows out spontaneously, and may angels guard and guide you, and give you strength to continue in the good work for the amelioration of earth's children, from the chains of moral slavery, and when done with all things here below may you be re-united with the loved ones, and still be a guardian of a universal Lyceum in the Summer-Land. With kindly feelings, and hearts filled to overflowing with gratitude for services rendered, we put these little tokens of our good will into your possession, and only regret that they were not more substantial. Continue the well-kept work, and crowns of immortal glory shall wreath your brows.

Mrs. Maria Adams, an active worker in the school, also seemed to be very kindly remembered in the gifts. The tree being decorated with evergreens, a few remarks were made by Mr. Ford concerning the Lyceum and its prospects, after which the meeting closed. Many young hearts, made glad by the occasion, will treasure it as a bright page in life's history to cheer the darkness of coming years.

Temple Hall.—The Secretary, Abbie N. Burnham, reports: "That on Wednesday, Dec. 21st, the Lyceum connected with the Boylston-street Spiritualist Association, gave an entertainment at this hall, consisting of speaking, singing, and a Christmas tree. A song with musical accompaniment from the piano by Misses Ella Plympton and Ida Elliot opened the services. Carrie King made an address, at the conclusion of which, in behalf of the Lyceum, she presented to Mr. John W. McGuire, Conductor, a badge in token of their love and respect. He responded in an appropriate manner, after which declamations followed by Martha O'Brien, Eva Wiggins, Lucy Boyd, and two songs were given by Ida Flora Burnham. Mr. T. Moon then made some encouraging remarks concerning the Lyceum, after which, Santa Claus gave out the contents of the tree; and dancing by the children till ten o'clock, and by the older ones till 12, ended a very satisfactory and pleasant festival."

Sunday morning, Dec. 25th, the circle was conducted by Mrs. Carleton. She gave a number of satisfactory tests, which were acknowledged by the friends. In the afternoon, a conference and circle combined, took place. In the evening, a lecture was given by Mr. Grey; subject, "Spirit-life."

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Harmony Hall.—The Lyceum meeting at this place is flourishing, and gives good promise of usefulness. Due notice of Christmas was taken on Monday evening, Dec. 20th, by services held at the above-named hall. Mr. Charles Guild made the opening address: a song and march followed, by the Lyceum; the "Liberty Group Quartette" of the Boston Children's Lyceum sang a selection; Master McKay, of Boston, in costume, danced the "Highland Fling," and also performed some pieces on the concertina; a dialogue came next in order—Messrs. Pond and Haven, of Liberal Group, Cambridgeport; and another was recited by Miss George Martin and Master George Pearson; Mr. Allen sang, also the Messrs. Harrington and Miss Thompson, of the Lyceum. M. W. Dowling, as Santa Claus, distributed the presents. Good music was furnished by Mr. Leavitt and Mrs. Pearson. Exercises ended with dancing. The house was filled to overflowing, and all joined in wishing each other "Happy Christmas" for many years to come.

CHARLESTOWN.—Washington Hall.—From a letter sent us by Don J. A. Fisher, we make the following extract: "A. E. Carpenter commenced a series of lectures, to be given Sunday evenings in Washington Hall, on the 25th December. The subject, 'I thank thee that I live,' was discussed to a small, but attentive audience. Next Sunday evening, Jan. 1st, our rostrum will be occupied by Mr. Lyander S. Richards. His subject, 'The Starry and Spiritual Heavens.' We hope to be able to sustain our effort to establish a series of lectures, and awake to new life, thereby, the spiritual current that now seems so quiet and slow in its movements."

CHESERA.—The Spiritualists of this city occupied the time on Christmas Eve, Saturday, Dec. 24th, by a social gathering at No. 11 Granite Building. The meeting was opened by Mr. Martin, who gave some remarks, going to prove, among other things, that Spiritualism defended the spirituality of the Bible. Mr. J. Frank Baxter sang several pieces and was heartily applauded, after which circles were formed for spirit-manifestations—the mediums being Mrs. Sarah E. Appleton, of Suncook, N. H., writing, and Mrs. E. B. Weston, of East Boston, seing. It is announced that these meetings will be continued weekly at Banquet Hall, free, until further notice.

