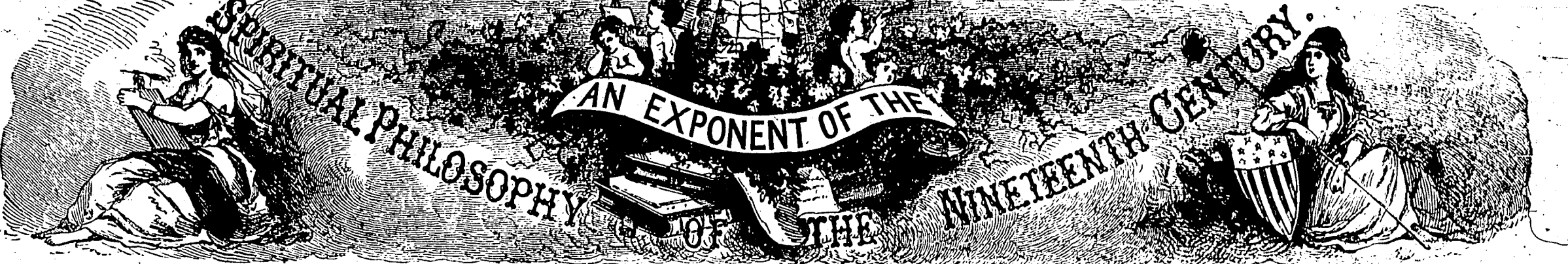


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 9.

Written for the Banner of Light.
**MY CREED, OR WHAT THE ANGELS
HAVE TAUGHT ME.**

BY BELLE DUSH.

I count myself the faithful friend
Of every child of earth;
I dare not say of one who lives,
He hath ignoble birth.
For on the brow of every one,
Though dark that brow may be,
I trace the signet seal of God
In his humanity.
Christ said, "Abide ye all in love!"
That mandate I revere,
And pray that it may be my guide,
Through all my wanderings here.
All "lovely things of good report,"
I seek, as flowers the sun,
But more I love the peace of mind
That comes with duty done.
And when earth's children seek my aid,
I hear the Christ command,
And if within my power to bless,
I dare not stay my hand.
As wandering birds, storm-stayed at night,
Off in my home find rest,
So would I take these little ones,
And fold them to my breast.
And though in deeds but half expressed
That purpose meets your view,
Know this, oh friends, with earnest trust
My duty I pursue.
Ah! then, by rules the world holds good,
I pray you judge me not,
For reading off the higher laws,
Man's rules I soon forgot.
But not by following base desires
Do we those laws fulfill;
Pure motives, wedded to pure lives,
Bespeak the obedient will.
I grant no amiss to wrong,
I partly not with sin,
I say to every youthful mind,
Let not the tempters in.
But ah! I judge not men by rank,
I see the balanced scale
Of justice in the hands of God,
And know Truth will prevail.
And looking back on ages past,
As through a long dark night,
I read that what was once called wrong,
Stands now revealed as right.
The symbolized birth of Truth and Love
Was given when Christ was born;
The purest flowers spring from the mire,
Night brings the infant Morn.
Night is the Teacher of the Day;
And through its golden bars
Young Morn rehearses to the world
The lesson of the stars.
Oh, souls that think, can ye not read
The signs that mark the times?
Can ye not hear from far and near
The mellow, echoing chimes
Of spirit bells, sweet spirit bells,
Ringing in the upper air
By unseen hands of angel bands
And loved ones waiting there—
Waiting for us to catch the strains
Of love's inspiring songs,
That flow in rapturous melodies
From heaven's harmonious throngs;
Sweet strains, which, heard but once, would still
The stormiest waves of strife
That ever woke to strew their wrecks
On the wild shores of life?
Oh, dull, cold world! Oh, hearts of stone!
Will ye ne'er learn that Truth
Hath its abiding-place with Peace,
And a perpetual youth?
Will ye ne'er learn that holy Love
In all her ways is free,
And that its semblance only yields
To man's unjust decree?
Will ye ne'er learn that human hearts
"Destined by her to meet"
Will meet, though dark, opposing fates
In wrath the alliance greet?
And only those who know not love,
Its holy, high intent,
Will to the cheating semblance bow,
And dwell with that content.
Love hath a temple wondrous fair,
With gates of radiant pearls;
And Truth, upon its topmost towers,
A banner white unfurls.
Within that temple Love abides,
And at an inner shrine,
For all who do her bidding here,
Prepares the bread and wine.
Few are the hearts that dream as yet,
Of Love's entrancing grace,
For only to the pure in heart
Doth she unveil her face—
Only to such doth she appear,
In her divinity—
An Angel that would shed her light
On all humanity.
Only to such, her laws revealed,
Is given the truth to see,
That, seek to bind it as you will,
Supernal Love is free.
As well might men attempt to bind
The wandering winds of heaven,
As think to hold in hated thrall
Hearts that apart are driven!
As well might they the lightning's flash
With bands of straw enchain,

As keep by law, or rigid rules,
Two loving hearts in twain.
As leap the fiery bolts of Jove,
From heaven's dread thunder ears,
So Love, the fetterless and free,
O'erleaps all social bars—

And seeks its own o'er all the earth;
And while it cannot find
The soul responsive to its soul,
It waits, and is resigned—
Resigned to toll, the while sweet dreams,
The olden songs rehearse,
Which say, there are no mateless souls
In all God's universe!

Resigned to dwell on earth, apart
From life's most sacred ties,
Which, true and pure, are beautiful—
But false, are basest lies;
Lies that must ever cheat the heart,
And rob it of its love,
Only to send it back again,
A weary, wounded dove.

To nestlings that it cannot feed,
With food that love should bring,
To nourish all the forms of life,
That seek its sheltering wing.
Ah! 'tis not love that daily wrongs
The object it would hold,
Making a poor sick heart a slave
To passion, or to gold;

That is not love which craven souls
In secrecy pursue,
But openly condemn men
Their hidden life should view;
No, 'tis not love, but burning lust—
Insatiate fiend of earth—
That murders innocence, and lives
A monster from its birth.

Love blesses, elevates, refines,
Ennobles every soul
That in its holy presence dwells,
Or reads its wisdom-scroll.
Love walks the earth through shining ways,
Fearless in being true,
While Lust in darkness hides away,
And flees when none pursue.

Love is the blessed, holy one,
That, like an angel fair,
Cheers the dull world and like sweet sleep
"Re-knits the sleeve of care."
Oh, pure, true Love! oh, radiant Love!
What gifts wilt thou not give
To human hearts when all shall know
And in thy precepts live?

Then civil laws, though needed now
To check unbridled lust,
Will disappear, and men be ruled
By statutes far more just;
When through the veins of human life
Flow the full tides of health,
Then Nature's laws may rule supreme,
And love claim all her wealth.

Ah, softly then as lapse of streams,
Or voice of singing birds,
Will fall on every mortal ear,
The sound of loving words.
And to the "tree of knowledge" then
All will be angel-led,
And bidden to taste its richest fruits
In equal bounty spread.

This hope, this trust, for all mankind,
Runs like a golden thread
Through the care-wrought drapery of my life,
Making it bright indeed.
So my faith is strong, and my heart in tune
To sing wherever I be:
Oh, the happiest love is the love of all
That ennobles humanity.
Belvidere Seminary, 1873.

DIFFICULTIES OF A STOKER'S WIFE.—A writer in Good Words tells the following story of the difficulty some people meet with in endeavoring to lead a "religious life." A lady had gone to visit a young couple of the better class of the poor. They had no children, and the husband being a stoker on the railway, they were above the reach of want. Under these circumstances it seemed to the visitor that they might have attended to their religious duties at least to the extent of going to church on Sundays; and she ventured to intimate as much to the young woman, who was standing rather idly at the door. "Will you please walk in till I show you something?" was the woman's answer, and she conducted her visitor to the little kitchen, where her husband sat by the fire. He had just come home for half an hour to have his tea, and was watching the kettle with the most absorbing interest. He was, of course, in his working clothes, and his face and hands were of a deep oily black, after the manner of stokers.
"Now, ma'am," said the woman, pointing to him, "you see that there man; that's my husband, and I'm bound to do part by him, ain't I?" "Surely," said the visitor, anxious to uphold the duties of matrimony. "Very well, then; would you like to know how I pass my Sundays? A washing of him! Never a blessed moment has he to wash himself, through the week; out early and late, and half of the night, too, and blacker nor any crow all the while. Well, on Sundays it is fitting and proper that he should try to look like a Christian, if he can, so he sets me to it after we eat our breakfast, with a bucket full of soap-suds and a scrubbing brush, and I grab at him and on all day, till my arms ache, and he aint much better than he was; and then after we has our tea he says to me: 'Come, Sally, have another try, there's a brave wench, and I goes at him again, and sluices him down till you'd think a born nigger'd come out white; and, if you'd believe me, ma'am, when I polishes him off with a dry towel after he goes to bed, he's only a light brown after all!' What was to be said to such stubborn facts, especially when the good woman finished with the unanswerable argument, 'So you see, ma'am, them as wants to live religious had best not marry a stoker.'"

Scientific.

COSMOGRAPHY: A DESCRIPTION OF THE UNIVERSE. NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

BY LYNDEN S. RICHARDS.

The orbit or path of the earth around the sun is not perfectly round, but elliptical; and although the fact is a novel one, yet it is nevertheless true that the sun is some three millions of miles nearer to us in the winter season, in the northern hemisphere, than in the summer; and why? An ellipse is a flattened circle or sphere, with its diameter greater in one direction than another; and within this ellipse, or orbit of the earth, the sun is situated, not in the centre, but at one of the foci, between the centre and the orbit, in the direction of its greatest diameter; and consequently the earth, in its revolution, is nearer the sun at this point of the orbit than the opposite, and the fact of our not experiencing or receiving more heat when the earth reaches this point in its orbit, in the month of December, is due to the inclination of our planet to this solar mass, the sun. The rays of the latter, in the cold days of winter, strike more vertically, the lands and seas of the southern hemisphere, the sun apparently receding, on the approach of winter, to the south; hence the rays falling upon our northern hemisphere are oblique or slanting, and though the nearness of the earth to the sun is increased at this time, the slanting or oblique rays do not impart as much heat to the spot impinged as direct, straighter, or more vertical rays. The northern hemisphere receives more heat than the southern, because the earth is nearer the sun during our winter; while, during the cold season of the southern, the sun is most distant from our planet, and consequently their winters are more severe. Their summers are also equally severe, from the fact that, during those months, the globe is nearer the sun; hence, intense summer heat and intense winter cold must be their portion should no local disturbance interfere. But that the North receives more heat during the year is true, inasmuch as, during the earth's aphelion, when furthest from the sun, its velocity is lessened, and the summer of the North made longer, by some eight days, than the South; while, during the winter of the former, being in closest proximity to the sun, the velocity is quickened, and the cold season correspondingly shorter than in the southern hemisphere.

That the earth is traveling with immense rapidity around the sun is hardly perceptible to our outward senses. When we ride behind a fast trotter, or in a railway train, we can perceive and measure their speed by the stationary objects—trees, houses, villages—passed by; but, in standing upon the globe, with no trees, houses, villages or other objects in the sky save the stars, in their apparently slow and onward march, to compare its swift flight through space, we are bewildered, and doubt the very existence of self, when the astronomer tells us that we are moving around and around upon the earth's axis, at the rate of one thousand and thirty-eight miles per hour, and at the same time moving through space around the solar mass some sixty-eight thousand miles an hour, or sixty times faster than a cannon ball! But, through the intelligence and mechanism of the age, instruments have been devised to assist our unaided eye, and what the astronomer or mathematician gives us is no longer a matter of speculation, but a clearly demonstrated fact, must be appreciated through the realms of thought, and not through the channels of our own individual, unaided senses alone.

The earth possesses what no other planet between Jupiter and the sun can boast, and that is, the possession of an attendant, or a moon. Our nights are rendered enjoyable and priceless, with this blessed boon to guide our footsteps in the grim and shadowy darkness; but alas! for our celestial offspring, the moon! Would that we could transmit to her the blessings of earth, with its boundless variety! But its conditions are either too unripe or too mature for the enjoyment of an inhabitant. And when the question is put to us, "Whether our satellite is inhabited," our answer is, "Probably not!"—at least we pray not, for the inhabitants' sake—for a globe without water and air must, of necessity, render it a very undesirable place for organisms possessing similar structures to our own, or any structure, in fact, that is possible for our finite minds and fertile imaginations to picture. That water or air does not exist there, is proven by the occupation of a star, &c. As the star approaches the moon's disk and is about to pass behind it, its clearness is not dimmed, as it would be if the moon possessed an atmosphere; and possessing no atmosphere, it cannot contain water upon its surface, for, where water is exposed to the sun's rays, evaporation takes place, the vapor rises and forms a watery envelope around the globe, and the most powerful telescope yet applied is unable to detect a vapory envelope or semblance of water upon the lunar mass; and a hundred but two hundred yards in extent could easily be seen if it had an existence there. "In consequence of this want of atmosphere," says Proctor, "none of those effects of light, of those cloud-tints which give our terrestrial landscapes so much charm and softness, are to be seen there. These refraction does not decompose sunshine into glorious coloring and a thousand varied tints; the rainbow is unknown on the surface of the moon, but then the stars and other celestial bodies shine in full day in the starry vault. The absence of air and water implies the absence of winds and currents, absence of motion everywhere—in the sky as on the surface. At the most, under the influence of the alternations of heat and cold, the disintegration of the rocks and the destruction of equilibrium of the heavy bodies, causing the fall of debris, break the monotony of the stillness and eternal silence. Nor sound, as it cannot be communicated without an aerial medium, can only make itself known by the contact of solid molecules." "To an inhabitant of earth our light given by night would appear," says Humboldt, "but a silent and voiceless desert."

Literary Department.

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THE TWO COUSINS; OR, SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER X.

Leaving the Asylum.

It was the second day after the narrow escape of Mrs. Leigh from death, that I received the following letter from my faithful Betsey:

MY DEAR MISS ESTHER—Your brother came here last evening, bringing with him his little daughter Annie. The child is very feeble, and we are afraid that she will never be any better. She has lost her round cheeks and all her color, and hasn't any beauty left but her great blue eyes, that look bigger than ever. I fear she will soon follow her mother. Poor little thing! The tears rolled down her cheeks when she found that Aunt Esther was not at home. I made up the little white curtained bed in the south chamber for her, and I give her plenty of new milk every day. Her father must go back to his business in Boston, and I am afraid the child will be lonely with only poor Aunt Betsey for company. I will do for her all that lies in my power, but if you can come home, it will be a blessed thing for the little one. I have cleaned house, and Jimmy Ball has hosed the corn and potatoes, but he aint of no account in the flower-beds, for he doesn't know a plank from an onion, and then he would spile the heifer in a week if I allowed him to milk her, so you see I find plenty to do, though Jimmy Ball is here, but he is only an apology for a man. The hlocks are done blowing, and the roses are almost gone. We shall have some cherries if the robins don't get them all. There was a storm here two weeks ago, and the waves ran so high that the seaweed came up into the street. But it is pleasant now, and Annie is looking out of the window to see the ocean. She says, "When Auntie comes, will she take me down to the beach?" Her little hands are very white and thin. I hunted up one of the flowered cheny cups for her to drink out of, and it pleased her much. Last night when I put her to bed, she said, "If Auntie will come, I think I shall be better, but if I must die, I want to die in her arms."

I aint much of a writer, but I have done my best to let you know how we are.

Your friend,
Betsey Rusk.

I read the letter to Mrs. Leigh.
She was so pained at the thought of my leaving her that I begged the doctor to let her go with me. He consented readily, saying: "The shock of yesterday has done more to restore her to reason than all my efforts since she came to me." "Surely good hath come out of evil," I replied. There was a sweet, restful expression on her face at this decision delightful to behold. Poor Auntie Dick! It was hard to part from her darling; and yet, because Mrs. Leigh was made happier, she was content, and very helpful in preparing her for the journey. She wanted to iron the white morning dresses and dainty little aprons which Mrs. Leigh wore, but while doing it, would stop now and then to wipe away the tears with her rough hand, while saying to herself—"Never you mind, Auntie Dick; you aint sorry, arter all; them tears count for nuthin'; 'cause you see the darling will be happier away from this place; 'aint no place for the child; you don't want her to stay! You wouldn't let her stay if she would. You are a contrary old woman to cry about it." "Aint no matter if you aint got no body to love. You was never made to live among lilies and roses—you are nothing but a dandelion." Then she would go vigorously to work again, only to be stopped by the tears, which would come in spite of all her self-scolding, and repeating again and again—"You ungrateful, wicked old woman! stop that crying and go to work."

