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The Spirit-World. NARRATIVE OF THE EXPERIENCES OF MARY E. CHANTWORTH, LATE OF LEEDS, ENGLAND.

"Truth is mighty, and will prevail." "Cavil not at the remark, but seek to test its strength."

Whilst I lingered upon earth, I flew, as it were, from flower to flower, endeavoring, as the butterfly sips the nectar of life from the tuberoses and the honeysuckle, to extract happiness from buds of promise; but ah! my dear sister, like your own, mine were withered and wilted by the scorching beams of a parental sarcophagus, blasting within my soul the very germs and seeds, which, as in your own case, gave promise of a rich harvest of buds and flowers, capable of shedding an aroma of fragrance upon your land, as well as within ancestral halls and homes of old England, amid whose green fields and hedge rows she who now partially governs your hand and brain sported in childhood, revelled in later years, and in mid life laid her maternal sarcophagus in its genial bosom.

What attracts this spirit here seems to be the condition of my sister's mind—community of feeling and similarity of earth-trials. I come to comfort and to bless, permitted by your kind guardian, whose acquaintance I enjoyed when in the form. I have hovered near for months, ay, for years, bending over in fond solicitude, ever anxious to sweeten the bitter potions which so oft mingle in your cup of life's waters; but despond not, gentle one: the crystal drops of happiness are forming, attendant angels are hovering near to prevent their liquidation until the brightness shall have blessed your very soul. I revel in anticipations of delight, as the aroma of the flowers of joy, just ready to spring within my loved one's grasp, is wafted to my interior sense, and I feel to give God thanks, that the garden of your being is about to be watered under kindly influences and fructifying beams. Nevertheless, dear sister, I would have you remember the harrowing process is oftentimes necessary—that all traces of the rank influences of weeds and thistles may be removed—so soon not, nor deem, as you so generally do, the time wasted in which this clearing and uprooting is being effected, even if it should require (as in my experience) the greater part of the earth-life for the preparing; but in due season you shall reap, if you faint not. The husbandman, ere he sows his seed, neglects not the plow, the harrow, and other sharp instruments; but diligently applies each in its proper place. Frequently must the soil of human nature be subjected to like successive stages, ere the ripened fruit meet the eye and reward the toiler. But the figure would be incomplete did we neglect the crowning point of attraction and comparison. The blade, in its full luxuriance, gathered into an earthly garner-house, would be productive of but little benefit to mankind were it permitted to moulder and decay; but the grinding process comes next in order, so the wheel of circumstance has revolved, and each revolution hath accomplished unthought of benefits. Have you not observed, in your late experience, the winnowing and sifting you have undergone, so that ere long you may be ready for the market of life? Now does your mind grasp the idea I have been endeavoring to inculcate? If so, I will cease metaphor, and rehearse some events of my own history.

I was the only child of, to outward appearance, loving parents; but alas! alas! it was only in the seeming. My father's heart had never throbbled with one emotion of genuine unselfish love, and when I appeared upon the theatre of action, a rebuff and regret that I was one of the "weaker sex," was the salutation that greeted the ear of my disappointed mother, who had fondly hoped the event of a bond of love would draw from the frozen depths of the heart of her attendant iceberg some indication of susceptibility of impression to the melting influences of the sun of affection.

Time rolled on, bringing but few changes to beguile the monotony of the hours; nevertheless, an important era was at hand. That dear mother who had, under so many discouragements and so few advantages, watched and soothed my infant days, passed to a higher condition, in which she could pursue the fond desire of her heart without the constant surveillance of one who considered himself her Master. To outward appearance she was gone from her nestling; but no wings are sufficient to bear away a mother-bird for any length of time from the faintest sound of the chirp of her offspring.

The father missed the accustomed welcome and smile, and the kind consideration which had contributed to his comfort; but it failed to soften the flinty heart, which grew, if possible, more hardened. A nurse, or housekeeper, was obtained, but with the usual obtuseness. No thought of adaptiveness for mental and moral culture arose in the settlement of choice, and one totally unfit for the guidance of a youthful mind was selected, the only qualification required being quite up to the standard of economy. How am I pained, as the influence of those unhappy hours, passed amid such uncongenial associations, comes welling up in my heart! I hope oblivion's waters will now engulf them forever. My purpose in their recall at the present moment is to enable some sorrowing ones to take comfort, and walk cheerfully in the byway of life to which they are at present restricted, remembering that the same path, ay, with more devious and thorny obstacles, has been traversed by one as sensitive, to all the bright and beautiful of earth, and with, it may be, fewer points of attraction and interest than they are favored with.

But what are the discomforts of an earthly sojourn in comparison with the boundless and ineffable joys in which my soul now bathes? which, by contrast, causes the trials of which I have been speaking to appear as the fanciful chimera of a disordered brain; and it is only when taking possession, as it were, of the fleshy tabernacle of another I can recall and realize intensely the miseries of an unloved existence.

The children of earth oftentimes shrink from and question the wisdom of what they consider an All-wise Providence, apportioning them so many shady paths, fondly imagining the sunlight would bring forth more beautiful buds and flowers. But as in the external, so in the spiritual world: if the rays be too powerful they scorch and wither. I know an excess of either is prejudicial, but it appears to the writer that more instances of nobleness are exhibited by those whose lives the clouds have always lowered upon, or were so doing when the grandeur of their character shone forth in its fullest splendor. Your favorite hydrangeas always seek and flourish best in the shade. Here in this bright realm, where I now dwell, each of us have our proper places; but think not by escaping from your clay tenement you leave all care, and bask in an eternal sunshine; for be assured there are moments, even in this abode when we taste of the bitterness of unsatisfied desires.