Thomas Gates Forster gave his final address, for the present season, at Granite Hall, Sunday evening, Dec. 25th. His lecture was well attended; subject, "Christmas and its Corollaries, both political and philosophical."

MARLBOROUGH.—Rehabile Hall.—Dr. J. H. Currier, of Boston, presided ably at the Lyceum and Spiritual Association of this town, on Sunday, Dec. 25th.

STONEHAM.—Harmony Hall.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum of this town meets every Sunday, at 1 P. M., at the above named hall. E. T. Whitaker, Conductor; Ella R. Spiller, Guardian; L. C. Wright, Musical Director.

LYNN.—Cadet Hall.—Dean Clark spoke at this place Sunday afternoon and evening, Dec. 25th, to good audiences, on general spiritualistic topics.

LAWRENCE.—Franklin Hall.—G. A. Badger informs us that John P. Guild gave two lectures at this hall recently, and a series of meetings have been organized to take place at the same, said meeting to commence at the usual hours for Sunday services, afternoon and evening. Mrs. Susie A. Willis is announced as the regular evening speaker till further notice. Our correspondents say she is highly esteemed by the Spiritualists of Lawrence. He also refers in commendatory terms to the lectures of Mr. Guild.

MILFORD.—Washington Hall.—A correspondent (Henry Anson) informs us that on Sunday morning, Dec. 25th, forty-two members and officers of the Children's Progressive Lyceum assembled at this hall. Speaking and reading by Master Freddie Read, Natta Anson, Hattie Draper, Carrie Adams, Ella Howard, Mary Read and Ida Hill; remarks by J. L. Buxton. On the evening of the 26th the hall was crowded, and hardly standing room was left by the scholars and spectators who came to attend the Christmas Festival. The Conductor, J. L. Buxton, called the names and distributed the presents, some being represented as coming from sixty to seventy donors. After an hour and a half spent in disseminating the gifts, a dance was participated in till eleven o'clock.

WALTHAM.—Rimford Hall.—Thomas Gates Forster addressed the Spiritual Association at this hall, Wednesday evening, Dec. 21st, on "The Rationality of Spiritualism."

Rev. Albert Barnes, D. D., the well known author of "Barnes' Notes on the Gospel," died very suddenly in Philadelphia, Dec. 24th, aged 73.

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CONTENTS.

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Accurate Records of Spiritist Manifestations: *By William
H. Harrison, President Eth. S., F. R. S., Sec.*—The New Bel-

[illegible][illegible]

ism—Spiritualistic Literature.—The Massachusetts Liberal Tract Society.—*The White Banner*.—Its Purpose and Brief History: By William D. Reischer. History of the National Organization of Spiritualists: By Henry T. Child, M.D.—The Pennsylvania State Society: By Henry T. Child, M.D.—The Ohio State Association of Spiritualists.—Editorial Notes and Clippings.—Apotheosis—State Organizations of Spiritualists.—List of Societies of Spiritualists in the United States.—List of

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Banner of Light.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor.
Office at his North Street, and Reform Bookstore, 631
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THE SPIRIT-WORLD—WHERE IS IT?

That the spirit-world of elemental forms and real life impinges upon this seems to us fully established by the many phenomena and multiplicity of messages, with their endless variety of character and quality. That many spirits are within our atmosphere, and involved with it and us in the rapid whirl of double motion, we have no doubt. That they are largely composed of those who have most recently left their bodies seems to us well established, and also that they are mainly composed of those whose minds have not yet cut loose from the earthly attractions which bound them while here, and still bind them to localities of earth. That the character and quality of these spirits is largely as it was while on the earth seems reasonable, at least. There are, however, many persons whose personal experiences, like our own, have given no evidence of evil or of evil disposed spirits in communications. We have had many years' intercourse with these familiar spirits, and never have been imposed upon by them; but the testimony of others, which we are bound to respect, is quite different in this respect; and although we can often find the cause of refraction in the medium, yet it does not always seem to be wholly or in part the fault of parties in the body. Some cases of obsession are not easily to be accounted for, except on the score of evil disposed spirits. We are, however, satisfied that all spirits do in time outgrow all earthly follies, and get into a more congenial home in the beautiful "Summer-Land," which is so attractively laid before us in the works of our most philosophical and, we believe, most accurate writer on the subject, A. J. Davis. We think, however, his natural purity of thought, feeling and attraction leads him sometimes over the nearer, lower and baser strata of spirit-life which Swedenborg saw and described, and which do seem to infest some of the modern media. Some spirits seem to almost possess the physical powers of their earthly life, and some to be almost invulnerable powers; so that even in this respect, as in moral character, there is a great variety. We are also satisfied that most of these conditions are dependent on the mind of the spirit, and could be shaken off, and higher conditions attained speedily if desired.