When we bade her good-by, my heart ached as I caught a glimpse of the brown, old face, peeping at us from between the bars of the window, and waving her handkerchief as if she wanted us to think she was glad that her bird was free again, which I have no doubt she was with all her heart. "Leslie's eyes filled with tears when we lost sight of that white signal held between the bars. "I hope some day," she said, "to take the dear old woman away from there to my own home; I am planning for it now; already my head feels clearer since we came out from Tanglewood Hall. I call it by that name. Don't you think it is appropriate?" I certainly did, and henceforth we spoke of it by that name.

John Stott accompanied us to my home. He talked very freely about himself, and said he would like to take the assistant, Miss Love, to a pleasant home of his own. "But, ma'am," said he, "I must ask her to share my poverty, for I have nothing left for my ten years' hard labor, and I am alone in the world, Miss Cobb. I know not that I have any kin living. I had kindred in England, but no answer has ever been returned to the letters which I wrote them at my mother's death, and I suppose they, too, are dead, and that I am the last of my name."

I encouraged him to marry, and told him that I believed life had much happiness in store for

him yet; that two such as Miss Love and himself would conquer fortune and gather some sunshine for old age.

"His face brightened as he said, 'We think alike, ma'am—Miss Love and I; and sure, I am she likes hotted ropes and, roses better than sunflowers and red poppies.'"

I thought, as I looked at his bright, round, cheery face, that I read in it a prophecy of a brighter future. It was one of my presentiments, I suppose, founded, perhaps, on a sense of justice, viz.: that one whose life had been so full of sadness should have some portion of life's joy.

My good Betsey received us with her usual solemnity, but I knew that it veiled a real welcome; and as for little Annie and Mrs. Leigh, they met only to love each other, at first sight. And here let me say that the latter found the true medicament for her sick heart. She took the child under her care, determined that she should live; and such a tender, watchful, loving nurse never had sick child before. If the doctors and doctors of our insane retreats would try the effect of keeping hands and hearts busy—busy to the exclusion of all time for morbid thoughts and listless lounging—they might find it more effectual than sedatives or all the much-vaunted lodine of potassa they could induce them to take.

The quiet old house by the sea became a refuge and a cure for the sick heart of the lady and the bodily ailment of the child. In sunny days we sat upon the beach, never weary of the grand old music of the waves. The child often fell asleep on the sands, when Mrs. Leigh would shelter her with a little improvised tent, and then we read and talked and sewed till evening.

Those were long, happy days; and when the weather did not suit for beach life, there was amusement within doors, in the old library and parlor, and with the piano, on which Leslie would play me the old songs I loved so much. It is a quaint, dear old house, with little nooks and corner fireplaces, big beams and tiny windows. In the east room was a corner cupboard—buffet; I should call it—with glass doors, in which there was a quantity of old china and a few pieces of silver that are heirlooms in the family—queer little pepper-boxes of solid silver, and such a quaint little teapot and sugar-bowl, and wrought silver tongs, made when sugar came in great conical loaves; with blue paper round them: Leslie used to delight to arrange this cupboard, and get Betsey to talking about the history of them. Betsey had a fund of old stories, believed in ghosts, and indeed in everything solemn and awful. Her history of the dark day was equal to hearing Booth act a tragedy; and when she began the story of the awful murder in "Swamp Hollow," and how the house, now in ruins, had been haunted ever since, we took our sewing, and listened in breathless interest. Betsey was a born tragedienne, and her close study of the Old Testament and the Apocrypha had strengthened this natural bias.

She used to read aloud every Sunday, in her own room, the vision of Death on the pale horse, or some of the terrible scenes recorded in Judges.

Now it is a fact, however it may be accounted for, that when a person is so fearfully solemn, as was Aunt Betsey, and puts on a go-to-funeral face when she is cooking flap-jacks, it becomes a farce, and invites mirth in the household. I think Aunt Betsey afforded much quiet amusement to Mrs. Leigh, and, as opposites combine, the lady's bright, sunny temper wrought good to the former.

My heart rejoiced in my household, for life moved with such a quiet, even tread; skies were bright, and flowers—simple, every-day flowers, to be sure—sprung up around us, and healing came on with summer airs and sea-breezes and long, sleepful nights, and I sat in my quiet old home, happy in my single life, thankful that, if God had not sent me his richest blessings, he had given me the bread and the water, though not the wine of life. Three months passed in this way. We heard occasionally from the Doctor, who came once and spent a few hours with us, and brought a box of rare flowers from John Stott, and a couple of nicely-knit dish-cloths from Auntie Dick: it was the dear old woman's only fancy-work!

"I am so happy," said Leslie, one day, "that all I ask now is the return of my husband and father. Oh, Miss Esther! I pray God daily to prepare me for so much joy!"

CHAPTER XI.

A Wayside Home.

That long sleep was a blessed hiatus to the tempest-tossed soul of the *cic-de-vent* Miss Brown, but the powerful opiate avenged itself in a sickness which even her strong will could not conquer. She rang her bell for a servant, and when the latter came she started back for an instant as she saw the tall lady in a long white night-

dress, her dark hair hanging about her face, as she stood and leaned against the mantel. Her face was deadly pale, and her eyes looked unnaturally large from contrast with this pallor. There was a fierce, strange expression in the eyes which almost frightened the girl.

When she went back to the dining-room for the toast and tea that were ordered, she told her fellow servants that she believed it was the actress up stairs, the one who kept washing her hands in the play, and could not wash away the blood. The girl little dreamed that that very tragedy was in the mind of the guest as she stood waiting for her tea. What feeling was it that made her order also the morning paper? She could hardly have expected to see Mrs. Leigh's death announced, but it was there, and given with most harrowing minuteness.

Quickly and nervously, was that paper folded, directed and mailed, all before she ate. That simple meal of toast and tea gave her strength to dress, after which she ordered a carriage and drove out to shop, not like most of her sex, with dainty touch and fastidious eye. The natty little shopman wondered at the purchase of a heavy gray silk and a quantity of fine lingerie as if they were so much unbleached muslin. The dressmaker was equally surprised at the haphazard and indifference of the customer, whose only order, and that somewhat imperative, was, that the dress should be completed the next day and sent to No. 14, — Hotel.

To No. 14, the lady herself returned. Back and forth, back and forth she paced that room, impatient of restraint and delay. The walls seemed to be pressing her in closer and closer, till at times she felt that she should find her tomb there. She flung wide the windows, and the hot sun poured its heat mercilessly upon her. She could not bear this, and drew the blinds, dropped the curtains, and made a darkness which, for a short time, was very welcome. Then came strange sights to her eyes and strange sounds to her ears—the tread of hurrying feet, a beautiful corpse surrounded by a crowd of awestricken people. Behind them she saw a demon leering at her; while he pointed to the corpse, saying, "I helped you; you are free till we meet again."

The darkness became intolerable, and she threw open the western window. There was a pile of great grey clouds, like mountains of snow, peak upon peak, in the horizon. It was a refreshing sight to the weary, heated denizens of the city, who were returning to their homes. Little children looked up at them, and thought how pleasant it would be to roll round upon them and play hide-and-seek. The poor watched them and repeated these beautiful lines of Byron:

On cloud edg'd, bright and beautiful!

The lady in No. 14 sat and looked at them, also, but they brought no peace to her heart, for ever and anon, as they moved about in the blue heavens, a sweet face looked out from them, full of "approaching tenderness" and pity. She could not bear it and turned away, glad when the gathering darkness hid the face from sight.

When the servant came to light the gas, she asked for the evening paper. "Macbeth," she said. "This was the play of the evening, and the principal character was by one of our most brilliant stars. She purchased a ticket and ordered a carriage. She had never in her life been deferred from going anywhere, or doing anything by a regard for the little conventionalities of society. To be alone in that grand theatre, and to go to the theatre without a companion, gave her not a moment's uneasiness. It would not have done so at any time, and on this evening, her preoccupied mind did not even think of it. She took her seat with as much indifference to the audience as if they had been the cabbage-rows so noted in the history of some eloquent speaker, that had served him instead of flowers. Her whole attention was absorbed in the acting, which was far above mediocrity.

There is, perhaps, in the whole range of English literature, no picture of remorse so vivid, so terrible as that of Lady Macbeth. It is *hell*—the unshriven soul tossing on the fiery billows of a guilty conscience, calling in vain for one drop of the cooling water of hope.

It is one of the mysteries of our being, that minds in the restlessness of guilt should seek such excitement as is to be found in these representations. Nowhere, perhaps, are the minute details of a horrible murder read with more absorbing interest than by a prisoner in his cell, guilty of a similar crime. The more degraded the soul becomes, the more it revels in the crimes of others.

In this way, guilt becomes its own tormentor. As Romeo, Ruby listened, this evening, she was alarmed, fascinated, at first by the wonderful power of the actor, then followed such a feeling of remorse, that she half rose from her seat more than once to rush out of the house. When the tragedy was over, she left at once, not caring for the fare which was to follow. At the outer door she found the night was very dark. The numerous gas-lights in the vicinity of the theatre enabled the coachman to find her, but once away from these, the remainder seemed only to make the darkness darker. "Not a star was to be seen, no wind was stirring, hardly a breeze. It was dark, still, and the heat oppressive.

As the carriage rattled over the pavement the driver thought he heard the muttering of thunder. When he asked the lady out, he said, "There is a storm coming, ma'am." She handed him his fee, but made no reply, save the silent one of looking upwards to the sky, and waiting an instant, till he was on the box. She would gladly have tried to drive all night through the storm. She shrank from being shut in within those four walls—those walls which she believed lessened every time she entered within. The gas was burning low, and most of the room was in shadow. She started back at seeing a woman in white, leaning upon a chair. It was her own night-dress. As she crossed the room a sharp flash of lightning shot across the sky, and was followed by heavy thunder. It was the beginning of a fearful storm, which lasted for three hours, and shook the very foundation of the earth. The opiate proved powerless to produce sleep in such a night, or at most only fitful rest, broken by fearful sights and sounds.

No wonder, that, when the next day came, she preferred the night train to spending another night in No. 14. She secured no sleeping-car, but sat by an open window, looking out upon the most peaceful starry sky, finding rest only in swift, restless motion. On again, carried forward by that engine, so mighty in its power—the embodiment, as one might well fancy, of an evil spirit. In a dark night, as it moves onward in the gloom, with its one great, fierce eye, its hot breath and convulsive pantings, it seems a demon, trying to escape its doom. The rush and the whirl, over bridges, through tunnels and over ravines, where the brain reels and grows dizzy, with the spectre of death so near that we feel the very touch of his skeleton hand—all this was only pleasant excitement to the one traveler who called little white her servant, borne—her only wish to get away, far away from all who had ever known her as Miss Brown.

[Continued in our next.]

Spiritualism Abroad.

For the Banner of Light.
ON THE VISION OF THE FUTURE.

BY E. CLAY AUBURN.

Spiritualism holds its onward course. In America and England, it marches with flag unfurled, ever gaining ground, and convincing and uniting those whose attention has been arrested by its astounding phenomena. Men of good social position and superior intelligence traveled as indefatigable missionaries, invincible by the faith which animates them. Mr. Peckles has traveled over the world announcing the good news in both hemispheres. In Continental Europe, the doctrine is spreading more quietly. Belief in communication with the invisible world is, however, by no means stationary on the continent, and occasional discussions do not prevent believers from loving one another and joining together in efforts to accomplish the noble object of assuring humanity of its immortality.

In England and America, the number of physical manifestations, and the proof daily given of the strange power which can instantaneously decompose and recombine matter, have with good reason astonished scientific men; but beyond the physical, there is not some knowledge to be acquired from the psychical phenomena—that is, the action of the spirits upon our souls, in the intuition and enlightenment we at times derive from them.

In this great work each Spiritualist has his mission; every believer a duty to fulfill. The most humble, the most ignorant, are not exempt from these obligations, and every one of us owes his brothers the measure of truth which he has acquired.

It is, however, with great reserve that I approach such a subject, for I prefer the firm ground of trusting to my senses, and I do not conceal from myself the doubt which affirmations so difficult of verification must inspire. And yet there may be facts so striking, with a connection so logical, that the impression left on the mind seems to take a body, and to show itself with all the appearance of reality.

Shall I not render a service if I can show by my own experience the utility of communion with spirits? I can show that in daily communion for the space of four years, the influence of my guide has always been tutelage and vigilant, and his foresight has been proved by events. Swiss, English and French Spiritualists may have read "History of a Spiritualist," published lately in "Human Nature." They will remember that my almost gratuitous cure was due to the intervention of a spirit who declared his name to be Samuel Giacomo Giaffero; that he was born in Venice, and died in 1510 at ninety-two years of age at Verona, where he practiced medicine.

The relations which were established at this epoch (1868) between us, became so close that it was impossible to break them. When I left Corfu to go to Tripoli, I invited Catherine P., who was acting as my medium, to accompany us, and since then this young lady belongs to my family. But I must state that while we were at Corfu, Giaffero, in speaking of the state of Europe, announced to me a great war between France and Prussia, his view did not penetrate further. He could not then declare the issue.

Let it be observed that my voyage from Corfu to Tripoli, and from Tripoli to Paris, was made while I was being cured of a chronic affection, the gravity of which threatened my life, and that my state required continual attention. During this long voyage Giaffero's vigilance never failed. Foreseeing bad weather or dangerous crossings, he stopped or hastened my journey, always pointing out to me with unerring precision the right moment for me either to halt or continue. Arriving in Paris in the middle of 1869, he made me acquainted day by day with the phases of Napoleon the Third's malady, who was seriously ill in October. His predictions afterwards became more distinct, and he described beforehand the war of 1870, alas! as it terminated.

It is not out of place to explain here the kind of mechanism by which the spirits are able to predict the future.

Light has a great deal to do with it. Events are delineated in the shape of pictures; this has been affirmed by a great number of spirits whom I have consulted on this subject. As the idea of time no longer exists for them, it is by the sharpness of outline, the vividness of color, the prominence of objects, they judge, in some measure, as to the proximity of the realization of events. There is a kind of vaporous atmosphere over the events whose distance prevents the details from being definite. When all is floating in a kind of misty cloud, it is a sign of not being near at hand. When, on the contrary, the event announced is soon to take place, it comes boldly out and is distinctly delineated, and the spirit knows that it will not be long before it happens. It is light, also, which serves to show whether happiness or the contrary is to be the lot of those who compose the picture. Long ago I had seen eminent somnambulists judge of the health of a body from the luminous emanations which escaped from it. The color of this fluid was to them a sure criterion. The importance of light is no less in the phenomena that the spirits teach us take place after death. It is according to its intensity, to the quality of its brightness, that the degree of purification is recognized; and as this term is equivalent to that of power, the extension of the faculties which induce de-materialization is shown by the increase of effulgence.

Now it is exactly by different degrees of light and darkness that spirits endeavor to discern the import of events looming in the distance. When they see a man, an army, a nation, a president, it indicates health, victory, grandeur. If, on the other hand, there is a floating veil surrounding them, it means struggle, doubtful result. But if a black cloud is over them, its gloomy shades show misfortune, defeat, destruction.

From the first day after war was declared, and even before that, Giaffero told me that we should have war, that it would be inglorious, that we should have but few and partial advantages, and that we should be eventually cut to pieces. France, her soldiers, her cities, her crowds, appeared to him through a sombre and livid fog, streaked here and there by certain luminous points, which quickly disappeared. On the other hand, Germany, from the first until the finish, was shining, as it were, inundated by this magic light, whose effulgence proclaimed success.

One can understand my grief upon seeing, every day, my hope fade under this mysterious vision. And, again, this was not all; for Giaffero exclaimed, "I have more dread of the French for France than of the Prussians!" The

disasters of the capital only came too soon to make good his fears.

Here occurred a singular incident, interesting as a study for those who do not stop at the surface, but endeavor to penetrate the mystery of the super-terrestrial life whose phases often so perfectly reflect our own actions.