But to continue my narrative of earth-life, I will not enter with any degree of minuteness into the many and varied trials through which I passed, imagination can supply the painful details; but in so doing, I pray you use the strongest mental magnifying glass in your possession; for frequently the necessary ailment for the sustenance of life was denied me, and when the parent who should have shielded, drove me, at the instigation of one whom he had installed in the place of my departed mother, with curses loud and deep, from the parental roof forth into the cold world, I felt as though a thunderbolt had fallen upon my devoted head, and I prayed, if there be a God (which I at times doubted), in the wide universe of creation, he would take unto himself his suffering child?

But in the midst of the wild tumult of the contending elements of my nature—which at one moment urged me to launch forth into the unknown future, and the next instant brought before my startled senses the image of a despairing soul rushing into the presence of its Maker with a heavy load of guilt resting upon it—there came over me a singular soothing influence, as it were, a caressing sensation; the angry billows grew calm, and the bark of life glided peacefully amid the still waters. I attributed the wonderful change to the outstretched hand of Omnipotence, unconscious of the dear instrument he had made use of for the accomplishment of his purpose.

Guided, as I now know, by the same angelic care, I started for the north of England, and reached, after many struggles, the home of a maternal aunt, in Derbyshire, who at first received me coldly, until a recital of the sad circumstances which had thrown me upon her protection reached the depths of her heart, opened wide its portals, and, as it were, closed me in in a loving embrace.

But alas! the demon of jealousy in the person of an adopted son arose to disturb those relations. My aunt was blessed with what was then considered a comfortable allowance of this world's treasure in the shape of broad fields and cultivated acres. This young man, falling in the endeavor to win my youthful affections, turned with all the rancor and envy humanity is capable of indulging in, sedulously poisoning the mind of her upon whom I leaned in my sad strait, with the miasma of suspicion, until she recoiled from her unhappy charge, and I was again compelled to wander forth, this time seeking the abode of strangers, who proved ministering angels, God's viceregents, to proclaim unto my sinking heart that all good had not departed from earth. Under their kind care and protection, the better part of my nature assumed the sway, enabling me to shake off the lethargy which was resting like an incubus upon my being; and I resolved to exert every faculty within me, and in the dignity of my womanhood aspire to the attainment of a purpose in life. Fortunately my kind friends possessed educated and gifted minds; and tenderly fostered with parental care the buds of hope and promise which peaked forth in the neglected garden of my mind.

I inherited from my mother a medium share of intellect; and slumbering within me (unconsciously, however), were the fires of genius, destined to smoulder until the incrustation of the form of earth had been removed, and amid the associations of a more congenial climate it could burst forth with volcanic energy, the more violent from its slumber of years.

The young man of whose enmity I have spoken, little imagined he was benefiting, in a high degree, the being whom he so sedulously sought to injure. Remaining with my kind patrons until health of body and mind was reached, I besought that I might be allowed to make at least some slight effort for my own maintenance and education, a request which was reluctantly acceded to. A neighboring academy opened its fostering arms and presented the prospect of a small stipend, and many opportunities for the acquirement of the knowledge for which my soul now ardently panted.

It is delightful, even now, to linger amid the recollections of the days passed with the patient tutor, poring over the classic pages of history, each page presenting to my imagination forms for admiration and imitation. Each hero seemed to embody the ideal of some crowning excellence.

So completely was I absorbed in the mental engagement, that had not circumstances moderated the intensity of my application, both physical and mental, languor and disease would have followed. But thanks to the Giver of all good, his ministering servants prevented that catastrophe. The agents were then enveloped in a cloud of mystery, but since I have entered this sphere I have perceived the vortex into which I was plunging, and the hands which were outstretched, for my relief, removing the companion of my studies to another position, and withholding ready access to the dearly loved volumes, throwing me upon my own mental resources, thereby enabling my mind to gain its equipoise, and perceive that my fancied incarnations of deities were only men, with like failings with the rest of mankind, their prominence over the masses showing forth their virtues, eclipsing, as it were, by the brilliancy, their painful vices.

The history of my own times seemed with marvelous examples of untiring energy and devoted self-denial. Rumors came booming over the mighty ocean, of a vast struggle for liberty of conscience which was in progress in the Colonial possessions, recording instances of the heroic in man, which threw into shadow the bright deeds of both Roman and Grecian patriots. Strange as it may appear, I sympathized deeply with that which my neighbors and friends regarded as high-handed treason; and had my sex permitted, I doubt not I should have donned the helmet and sword, and, like another Lafayette, proclaimed that true nobility of soul was confined to no country. As it was, I freely expressed my admiration of the brave enunciations of the God-given proclamation, that all men are created free and equal, thereby drawing upon myself scorn and indignation, with the exception of one noble heart, whom my words fired with an intense desire to take part himself in the great contest; but the care of an aged mother prevented the execution of the cherished wish, until the death angel removed the obstacle.

Henry E. L.—was one of the masterpieces of God's creation, and I idolatrously worshipped the work of his hand. Nevertheless, whilst every fibre of my being recoiled from the sacrifice, I valiantly urged his embarking for the scene of conflict; determined, cost what it might, no selfish fears of mine should detain that noble spirit from lifting his arm for the defence of a principle whose mighty power shall yet, in all its majesty and grandeur, sweep like an avalanche over the whole extent of your at present distracted country. Would that your forefathers' ken could have reached into the far future. These woful times might then have been avoided.

Can you believe, dear sister, as I take upon myself, by control, partially, a form of earth, I realize, with a large degree of intensity, the agony of the parting hour? It was destined to be a final adieu, as far as earthly association was concerned. No tidings ever reached my anxious heart of the fate of the loved one, until my entrance into spirit-life brought to my startled vision the form of him for whom my soul had so longed, and I even then imagined the parting struggle from my earthly prison house had produced the hallucination. But I must not anticipate, as I purpose to give an account of my introduction, and also the employment of myself and companions in this upper sanctuary of the Most High.