There certainly is much error in theory and fact among Spiritualists, on the relation of the spirit-world to this, and too many weak-minded persons who rely entirely on spirit direction, and think they can call on them at any time, and get advice and directions about the business affairs of this life. In our observations on this score, where persons have relied on this and been governed by it, they have made failures in nine times out of ten; while those who have pursued their own course as their best judgment dictated, and followed only when reasonable and consistent with good sense, have often been aided and strengthened.

THE ROMAN CHURCH.

The *Universalist* has a severe criticism, and a very appropriate one, on Father Hecker and his advocacy of the claims of the Catholic Church. It says:

"If you may believe Father Hecker, the Roman Church is anxious to take the sick and the poor, the politicians and the poor, and finally the whole government of the United States under its benign control. Our Roman friends think their experience qualifies them for the task of managing the affairs of this little country, and since they have not much business left in Europe, they can, without the slightest inconvenience, attend to ours. Then their remarkable success on the other side of the Atlantic entitles them to our implicit confidence. What a blessed country they made of beautiful Italy! What benefits they have conferred upon Spain! What a magnificent character they assisted in giving Austria! And who can adequately speak of their benign influence in Ireland? What wealth, what intelligence, what virtue has there not grown up in the Emerald Isle under the Church's maternal care?"

Then, at the new continent, he holds the public order and private worth of Mexico and the South American States. What science, what literature, what a civilization, has not the Church fostered and produced! But we need not go so far to find specimens of the blessings the Roman Church always confers. New York, almost under our very eyes, is a grand illustration. Her government, her public order, her administration of justice, her political economy, are all essentially Catholic. And what a delightful city they are making of it; how quiet, how temperate, how cleanly, how moral. It has almost become the wonder and admiration of the whole country and the world. A quarter of a century more, under the efficient influence of the Holy See, and New York will, in civilization, rival Danny Brook or Piquette."

This is quite a recommendation for a church that is dying of the "dry-gate" in Europe, and which is evidently looking to the young blood of this nation to feed its decaying frame. She has long had her eye on our public schools and the funds that support them; and although she has partially joined the liberals in voting the Bible out of the schools, it was with a protest that the schools were Godless without the Bible, but were sectarian with the King James translation or Protestant version. The hope of this church was to first get the Bible out and render them Godless, and then appeal to the Protestants and get a division of school money, and thus ruin the whole system and destroy this enemy of their sectarian religion, which cannot live except in the ignorance of a people. They are, however, already beginning to see the folly of their course, and the hopelessness of getting a division of the school money, and will soon see that it is better for them to have the Protestant Bible in the schools than none.

THE "DEVIL" CAST OUT OF A "SAINT" BY A MODERN BEELZEBUB!

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CRANTUR!

Salt Lake City, Dec. 1, 1870.
I hereby certify that I have been sorely afflicted with an evil spirit, or demoniacal possession, for eighteen years. No tongue can ever express the mental and physical sufferings I have endured from this cause. The contortions of my body were perfectly terrible. I was often compelled to act in a very ridiculous manner, without being able to help myself. Two weeks ago, I commenced taking treatment from Drs. Roberts and Goss, who, I am only too happy to say, have succeeded in casting out the evil or undeveloped influence, by the power of psychology and animal magnetism. I am all right now, thank God.
(Signed) E. J. Goss, Jr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this first day of December, A. D. 1870.