Every Spiritualist can convince himself of the numberless falsities with which communications are encumbered. One would say that falsehood was endemic in the extra-terrestrial regions, and very few are the investigators whom the spirits have not endeavored to mystify at least once. But it may be possible that this disposition to deceive is in consequence of the facility with which it can be done, either because of the imperfection of our faculties, or on account of numberless interests which occupy us, often predisposing us to accept without examination that which flatters us. It ought not to be thus, one would think, in the extra-terrestrial world, where spirits gifted with more subtle organs, disengaged from material preoccupations, have better means than we have to learn truth. In other words, one would admit without difficulty that there are spirits ready to delude men; but it is difficult to understand that they can deceive one another. It is, however, what takes place. The super-terrestrial world, like ours, has impostors of all ranks, and their actions upon us, poor creatures, could be very fatal, since they succeed in deceiving even the spirits already de-materialized. Let us judge from what I am going to relate.

I had quitted Paris with my family some days before the investment, driven by the reiterated orders of Giaffero, who hastened my departure. I was at Tours, anxiously following the fatal chances of this unequal struggle, at times comforting myself with the thought that Giaffero might not have seen correctly, and then falling again into that despair which every lover of his country must feel. On the 2d of December, 1870, Giaffero dictates to Catherine the following: "Matters will come to such a point that you will consider yourself lost, and every one else will think as you do. It is exactly at this crisis that you will be saved by miracle: this has been said by Elias."

In order to thoroughly understand my emotion it is necessary to know that the spirit who made me acquainted with Spiritualism said his name was Elias. He had initiated me in the new faith with a zeal and a constancy, and a love, which is not one of the least interesting episodes of my spiritual education. This name had then an influence quite particular upon my imagination, and could not but forcibly strike it. I doubted nevertheless. It seemed to me that Elias would have spoken directly to me, and I put Giaffero on guard against imposture. He said there was no danger, as Elias appeared to him resplendent with a shining halo, and a grave, mild and honest countenance. "If I do not think he can have deceived me, for if I be true that low spirits try to lead us into error, I cannot suspect it in the sphere I am now in, for these kinds of spirits do not come here."

Deceived, however, he certainly was; for the predicted salvation did not come. Some time after I submitted this incident to the consideration of a pure spirit. "Lucidity," he replied, "does not come to us until we are freed from the material fluid; in proportion as it is dissipated we rise, we become purified, and more diaphanous and luminous." To have deceived Giaffero to this extent the lying spirit must have been a powerful one, and been able to collect a certain electric fluid with which he temporarily created a facitious light.

Giaffero had predicted the war, our disasters, and the lamentable sufferings of the Commune. He insisted upon our leaving Paris at the very moment that the gates were going to be closed upon us, and either at Tours where we were threatened with the arrival of the Prussians, or later, he continued his work, guiding, preserving and protecting us. This protection, of which I can guarantee the certainty, and can give daily proof, of since Giaffero is always at my side, is, I think, sufficient to prove the immense interest attached to communication with those beyond the tomb when the direction of the spirit is shown by long trial to be beneficent. But the intelligence of these guides does not stop at the narrow horizon of an individual or a family; it embraces the world, and its power of prevision is of double value at an epoch so troubled as ours, when the ruins of the past elbow the misfortunes of the present, where the timid lose their way, and even the strong begin to despair.

From a general point of view it might be found to be incontestably advantageous to be able to foresee events destined to affect the life of a people. But these are considerations of another order, about which I do not wish to speak at present. Man continues his course without disquieting himself about the obscure future. I should like to arrive at the knowledge of what power the invisibles have to enlighten us, and on that establish the amount of faith to be accorded them, and the use we could make of this new force.

It is evident that all prophecy published after its accomplishment only convinces those who knew it beforehand. If one wishes to establish belief in the visions of the future, it is necessary to divulge them at the time they appear, and thus enable many to verify for themselves their truth. But as the previsions have reference to men and public matters, I wish it to be understood that it is far from my intention to consider the question politically, as my only desire is to indicate to investigators the existence of a force, and a phase of spiritual faculty to be elucidated.

Before describing the tableaux (which, indeed, will not take long) perceived by Giaffero, I ought to complete the account begun above of the manner of the appearance. This is important, for the way in which the vision is seen has much to do with the belief we should reasonably accord to it.

Here is what Giaffero has said to me on the subject: "Each individuality as each collectivity is animated by a spirit and furnished with a free will. Every act committed, however, might have been left undone; the pictures of the future, which are unfolded before the eyes of the spirit, present this ambiguous appearance; but the knowledge of the inward feeling of individuals and nations, which his state allows him to possess, with a lucidity in the measure of his purification, enables him to predict which of the two tableaux will be carried out. This is not all; as the time of realization approaches, there takes place in one of the tableaux a kind of oscillation or trembling, and then a movement of drawing near. This is an indication of that which is to be realized."

There is something in this proceeding which reminds of the Divine foreknowledge. In creating a man, God sees all that is in his life, and

what his acts will be from birth to death, without this foreknowledge being an obstacle to the exercise of his free will. Only as he is infinite he knows of a certainty, while the spirit—guided though he be by the onward march of one of these tableaux—is only able to pre-judge the result by means of the faculties which he derives from his own intelligence. His vision, however clear it may be supposed to be, is always subject to be modified by an unforeseen obstacle, and his predictions may always contain a certain amount of non-realization, in proportion to his want of penetration or spiritual purification. Such kind of foreknowledge of the future, on the part of spirits, has its root in an intuitive faculty; they would more easily foresee a war in the distance, in calculating the disposition of peoples who would be likely to make it, than they would be able to predict an unexpected accident happening without apparent cause to the person under their charge. There are, however, certain visions which are free from this duality of tableau. They are those where the free will of him whom they concern has no act to exercise; if in this case there be no realization, it must be attributed to the illusion of the spirit who may be suffering, and whose perceptive currents are troubled.

According to what precedes, faith in revelations being in proportion to the state of purification of the revelator, and this state being beyond our control, there remains much uncertainty as to the accomplishment of announced facts. Long experience of the spirit is the touch-stone. It is only by long continued relationship, and by experiences a hundred times repeated, that one can place faith in the assertions of spirits. It is the fulfillment of these two conditions which has induced me to continue the study of Giaffero's predictions. I give them simply as I received them, in the order of their date. I have no preconceived opinion upon their accomplishment, but if they take place, it will be proof of another force put at the service of humanity by our invisible brothers.

PREVISIONS OF GIAFFERO.

Before transcribing the visions, I should remark that Giaffero speaks always in the present, although the event is to take place at an epoch the date of which he is continually ignorant. It is essential to remember that this is his way of seeing. For him the tableau is absolutely there; he sees it before his eyes, and he depicts it as he sees it. This does by no means engage that the events represented are to happen at once. The vision, indeed, is not dependent on the will of the spirit. It appears to him suddenly, so to speak, outside of his thoughts and that circle. It is to be observed that this kind of exception is the most certain. There is much less likelihood of realization when the spirit is striving to see in order to reply to a question put.

GENERAL PERCEPTIONS.

Dec., 1871.—A great war is in preparation, and the world will be again disturbed. France will probably take part, for she is beginning to recover herself, and this war will not break out for some time.

5th Jan., 1872.—I have told you more than once that the time will come when there will be but one universal republic; but that time is yet a long way off, and peoples will have to suffer more than a century under the yoke of monarchy.

10th Feb., 1872.—I see a number of flags which are intermingled, priests fighting, soldiers revolting, a crowd that I cannot explain. I see all the colors of these flags mixed together.

4th Feb., 1873.—Know, that in a little while—when I cannot say—there will be a war; not the great one, but the precursor of the great one. There will be troubles, and some blood spilt. Then things will appear to take their usual course: I see great uprisings in Italy, although at present everything seems quiet there; but the fire is smoldering, and it is there that I saw the priests fighting with rage. The flags of which I spoke, and which I saw intermingled, come in the following order: first, Russian, then Spanish; then, at almost the same time, the Italian and Austrian. There are also others, but the colors are confused, and I cannot distinguish them.

25th July, 1873.—The events in Spain are but a pale prologue of what is to happen. The whole of Europe will be on fire, and there will not be a corner where one will be able to find tranquility. That will be the great war of which I have told you.

GERMANY.

7th Jan., 1873.—I am not sure, but I think that the great war which I have seen will take place in Germany. 4th Feb., 1873.—In Germany the priests are more furious than anywhere else.

ENGLAND.

23d May, 1870.—I think the Republic will be established here sooner than anywhere else. Do you know why? Because I see the poor Prince of Wales with his legs in the air. 3d Dec., 1871.—Before the breaking out of the great war England will have to go to war with Ireland, which will reconquer her independence. 10th Dec., 1871.—(The Prince of Wales was dangerously ill.) I have hope that he will not die, because I have seen him on the throne, for but a short time it is true, but nevertheless for a while, and then I have seen him overthrown by a revolution. I saw the death of Victoria, and then the rule of her son, evanescent, like lightning; after that a general revolution—but before that I saw Ireland free and happy.

SPAIN.

September, 1873.—Spain will soon have its despot, and as soon as he is there, there will be an immense religious trouble, where I see the priests banded together, demanding, as faithful subjects, that the Pope should be restored to his lost royalty.

FRANCE.

10th Dec., 1871.—Do you remember that I told you at Tours, a year ago, that the Republic would not last long, and that you would have a despot who would make you feel severely his yoke? This despot will be a Bourbon. 18th Dec., 1871.—These acts like an honest man—and, thanks to him, the Republic will last a little while yet, but his light will soon be extinguished, and you will see the despot arrive who will hold the reins with an iron hand. It will be a Bourbon, but not the Count de Chambord. 5th Dec., 1872.—Napoleon's son will return to the throne, but that will not be for some time yet.

January, 1872.—Your poor country is at the present time the prey of the most opposite sentiments, and all the personal considerations of men are in play. It is destroyed by party feeling.

Some think the Republic assured for a century, while others, on the other hand, consider it very tottering. Listen to what I say with certainty: Your Republic will only last a short time. It will fall, to make way for a devouring king. There will be a short time of profound anarchy, during which the inhabitants of France will have to endure much suffering; but the trial will not be for long, and an era of regeneration will rise for her. 10th Feb., 1872.—Napoleon's son will return, but at a distant period, and, like his father, over a mountain of dead bodies.

27th Sept., 1872.—The tableaux of the private life of Thiers show him to me dying in the midst of honors due to the head of the nation.

4th April, 1873.—He sees a large black cloud spread over France.

18th May, 1873.—(Fall of Thiers.) Great grief of Giaffero at not having foreseen the event. Between Thiers and a king, I did not see an interval. (This incident, this mistake, this bitter grief of the spirit at having made a mistake, has its lesson: it proves, at the same time, the bona fides of the guide and his fallibility.)

8th June, 1873.—Giaffero sees that the Republic will not be established, definitely, in France, until long and violent struggles. He sees, in the first place, a fair man with a large beard, who plays a part that he cannot define—neither king, nor president, nor dictator, while yet a little of each. Later on, but after the Bourbons, he sees the Prince Imperial reigning; the child of 40-day he sees a grown man with a large beard.

ITALY AND POPERY.

20th Jan., 1871.—I see Italy in the future divided into States and reunited into federations. 26th July, 1872.—Pius IX. will be the last king Pope. 31st Oct., 1872.—Italy will keep her splendor for some time yet, but her finances are worse than mediocre, and that will occasion a terrible gangrene. I have always told you that Pius IX. would be the last king Pope; but, if you remember, I also told you that, in the great battle, I saw the priests as soldiers. The Catholic unity at present is only standing on one leg, with its head under its wings. 4th Feb., 1873.—I see great troubles in Italy. Things seem to be going on tranquilly there, but the fire is noiselessly smoldering, and I have seen the priests fighting there with, oh, such rage! 20th Sept., 1873.—I have always told you that Italy would be federal. That is the only way to give her tranquility, but that is yet far distant.

RUSSIA.

20th Jan., 1871.—I do not yet see the Eastern war, but it will come. 25th March, 1872.—I see a general upshot. I see the blending of all the flags, in the middle of which is the Russian. Everything is disturbed everywhere. 26th July, 1872.—I see Russia luminous. It is she that will lower Prussia. I see also the upheavings in the East. The whole world will be in confusion, but the time is yet far distant.

31st Oct., 1872.—Russia appears quiet, but don't think she will fail to pursue her line of policy. Her arm will always go on, and the day when she unites she will be seen to be formidable and sure to conquer.

To these predictions I add a few words which were dictated to Catherine by Anastasia, the spirit-guide of Mr. Parise, whose name has authority with the Spiritualists, and who was present at the séance. The ecstasies is approaching, and happy are those who shall be enlightened by the truth; you will see the torch appear which will guide the human race to its salvation. All the peoples will be upset, for some time. The kings will be in the confusion, and, trouble and despair will be the portion of unbelievers, until their eyes shall be opened to the light.

And now, to finish this long chapter, I will add that, in 1868, when I was an intuitive writing medium, the great war which was spoken of above was many times predicted to me.

Spiritualist Grove Meeting at Woodburn, Oregon.

Met at Woodburn, Oct. 30, 1873, and continued for four days. Officers elected for the occasion: Mr. E. C. Cooley, President; Mr. C. R. Hansen, Secretary; Committee on program: Mrs. Loveland, Mrs. Hansen, Mrs. Cooley. The meeting was very interesting. Excellent speaking and lectures by Mrs. Helen Chamberlain, Mr. Allen Cooley, and Mr. James H. Hansen. The Association was composed of Mr. Heath and family constituted the choir, and gave excellent music during the meeting. Spirits descended to the floor of the Association, and taking and reading, both in public and private, were all readily recognized by the auditors.

Agenda: Report of the Committee of Arrangement and Finance received and accepted. Committee discharged. Report of Committee on Land, appointed at Parrot's Grove Meeting, but not read. Committee discharged. Report of Committee on Constitution not adopted. Committee discharged. Committee resolved to see if ten or fifteen acres of land can be bought at Woodburn to hold annual meetings upon, and to report at the next Woodburn meeting. Committee appointed: Mr. Hawkins, Mrs. Hansen, Mrs. Cooley. Constitution of the State Spiritualist Religious Association of Oregon.

1. We, the Spiritualists of Oregon, in Convention assembled, do hereby agree to associate ourselves together in an organization to be known as "The State Spiritualist Religious Association." 2. Aims and objects of the Association: The propagation of free thought and principles; the organization of societies for combining all liberal elements in the great work of science and reform; the championing of such missionary or moralistic and spiritualistic causes as the Association will admit of; authorizing lectures, holding séances, solanizing marriages, organizing societies, soliciting donations to the funds of this Association, and taking and receiving fees and dues for membership in same; to take collections where public meetings are held, and requiring them to make monthly reports to the President of this Association of all moneys received and labor performed. 3. The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall constitute a Board of Trustees for the Association. Said officers shall perform the duties of their respective offices as members of the Board of Trustees, and shall be elected annually, and shall hold office until their successors are duly elected by the Association. 4. Membership.—Fees for membership shall be, for men, two dollars per year; women, free. Any person may become a member by signing this Constitution and paying the fees required. 5. This Constitution may be amended at any regular meeting of the Association, by a two-thirds vote. 6. The following officers were elected at the meeting held on the 30th of October, 1873: President, Mrs. Cooley; Secretary, Mrs. Hansen; Treasurer, Mrs. Hansen; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Hansen. The meeting adjourned until the 10th day of June, 1874. CHAS. R. HANSEN, Secretary.

Missionary Report.

DEAR BANNER.—It falls to my lot, as Agent of the Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists, to report through your columns monthly concerning the progress our cause is making among the masses. Our Convention has taken place, and I am fully at work again on my fifth yearly engagement with this Association. So far as I have heard from the great body of Spiritualists of Minnesota, they approve of the course we adopted in passing those resolutions repudiating free list as being any part of Spiritualism.

There is a general waking up on the part of Spiritualists, and I have never had such large audiences attend my lectures before as have greeted me since our Convention. Bro. Winslow did a good work for us, and I hope to see him among us again at no distant day, breaking spiritual bread among the masses. Bro. Wilson is now helping us roll on the car, by giving some of his sledge-hammer blows to old theology. I am always glad to welcome him among us.