Time and your patience would be exhausted were I to enter into the minutiae of my daily life, neither would it accomplish the purpose of my narrative. Sufficient light has been thrown upon the subject to show that my lot in life was a clouded and stormy one. I cannot say, were I permitted to enter again upon the arena of conflict, I should select the same path, for I am not of the opinion that, according to your trials upon earth will be your reward hereafter. A due proportion (as I remarked before) of light and shade is necessary for the formation of a perfect character. Nature always balances herself. Extremes are to be avoided.

At length disease fastened upon my vital system, and I felt the end of time, so far as this life was concerned, at hand, and the question arose in my distracted mind, whither go I when this pulsating heart has ceased to beat? Friends advised consultation with a minister, but the cloth had never excited my reverence, so the kindly meant interference was declined, much to the horror of my loving advisers, my physician among the number; he, unfortunately, having imbibed from parental training the orthodox ideas of a heaven and hell; or, rather, hell and heaven, for certainly the lake of fire richly deserves priority of mention from its remarkable popularity. I found, from after conversation with my medical adviser, that whilst his educated conscience submitted to the old teachings, his reason and judgment entered a strong protest against the man-created God; and ere I slumbered off my mortal coil he acknowledged his determination openly to avow his disbelief in such a libel upon his Almighty Father, and I have been told, executed his purpose, and drew upon his head much righteous indignation, and many prayers from the faithful for his recovery from the soul-destroying delusion.

How strange, even now, with my clearer vision, appears the means by which a path was opened to administer comfort in my departing moments, for the solace from that strong-minded M. D. was beyond comparison.

Can you not, my dear one, perceive, in your own experience, a similarity of angelic care? Think you the physician, who has so kindly administered not only to your pain of body, but so oft poured the Balm of Gilead upon your suffering mind, was brought to your bedside by a blind chance? Ah, no! That mother whose early flight heavenward was so greatly lamented, flew upon the wings of love and ceased not her endeavors until the wish of her heart was accomplished. Ye of earth can little imagine the amount of preparation necessary to bring about such a result; a peep at the *modus operandi* would greatly astonish mortals.

At length came the parting struggle. Nature moaned with volcanic upheavings, and then, crater-like, ejected the lava tide of my being, which formed into a spiritual body. And oh, joy of joys! rapture transcending language to express my eyes beheld, radiant in loveliness, the forms I had best loved upon earth—the mother whom I had thought afar, and by her side the being who

had engrossed the fondness of my later years. The happiness seemed too overwhelming to be real, and I then conceived it to be an hallucination, brought about by the strong desire of mind just as I was leaving my body. But when each caressed and then gently lifted me from the fogs of earth, the truth began to dawn, and I could perceive thoughts which I had regarded as sickbed fancies, assume tangibility, and evolve to my wondering view hitherto mysterious conceptions of the power of the human capacity to outwork, even whilst dwelling in the flesh, forms of beauty in the shape of great thoughts and majestic inculcations, and find the embodiment of which they were the ideal, personified in this land of the real. For, believe me, you are living in the shadow, whilst those whom you have been taught to regard as misty and vague, do really possess the substance.

I do not purpose to theorize at present. Would that the vocabularies of earth contained words of sufficient strength and beauty to enable me to detail the sublimity and glory of this upper chamber of our Father's mansion. Language is meagre and deficient in point and compass to elaborate the various details of grandeur which press upon our attention, and call forth every energy of our being in adoration and worship.

Oh, could the dwellers in the earth-sphere glimpse for one moment into the apparent dark and unfathomable future, the slight would dazzle and bewilder; and the entrancing scenes would, by contrast, so dull the enjoyments of their present existence, that they would exclaim, "In mercy withdraw the vision, or else remove me at once to the participation of such ravishing immortal bliss." Wisely is the veil drawn, or at least only partially opened to the senses of the children of men.

But, as I said in a former part of this narrative, the brightness of our sky is at times somewhat clouded. For instance, when we come into connection with our loved ones dwelling in the flesh, and find them suffering from the various trials incident to their station, we enter into sympathy, and share, in some degree, the burden of their aching hearts; and did we not realize that such trouble was but transitory, and oftentimes productive of great good, the contact would be indeed painful. But we feel we can aid them, and quicken every faculty for the heavenly ministrations. This is one of the employments of spirit-life. Oh, inhabitants of earth, shout aloud, sing halleluiahs to the Most High God who dwelleth not only in the heaven of heavens but in the smallest atom of creation; praise him for the increasing nearness, or, rather, power of disembodied ones to benefit the denizens of his lower courts, for assured the boon is more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold.

Another distinctive feature of the operations of spirit-life is its adaptability to the conditions of mankind. The feeblest intellect can grasp a faint conception of the beauty of angelic guardianship. In fact, no gloom is deep enough to overshadow its cheering light, and, if rightly comprehended, no height of joy could ever be reached to which its entrancement might not yield additional zest.

Another occupation of this upper school is the training of the minds that are constantly calling for and appealing by their helplessness, their voices reaching us from the crowded purlieus of earth, and amid the scenes of the border land of the heavenly spheres, for my friend, there is a condition scarcely one remove from the confines of your stage of action, which is so attained with ignorance, and devoid of the finer feelings of the human nature, that were you ushered this moment into the midst of its jostling crowd, you would indeed realize that Swedenborg's hells were a literal truth, and earnestly pray God for a return even to the apparent loneliness of your present existence.