A. S. GOULD,
Notary Public.

We clip the above from the *Salt Lake Tribune*. We are glad for the sake of the saint that the devil is out, and trust he is relieved in conscience by giving the credit to psychology and animal magnetism, and not to spirits or Spiritualism.

Any kind of devilish influence may be permitted to do good, except the influence of spirits: they are forbidden to do any good work, because they do not use the shibboleth of the church. We neither do acts in the name of Christ, nor ask favors in his name. We happen to know that the Dr. Roberts referred to is a medium, who was long ago very much aided by a spirit in his healing powers, and no doubt is to-day. Psychology indeed! Why has not the church found out this way to cast out devils when her miraculous power had ceased? Why did she wait for Spiritualism to find and apply it? Had not the Mormon Elders power to cast this evil spirit out? Had not God the power, when two or three joined in asking it in Christ's name? Is Christianity, then, a failure, and to be superseded?

PARTING AMIDSHIPS.

"Christianity" is slowly but surely parting amidships, and must go down in an ocean of intelligence, under the dashing waves of reason. One part, with the Pope for its head, turns its back to the future, and condemns all new revelation and progress, looking to the past for light, wisdom and knowledge, holds a chain of infallible authority in the Pope that knew the earth was flat, and Copernicus a wicked heretic and blasphemer. He (the Pope) drags after him most of his own and a portion of Protestant Christians, about as described in Revelations, of the dragon that drew down with his tail one third of the stars. All who hold to infallible authority, whether in Bible or church, must turn with him, and follow even to the infallibility of his Holiness, the Pope. However much some may at first ridicule or scorn it, this is the legitimate and ultimate destiny of all worshippers of authority, and they may as well face about to it first as last, take a stern view, and turn their paddle-wheels backward and down stream to oblivion. The other party—the party of progress—the bow of the ship, facing up stream, will soon be out of Christian waters entirely, on the line of progress. Seeking new light and new revelations constantly, its crew will leave the broken sectarian fragment of a once powerful church, and wind into a free-religious element, with Spiritualism or its great truths for a platform or basis. We have watched this parting tendency for a long time, and see how hard and how difficult it is for some to decide which way to go. Societies are torn apart, some carrying a majority toward Romanism, and some a minority; and even many at first seem to go that way do not intend it, nor know that the end and destiny is the Roman church, and when they do will face about, from a long heated prejudice against it. But when churches or persons find there is no middle plank to stand on, and that they must either go to the old mother church or to rationalism, they will choose the latter, from educated Protestant prejudice against the former. Most of the liberal sects will go onward and out of the sinking ship of "Christianity" on the new spiritual craft, after the utter failure of the evangelical movement to concentrate and control our government.

BAD WHISKEY.

A whole family of five persons in Potomac, a few miles from St. Louis, were brutally murdered a few days ago by two coarse and drunken miners, who had no cause or provocation except drunkenness. The men are caught, and will no doubt be hung by law, if not lynched, as one attempt to lynch them has already been repulsed, with the loss of one man and several severe wounds. The two men, who had been reduced to a state of barbarous recklessness worse than brutal, will be punished, and whiskey, the cause of all the mischief, will still be manufactured and sold under duties and license, to create more just such cases and horrible scenes. The whole family were not only murdered, but the house with their bodies burned, and the tragedy witnessed by a boy who knew them, he looking through a crack, while they did not know he was there, which probably saved his life. They acknowledge to have drunk three quarts of whiskey that night. We have long and often entered our protest against the manufacture of this universal curse, which is as easy to suppress the manufacture as it is to tax it, license its sale, and attempt to restrain its influence and confine its use to the rich, by making it too high in price for the poor, and thus causing a spurious and corrupt article to take the place of the pure, with far more deleterious effects. More than one hundred cases of murder have come under our notice within one year which could be traced to distilled liquors, and yet we can scarcely get a second to our motion to suppress distilleries entirely by State and national law, and thereby save at least one-half the murders from being committed.

CHRISTMAS.