During the month of October, I visited Minneapolis, New Auburn, Hutchinson, Carmel City, Glenwood, Shakopee, giving during the month 15 lectures, adding to the Association 15 new members, receiving in collections and yearly dues \$40.10; expenses, \$2.20. The general outline of the month's work has been: The battle has got to be fought. Spirits have told us, for years that we had got to go through a sifting process, and for one, I am glad that I am engaged in the work we are doing faithfully, and the world will be the better for it. My route will be up the Pacific Road, occupying some six or eight weeks; then I will return to the south and east part of the State. If health permits, I shall make my yearly round as heretofore, willing to labor and give ever working for the spiritual and spiritual communion among men. Respectfully, J. L. POTTER.

Address, Northfield, Minn.

(Original.) PATIENCE IN AFFLICTION. (Conversation between Pythias and Luna.)

"Father," I said, so mournfully, when looking down the years.
"I see the changes that must come; this mortal life is passing."
Like colored lights in raptures' blaze, when comes the fire
To quench the slowly, one by one, till all is rayless night.
"Change," said my Father, solemnly, "is but the step
whereby
We climb the stairway, dimly, that reaches to the sky.
Fear not, my daughter, set thy foot on every dreaded change.
"I will lift thee into purer air, and give thee wider range."
"But ah!" I answered tearfully, "the saddest change of all."
The sure, inevitable one, on all we love must fall:
The dear, dear light of home must die, and even life depart.
Therefore, like toll of passing bell, Death thrills my
slinking heart."
"Death," said my Father, earnestly, "is but the way
whereby
We leave the steep and slow ascent, to gain the upper
sky;
Fear not, my daughter; wish them joy whom God to
heaven doth call.
And teach thy heart with joy to greet that glorious
change for all!"
—(Spoken through a Medium, Nov. 28.)

Banner Correspondence.

Ohio.

CLEVELAND.—A. Bailey writes, Nov. 17th: Since I last communicated with you, I have removed from Alliance, in this State, to this city. Our blessed religion is seemingly not progressing very much. There are but a few live Spiritualists here, and that few members of the Lyceum, which, in point of numbers, is not large, but, as regards interest, not behind, and perhaps ahead of any in the country. To which our good brother, Geo. A. Bacon, can attest, he having visited us a few Sundays since, and spoken to us words of cheer and instruction. May the good angels comfort and bless him and his.

Our Lyceum has had the sad misfortune of losing our beloved Conductor, Bro. Thos. Lees, who resigned some three weeks since, and under whose administration it has attained its present altitude. All, without exception, deplore the loss, and deeply regret that circumstances outside of the institution obliged him to vacate the position. His place is ably occupied by Bro. P. C. Rich, formerly leader of Liberty Group. It is expected that Addie E. Ballou will lecture for us the last Sunday in this month, and Bro. J. M. Peckles the last two in December. After an absence of five years from this city, I find of the many Spiritualists who were alive and hard at work when I left, but few who are seen or heard of. They have many of them, a name abroad to live, while really at home they have crawled into their mortal coils, and we can only say, "Hark! to the tomb's a doleful sound."

Hope the day is near at hand when we shall become earnest in the work, and beat such a tattoo upon the old shells that the inmates will leap forth into a glorious resurrection to good works. I indeed feel that, if Spiritualism is worth anything, it is worth everything; at any rate, there is not enough of anything in this world to buy a lot of my happy experiences into forgetfulness.

How is it, brothers and sisters everywhere? Are you glad? or are you sad? or are you sleeping, and so allow less able hands to thrust in the sickle and reap the harvest, which is great—oh, how great!—the precious grains dropping to the ground, and the reapers, how few!

Tennessee.

CLARKSVILLE.—J. J. Perkins writes, Nov. 26: I have just remitted funds for the Banner another six months, although money is scarce with me, and I have had a hard time this year. I cannot do without the Banner; it has been a source of great light to me. I read it with pleasure when nothing else interests me. I wish I was able to pay for it in advance for a number of years, lest something might happen to deprive me of it. I have been taking the Banner for three or four years, and read with great delight its able lectures and other matters of great importance. When I first commenced to investigate Spiritualism, there was but one believer here, and he has since gone to his home above. He loaned me some of Swedenborg's works and one of Davis's books, which gave me great insight into the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism. Then he left, and I stood alone for some time, but there are more than a score who, through the influence of your paper and other reading matter which I have put in their way, are to-day avowed Spiritualists. I feel proud to think that such has been our success, and that, too, without the aid of a lecture or medium. This is not all: the Orthodox people feel the spiritual influence, and many of them are gaily asking for papers and books. I observe a great falling off in Orthodox influence on outsiders. Our city is famous for its churches and church-going people, yet the churches are frequently thinly attended. Although our city is not large, it has a very intelligent population. It is situated on the Cumberland River and Louisville and Memphis Railroad, and would be a profitable place for a good medium to stop awhile, and would pay a first-class speaker to call and spend a week. I think our cause is onward.

Massachusetts.

NEWBURYPORT.—William Bricher writes, Nov. 17th: I wish to inform the friends of good causes, that the Banner of Light, of the wonderful physical manifestations given through the celebrated medium, J. P. Cotton, of Boston, assisted by Dr. William H. Gilson. I was invited to attend one of their circles given in this place the past week, and must say, although having been a Spiritualist for the last quarter of a century, I had the pleasure of seeing what I never have seen before. The physical manifestations of the rise and fall of a ship at sea; also the fireman's call; the uprising of the tide, and its dashing to many of our churches, etc., are perfectly beautiful, as well as wonderful and original. All that I can say is, if skeptics will only attend one of these circles, they can rest assured that they will be convinced of the solid truth of Spiritualism.

Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS.—Dr. E. Woodruff writes: It gives me pleasure to say to the friends everywhere, through your excellent paper, that Mr. L. F. Cummings has been speaking to our Society in this city for the past two weeks, and gave us the best of satisfaction. He is a man of high culture, has traveled much in foreign countries, is well posted on all their various religions, etc., and is well calculated to raise the moral standard of any society who may employ him. He is an inspirational speaker of about two years' experience under the influences, as yet a comparative stranger to the spiritual societies over the country, and would like to devote his full time in the field. I hope all those wishing speakers will address him at Richmond, McHenry Co., Ill.

Wisconsin.

PLATTEVILLE.—The Spiritualists of Southwest Wisconsin have recently organized under the name of "The Religio-Philosophical Society of the Lead-Mine Region."—S. C. Trowbridge, President, J. W. Van Orman, Secretary; address of both, Platteville, Wis. We shall hold our next meeting at Millin, Iowa Co., Wis., Dec. 6th and 7th. We shall always be pleased to see our friends.

There are but few Spiritualists in this section, but they are active, energetic and persevering. J. W. VAN ORMAN, Sec'y.

Why is a ballet-dancer a most inhuman creature? Because her greatest delight is to execute her grand pas.

The Reviewer.

BIBLE MARVEL-WORKERS.

The Suffolk County Journal (of Oct. 18th), published weekly at Boston Highlands, by Samuel T. Cobb, contains the following tribute—editorial and communicated—to the worth of this new book by Allen Putnam, Esq., which with pleasure we transfer to our columns:

"The following communication is from one of the most distinguished citizens of Roxbury, and is written in a spirit of candor which all must admit, however they may view his opinions. We publish it willingly, but are not presumed to endorse it on that account. We have not yet had time to read Mr. Putnam's book referred to, but shall give it a careful perusal at our earliest leisure. It is well known among us as a mark of learning and irreproachable character."

"BIBLE MARVEL-WORKERS."

Editor Suffolk County Journal.

It is now a quarter of a century since "Spiritual Manifestations," so-called, or communications from departed spirits, began to be made in an obscure village in the Empire State. From thence they spread into every corner of the country, until scarcely a city, town, village or hamlet is to be found wherein they have not been reported. Nor are they confined to this side of the Atlantic, being equally well-authenticated in Great Britain, of the Continent, and in other parts of the world; so that, at the present time, the number of believers in their supermundane origin is reckoned by millions. Nothing that scolding, ridicule, or inoffensive contempt, or evil surmise, gross caricature, or base misrepresentation, or false impeachment could do has been left undone to suppress them altogether as either downright imposture, or explainable by some one or all of a score of hypotheses utterly conflicting with each other and explaining nothing. But in spite of religious ban and unreasoning skepticism, of unsparring railery and hot denunciation, they seem to be more frequent and more extended than ever; characterized, it is true, by much that is puerile, unreliable, grotesque and contradictory, and also much that is consoling, truthful, surprisingly demonstrative, and helpful to both mind and body, according to conditions and circumstances.

Among the numerous reasons adduced for discrediting and discountenancing these phenomena, is, strange to say, a biblical one; as though their acceptance is unwarranted by the teachings of Scripture. So far from this inference being well founded, it is certain that the various modern "manifestations" find their analogy in the marvels recorded in both the Old and the New Testaments; and those marvels find their credibility more or less strengthened by the manifestations of the present day. There is no conflict between them; and a deep belief in the new logically warrants a similar belief in the old, and vice versa. In some respects they are dissimilar, in others the resemblance is close, but at no point are they antagonistic.

In vindication and support of these postulates is a volume just published, entitled "BIBLE MARVEL-WORKERS," and the power which helped or made them perform mighty works, and utter inspired words; together with some personal traits and characteristics of prophets, apostles, and Jesus; or new readings of the miracles; by Allen Putnam, A. M., author of "Nativity, a Spirit," and various works on Spiritualism.

Mr. Putnam was formerly connected with the clerical profession, and is a well known and much respected citizen of Roxbury, whose opportunities for investigating Spiritualism in its various exhibitions have been ample for the last twenty years, whose habitual circumspection and observing faculties are unquestionable, and whose candor and excellent spirit, in his "New Readings of the Miracles," it will be difficult even for the most prejudiced to impugn. To quote his own words: "No willingness has been felt to question the truth or disparage the intrinsic value of any Bible statement; but more than a willingness, a fixed purpose, has been cherished to look at each character and incident with as much freedom as was possible from all prejudices and biases, and to subject Bible contents to the same common sense and philosophical scrutiny as would be applied to the statements in any new book."

Again he says: "Each and every story or narrative the Bible contains has been tacitly allowed to be exactly true." So that the most intense believers in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures need not be deterred from giving his book a careful perusal by the apprehension that it will be found tainted with unbelief or irreverence. Indeed, it is a volume which should specially excite their curiosity and secure their attention, as it meets them on their own ground, raises no doubt as to the authenticity of any of the astounding wonders recorded in the Bible, and simply aims to prove that "only within the ramparts of a faith which makes these marvels natural productions can the Bible long resist the encroachments of science, and maintain a hold upon the world as a trusted oracle of supernatural truths." Its author thinks an explanation of them, all more or less satisfactory, is to be found in the "manifestations" everywhere so prevalent in our own day, without requiring a miraculous suspension of any law of the universe. With what success he has employed his exceptional powers, every reader must decide for himself; but his volume presents features which are certainly singular and unique, and his method of biblical interpretation is wholly unlike that of any other exponent of the "sacred oracles." He claims to have made an honest and benevolent effort to present Scriptural personages and events in their true characters, and show them to be worthy the attention and esteem of a philosophical and scrutinizing age; and of this there can be no doubt.

Roxbury, Oct. 7th, 1873. W. L. G.

Western Correspondence.

BY WARREN CHASE.

THE LESSON OF THE CHICAGO ELECTION.—The press and the pulpit of Chicago united in a "Citizen's Ticket," as they called it. The daily and weekly papers (except two printed in the German language) all participated in advocating it, and in abusing and maligning the miserable and insignificant rabble that opposed them. The pulpits nearly all joined in political tirades and religious exhortations to the voters (which of course did not include the ladies), and earnestly prayed their Gods to help them carry the election. There was a cause for all this, and that cause was a partial union of Church and Christianity in a preparatory movement toward the final union of Church and State, and an evangelization of the city government. The Evangelical politicians, of whom we have had so large a share in the corrupt National and State Governments during the last few years, had got at the head of political parties, and fearing a defeat united with the church and the temperance societies in a compromise to protect the "holy Sabbath day" from desecration under the pretence of law and order and in the interest of temperance, and thus the honest and well-meaning temperance men and women were drawn into a Christian trap, as they have often been, to the detriment of their righteous cause. The trap was well covered in meal, but the old rat was too wary this time, and the trap sprung without its game, and pulpit and press went into mourning under a crushing defeat, with ten thousand majority over them, and an often admitted prospect of the best city administration they ever had, under the man they had abused as bad as language could do it before he was elected.

The lesson of this election is that the pulpit, even when aided by the politicians (who mostly

control the press), cannot control the voters of this country. We are not yet quite ready for a national evangelical religion, although we have had prayers in the White House before the Cabinet from the head of the Evangelical Alliance of the world, an English Bishop, and ought to have had them at the opening of each session of the committee of Congress that examined the Mobilizer's attitude last winter.

If the Jehovah of these pious souls does not aid more and better than he did in the recent Chicago election, it is hardly worth while to pray to him for help. If he wants his name and holy book put into our Constitution and laws and the mouths of our political servants, he must aid in the elections; and if he wants his holy Sabbath observed better, he must move on the hearts of the people to attend church better and the beer-gardens less.

A somewhat similar rebuke on a small scale to that of Chicago was administered by Capt. Jack to the priest that visited him and tried to convert him, just before the Christian government that believes in God's command, "Thou shalt not kill," hung him. The priest gave him a glowing description of the heavenly country and the happiness there enjoyed, and invited him to make his peace with God, and go there and enjoy it. After asking the priest if he was sure it was true, and if he was acquainted with it, and, being assured affirmatively, the chief offered him ten horses to change places with him and go there, and let him stay here, but the priest of course declined, as he was not ready to die as his Master did for the sins of others.

We hope the people everywhere will open their eyes as they did in Chicago, and not be led into this theological trap, even when baited with temperance, stolen from the infidel reformers, and used to serve the church with.

NOTES—PERSONAL AND PUBLIC.

BY GEO. A. BACON.

In furtherance of the object for which, now nearly three months ago, I left the goodly city of Boston, (and in the pursuit of which I have visited one-half the States of the Union,) I have often felt the monotony of the spirit to write, both to yourself and to the many readers of the Banner, concerning the events of a spiritualistic character occurring within the scope of my observation and experience; but, not specially caring to consume either the time or space which this would necessitate, and which might be better employed by others, I have as often checked the prompting, and so silenced the thought that would have sought expression. Whenever this has happened, I frankly confess experiencing a sense of displeasure, as though arising from duty undone. In this connection I have to avow that, in the opening of the door which led to my present wanderings, I clearly recognize a guiding hand, a directing and controlling power; and, just here, I feel more than half persuaded—yes, impressed, if you will have it so—that the principal purpose of this writing is to make me thus publicly acknowledge it. There I hope now somebody is satisfied!

For the first and, I hope, the only time, I write in the first person singular. It violates my notion of modesty, and is contrary to a long use, on my part, of the reportorial and editorial "we," but the character of this communication seems to require it.

En passant, I want to mention that not only the outline and general features, but all the important details of my trip, were definitely given me beforehand by several parties, strangers to each other, and residing in different sections of the country, who, in their consoling condition, knew nothing whatever of it. As an act of simple justice, I desire to make honorable mention of the clairvoyant capacities and the intelligent inspirers of Mrs. N. J. Willis, of Cambridgeport, Mrs. Maggie J. Polson, of Boston, Dr. S. H. Prentiss, of Worcester, and Mrs. S. A. Boyd, of Cleveland.

One of my first Sundays was spent in Manchester, N. H. Being a total stranger there, it was with peculiar pleasure I saw, on my arrival, late on Saturday evening, that Mrs. Emma Harding on Sunday was announced to speak the next day. While half-streetside walking through one of the principal streets Sunday forenoon for a bit of exercise, I was unwittingly led to the door of a couple who proved to be our worthy trans-Atlantic friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. Harrison Green, with whom I pleasantly spent the larger part of the day and evening, many times thanking the outside, guiding, personal power that piloted me directly to their presence. In company with Dr. Green, I visited the homes of several of the prominent friends, made the acquaintance of a well-known local medium, from whom the world may yet hear with pleasure and profit, and attended the lecture of Mrs. Britton on "Evil Spirits." She treated at length concerning the origin of his Majesty, Prince Beelzebub, passed to a consideration of his legion of followers of both sexes, and ended by heartily denouncing those evil spirits who, in the sacred name of Spiritualism, taught that, in the exercise of unbridled passion, men and women were fulfilling their higher destiny. This portion of her lecture aroused all her old-time enthusiasm, and awoke lively demonstrations of approval on the part of her audience.