We who are privileged to look beneath the surface and scan each character, can in every child of our common Father trace the workmanship of his hand, and oftentimes see buried beneath the rubbish of a pyramid of untoward circumstances, the brightness of the immortal soul, and thus are we enabled to work lovingly and perseveringly to accomplish the ultimatum of our desires, and the effort has frequently been crowned with unlooked-for reward, the blackest carbon of evil (or, correctly speaking, misapplied good,) returning to the polisher the unparalleled brilliancy of the diamond.

But, my sister thinks, why not descend to practicalities? Such I perceive to be the thought revolving through her mentality. Would also desire to be amid the rag-carpeted rooms, redolent of *bacon and cabbage*, so graphically described by some media? There is more truth in some of these descriptions than the ultra refinement of earth would imagine, for it is a fact that some spirits revel for a time in such delights; but as my sphere of action has led me into a different path, I cannot declare the amount of enjoyment produced therefrom.

I was greatly attached to children, and consequently, as one of the glories of the summer-land is the privilege to follow the bent of one's inclination, I naturally have gravitated to the delightful occupation of training young immortals for higher conceptions of the endless life upon which they have entered, of the vastness of the word *Eternity*, of the power of spirit to soar and bask nearer and nearer the infinite source of perfection, of the power dwelling within themselves to create a heaven or a hell in their own experience.

We have schools and classes, but not modeled after the fashion of earth. We are exempt from weariness, for none are compelled to con lessons without understanding one line of the rote. How greatly are your teachers mistaken in their method of education. Much do I wonder at the progress made under such difficulties. It is a proof of the power of mind over material surroundings and inharmony.

Oftentimes I feel, were it possible to be possessed of an archangel's trumpet, whose sound could

reach the whole earth, the blast I would send forth would be an appeal to the guardians of youthful bodies and minds to cease their dwarfing and stupefying process, smothering as they do every natural and healthy impulse of the soul beneath the sway of a deadening conventionalism. Methinks, were I to give full utterance to my views upon this important subject, your pen would seem dipped in gall and wormwood, so warmly is my heart stirred within me for the wrong inflicted upon the plastic mind of childhood, the evil commencing ere it reaches the outer life, and continuing all through the molding years, so that ages of time must elapse ere the baneful effects will be entirely obliterated. Were this truth fully understood, how remarkable would be the change inaugurated, both in the home and school system of education. The axe would be laid at the very root of the evil, and the whole of the present fabric would crumble, leaving the material wherewith to erect a grand superstructure, whose base would be the very commencement of embryonic existence, its crowning point reaching far away amid the radiance of celestial spheres. So continuous would be the chain which the proper willing would forge, that not one link would be broken or need refurbishing.

But I am aware it is utterly futile to endeavor to establish such a system in the present condition of the race. But, thank God, the desirable end will be attained; and it is our duty and pleasure to labor energetically for its realization, even if, in your day, there should prove to be no apparent change effected by any movement; yet the agitation of the question will pave a bright pathway of knowledge, which, like the stars in the vault of heaven, shall twinkle and burst forth with a radiance that will clear the vision of the children of earth, and cause the dark pall of the night of ignorance to blaze with the refulgent beams of millions of bright scintillations from the sun of Truth.

Many of the inhabitants of the home of the blessed are employed in the deliverance and tribulation of lectures, the formation of Kinder Gartens, Home Nurseries, and the like institutions. My friend, your mind cannot grasp a conception of the beautiful engagements of this upper world. Verily it is a truth, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him;" the only fault in the Apostle's declaration being its restrictive nature, for all of the Father's children will realize the blessed prediction.

There is a large class of spirits hovering over and controlling, to some extent, your present national struggle, and though men think and call themselves mighty and terrible with their weapons of warfare, yet there is a mightier host battling, invisible agents, to protect and defend, ay, and oftentimes direct, the cause they deem just and righteous. One motto is generally accepted, that "in union there is strength." I do not say the sentiment is universal in this land beyond the veil—would to God that it were. Then would this war have ceased long since; in fact, had there been universality of opinion, no cause would have existed for the present strife. The black man would have had his rights, and all of God's creatures would have basked in the sunshine of liberty. As it was, the condition of our dark-skinned brother caused the verdict rendered in the court of high heaven to be "Fiat justitia ruat cælum," and though every living inhabitant of your part of the globe should lose their mortal bodies, the stake at issue merits the sacrifice.

Yet even amid these upper associations, some minds yet cling to the belief that, as in the lower order of creation, the stronger controls the weaker, so must the rule continue, even with man, the very apex of existence. But admitting their position—which we do not—have we any proof that the brother whose skin presents a darker hue than ours is different in any other points, did the same circumstances surround him? Indeed have we not noble instances, in almost every department of life, of his capacity to fully equal his white brother? I wonder not at the blood flowing, and the sighs and groans ascending, for as cause begets effect, so the mightiness of the slave-vil must produce a corresponding magnitude of suffering in its extrication. But, thank God! the sacrifice is nearly complete; and your age will have accomplished, for coming generations, a glorious redemption, paving the way, we hope, for freedom from all thralldom, even for the crying one of woman's wrongs; oftentimes the veriest slave under the canopy of heaven, hugging her chains, and hiding her manacles under the cloak of conventionalism, whilst their canker is eating into her very soul, destroying every holy impulse of her being. Oh! it is a sight over which angels might weep, and one upon which they gaze with intense interest, witnessing, as they oft do, the struggle between the fear of the world's scorn, or the agonizing endurance of a martyrdom more cruel than the lash inflicted upon the black slave. Ah! could the sighs and groans of down-trodden, oppressed woman-nature cry aloud for vengeance, ages would be consumed in the expiation.

You, my sister, even whilst dwelling in your clay tenement, will witness a wonderful revolution in public sentiment and private behavior, in the important matter, and yourself prove an agent in accomplishing an amount of inquiry and far-reaching good, of which at present you have not the slightest conception. But I must not indulge either in prophecy or retrospection, but pass toward a finale, regretting that for a season I must part company from one I so affectionately with one who deserves and has my earnest thanks for her kind appreciation of my message.