Once a year this long celebrated day comes and goes, carrying loads of little things from toy-shops, candy shops, dry goods stores and groceries to the big and little children, who are more interested in these things, and the turkeys, chickens, mince pies, and *figs*, than they are in the birth of Christ or any other incarnation of God. With the attractions of all the children drawn to the Santa Claus visits with Christmas things, it is not difficult to sanctify the day, but there certainly is no more sacredness in this than in any other day, and not the least probability that it was the birth-day of Jesus, but if it was, it certainly was a very bad time of year for a poor woman to give birth to a son of God in a humble stable, being an outcast from respectable society and popular religious families, who had plenty of good houses but would not harbor one who was the mother of a child that had no earthly father. The bigoted followers of Jehovah were more superstitious than they are now, but even now such a case, with such testimony and evidence as that mother had, would exclude most women from the homes of the very religious Christians.

UNRELIABLE.

The *Christian Register* says: "An Illinois Spiritualist hazards the prediction that President Grant is to fall by the hand of an assassin on the 4th of July, 1876." As this is "Christian" authority, and we have heard of it from no other source, we consider it utterly unreliable.

The Christian Perfectists in Onelia Community, who thank God and name Christ for everything, thank God through their paper, the *Circular*, for the Midland railroad and improvements at the station near them. No doubt the railroad managers will see and appropriate the thanks, knowing that God will not see or hear them, nor care for them if he did. It is a curious, backward way to thank the railroad company, but to us it betrays an ignorance in those who make a show of religion by applying the name of God to such matters of business in the affairs of man.

I had rather my daughter should have a man without money than money without a man.—*The Mitre*.

TRESSILIAN COURT; OR, The Baronet's Son.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS.
AUTHOR OF "THE DOUBTLESS LIFE," "THE RAIL-
LIFE," "THE UNDISCOVERED HEART,"
"THE LADY OF KIDDALE," "A LIFE
AT STAKE," "THE HOUSE OF
SECRETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A FATEFUL CATASTROPHE.

A wild storm was raging upon the Mediterranean Sea, near the close of a dreary November day, and sky and waters were black with the gloom of the sudden and furious tempest, before a heavy building vessel was sailing under bare poles. Her hull and rigging proclaimed her *Sardinian*. She was the *Gull*, Captain Vario-master, on her way from Cagliari to Palermo. She had on board two seamen and two passengers.

These passengers were Englishmen, who had procured passage to Palermo, whence they intended to embark by steamer to Marseilles the following day. While the Captain and his assistants were attending to their duties, and expressing apprehensions as to their safety, the two Englishmen stood apart, leaning against the low bulwarks, and surveying the vessel with some interest. These were both young, apparently of the same age, about three and twenty, but evidently they were not of the same station in life.

One, the more striking of the two, was aristocratic in his bearing, tall, slender and handsome, with a frank, smiling mouth, a pair of fearless blue eyes, set under a high and manly forehead, and a strong, well-shaped nose. He was a noble, generous and kind-hearted, he had an adventurous disposition and a dauntless courage. He was Guy Tressilian, the only son and heir of Sir Arthur Tressilian, Baronet, of Tressilian Court, England.

His companion presented a remarkable resemblance to him, being tall and slender and fair, with wavy hair and mustache, but he had not the frank smile, the bright, fearless look, or the joyous spirit that characterized young Tressilian. Young he was, he had seen much of the dark side of life, and his experiences had been such as to develop in him some of the worst qualities of his nature.

He was Jasper Lowder, Guy Tressilian's hired traveling companion and bosom friend. The meeting and connection of the two had a touch of romance. Young Tressilian had spent four years in a German university, whence he had been graduated with honor. On leaving the university, in obedience to his father's wishes, he had undertaken a tour of the countries bordering the Mediterranean Sea, in company with one of his late tutors. This gentleman, being unexpectedly promoted to a professorship, abandoned Tressilian at Baden, leaving him to find another traveling companion.

On the evening of the very day after this desertion, a stranger, whose name was recalled through the streets of Baden, he had been assaulted by a trio of his own countrymen, all more or less intoxicated. It was apparent that they took him for another, and intended to wreak vengeance upon him. Without allowing him to speak, they forced him to defend himself. Guy was getting the worst of the struggle, when a stranger came running to his assistance, and in a few moments the two had put the ruffians to flight.