Williamette, Conn., is one of the very few places where the Spiritualists own their hall, unencumbered of debt, I believe—a fact greatly to their credit. It is a substantial building, of New England Methodist appearance. Owing to the unselfish labor of a devoted few—as is usually the case—the Society and Lyceum here are both kept in a comparatively flourishing condition. Dr. Willis has heretofore been their more frequent speaker, and I learn, is regarded with sincere respect. By the varied inducement of new-found friends, I was willingly detained here over night, and most unexpectedly enjoyed an evening of old-time amusement, which, added to walk and talk and visits, the social of personal experience, and a prolonged conversation, were all sufficient to send me on my way rejoicing.

In Albany, I was sadly disappointed in not seeing, as I fondly anticipated, Bro. Brunton and wife; but I did spend a very pleasant evening with Dr. Ditson and his intelligent companion. Subsequently, on Sunday, I found myself in Rochester, N. Y., with the memories of Corinthian Hall, the birth-place of the American Association of Spiritualists, fresh in my mind. Alas for the mutability of human hopes! I could find neither society, Lyceum, nor meeting of any kind in successful operation, not even a public medium—at least known to the parties of whom I made inquiries, and they were the oldest and most pronounced Spiritualists of the place. Lin-

gering in Buffalo long enough to indulge in fragment reminiscences, and to pass two or three hours in fraternal converse with a well tried friend, whose family once dwelt beneath my roof. I in time reached Cleveland, and passed Sunday with the friends at the Lyceum. Being known to a few, I received the customary invitation to talk to the children, which ordeal was finally passed with safety. To me, at least, the result of my visit to this Lyceum was as satisfactory as my remarks were sincere and heartfelt. I know of one who experienced a consciousness of contentment and inward peace, worth more than earthly approval, and which all the gold in that city could not purchase.

From a once flourishing society and a highly successful Lyceum, they have now in Cleveland only a small gathering of the faithful on Sunday, who yet keep intact the Children's School. Under existing circumstances, and in such a place, if but one of our two popular methods of public instruction can be maintained, I give my vote to that of the Lyceum. On this occasion, the Cleveland Lyceum, except in the matter of hall and number, was seemingly all one could reasonably desire, being rich in spirit, glorious in harmony, united in interest, excellent in order and fruitful in every variety of exercise. Thanks to the consideration of my Buffalo friend, a life of introduction made me acquainted with the only public medium I believe in the city, Mrs. S. M. Lloyd, whose specialty is that of a clairvoyant and magnetic physician. I exceedingly bear witness to the correctness of her examining powers, and to her intelligent method of magnetic treatment. In my own case its adaptability proved as truly successful as it was surprising and unexpected. Her constant practice is a guarantee of her wonderful efficiency as an instrument for good in the hands of her medical inspirers. To the many who have been accustomed to interview their personal spirit friends through the open door furnished by her mediumistic gifts, the familiar greeting of her little attendant, "It do be me, 'Starlight,'" is unquestionably fraught with grateful and speeded remembrance.

Cleveland is also the home of that well-known and faithful worker, lecturer and medium, Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, whose interest still remains unabated, and whose zeal ceases not through all these many years of active service. Having but hardly recovered from recent and severe illness, she is at present seeking needed rest. Those who have been blessed through her varied ministrations, and I trust she may yet live to bless thousands more. Blessings evermore upon the workers everywhere!

I am also under obligation to Mr. and Mrs. Bowers, for pleasant hours spent in the cheerful light of their quiet and harmonious home. Seven years ago, during the convention days, Bro. White, of the Banner, and myself, were most agreeably and considerably entertained by these worthy friends, in remembrance of which a visit to Cleveland, on my part, would now be incomplete without the revival of these old time associations. I need scarcely add that the memory of Bro. White is sacredly cherished by these ever faithful friends. How invaluable the legacy of one whose life is rich in good works!

The next "first-day" found me in Detroit, where I enjoyed a reunion with long absent friends, some of whom had resolved upon establishing an independent course of lectures, with every indication of being highly successful, leading off, as they did, with Bro. Cephas B. Lynn. His effort on this occasion was one of eminent ability, logical sequence and earnest eloquence. After an invocation, combining rare pathos and sound sense, he announced his subject to be "The Signs of the Times," which he treated in a methodical manner, replete with sustained power, dignity and independence. He considered at length the great unrest everywhere manifest in matters Governmental, Educational, Industrial, in Religious Organization and in Social Life. Under this last head he elaborated these several points: We follow no recognized leader, nor year the shoulder straps of any particular party; no single individual can compromise the masses; there is no excommunication; I have room only to record that his success was highly gratifying, and that I rejoice to know his lectures constantly improve in quality and character. I thought it something unusual on an occasion so wholly unanticipated, to notice on the front seat, in close juxtaposition with the writer, Miss Susie M. Johnson, J. O. Barrett, Wm. Emmette Coleman, Laura Cundy Smith and husband, Prof. Spinnery, and others, well known to the friends of Rational and Progressive Spiritualism. If that that "all-chance is affliction," which thou canst not see," then even this meeting had a purpose behind it.

In Dayton, Ohio, I found a written word of introduction from Mrs. S. M. Lloyd as a passport to an evening of unalloyed pleasure and profit with several of the oldest and most faithful in all our Israel. Cordial greetings over, conversation waxed warm, and continued late. Items of information concerning Spiritualism generally, and certain parties in particular, covering a score of years, were freely exchanged, words of encouragement given, individual thoughts canvassed, interesting bits of local personal history related, mutual aid rendered, and spiritual strength reciprocally imparted—the memory of which, as with glowing of beauty, is a joy forever.

Sunday, Nov. 9th, was passed in Philadelphia, where I renewed the acquaintance of old friends, talked to the Lyceum children in the afternoon, and heard Sister Townsend speak words of wisdom in the evening, on the Law of Spiritual Development. It was like unto an inspiration to witness the large and pleasant hall crowded with an interested audience. The next day, by invitation of Mrs. Katie B. Robinson—who for many years has been the willing instrument of the angels—I had a dearly-prized interview with an old friend and risen brother, L. Judd Pardee, one of the world's martyrs, who now rejoices in a martyr's jeweled crown—the peer of noblest princes, and the companion of highly-illuminated minds in the Kingdom of Thought and Spiritual Truth.

Continuing my wanderings I stopped at Newark, N. J., intending to remain only two or three hours. The first person I saw on stepping from the cars proved to be Dr. L. K. Connelly, who induced me to remain over night, and, taking me in charge, introduced me to several of the active workers in that vicinity. The Doctor was under engagement to speak for the friends there, he having lately resumed his harness after a two years' respite. Without any knowledge on his part—and certainly none on mine—a circle had been appointed at our visit, in-place, which proved to be one of great interest—the Doctor being spiritually used very effectively, in turn taking each one by the hand,

saying just the adapted word of advice and of needed encouragement.

Let Spiritualists everywhere keep up their circles. They are the arsenals wherein, through spiritual processes, are prepared the instruments of our warfare—which is not carnal, but mighty in the overcoming of evil, and the substitution of truth for error. They are the nurseries of the angels, from whence, in due time, the workers are transplanted, and made to scatter the seed-grains of thought and progress throughout the vast field of humanity, at the bidding of the inhabitants of the spirit-world. Concluded with wisdom, directed by good sense, and properly improved, they serve as open windows for the descent of the immortals, and the elevation of mankind.

Many other items and personages press their respective claims for mention, but as space and patience are limited I forbear, and abruptly bring my private wanderings to a close.

Boston, Nov. 20th, 1873.

Another of those Asylums.

This is the literal description of the institution, if such it can be called, for the care of the insane poor of Philadelphia. It is taken from the recent report of Mr. Harrison, the President of the Philadelphia Board of Public Charities. The Asylum is a county affair, situated just outside the city, and is a perfect Beldam of other days. Who can read this account of the treatment of the insane patients that are kept in this county almshouse, without a shudder?

"So lost to all sense of decency have the insane in this hospital become, by reason of the failure on the part of the authorities to encourage a proper appreciation of self-respect among the inmates, that their habits are precisely like those of a brute. Consequently many of them are kept naked in their cells, from which they are drawn out each morning to be cleaned, and their rooms put in order. The filthiest part of the litter, for their bedding consists wholly of straw, is then removed, and its place supplied with a singular quantity of the fresh material, when they are returned to their disgusting dens; there to pass another period of solitary wretchedness, in an atmosphere whose odor exceeds in offensiveness anything which the imagination can conceive. Through the gradual enfeebling of the higher attributes of their natures, some of these people come to be regarded by the other inmates as mere animals, and the women of the establishment look upon these naked men simply as they would look upon a horse or hog. I am told that frequently two of the female inmates of this insane hospital are called upon to clean their men each morning as they are drawn out from their cells."

West Virginia.

Whereas, We, the Spiritual Society of Wheeling, have for four successive Sundays listened with delight to the inspired utterances of our sister, Mrs. C. F. Vanduser, we hereby

Resolved, That inasmuch as we regretted to forego the pleasure of hearing our sister's highly inspired lectures in the immediate future, we do hereby record our high appreciation of her earnest labors among us, and also her devotedness in her contemplated labors among other societies.

Resolved, That we, as a society, do hereby recommend our sister most heartily as an honest and true, and heaven-inspired lecturer, to all Spiritual and Liberal Societies throughout the land.

Resolved, That we request our Secretary, in conjunction with our President, to send a copy of these resolutions to the Banner of Light, Religio-Philosophical Journal and our other publications, to be published by W. WILLIAMS, President.

W. W. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

Wheeling, Nov. 9, 1873.

(All the above-mentioned papers please copy.)

Mrs. Rachel Walcott, of Baltimore, Maryland.

Whereas, Mrs. Rachel Walcott has been for years an earnest, self-sacrificing, faithful and efficient worker as a medium in this city, and has been a member of the Harmonical Spiritual Society of Baltimore, and has done much by her example, her teachings, her gentle lectures, and her influence to raise the cause of Spiritualism in its highest and purest form; and

Whereas, As she has left this city for other fields of labor and usefulness, it is to be her wish that a Progressive Lyceum, bearing testimony to her excellence as a woman, and her devotion as a Spiritualist, therefore be held in her honor.

Resolved, That we warmly commend Mrs. Rachel Walcott to Spiritualists everywhere as a whole-souled, noble, pure-minded woman, who in her life illustrates the purity and beauty of her faith, and whose lectures are calculated to do much good, and she is in all respects worthy of being taken to the hearts of Spiritualists wherever they first may be read.

WILLIAM SHIELD BEATY.

Noted and sent for insertion in this department with the approval of the rules of the Lyceum, and with the consent of the Lyceum, Nov. 9, 1873.

From Westbury, Mass., Nov. 9th, Henry Osgood, aged 70 years and 8 months.

From Lancaster, O., Oct. 25th, Harvey, eldest son of Dr. H. Scott, aged 30 years 6 months and 12 days.

He was a veteran soldier of the Union army in the late war. He was editor of the Toledo Gazette, of Chicago, Ohio, for upwards of six years, and was well known as a local reporter for the Cleveland dailies, he died with distinguished ability. As a journalist he was well known, and as a man of high character, and a large circle of devoted friends, whom many highly esteem. He and his departed wife were some time in the presence of a lost medium, since which time he has been confined in the spiritual world.

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Our Book Business.

At the new location on Montgomery Place, (No. 9) corner Province Street, Boston, we have been able to obtain a difficult long felt both by ourselves and the business public. It is no longer necessary for our patrons to climb up numerous stairs in their search for Spiritualist Literature, as we now have a fine bookstore on the ground floor of the building, where all the modern improvements in a tastefully arranged and large stock of Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to make a pleasant spectacle and invite the attention of the passer by.

While others, accompanied by cash, will receive direct attention by us, and we are prepared to forward, if desired, any of the publications of the whole book trade in Boston, at usual rates, we respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of our books on commission, as such a course would, under the circumstances, be impracticable. Send, for a free Illustrated Catalogue of our Holiday and other Publications.

By reference to the BANNER OF LIGHT, there should be taken to define each individual article and the communications considered on other pages of correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we cannot undertake to express the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
Corner of Province Street and No. 9, Montgomery Place.

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LUTHER POLY... EDITOR.
LEAH B. RICH... BUSINESS MANAGER.
Letters and communications appearing in the editorial department of this paper should be addressed to the Editor, Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

The Enemy in the Field.

A sense of national security is often, the most predominant in the society at the very moment when the greatest peril is about to burst upon the people. Just as, before the coming of the tropic cyclone, all things seem to sink into quiescence and placidity; and as the eye of the practiced mariner detects at once, in the latter case, not the quiet of peace, but the rapid falling of the pulse of Nature, akin to the falling barometer, which shows that she stands aghast with fluttering breath at the prophetic spectacle of coming horrible convulsions, so the practiced reformer sees most clearly the coming social or political storm in the very spectacle of the unthinking crowd drifting lazily onward as in the former. Unless the liberal element of our country can be aroused from the almost comatose state in which it is now enveloped, its components will awake when too late, to hear the wailing, hurricane sounding the knell of their liberties—to find the noble ship of State on her beam ends, with the awful voice of the storm howling through her rigging, her sails blown to atoms, and her decks swept by the wild seas of religious persecution, and, it may be, physical martyrdom.

While our remarks apply with equal force to every disciple of reform, whether he be called Infidel, Materialist, Free-Religionist or Spiritualist, we desire to call the attention of the latter, particularly, to the efforts now culminating in various parts of the country, to make legal war, in the name of the Young Men's Christian Association, upon our media—and through them, upon our philosophy and its heavenly teachings. In an article in another column we have depicted the action of the crowd-spirit in the firing and insulting (or licensing, which is the same thing) of all practicing mediums in the State of Texas; for what religion save ours is obliged to obtain a "juggler's" license, under either State or county law, for its ministers before they can hold services on Sunday or discharge the duties which the week-day calls forth—which, in the Spiritualist medium's case, more nearly approach those demanded of the early apostles than in that of any of the regular evangelical societies? Wean to perceive, by the daily press, that "Dr. Sherman, of Andover, Me., [author of the "Hollow Globe,"] has been complained of for blasphemy committed by him in making certain utterances at a Spiritualist mass-meeting in August last," and how the Providence Y. M. C. A., not to be outdone, have raised a howl (successful, we are sorry to say) against Spiritualism as exhibited by the Davenport Brothers in that city, petitioning, "in the name of humanity, Christianity and the good of our people," against the granting of a license to them, and for the revoking of such license, if it had been given to them, [which was done, by the obsequious Board of Aldermen,] on the ground that the exhibition was "to be given as a merry-making affair," for Sunday exhibitions, "that the efforts of the Christian community in our city may not hereafter be confronted by licensed desecration of the Sabbath for the love of money and the deceiving of the people."

Here we have the true animus of the opposition. Hereafter be it known that Spiritualist lectures illustrated by physical manifestations are "merry-making" affairs, to be suppressed by the police, if necessary, for the "good of the people." This is but one step in the chain of argument. How long before it will be discovered by the Orthodox friends (?) that Spiritualist lectures and séances (not physical) held on Sunday evening are "blasphemous" and "seditious" assemblies which "are seriously detrimental to the young men of the community?" And then comes, in logical sequence, that what is wrong for the Sabbath must not be tolerated, for similar reasons, on the week-day; and then the crowning act of classism of war in the awful shout of rampant Christianity (borrowed from Moses the week (?) "Thou shalt not suffer a witch (medium) to live." Must the present prophets of this dispensation sadly echo, for the adherents of the glorious gospel of the nineteenth century, the despairing words of Zechariah, reiterated by Jesus just before Calvary: "Awake, oh sword." * * * Smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered; and I will turn my hand upon the little ones." Time and the comparative activity of the two elements, evangelical and liberal, must answer.