I purpose—should it meet with approval—some future day to give through her organism a series of lectures or essays, principally upon the subject last touched upon, involving, as it does, the treatment and education of infantile and youthful bodies and minds; and then I shall, if possible, culminate in a grand focus of light from some of

the master minds of these upper laboratories of science, who have kindly promised aid in the undertaking; minds who have fathomed intricacies and difficulties, which ever have, and are as yet, puzzling the brains of earth's gifted ones.

When the proper time shall have arrived, a grand outburst of light will descend upon the mental horizon of the children of earth, and a jubilee will be inaugurated, such as the mind of man has as yet scarce conceived of; indeed, were I to give a description of the visions which pass, as it were, in panoramic view before my gaze, I fear I should stand accused of inciting false expectations, so transcending are they in power and magnitude as to the sons and daughters of earth have yet witnessed. Preparations are being made in these upper courts for the grand illuminating process.

I have lately become the favored recipient of a report of the proceedings of a Congress which assembled in spirit-life, or rather in a higher grade of life than the one in which you now mingle, for all life is dependent upon spirit. The deliberations of the body just named, will influence your present National Convention of Spiritualists,* not, however, to any great extent, outwardly, because, as I foresee, conditions will prevent as free and pure a stream of inspiration as would be desirable; nevertheless, much good will be accomplished, and many a slumberer and sluggard aroused.

Another occupation has prevented my attendance, as I purposed, here in these upper mansions of our Father's glory. The dwellers within the hallowed precincts esteem it a delightful privilege to answer the calls of duty, knowing full well the highest happiness consists in the rightful employment of each faculty of our nature. Earth has no language wherewith to express the deep, overflowing, overmastering intensity of bliss which pervades and animates our souls in the contemplation of the incalculable amount of benefit each effort, when properly directed, will produce.

The children of my care and culture have lately made large demands upon my time and love. They, with my assistance, are preparing a model system of education, commencing with directions for the baptism of the young immortal—not in orthodox style, however—upon its entrance within the favored radius of this upper circle of light and instruction, and then proceeding step by step, until the burden of their song passes beyond the comprehension of some intellects, who would consider their capacities greatly underrated by a request to enter, as competitors, the ranks of youthful aspirants; but a tilt with them would soon—the weapons used being mental—convince the plumed, intellectual aristocrat of his folly in disdaining the arms of a David, forgetting the Goliath of ignorance hath, ere now, been slain by apparent pigmies.

Could these mighty giant minds of earth scan with deep, penetrating vision, the fund of knowledge which these infant learners have earned and merited, methinks the altitudes upon which the said scientific masters are mounted would totter. I would not undervalue the attainments of earth. Not no! highly do I esteem each advance in intellectual research and acumen, and my pen would be the last to dampen the ardor of any earnest inquirer and deliver amid the mines of knowledge, awaiting the pick and shovel of the digger after the pure ore of Truth.

Occasionally I doubt the wisdom of describing the scenes and occupations of the higher life, fearing the display of its bright skies, balmy breezes and entrancing employments may produce too intense a longing for immediate participation, and thereby hinder a due attention to the concerns of your lower kingdom. Should such prove to be the effect of the pictures I have been enabled to draw, I shall take comfort from the truth contained in the sentence which forms the caption of this article, and regard the seeming obstacle as merely a breakwater in the mighty stream of God's eternal Truth, the temporary stoppage producing, in the end, a freer and clearer flow of the purifying waters of knowledge.

The last employment of the inhabitants of our bright regions of which I shall treat, is the supply of the lack of the proper animal, both physical and mental, which exists in the condition of the mothers of earthly bodies; for it is a fact—though at present scarcely dreamed of—that were the assistance of spirit sustenance and care withdrawn, the vast hecatomb of infantile which now disgraces and affects your earth, would be greatly multiplied, and mourning hearts sadly increased. I cannot clearly convey the mode in which this strength is imparted, so will not attempt that which would end in doubt and mysticism. Were you free from the clog of flesh encasing your spirit, the beautiful truth would entrance; it is an engagement in which you will revel, when the shadows of earth shall depart, and you shall have shaken hands with the twin sister of your soul.

MARY E. CHANTWORTH,

of Leeds, England.

Oh, Fountain of Eternal Truth and Wisdom; thou who by thy mighty laws governest the condition of the life of all thy creatures; whose power is in the shallow rivulet, as well as in the ocean depths, a child of thy creation and love now ventures to launch her frail bark of experience amid the contending elements of earth, and prays that such of its waters as are clear and sparkling may be showered upon hearts thirsting for a draught from the wells of truth; whilst those drops which are murky may be filtered by the stream of living inspiration which ever flows from thee, thou Source of all Truth. Amen and amen.

*This message was given previous to the assembly of the Convention.

TRUE SOULS.

Stand up ye, in your manhood free,
A right you have to speak your mind,
To utter all the truths you see,
And pour in light upon the blind.

The true soul searches nature's fields,
Her noblest truths to scan and know,
Which evermore she freely yields
In gentle streams of ceaseless flow.

Wisdom that will forever shield
Those minds that seek the higher cause,
Will they but by her teachings yield,
Observe her ways, obey her laws.

Man should not yield to Error's sway;
Truth should not of its strength be shorn,
Nor taken from our mind away,
Should Freedom be for which we're born.

Shall manhood shrink because fell power
Strive over Truth to overthrow?
Its check turn pale when Error lower,
And shroud in gloom our plain below?

Stand up thou, then, in manhood free,
The patriot fought for Truth, and died,
Leaving examples bright for thee;
Be firm, be brave, or woe be thine.