This stranger who came so opportunely to Guy's assistance, was Jasper Lowder. His resemblance to young Tressilian awakened in the latter a romantic interest. He questioned Lowder, learned that he was poor and alone in the world, and took him with him to his hotel. Believing that the similarity of features indicated a similarity of tastes and natures, he engaged Lowder as his traveling companion, and the past year they had spent together more like brothers than like employer and employee.

"This storm is a regular Levantur," said Lowder, clinging with both hands to the bulwarks. "Oh, yes," answered young Tressilian, wiping the salt spray from his face. "The captain knows the Sicilian coast perfectly. In two hours or less, we shall be in the Bay of Palermo. In three hours, we shall be domiciled in the best rooms of the Hotel de Ville, where the best of wine and Moser Ragusa can furnish. And to-morrow, at noon," he added, "we shall embark for Marseilles in a Messageries steamer."

"And from Marseilles you will proceed to England and to Tressilian Court," said Lowder, with some bitterness. "And I?—what is to become of me?" "I have no idea," replied Tressilian, "and now come back the drudgery, the hopeless toil, the anxieties of the wretched old life. You picked me up at Baden, a poor adventurer seeking to gain a living by teaching English; and the same destiny is open to me now."

Tressilian turned his handsome face upon his companion in surprise and affectionate reproach. "Do you suppose I have called you friend and brother so long, and loved you so well, to lose you now? I meant to have written to my father concerning you and your future, Jasper; but his sudden recall, received yesterday, causes me to return home without writing. I shall telegraph from London, and you shall come home with me. And you will—will you not? You will not abandon me, my friend? I will charge myself with your future. I will see that you obtain the position to which your talents entitle you. You have no ties to keep you on the Continent?"

A strange expression passed over Jasper Lowder's face.

"No, I have no ties," he said, huskily. "And you will go home with me?"

"What will your father say to my coming?" demanded Lowder. "He will think you generally Quixotic. He will dismiss from his house the hired companion who dares to resemble his son."

A sudden lurch of the little vessel, a wave sweeping over the deck, interrupted the sentence.

"You wrong my father," said Tressilian, his blue eyes kindling, when the vessel had righted. "He is the noblest man in the world. He will welcome my friends as his own. You will love him, Jasper, as I do, when you know him."

"He does not know me," said Lowder, "and he will not know me until you have introduced me to him. You have been away from your home for five years, and he has but just recalled you."

Young Tressilian's cheeks flushed, as Lowder saw in the lurid glow that momentarily lighted up the tempestuous scene.

"I know or I guess the reason, Jasper," he said, with a sighing, "my father has a ward, the daughter of an old friend—ah! hear that wind shriek! The gale is increasing."

"Yes," assented Lowder. "And the ward is Miss Irby—the golden-haired Blanche of whom you have talked so much, and with whom you have exchanged letters?"

"Yes," he answered, "I formed a project to have me marry Blanche. He did not wish us to grow up together, lest we should learn to regard each other as brother and sister. When Blanche came to live at the Court, my father sent me to Germany. The night before I left home, he called me into his library, and told me all his hopes and plans of a kind and generous father, whose very love for me causes him to urge on this marriage!"

"Is that all?" said Lowder dryly, and with a strange flash of sinister bitterness. "My experience has been widely different from yours, Tressilian. Did I ever tell you of my father?"

"No, I took it for granted that he is dead," "Perhaps he is. I don't know," said Lowder, with a reckless laugh. "But if he is living, he is a scoundrel. Don't start, Tressilian, at my unflattering speech. What do you hear my story. I am in a desperate mood to-night. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the bad within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the good within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the truth within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the lies within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the secrets within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the sins within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the virtues within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the follies within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the wisdom within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the beauty within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the ugliness within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the strength within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the weakness within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the power within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the impotence within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the glory within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the shame within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the honor within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the dishonor within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the life within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the death within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the joy within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the sorrow within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the love within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the hate within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the friendship within me. As nearly as I can, I will tell you all the enmity within me. 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