We call the attention of the reader to the letter of William Lloyd Garrison, Esq., in another column, in reference to Mr. Allen Putnam's new book, "THE BIBLE MARVEL-WORKS."

Legal Persecution of Mediums.

We find in the DENISON (Texas) News of Nov. 13th, an indignant protest against the new trick of legislatures and courts in combining against spiritual mediumship, in the vain hope of crippling its usefulness, by compelling it to take out a license or else submit to fines and sometimes to additional imprisonment. "The News" says, "The legislature did many good things, and a few bad ones. Among other acts is one that is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution and the enlightened age in which we live—one which taxes the faith and worship of several thousand conscientious citizens of Texas. The 13th Legislature saw fit to incorporate in the law regulating taxation a clause forbidding the Spiritualists lecturing or holding seances, unless they first procure a license, which costs ten dollars in each county." The law reads as follows: "From every Spiritualist, Clairvoyant, Mesmerist, or Medium, so called, who preaches or her or her voice for money, ten dollars for each and every county." On this matter the State Journal of Austin, which is the capital of Texas, remarks that there are many thousands of conscientious Spiritualists in this State. Spiritualism is their faith, their religion, The Democratic 13th Legislature taxed these people for their faith and their worship. Was ever anything more monstrous? Why, the Tycoon of Japan is more liberal than that. So is the Mexican Government." The Denison News professes to believe that the next Legislature will strike out this provision of the act, which is clearly unconstitutional and at the same time oppressive. It above all deprecates the taxation of a man's religious faith.

Surely, taxing one's religious faith! No wonder it excites astonishment when the simple phrase is spoken. Why is it any more wrong, legally considered, for a medium to take remuneration for his or her services, than for a minister preaching in a pulpit? Each practices his religion, not for gain in itself, but for the "promised good of humanity," which they could neither of them do without having some visible support from those who receive the benefit. Nobody has the slightest idea that either the medium or the preacher is to get rich by his calling. It is not one that enriches any one who follows it. Higher and purer motives are unquestionably to inspire those who engage in it. There has been too much of this cessing and pampering of Orthodoxy in this country of freedom from the beginning. It is only within the memory of men now living that the legal support of the ministry of a certain stamp of Orthodoxy has been abolished in obedience to the positive commands of an enlightened public opinion. Church property of every character has been freely exempted from taxation, and would have continued to be indefinitely, but for the discovery of the fact that the Catholic Church is rapidly accumulating a fund of untaxed wealth that is capable of making an immense amount of trouble in the future. There is no earthly reason for taxing mediums. What service they perform is religious in the eyes of all believers in Spiritualism. We could have wished that the secular press had generally come down on this bigotry and folly before the shadow of its own danger began to loom up in the horizon, for the bigots have their eyes fixed upon the freedom of the press as well as upon freedom of religious belief. But it is not too early to display a firm front in relation to both.

The Eddy Family.

Mr. Laddon, Gold-Pen Manufacturer, New York, who is well known all over the country as a reliable business man, and an unflinching Spiritualist, somewhat mediumistic, and who never holds his light under a bushel, and is the last person that would countenance deception in spirit-manifestations if known, has been stopping in this city for the past few days. He states that he has recently visited the Eddy Family at their home in Vermont, and was perfectly satisfied that the materialization of spirits was genuine, and not William Eddy dressed up to represent spirits. He says he saw his spirit daughter, and his friend, William White, distinctly, as well as his and several other spirits. The séance was given to him alone in the daytime, and did not admit of a doubt of its genuineness to his mind, as manifestations occurred which were beyond the possibility of accomplishment by any of the family.

We have also received a long article from A. S. Hayward, magnetic physician of this city, who has made them two visits since the first of October. He gives his own experience and views, as well as those of some twenty others—visitors and the nearest neighbors—all of which go to strengthen the genuineness of the manifestations.

Music Hall Spiritualist Free Meetings.

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 23d, Miss Jennie Leys entertained a large and attentive audience at this place by the recitation of the first of two lectures with which (as by announcement on the afternoon of the Sunday previous) she designed to close her present five-Sabbath engagement in Boston, her subject being: "The Logic of History as to Social Reform." The singing on the 23d—especially the duet between Messrs. Turner (bass) and Metzger (tenor), and the solo (and chorus) "Stars of Heaven," (White & Gould) by Mr. Turner—was excellent, and evidently met the appreciation of the assembly.

James M. Peebles.

The celebrated traveler and speaker, who has just returned from a tour around the world, will give the next (and but one) lecture in the course, on the first Sunday of December, his engagements being such that the management were unable to secure him for a longer period.

The Message of John J. Glover.

Published on the sixth page of the present issue, is worthy of careful perusal. The practical and, so to speak, material aspects of spirit-life and its relational surroundings, find clear statement and well chosen enunciation in the words of the spirit, and his utterances go to the unmistakable endorsement of the recent message from William White. Parties who so readily ascribe all spirit-teachings to a demonic origin are referred to Mr. Glover's closing words in refutation: "If you wish for happiness in the life to come, be happy here; and there's no other way under God to do it than by doing right."

Charles H. Foster, the Test Medium.

Is creating the widest interest in spirit communion in the West; if we may judge by the files of the Denver (Col.) Mirror, Rocky Mountain News, and other papers which have reached us from that section of our country. At a future day, it is our intention to present to our readers, a sketch of his experiences there.

Our Book List.

By reference to the eighth page of this and last week's issues of the Banner of Light, some idea may be gained of the large supply as to quantity, and great variety as to matter, price and style, which Colby & Rich, Booksellers, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, offer to the patronage of all lovers of Spiritual and Reform Literature. While it is practically impossible within the limits of this article to refer even by title to the entire list of works, we yet desire to call the reader's attention to some of the more prominent ones:

A. J. DAVIS'S WORKS—twenty-eight uniform volumes, neatly bound in cloth—present to the investigator a vast amount of well-classified information concerning the divine revelations of Nature and Spirit to mankind in this favored era.

MATTHEW KISS discourses interestingly on many important topics, such as "The Brotherhood of Man," "God the Father," "Real Life in Spirit Land," etc., etc.

THE ASCENDING REFORMER, Henry C. Wright, author of the world-renowned child-treatise on non-resistance, "A Kiss for a Blow," discusses many serious matters concerning social life and theological education.

DR. A. B. CHILD bears witness that "Whatever is, is Right," gives "Better Views of Living," and speaks of "Soul Affinity," etc., etc.

THE ARCANES OF SPIRITUALISM, AND NATURE, find able exposition by Hudson Tuttle.

THOMAS PARKER'S Speeches, Discourses, etc., will be found to be of striking interest, and worthy of the most earnest attention.

THE ADMIRERS of James M. Peebles, the Spiritual Pilgrim—and their names legion—will find food for thought, and song also, in his works, as per catalogue.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF MISS J. H. CONANT, giving a history of her mediumpic experiences from their commencement, will be found to amply repay perusal, and will bring comfort to many tried souls by the encouraging lessons concerning a demonstrated immortality which may be drawn therefrom.

BIBLE MARVEL-WORKS, by Allen Putnam, A. M., is a most remarkable volume, which, in the course of some 240 pages, gives a complete, common-sense analysis of many so-called sacred characters and narratives which have heretofore been only acceptable to human reason under the creedal maxim, "Great are the mysteries of Godliness." "Natty, a Spirit," and "Mesmerism, Spiritualism and Witchcraft," by the same author, deserve attention.

K. GRAY'S gives us the "Biography of Satan." MISS J. S. ADAMS displays "Branches of Palm"—a book of more than common interest. We cannot speak too strongly in favor of this invaluable work.

J. G. FISH puts "The Bible in the Balance," while

GILES B. BRENNIS offers "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages." This book every Spiritualist should possess.

THE DEBATEABLE LAND, Footfalls, and kindred topics find able treatment by Robert Dale Owen.

The Banner of Light Free Circles afford "FLASHES OF LIGHT FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND."

MISS LIZZIE BOTTEN's splendid books of poems are worthy a place in every library in the civilized world. Read them, and judge for yourself.

A. E. NEWCOMB contributes excellent "Lessons for Children about Themselves."

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," completed by the spirit pen of Charles Dickens through the organism of T. P. James, of Brattleboro, Vt., is creating the most intense interest in the world of non-spiritualist readers, as well as among those who acknowledge the feasibility of such authorship.

W. F. EVANS administers "Mental Medicine" sure to "Cure" to all who will pay attention to him.

EMMA HARDING BRETHER—than whom no one is more able for the task—gives "A Twenty Years' Record of the Communion between Earth and the World of Spirits."

REV. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD discourses on "Miracles Past and Present."

ERES SARGENT, in "Planchette, or the Despair of Science," affords a clear and intelligible account of Modern Spiritualism, its phenomena, and the various theories regarding it.

THE POEMS OF AELISH W. SPRAGUE continue successfully to challenge the admiration of liberal souls.

W. F. JAMESON proclaims "The Clergy" to be "a Source of Danger to the American Republic," and backs his assertion with doughty arguments.

WARREN SENNER BARLOW, the radical poet, speaks to the public with "VOICES" which are not to be mistaken.

The book, "STRANGE VISITORS," is calculated to set people to thinking concerning a continued individuality beyond death.

HOS. THOMAS R. HAZARD gives his views and experiences in several stirring pamphlets (see catalogue), which are worthy the earnest consideration of all who would comprehend many great questions bearing upon the Spiritual Philosophy and its media.

VITAL MAGNETIC CURE shows the natural, electric, magnetic and spiritual life-forces that control the human organism, and the application of these forces to relieve all forms of curable disease.

"GEOLOGY AND THE SOUL OF THINGS" find exhaustive and radical treatment, as do many reform questions, in the books and pamphlets from the pen of William Denton.

In addition to the above cited authors, works by Thomas Paine, David Hume, Warren Chase, Thomas Gales Forster, Daniel W. Hull, G. L. Dilton, M. D., Rev. Samuel Watson, Dr. T. B. Taylor, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan (who is now electrifying the Spiritualists in England), D. D. Home, J. O. Barrett, Joel Moody, R. Augusta Whiting, Washington A. Danks, B. K. Wright, Selden J. Finney, J. W. & an Namee, Emma Tuttle, Belle Bush, Lois Walsbrook, Moses Hull, and others will be found at the counter of Messrs. COLBY & RICH.

RESUMED SPIRIT PASTENT—Our friends and patrons, George Stacy and Charles Huston, of Montreal, P. Q., who, in subscribing for one year, kindly sent us a five-dollar gold piece each—the donation in excess being an expression of their appreciation of the usefulness of the Banner of Light.

HENRY HITCHCOCK, St. Louis agent for the Banner of Light, has, as will be seen by an announcement elsewhere, removed his office to 503 Pine Street, that city. The friends and the public generally, having business in his line, will find in him a courteous and gentlemanly individual with whom to transact it.

"The War-Cloud."

Is raising quite a breeze all over the country. The newspapers are filled with speculations upon the massacre of the crew and passengers of the steamer "Virginius," captured by the Cuban authorities, averring that war with Spain is inevitable. Even the subject has entered the church, and is ventilated from the pulpit. Last Sunday, in this city, at the West Church, Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol delivered a very interesting discourse entitled "The War-Cloud." He selected for his text, Proverbs, 14th chapter, 34th verse: "Justice exalteth a nation, but sin maketh a nation miserable." He began his discourse by speaking of the rumors of war which now seemed to be the general topic of conversation. He then proceeded to give reasons which sometimes make war necessary, but firmly maintained that there was, at present, no just reason for America beginning war with any nation. The great hue and cry now, said the speaker, is that our flag has been insulted, and we must avenge the outrage. We must first thoroughly understand what our flag is, and what it covers, before we rush headlong into a fight for it. Bunting is cheap; and if our flag is made to screen iniquities, so much the worse for that flag. No person doubts the rights of a nation to punish men engaged in a filibustering expedition against it, and if our country must go wherever its flag is carried, then the nation may be led by the nose around the world. Now, the occasion of war with Spain on account of the Virginius affair will not stand the test. The massacre of the crew of that vessel in Cuba certainly deserves to be rebuked by all nations; but there is not the slightest cause for the United States making war with Spain on that account.

Dr. Bartol maintained that the capture of the Virginius and the massacre of her crew did not constitute an insult to the American flag. The Virginius was engaged in an unlawful expedition against a country with which we were at present at peace, and her acts were not, and he was sure would not be considered by the American people as justifiable causes for war. During our late civil war would we permit a Spanish cruiser to give aid to the secessionists if we could help it? Certainly not. Why, then, should we make war with a nation for punishing people who were about to assist those of its subjects engaged in a civil war against it? But it is said that the butchery of the Cuban volunteers should be avenged. How? Shall we spill a pallid blood to wipe out a mere blood stain? Shall thousands be butchered to avenge the butchery of a few? No. Although we deplore the murder committed by the Spaniards, and may strongly sympathize with the Cubans in their struggle for liberty, we have no cause to sacrifice thousands of lives in making war on Spain; because no wrong has been done to our flag, neither has our flag been insulted.

We should in this case apply the Monroe doctrine, and not entangle our nation by interfering with the affairs of foreign powers. Dr. Bartol said that he thanked the great Senator of Massachusetts for his letter, in which nothing was added to the flame. Rufus Chittenden once said that, among the greatest virtues which a nation should have, should be prudence, and now was the time to exercise that virtue, and refrain from a war which we have no reason to begin. He then referred to the consequences of war with Spain, and said that the only people who would be benefited by it would be the military contractors for supplies, while thousands would be impoverished. He closed by protesting against going to war with Spain, and said that if it is, as has often been stated, the manifest destiny for Cuba and San Domingo to become a part of the United States, why need we interfere with violence? Destiny will take care of itself, and we should control ourselves, and not entrust our affairs to rash representatives, nor place confidence in demagogues who would plunge us into almost inextricable difficulties.

John G. Whittier, the poet, whose sympathy with the best interests of humanity was never doubted, writes from Amesbury, Mass., this letter to Senator Sumner: "Thanks for thy timely and just letter on the Cuban difficulty. It was the word needed. The summary shooting of the passengers of the Virginius—filibusters as they may have been, and probably were—is shocking and unjustifiable. So have been the wholesale butcheries in France, both by the Commune and the Government. But in this case, no man among us so regrets and deplores the bloody deed as do Castelar and the intelligent Republicans of Spain. If we seize this occasion to strike at them, we give direct aid and comfort to ultramontane popery, to Don Carlos and the cruel priesthood who are fighting against Republicanism in Europe. We do a deed in crushing out the Republic of Spain, under its noble President, which can only find its parallel of atrocity in the crushing out of the Young Republic by the so-called 'French Republic' of 1849. Heaven preserve us from such infamy! I hope and believe wiser and worthier counsels will prevail, and that the only demand of our Government upon Spain shall be the speedy emancipation of the enslaved in Cuba, and the rights and liberties pertaining to citizens of the Spanish Republic secured to the people of all classes in her dependencies. Believe me always and truly thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER."

Minnie Tappan.

Our readers will remember the cold-blooded butchery of Indians by the United States troops under Col. Chivington, who having once been a Methodist divine (?) received from his soldiers the sobriquet of "The Fighting Parson,"—which some years since startled the sympathetic, and called public attention in an enlarged degree to the Indian question generally. The young girl named above—a little female waif from that bloody scene, and one of the few survivors—was found in a Western Mission School by Col. S. F. Tappan, a United States Indian Commissioner, adopted by him, and brought to the East on his return. She enjoyed the advantages for some time of the Boston schools, attended as a member Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, and finally went to reside with Col. T. and wife upon their removal to Pennsylvania. She has now gone to rejoin the relatives and friends who so suddenly left her at life's morning through the red doorway of a barbarous massacre, having changed status of being at the Howard Institute, Washington, D. C., on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 23d, after an earth-life of sixteen years.

A Young Forger and Embezzler.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 24. [Telegram to the daily press.] A young lawyer named William Beggs, Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in this city, was arrested to-day for forging his mother's name to a check for one hundred and sixty dollars. Out of consideration for his widowed mother, the bank officers will not prosecute the case. He was also arrested for appropriating money collected for a client, and it is alleged that he has, on various occasions, as attorney-at-law, collected notes and bills, and appropriated the money for his own use.