Look up, then, each reforming mind—
Let your ennobling powers expand;
Sublime your mission to mankind—
On Truth's eternal rock you stand.

A poet was walking with M. de Talleyrand, in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses. Talleyrand, perceiving at a short distance a man yawning, pointed him out to his friend, saying, "Not so loud; he hears you."

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
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"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LIONEL BOW.)

MILL-POND ICE;

OR,

UNCLE PHILIP'S THIRD SERMON.

Uncle Philip had drawn back his curtain, that the glimmering stars of the winter's night might look into his room, and had given an extra punch with the heavy brass-headed tongs to the great pile of wood, that sent up its tongues of fire like great and good thoughts, and he had folded his hands contentedly, while a pleasant smile crept over his benevolent face. He had been thinking of all that the children had done for poor old Ith, and what a power and blessing always flows from loving, cheerful hearts, when there came a sound of merry voices by his window, and a soft, gentle rap on the glass.

"We are here," shouted out several voices; "all of us. Come, uncle Philip, and see who is coming to visit you."

Uncle Philip went to the door, and looked out on the merry group of children.

"There they are," said Louis; "they'll be here in a moment."

"But who is it?" said uncle Philip.

"Oh! it's Rod with Ith Sharp in a sleigh, and he's coming to visit you, and to attend our meeting."

"And," said Kate, "Sue is there, too, because old Ith said he wanted she should sit beside him; and his daughter Pattie is coming for him by-and-by. She stayed at home to keep up a good fire, that it might be warm and bright when her father returned; for the boys have gone away to work for a few days."

"Hurrah! here they are!" shouted Tom; and sure enough, it was a merry looking load.

Old Ith was done up in buffalo robes and blankets, and Sue was cuddled down snugly in the bottom of the sleigh, while Rod flourished his fur cap, as he drove up to the door.

When all were seated, and Ith Sharp had his place in the large arm-chair, he said:

"They would make me come, and Pattie said it would do me no harm; but it is so long since I've been anywhere, I did n't know how to begin; and then they said you were to have a meeting."

"So we are," said uncle Philip; "we have had several, and we have had sermons preached to those who came; but you see all our congregation here, and our only minister; so you need n't be afraid, and our sermons are only stories. Perhaps you have one in mind, and can preach better than I."

"Oh, no, no!" said old Ith. "I need preaching to; but if you would tell them about little Ida Green and the ice, I think it would do me good to hear."

"An excellent text," said uncle Philip. "I was thinking of that very thing, and I'll call my text the 'Mill Pond Ice.' We have had the 'Snow,' and I trust some remember its lessons."

You know how beautiful Stony Brook comes tumbling over the rocks in the summer, and singing its merry song; how it gurgles and winds and whirls in beautiful eddies past the tall maples on the hillside, and over the rocks in its bed, until it comes to the Mill Pond, where it spreads itself out into a little lake that is as quiet as the sky and reflects in summer-time the bending grass and the gay cardinal flowers that grow on its borders. You remember, too, how it goes, after that, dashing over the dam, and as if impatient at delay, foams and rushes, sweeping all before it, until it reaches the beautiful meadow, where it would seem never to have had a thought of haste, or a spirit of unrest; for it softly flows to the river, telling sweet stories to the meadow-grass, and listening to the meadow lark, until it pours itself into the broader stream, and we lose its beauty in the grander beauty of the river.

You remember, too, how sometimes a freshet will come and swell the waters of the brook, until it causes the Mill Pond to overflow its banks, and extend itself far over each border, sometimes even touching the maple grove?"

"Yes, we know," said Rod; "for we have been there to-day skating, and the thaw of last week served it just so."

"Well, there had been just such a thaw, and the weather had changed sufficiently to cause the water of the pond to freeze over, so that it seemed perfectly safe to skate upon, or to walk over it. Ida Green's father lived in the farm-house the other side of the pond, and as she came to school, she passed by its borders. She was the only child of loving, tender parents; and she was herself a beautiful, tender flower. You remember, Ith, how mild and true her eye was, and with what sweet tones of voice she spoke. Her father and mother always warned her against crossing the pond, and so obedient was she, that I do not believe she would have crossed to have saved herself four times the distance that she might have saved by going directly over it, instead of around it. Her father used to say, 'The ice is treacherous; it 'minds me of those people who look so very smooth and trusty, but who will not serve you in time of need, and who fall you when you expect the most from them. Ida, always seek true, noble friends, and beware of those that can't be depended on; they will be like the ice on the Mill Pond, that breaks up when most you need it.'"

Ida's heart was so faithful and true, that she needed not to be warned on her own account; but she was so loving and gentle herself, that it was not easy for her to believe in the wrong of others. There was in the school a girl by the name of Nancy Dean, or, as we used to call her, Nannydee. She was handsome and strong—that is, she had bright, rosy cheeks, and a fair skin, and fine curling hair; but she had but little love-light in her eyes, and if you watched her carefully, you would see such an unkind expression on her face, that you would forget her hair and her rosy cheeks, and think of her as a truly homely person.

Nannydee was jealous of the love that everybody gave to Ida; she fancied, as many others do, that if another had much love given to them, that she should have the less. It is never so; for if one is greatly beloved, our chance of being loved is still greater, because the more one loves, the more love he has, and by giving greatly to others, he has the more for us. But not so did Nannydee think; for, by her own disagreeable ways, she made people dislike her, and because she saw Ida beloved, she fancied that if people loved Ida less, that she should be loved the more.

She pretended, however, to have much affection for Ida, and used to take her by the arm and tell her how sweet she looked, and how Benjamin Young praised her eyes. Nannydee knew that Benjamin was the handsomest fellow in the school, as well as the best natured, and she very much desired that he should think well enough of her to take her to a sleigh-ride, that was to be given by the school; but instead of trying to make herself worthy of the attention of Benjamin, she determined in some way to make him think ill of Ida.

I remember well the day that Nannydee began her treachery toward Ida. As I said, we had had a thaw, and then a cold snap, and now the sun shone warm and beautiful, and we had all assembled on the sunny side of the school-house before school.

"You can't make Ida do wrong," said some one; "she always does just right."

"That's so," said Benjamin laughing. "I'd trust her anywhere. The other night, when we had our skating frolic on Mill Pond, Ida would not join the sport because her father had told her not to go on the pond; and though it was perfectly safe, yet she resisted the temptation, and looked on while the rest enjoyed the fun. I presume a dozen asked her to take a seat on the sled behind them, and told her they would skate her close to the edge where there was no danger. But Ida said, every time, 'I like to see you best. I will wait here.' I am ashamed to say that I was one that urged her."

I chanced just then to look over toward Nannydee. I saw the color rush to her face, and her eye flash. I felt sure that she had some wrong thought in her heart, for it looked out of her face. Ida came up just then, and Nannydee put on her smiles and concealed her wrong feeling, and went toward her; she even kissed her, and asked her if she was cold. Ida's clear blue eyes looked out trustfully from her fur-bordered hood, and we all felt as if something brighter than sunshine was with us.

"Ida," said Benjamin, they all say you would n't go on to Mill Pond to save your dearest friend."

"I can't say," said Ida, "what I might do to save somebody I loved; but sure I am I would n't go to please myself."

I saw Nannydee turn with a knowing look toward Benjamin, and she pretended she wanted to show him a sum in her Arithmetic, and called him to one side.

"Pooh," said she; "I'll bet Ida'll be on the ice before sunset."

Benjamin's face frowned.

"If she is, she's not the girl I believe her to be," said he. "I'll trust her anywhere."

"Will you go up to Ida's just as soon after school as you can?" said Nannydee. "You know that your class recites after the rest are dismissed; that will be just the right time, and then I can meet you by the pine woods, and we can walk home together."

Benjamin readily assented, for he was too greatly pleased with the thought of a visit to Ida to stop to wonder why Nannydee should make so strange a request.

I remembered, afterwards, that a short time before school closed, Nannydee asked the teacher to excuse her, as she had a severe headache. I mistrusted mischief, and determined to keep a sharp lookout. I watched through the window, near my seat, to see if Nannydee went toward her home. She did not; and I can't tell why, but something seemed to say to me, she's gone to Mill Pond, and I determined, as soon as school closed, to go there and see. Benjamin and I remained for the last recitation, and Ida started for home as soon as her class was dismissed.

She went, as usual, alone up the long hill, but her step was light and her heart happy. I watched her from the window, between the questions of the teacher, and I saw her climb up the long hill, sometimes looking toward the grand mountain before her, and sometimes turning toward the peaceful valley that lay still and pure with its covering of snow, or, as Ida once said, like the lap of the mountains with a white apron over it. I never had felt so tenderly toward any one as toward Ida then. As I saw the wind blow her cloak, I thought, oh, I wish I could shelter you from all that is cold and disagreeable. And then I looked toward Benjamin, with his noble face, and I felt sure that by-and-by he would, by his strong arm and warm heart, be her protector.

I felt impatient to have school close. I did not wish longer to be thinking about the Rule of Three, and puzzling my head with hard sums. My mind was following the gentle Ida toward her home, for somehow I felt a sense of coming trouble. At last, after I had missed several questions that I knew perfectly well how to answer, I said to myself, "How foolish! Ida is probably safely at home by this time, and warming her cold fingers by the blazing fire of her father's hearth." And so I resolutely set myself to thinking about my sums.

When the class was dismissed, however, I felt in just as much of a hurry again. I urged Benjamin to hasten. I told him it would soon be sundown, and that I must have a few turns on the pond before dusk.

"But," said Benjamin, "I doubt if the ice is safe. I've always noticed that after a thaw, and then a cold day or two, that the Mill Pond freezes over and looks wonderfully smooth and tempting, but it's shaky—sometimes amazingly shaky. I'll tell you who it makes me think of, only you won't tell, I hope."

"I know without your telling," said I. "It makes you think of a smooth-faced girl that wanted to be dismissed this afternoon because her head ached. Did you know she did n't go home, though? I believe her headache was all pretence. I watched for her clear down the road, and I know she did not go toward her home."

"But where did she go?" asked Benjamin. "Perhaps she went to the doctor's, to get him to give her something to help her."

I felt ashamed, in a moment, of my suspicious of Nannydee, as the charitable Benjamin had for her so ready an excuse, and I felt no longer in such a hurry as I had done to reach Mill Pond. We loitered by the way, talking about the coming sleigh-ride, for Benjamin and I had been appointed a committee to make arrangements for it. We consulted as to the best place to go, and even trusted each other enough to tell what girls we intended to take with us.

"Of course," I said, "you'll take Ida."

"Of course I shall," said Benjamin proudly, "if she'll go with me."

"Go with you? Why, Benjamin, I believe she thinks you are almost a saint, and I think she'd do anything to please you."

"Well, I thought so till lately. But you must know that Nannydee told me, yesterday, that Ith Sharp had been up there, and that he carried her some big apples off his father's farm, and that Ida was greatly pleased, and would n't give them to any one, but took them into her own little room, and—"

"Well, it's a lie," said I. "So it was," said old Ith, and his eye gleamed, and he brought down his hand upon the arm of the chair. "And I hate lies. I've reason to hate them. Let me tell you, children, if you want to be happy old men and women, don't you ever tell a lie. Old Ith would give all the money he ever saw if he'd never told a lie. Oh dear, dear, to think that I was once Ith Sharp, and didn't have to lie awake nights and see great black shadows come creeping up out of the past, and spreading themselves, till it was all as black as midnight. Yes, children, those great black shadows are old Ith's lies."