A Spiritual Parlor-Picture.

It is one of great artistic beauty and power. Notice advertisement headed, "A Spiritual Picture," wherein is a full description and directions for obtaining it.

The Religio-Philosophical Society, on the 15th of November, granted a letter of fellowship to Sister Addie M. Stevens, of Claremont, N. H., authorizing her to solemnize marriages anywhere in the United States.

Gerald Massey.

This eloquent and fearless English advocate of humanity's rights has been creating a widening circle of interest concerning both himself and the subjects he treats ever since his advent on American soil. From the commendatory notices with which the press of New York—the World, Herald, Tribune, Evening Mail, Sun, etc., etc.—has greeted his opening lectures, we select the following as indices both of his style and the manner in which the literary critics of Gotham have been affected.

On Monday evening, Oct. 27th, Mr. Massey lectured in Association Hall, New York City, to an audience which, when the state of the weather and the financial condition are considered, was impressively good. The "Graphic"—illustrated daily—says of the occasion:

"Mr. Gerald Massey made his bow as a lecturer to a New York audience at Association Hall last night—his theme being 'A Spirit-World Revealed to the Natural World.' There was a large and intelligent audience present. Massey's manner as a lecturer is pleasing, and the theme is one exceedingly provocative of thought. He has won the warm regard of all who think worth of their kind by the feeling he has expressed for the people of his own and every country. There ought to be enough of interest in him and his subject to bring him large audiences in every city of the Union."

As is well known, Mr. Massey has had to suffer for his connection with Spiritualism, but it is a trial from which he will come out refined gold. A writer on the subject says: "There can be no doubt that Mr. Massey has most personal affection for the less popular of his subjects, or he would hardly have run the risk of offering these to audiences in New York City against the advice of the 'Burglar' [American Literary, under whose auspices he came here], and his more worldly-wise friends. It is because he feels that he has something new to say, and he thought this country the right place to say it. He proclaimed on Monday night that 'Spiritualism, as he understood it, and had wrought it out, was a New World's gift that amply repaid all America had ever received from the Old World,' and concluded his oration with these words: 'It may be the dream of a night, but I saw with visionary eyes. But as I strolled across the Atlantic long before I came, I saw your young world of the West arise and heighten with new life quickened at the heart of her—this new dawn kneeling in her face, throbbing and radiating with angelic splendor of this latent life, as if the future had reached her forehead first, and she shone illumined, glorified, and glorious as it is in the very smile of God.'"

Letter from Jennie Leys.

We published in our last issue the Call of Francis Barry and others for the formation of the "American Woman's Emancipation Society." We now present a letter from Miss Leys, which clearly defines her status upon the subject:

Boston, Nov. 6, 1873.

FRANCIS BARRY:—Dear Sir:—You ask, do I oppose the formation of the American Woman's Emancipation Society? No! I hail and welcome it with rejoicing soul and unfeigned hope. Append my name to the Call, and believe if there were any way to emphasize my signature so all the world might read its syllables "Freedom, Justice, Equality!" I would stamp the emphasis as deep as life, as high as heaven; that the women of the world will never reach until woman is emancipated socially, sexually and materially, to walk her kingdom commanding in full, unencumbered and unencumbered freedom every function and use of her entire being.

You have my cordial consent to publish this to your society and to the wide world, as coming from a soul whose Spiritualism means the whole of life, the regeneration of the whole, from basis to apex, until the whole race is exalted to the Transfiguration Mount, of a free, perfected and blessed life.

We are declaring the Scripture now, but we must move the world to works which shall prove the Word spoken. And blessed be the eternal law, the perfect love! no living being can defeat the sure triumph of the Word!

I give you full use of my name, and the assurance that I will do to the utmost that which is given me to do.

"God and Humanity, Freedom and Progress to the uttermost," is my slogan.

Sincerely yours, JENNIE LEYS.

Mr. Lick's Request to Paine Hall.

We find the following in the Dubuque (Iowa) Times concerning the return of Mr. Burt, agent of the Paine Memorial Fund, Boston, who recently visited San José, Cal., to dispose of the valuable property donated by Mr. Lick for the erection of the Paine Hall: "D. R. Burt, Esq., of Dunleith, returned on Friday from California, where he had been to see the 'Lick' property which has been donated for the building of Paine Hall, in Boston, where the Investigator is to be published. He sold the property for \$20,000 in gold, and the draft for that amount was sent to J. P. Mendum, the publisher of the Investigator, who is one of the Trustees of the Fund. The Memorial Building Fund now amounts to about \$20,000, and the building will be commenced next year."

The Boston Liberal League.

Will hold a meeting at New Fraternity Hall, corner Appleton and Berkeley streets, on Friday evening, Dec. 5th. A goodly list of speakers, among whom is mentioned F. E. Abbot, of the "Index," will be in attendance, and much matter of interest will come up for consideration. It is to be hoped that there will be a large attendance on the part of the free-thinking public, and that an increased number of signatures for membership will be affixed to the constitution of the League.

Appreciated at Home.

We see by the Hammon-ton journals that Mr. Peebles previous to his late lecture upon "Travel" was serenaded at his residence by the Hammon-ton Brass Band. The hall was crowded with listeners, irrespective of church or belief, and the entertainment evinced by the Glee Club. At the conclusion of the lecture a complimentary vote of thanks was tendered "the Pilgrim," to which he briefly replied.

"F. Clavniroz."

Read the article on our second page, entitled "On the Vision of the Future," from the pen of this celebrated French writer and influential statesman. The narrations therein offered are interesting, remarkable and instructive, and will throw light upon some points—especially concerning the forecast shadows of coming events—which are obscure to many minds.

MOSES HULL, 27 Milford street, Boston, has issued a pamphlet of some forty pages, bearing the title "The General Judgment, or Great Overturning," which is intended to give to the "multitudes in the valley of decision" his views concerning the state of the world to-day, regarding the social question, and the needed reforms thereunto appertaining.

MENTAL CURE.—Colby & Rich, Booksellers, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, have just issued a third edition of this popular work by W. F. EVANS.

Message Department.

EACH Message in this Department of the Banner of Light is claimed to be spoken by the Spirit whose name appears through the instrumentality of MRS. J. H. CONANT.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Public Circles are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 9, Montgomery Place, (second story,) every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOON. The Hall will be open at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor exit until the close of the service. In case of necessity, any one desiring to leave the room during the services, the fact must be signified to the Chairman, and permission will be granted to retire after the expiration of five minutes. But it is to be hoped that visitors will remain throughout the session, as every Spiritualist knows that disturbing influences produce inharmonious, and thus our spirit friends particularly enjoin upon us to avoid, if possible. As these Circles are free, we have no doubt visitors will readily conform to our rules.

The questions answered at these Circles are often propounded by individuals among the audience. These readers the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondence.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room solicited.

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

SEATED LETTERS.—Visitors at our Free Circles have the privilege of placing sealed letters on the table for brief answer by the spirits. First, write on one or two proper questions, address the spirit questioned by his or her full name, then put them in an envelope, seal it, and write your own address on the envelope. At the close of the session the Chairman will return the letter to the writer. Questioners should not place letters for answer upon our circle table expecting lengthy replies, otherwise they will be disappointed.

LEWIS H. WILSON, Chairman.

Invocation.

Humbly and reverently, as ministering spirits, we stand at the altar of Time, Grant, O Lord our God, that our every utterance may be of truth, all gilded with wisdom and pointed with power, and may we be indeed strong ministering spirits that shall lead the ignorant out of all their ignorance unto clearer light. May we not be as blind leading the blind, and with all the powers of our spiritual being ride that truth upon the children who are struggling here with the darkness, with the fogs and with the mists of a mortal life. O, Father Spirit, may we, under all circumstances, feel that thou wilt guide us aright and do all things well.

Oct. 20.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLING SPIRIT.—If you have any questions to offer me, Mr. Chairman, I am, at least, ready to hear them.

Q.—[From a correspondent.] Did such a person as Homer ever exist? If so, when and where?

A.—It is not surprising that there should be a doubt with regard to the life of Homer, since he lived in a mythical age and amongst a mythical people; but by himself, was no myth—a real personage—the poet of Greece. He was born on one of the islands forming a group in the Aegean Sea. At his death, he was buried at Eos, one of those islands.

Q.—Was he the author of the Homeric poems?

A.—He was.

Q.—If Spiritualists believe Swedenborg to have been influenced by superior intelligences, how is it that they differ from him so entirely with regard to Christ's living God?

A.—I am not aware that Spiritualists generally do believe that Swedenborg was at all times influenced by superior spirits. I shall take exception to that question. Spiritualists generally believe that Swedenborg was a medium, subject, as all other mediums are, to be influenced by good and evil, the high, the low and the inferior.

Q.—Does the controlling intelligence confirm Swedenborg's statement that St. Paul was among the damned? If so, and the biblical account of him is true, he having at that time been dead seventeen hundred years or so, what possible hope is there for the rest of us?

A.—I do not believe in the Swedenborgian idea with reference to Paul's being damned then, now, or at any time; nor have I much sympathy with that kind of feeling that would place the so-called St. Paul upon a pedestal above the rest of humanity. "What hope," says your correspondent, "have we?" Perhaps a great deal more than there could be in his case. It is to be hoped that you are all better people—that there is not one in this room who is not better, every way, than St. Paul ever was. St. Paul was educated as a big game. He persecuted ancient Spiritualists. He went in for stoning, burning and persecuting media, and even a Jesus could say, "Paul, Paul, why persecutest thou me?" These biblical personages are none the better because theology has thrown a peculiar halo around them. They were men and women, all of them that were not myths—some of them were—and were subject alike unto the temptations and sins and ignorance of this unripe world.

Q.—Does Swedenborg now confirm what he before stated?

A.—No; because Swedenborg has arisen into higher light. During the days of Swedenborg's earthly mediumship, he was more or less under the ban of early education. You know that was bigoted to the last degree—thoroughly so; and he was prone to carry these foggy influences—if I may so term them—into his mediumship, and to color the communications by his early education. He tells us, himself, that he can account for many errors in his mediumship in no other way. It is "premised" that he knows better now, having had the advantage, in spirit-life, of all those beautiful appliances of education that are thrown around media when they ascend from this life to that.

Q.—In the Message Department of the Banner, March 21st, appeared the following questions and answers:

Q.—Is the spiritual mind an outgrowth of the physical mind?

A.—Yes; because he has a spiritual mind?

A.—Yes; because he has a spiritual body?

Wm. K. Cowing asks if the spiritual mind of the latter is an outgrowth of the physical mind of the idiot.

A.—Yes, certainly; but it should be distinctly understood that, in speaking of spiritual things, of their growing through material conditions, we mean to say—elementarily—they extract the elements from these material conditions, but are not obliged to copy the form or the deformity, nor do they do so. The spiritual body is a very correct likeness of the natural body, and yet, if that natural body is deformed, the deformity does not appear in the spiritual body. If the soldier loses a limb in battle, or any of the so-called accidents ensue upon the body (here we should remark that we do not believe that there ever was an accident in Nature,) these accidents are not visited upon the spirit. The spiritual body will be full-limbed; in other words, the spiritual body will be an elaboration of the design of Nature in that individual. Now, Nature seeks for uniformity. She never makes a crooked tree unless obliged to. The shoot always comes up straight unless it is interfered with; but the spiritual part has appropriated to itself those essences, those refined portions of the thing material, that go to make it up as a spirit-body; and what is true of the body is equally true of the mind. The mind of the idiot, as a mind, is perfect; the manifestation is imperfect, because of some imperfection that exists in the organ through which the mind manifests. Now, that imperfection does not exist in the spiritual body, necessarily, because it exists in the natural body. You are not to suppose that they who are idiots here will be idiots there. I tell you, it is not so. Nature rises higher and higher, higher and higher, does better and better at every spiral round in the great staircase of progression; therefore there can be no idiots in the spirit-world. Oct. 21.

Philo Emerson.

My name was Philo Emerson. I was born in Greenfield, New York State. I died in California, in Jacksonville. I have a brother in New York City, who will, I doubt, be surprised to learn of my death. I perhaps should not have adopted this way of giving information if there had been any other way for him to get it, because I am naturally a coward in such things. I should not have been very likely to place myself in a way of suffering, even for a half-minute, take me there I was a coward.

Now I was killed, murdered for what gold I had about me, which was about four thousand dollars. Jack Spencer, known round there as Turn-out Jack, he would tell you that John Chipman murdered me; I tell you different; he was my murderer. I care not what becomes of him so he is not sent here to annoy me. Better keep your bad folks on your side, and take care of you, I think.

Now, Dan, if you ever meet this Jack I tell you what to do—thrash him within an inch of his life, then turn him over to the authorities as a murderer; and I think, if I am smart, I can prevent his being sent across to torment me. All I care for is to prevent him from injuring somebody else—depriving another family of its head and support. The gold he took from me will be worse than seven hundred millions about his neck. Every single grain of it will help to weigh him just so far into hell; he cannot escape it. He knows it; he feels it, and he's getting rid of it as fast as he can. Now, Dan, if there's anything you can do for my wife and two children, do it, and I'll see that you're compensated some way. I can't now say how. Good-day, sir. Oct. 21.

Benedict Arnold.

A gentleman, who is a member of the British Parliament, informs me that he has been informed, through reliable mediumship, (I am giving his own words,) that I, Benedict Arnold, am in hell. He wishes to know if any spirit or spirits will manifest at this place, giving him the truth of the matter. Being largely at liberty, I thought I would come myself. It is now a pretty well understood fact that every living soul moves in its own orbit, around its own central sun, and that it cannot by any possibility move out of that orbit, and that all the incidents that go to make up the human life of that soul are but so many scintillations belonging to the orbit of the soul. Now, if that is a truth, therefore consign a soul to eternal damnation because he has merited the disapprobation of one-half of his fellows? I believe that as a soul manifests in its orbit it receives its just and proper amount of punishment for all the clouds of error it may pass through, at the time; that the Infinite never did design to put off the judgment day to some far future, but retribution follows quick upon the wheels of error, and then—what then? Why, ministering angels come and minister unto the needs of the erring soul. It is a hard way of thinking—this idea of eternal damnation, of perpetual hell; a libel upon God, a stain upon the human mind that believes in it.

Bodily speaking, when in the flesh, we are machines. The body is the machine through which the soul manifests, and the soul is obliged to manifest according to the make-up of the body; it cannot do otherwise. Are we to blame because the body is made so that we cannot always give an harmonious and high expression from the soul? No; we never had any voice in making the body; we were not consulted.

Now, then, is it with the Infinite? Is he just if he consigns us to eternal punishment because we have lived the way he has given us—obeyed the behests of his divine rule in us? Hardly. But it is not so; we are happy to say it is not so. We suffer all that it is necessary for our souls to suffer, for the good of the soul, and no more.

Now, then, I took my just proportion here—right here in mortal life, and never have received a whit since that life has ended. So, my friend, you have been misinformed. Do not despair because you have been, but persevere, and ascertain which is right, this or that? Good-day. Oct. 21.

John A. Andrew.

I have been requested to come here and state whether or no I was a believer in Modern Spiritualism before my death. Before that event, I hardly knew what Modern Spiritualism was; but I certainly believed there was a something of truth in that which interested so many millions. I was not over able to say how much of truth it contained, but I don't remember of ever casting a slur upon it. I don't remember of ever saying that it was a humbug—that there was not truth in it. If I learned either way, it certainly was in favor of it, and I would here suggest that it would be well for people who cannot understand this Modern Spiritualism, who have not made a thorough investigation of it, that they should not say it is of the devil. Oct. 21.

To those of my friends who are disposed to look at it, but are a little fearful on account of certain vagaries that are about concerning it, I would say: Do not be cowards. If this Modern Spiritualism is a rattlesnake, do your best to kill it; but if it is an angel of light, the voice of God, hear it, let it enter your soul, and change and guide your lives to higher and better things. I am now, as I was when here, John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts. Oct. 21.

Dilly.

How do, Massa? Massa Brown say, when I was sick, "Dilly, when you get to the spirit-world, go to the Banner of Light and send me a message. I've been good to you, I teach you, I give you a good fair education. Now go there and educate me."

Friend Massa Brown, and his father before him, Old Nurse Dilly—that's my name, Massa. I come from Savannah, Georgia. Massa William Brown he want to know about the world where I gone to. It's a beautiful world, Massa Brown, a beautiful world, and I got a situation with the good President Lincoln. I wait on him—yes, I do. Yes, I wait on him. I serve him, and I like to. I live in this world over ninety years. Massa Brown says ninety-four years; I say ninety-eight. "Spec he's right, but I don't know. Now he say, 'Dilly, go there and tell me who you live with, if my faith is true.'" Yes, Massa Brown, it's true, true, true. When I get more questions this way, I come again. Oct. 21.

Séance conducted by Prof. Olmstead.

Invocation.

Holy Spirit, we would lift our aspirations for the moment toward thee, that we may catch thy divine inspiration of love and wisdom, and we ask for strength and for wisdom, that we may impart it into these thy mortal children, to cheer them on through the trials of a mortal life, to light them out through the darkness of ignorance, and to give unto them the bread of life fresh from the kingdom of heaven. We ask this, Great Spirit, for the sake of thy dear humanity and for our own sake. Amen. Oct. 23.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—It is held by our scientists that light is propagated, and that its velocity has been measured. Does this accord with the theory of scientists in the spirit-world?

A.—When the three great principles or powers in Nature, heat, motion, and electricity, met in conjunction, it was then that God said, "Let there be light"—and there was light. It is the business of the student to ask where there was light. It is the business of the philosopher to answer that light was the legitimate function of heat, motion and electricity. Now, if this be so, since all forms of matter are dependent upon the existence within themselves of the principles of heat, motion and electricity for their form, for their special condition in life, it is a fact apparent to the philosopher that light is everywhere wherever forms exist, since forms could not exist without the presence of these three grand elements or powers; and since light is the legitimate function of these powers, light must then be present everywhere where form is. Then therefore the necessity of light's being propagated? When you speak of a ray of light traveling from the sun to the earth or any other planet, you speak incorrectly. Light is stationary; it does not travel at all. There is only one sense in which light may be said to travel, and that is, in the sense of its being imparted from the sun to the atmosphere surrounding the sun, and from thence as it comes in contact with other luminous particles of matter in the atmosphere. It acts upon those particles, ignites them; and they in turn ignite others, and so on, until the atmosphere of earth is reached, and the reflection is complete. The light of the sun is reflected upon the earth; it does not travel to the earth. It calls from the earth those properties of light that are inherent in the earth. It being a central power, is greater, superior to the earth, and therefore it is the power that the earth is obedient to; so when the sun reflects its power upon the earth, it calls from the earth a corresponding power, and lo! you have your daylight. Now, allow me to illustrate: a school boy drops a pebble into the lake. The undulations widen and widen, widen and widen until they reach the farthest shore. Every drop of water in that lake is affected by the dropping of that pebble. Now, you might as well say the pebble traveled to the furthest shore, as to say light traveled from the sun to the earth—it would be just as correct. The sun affects the earth, and therefore light is born here. The pebble affects the water composing the lake, and the undulations are kept up until every drop of water is affected thereby. Let me give you another illustration: Place a musical instrument, a violin, here, another there, [at the other side of the room.] I will touch a particular chord here, the same chord will vibrate there. Does that music travel? Oh, no; but there is music in the air. Every single wave of air corresponds to a note of music. These waves are affected by my touching the chord here in the musical instrument, and they in turn affect the musical instrument there, and the result is, that there is a vibration from the same string that I touched here. So it is with regard to the light from the sun. When that portion of the earth which is turned toward the sun receives the light of the sun, it is not because that light has traveled all those millions of miles intervening between the earth and the sun, it is because of the power that exists within the sun to call out the light that is inherent within the earth. Every single particle of matter known anywhere in life is self-luminous. There is—absolutely speaking—no darkness, no absolute darkness anywhere; certainly not anywhere where form is, because there we find the presence of those principles that are the parents of form. Light is their legitimate function, and always present where they are. Now, then, the scientists of the spirit-world differ from the scientists of this life with regard to the propagation of light, as upon many other scientific theories.

Q.—What is true religion?

A.—There are many kinds of religion. There is a religion of intellect, there is a religion of love, there is a religion of theology, there is a religion of politics, and I might go on ad infinitum with regard to your religions; but that true religion which is handed down from the Infinite Spirit of love and wisdom, is combined and made up of all the good acts, of all the good thoughts of your mortal or immortal lives. It matters not what those good acts, what those good thoughts were—they were a part and portion of religion, of that divine religion that belongs to God and becomes the saviour of humanity. Oct. 23.

John J. Glover.

I am John J. Glover, late of Quincy, Mass., now of Vinny Villa, Spring Garden City, Spirit-World. I make this definite statement because I believe in making definite statements. If you live in heaven, give the locality of that heaven, and class it if you can; if you live in hell, give the locality of that hell, and class it if you can—that's my idea. I have been pained to witness the feeding which has been exhibited by many who have taken it upon themselves to interfere with regard to the settling of my mortal affairs. I had expected what I witnessed from some persons on the earth, but I did not expect it from others who claim to have arisen out of the pale of prejudice, envy and bigotry. I did not expect it from them, and to them I would say now, with reference to my marriage: I married to suit myself; I wooed and won the lady I married, as any other man would; I was not pressed into the ring, as you affirm, neither by the lady, nor by spirits in or out of the body. I did as I pleased; I was satisfied with what I did—it was my business, not yours. It would have been far more to your credit if you had been attending to your own business, than to have neglected it, as you have, to attend to mine.

To that portion from whom I should expect no better, this I have to say: Since I anticipated what might be done by you, I have provided against it, and if the laws of Massachusetts are justly administered I shall be satisfied with the results, and am thankful that you cannot help yourselves.

To those dear friends who may be expecting to have a definite word of cheer from me, I would say, Cherish your beautiful faith; make it a part of your every-day lives, and let it bud and blossom and fruit to such an extent that it shall be an ever-present satisfaction to you. It is a truth, an immortal truth, a something as fixed as is the sun, and when your opponents talk of the death of Modern Spiritualism, laugh at them; they deserve to be laughed at; the sun himself shall die first. It cannot be; it is a child of the Infinite God, and therefore immortal.

To my wife: Have no fears. They who are for you, are far more than they who are against you. In the end you will be satisfied.

And now a word with reference to our homes in the spirit-world. I used to say to my friends who returned to me from the spirit-life: Can't you give us something more tangible? Can't you tell us something more definite about your homes? They used to tell me: If I did, you wouldn't understand. Well, perhaps I should not. I am going to make the experiment, whether I am understood or no. Now I preface my message by telling you where I dwell in the land of souls. My abiding place is Vinny Villa. The villa takes its name from the numerous quantity of vines surrounding it. There is nothing exactly like it in all the city. It was constructed by an English horticulturist, and was his dwelling-place for a long time until he went higher. Now, by some strange fatality, it has fallen to me, and I assure you that I appreciate it, for it is just what I admire.

I to-day visited the residence of your late friend and co-worker, Mr. William White. He has just become domiciled there. The structure is of a material that would correspond to your alabaster, perfectly pure, perfectly white. It is very symmetrical in its proportions; indeed, a perfect symmetry exists everywhere; but it is very plain, very unostentatious, yet very beautiful. It is an exemplification of his earthly life—an humble, unostentatious, harmonious, beautiful, pure life, all combined. There is his dwelling, telling just what the man was when he was here. There's no mistaking it; every intelligent spirit knows what that indicates—who dwells there.

I have recently visited, also, the dwelling place of your late friend and co-worker, William Berry. That is a more pretentious dwelling, larger and of finer decorations. We find upon it all the various devices of music, and of the art of printing, all interwoven with what corresponds to your precious gems here in this life. It is a very imposing structure, and tells what the man's life was here—fitful, ardent, aspiring, daring, and ready to put his shoulder to any wheel that God Almighty saw fit to ask him to put his shoulder to. There was the strength, there was the will manifested in the decorations of gems; there was the ardent manifested in the color. The ground-work of the building is of light blue and white, indicating that the man here was struggling between purity and wisdom. He knew better than he always did; but, surmounting that, in the gems of various colors, we are told that he overcame many temptations and achieved many grand spiritual works. On one side of the building is a beautiful orange grove; on the other we find the most beautiful tropical flowers that the eye ever rested upon; in the rear of the building are fruits and flowers and grains, all beautiful and useful. He was a man of large utility of purpose, as is displayed in the architecture of the building, in the laying out of his grounds, in the selection of his trees, his flowers. These things all tell you what the man is that abides in that building; and so it is with reference to all the dwellers in the spirit-life. There are, fortunately, no outcasts, no hopeless ones. There all have homes adequate to their needs, and homes just such as they have earned here in this life, and you know at once what the spiritual characteristics of the dweller in the building are, by looking at the building.

The dwelling-place of Mozart is an elaborate architecture of musical instruments and notes. All the various notes in the grand harmony of music are there represented, and elaborated upon. Every musical instrument known upon earth is there in objective reality, as well as every one known in the spirit-world. Who dwells there, you need not ask. A musician—some one whose soul is thoroughly imbued or baptized with music. Theodore Parker inhabits a villa in the suburbs of the city; not very large, but very beautiful. There you will see growing in beauty all the beautiful flowers that delight the senses, and beautiful fruits; and every day troops of happy spirits go out there to hear him discourse upon some subject, or to ask him to elucidate some question, or to hear from him some of the experiences of his earth-life. He stands out upon his vine-clad balcony with uncovered head and discourses there as he never did here; and yet you would know it was the plain Parker of your Music Hall. You could not be mistaken. Indeed, I will venture to assert that there is not a single one of his friends here in life who, if they were taken instantaneously to the spirit-world in front of his beautiful home, would not recognize it, and were you to ask them, "Who do you suppose lives there?" they would say, "It looks eminently Parkerish." When our friend and brother White was first

taken there, he didn't know who dwelt there; but his friends said to him: "Now tell us who you suppose would inhabit such a little bison as that?" "Well," he says, "I don't know of anybody but Parker. It seems to me he would like it."

You will find this spirit-world is a real world—the real, of which this, your life, is but the shadow. You fancy that you are dwelling in a real life here, but the truth is that you are here in the shadow, while the real life is to come; and instead of that life being a ghostly one, and made up of conditions entirely inimical to human happiness, it is one that ministers unto the happiness of the soul continually. It would seem that the Infinite had taken into special consideration the needs of the risen soul, and had given each one just what they most needed.

Our dear friend and brother White said, when he was escorted to his new residence, "Oh, it is beautiful! and how well God knew what I most loved—plain, but beautiful! beautiful!" And there, upon the steps, he knelt in prayer; and while he was surrounded by listening thousands, he sent out a soul-prayer to the Author of all our blessings such as I never heard before and never expect to again, because such scenes do not repeat themselves.

And now, dear friends, see to it that you live such lives here as will bring you satisfaction in the hereafter. I have shown you one side of the picture. There is another side; I have seen many who were dissatisfied with their surroundings, and yet they all admit that it is just—it is what they have earned. Now, if you wish for happiness in the life to come, be happy here; and there's no other way under God to do it than by doing right. Good-day. Oct. 23.

Annie Louise Cabot.

My mother said, if I would come here, as she prayed I would, she would be reconciled to my death.

My name was Annie Louise Cabot. My father's name was William Hawkins Cabot; my mother's name, Annie Louise. I was an only child. I lived in Troy, New York State.

First, I want to tell my mother that my father's coming home. He has been successful in getting his plane patented, and he's coming home. She'll have a letter from him in a few days, telling her he's coming. I hope mother will be happy.

Now, she said, if I would come here, she should be sure that I lived after death, and she would try and be reconciled, and be happy. Now, mother, try, because I live; but if you are very unhappy, I shan't be very happy.

Uncle Walter sends love, and wants to know if you've got that jacket mended. He says you'll know what he means. He wants to know if you've got that jacket mended, and if you have n't, hurry up, for he's coming for it. I was eight years old. I died of lung fever. Good-day, sir. Oct. 23.

William R. Preston.

I am called upon to come here to make a statement which, if made, will eliminate certain parties now on the earth. Samuel, you ask me to enlighten you concerning a certain matter which took place twenty-three years ago. I decline to do so, first, because I don't see any good that can grow out of it; second, because I think I see what ill may grow out of it. Now, be satisfied to let matters remain as they are. What do you care who did this or that in that matter? It can't restore what is gone. No assertion of mine can bring back that which is gone. Nothing I may do or say can benefit you or anybody else; but I might say something that would injure some parties that have already received punishment enough for their misdeeds. At all events, I shall decline to give any information on that subject. William R. Preston. Good-day, sir. Oct. 23.

Michael Hogan.

I went out of this life thirteen years ago, in Station One, this city. My name was Michael Hogan. I got a drop too much in me. I was n't very civil, and I got snapped up and put into the Station. I had had two or three fits before, and I got one of 'em on me and it choked me out—that's all there was about it. Now my brother and my sister are making themselves a great deal of trouble because I didn't have the consolation of the church at my death. What matters it? I had it afterwards—that's all the same; I say I had it afterwards. Faith! I did then. There's as good confessors from the Catholic Church in the spirit-world as there ever was here, and a deal better—oh, yes, and they need n't give themselves any uneasiness about me at all.

I was unfortunate in the way I went out of this world. The last time I got absolved by the priest, he told me that if I got into trouble again he would not absolve me any more. Well, what was the use, then? It would have been all the same if the priest had been sent for; he would n't have absolved me—no, indeed! I would I have expected it after what he had said to me—not I. I went out in the dark, but I woke up in the light, and I had plenty around me to take care of me. I got absolved! On the other side, and I got myself well taken care of. They just educate you out of all ignorance, and out of the evils that surround you. When you get there—faith! they don't choke you down and make you leave dirt, and pick stones for the Government—oh, no! I've been there, but they do n't do that in the other life. If you need correction you get it there, I tell you, but it isn't in that kind of a way; it's correction what's mixed up with education. They learn you how to get out of these troubles; they learn you so that you can get out of 'em yourselves—rise and overcome 'em, and become decent men and women in the world. It's great pity that the governments here didn't go to pattern after them that's there: that the church didn't pattern after the Holy Church there in the other life. Oh, yes! it's quite another thing—quite another thing in the other life from what it is here. I've nothing to say again what's here, but from the Vatican down, it's full of error—that's it—that's it; it needs purging, and it'll get it, too. Good-day, sir. Oct. 23.

Séance conducted by Professor Olmstead.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Oct. 27.—Daniel Owen, of Alpena, Mich.; Matthew Timmons, of Boston; Johnny White, of New York, to her brother, Willie Phillips, of Hartford, Conn., to his mother, Capt. Jack, to the big Father at Washington.

Tuesday, Oct. 28.—Susanna Sanborn, of Hopkinton, N. H.; Eddie Bunde; Mary Hersey, of Boston; Capt. John Edridge, of Bristol, Mass.; Uncle Tom Maguire, of Michigan.

Monday, Nov. 17.—Hercy Spear, of Johnston, N. H.; to her son, Nellie Fish, of Peabody, N. Y.; Clara, to Julia.

Tuesday, Nov. 18.—Capt. Fry, of the "Virginia"; John Neal (ship captain), of Portland, Me.; Ellen Harrington, of Boston, to her sister, Gilbert Townsend, of Chicago, Ill.

Thursday, Nov. 21.—Elbridge Spangley, of Sydney, Australia; Dennis Quinn, of Boston; Lydia E. Spangley, of Elizabethport, N. J.; Irene Parker, of Lawrence, Mass.; Lincoln Stebbins, of Springfield, Ill.

PASSED TO THE HIGHER LIFE, from Attleboro, Mass., Nov. 25th, William A. Bradford, aged 47 years 3 months and 27 days.

Firm in the faith of the soul's continued existence, death had for him no terrors. When the shadow of life's parting day fell upon his pathway, he was cheered by the conscious presence of the loved who had gone before, and he felt assured of the best assurance of the beautiful morning beyond. When souls thus "part" in peace, there can be no bitter regrets in the mind of those who remain.

The cypress wreath is laid aside.

For amaranthine flowers: For death's cold waves do not divide The souls we love in ours.

From pain, and death, and sorrow free, They join with us to sing: "Oh, Grave, where is thy sting?"

Oh Death, where is thy sting?"

LAZZIE DOTEN.

(continued)