"May the dear Father of us all, and his loving angels, take them away from you, because you are sorry for having done the wrong," said uncle Philip.

"Amen," said old Ith, and he lifted his eyes toward heaven, and a tear trickled down each cheek, and the children all thought they saw an unusual brightness on his face, as if some pure angel had indeed placed a loving hand on his brow.

Uncle Philip resumed.

"As I said, I told Benjamin it was a lie, for I was up there when Ith carried the apples, and his father sent them to Ida's father, that he might see if he wanted some grafts from the tree put in to one of his trees; and Ida's father told her, he took good care of them and not let them freeze; so Ida put them into the chest in her room. I think I never saw a fellow's face look handsomer than Benjamin's after I told him this."

"Why, Phil," said he, "I feel glad enough to kiss you, for saying that. I've felt homesick ever since Nannydee told me, and was half a mind to say I would n't go to the sleigh-ride at all. But tell me, Phil, who are you going to take; I won't tell."

"Well," said I, "I've been thinking: there's Susan Brown—that's your mother, Sue—she's a nice girl, and she has the handsomest bonnet in the town, and would look gay enough; but then, I know that Sam Stark would like to go with her, and there are a plenty more pretty girls, but I know they all will have some boy ready to ask them, except Rachel Ames and Sally Tinker; they are real homely girls, and do n't dress nicely, and nobody seems to care for them, and so I have just about made up my mind that I'll ask them."

Benjamin looked at me as if he thought I was n't in earnest; but when he saw I was, he clasped his hand on my shoulder, and said:

"Phil, you are the bravest boy I ever knew. If you'll do that, I'll promise to dance with them every other set, after supper; and if any boy laughs at you I'll knock him over; and I'll tell Ida what you're going to do, and she'll see if she can't get them to take off those horrid bows from their bonnets; but, Phil, if they do n't, do n't you mind. I'll stand by you."

It was thus we chatted until we came to the top of the long hill, and then I began to have a feeling of dread; a sense of danger came over me. I felt in a hurry, and I saw Benjamin did also.

"But," said Rod, "I do n't understand why you should have told so, uncle Philip."

"Well, I will explain why I think I felt it. As my story will tell you, there was real danger, even then, to one we loved; and the guardian angel of our lives and of hers knew that danger, and tried to make us hasten. Oh, children, it is a beautiful truth that I want you all to feel, that ever about our paths are the protecting angels that the good Father places in charge of us. They are near us to guard us from evil, and to lead us ever toward the good and beautiful. If we will only listen to their gentle warnings that often come to us in our thoughts, we shall be kept from much evil, and led toward the good and right."

[Continued in our next.]

DEAR CHILDREN—I hope you are all enjoying this beautiful winter sunshine as much as I. It comes creeping up over this busy city, and sending its joy-beams into thousands of homes. I always think how glad the little children must be who live in cold, damp basements, as a few rays come gleaming through the windows; and yet my heart aches every day as I think of those poor little ones that have no pleasant homes, and no warm fires, or comfortable clothes.

One dear little one I heard of the other day, whose mother spent every cent for whiskey, so that she was drunk almost all the time, and her only little girl had no place to sleep but on a little straw in the corner of a dark cellar, in which was no furniture, only a few boards. And there, without any love, without any tender care, without any comfort, this poor little one had to live, and perhaps be beaten and scolded by her drunken mother. Shall you feel like complaining if you do not have just as much nice cake as you wish, or just as many fine clothes, when you think of this poor little girl?

But the loving Father makes the beautiful sunlight fall on all, thus teaching us that we should make the sunlight of our love bless the world, and in deeds of goodness carry comfort to all that we can.

I am going to write you a long story, called "The Search for Sunshine," and I want you to be thinking how much of the beautiful sunshine of love you have found, so that when spring comes, and you see the opening buds and the tender flowers, you can know whether, like the sunshine, you are blessing the world by flowers of goodness and kindness, and whether you keep ever shining in your hearts the light of love.

You may expect the story on the first spring days; and if it is not full of wonder and of fun, I hope you will find in it something to make you happier and better.

I have three little plants; they do not look very strong and healthy, but as if they had been pining for more sunlight. I place them where they can get the brightest beams that shine in my room, and I watch them and try to coax them to grow; but they seem to say, "Wait a little while; how can you expect we can put forth much beauty until the sun sends down its warmer beams? By-and-by we will show you how thankful we are for the beautiful sunlight." And so my little plants remind me of those poor little ones that all over the world want to be loved and cared for, and that can't be very beautiful until some one opens his heart, and says, "Dear children, the good Father cares for you, so will I."

I wish I knew just how many persons would read this letter, and then I would say, "Will you not do one beautiful thing for me? Will you not bless some one by a deed of love, and thus let the sunshine of love glow so brightly over the earth that we shall all know that the spring-time is near, and the summer-time of heaven not very far off?"

Your true friend, LOVE M. WILLIS.

ANSWER TO ENTOMA.—Andrew Jackson Davis.

PEACE.

Oh that the bells in all these silent spires
Would clash their clangor on the sleeping air,
Ring their wild music out with throbbing chords,
Ring peace in every where!

Oh that this wave of sorrow surging o'er
The red, red land, would wash away its stain—
Drown out the angry fire from shore to shore,
And give it peace again!

On last year's blossoming graves, with summer calm,
Loud in his happy tangle hung the bee;
Nature forgot her hurt, and finds her balm—
Alas! and why not we?

Spirit of God! that moved upon the face
Of the waters, and bade ancient chaos cease,
Shine again over this tumultuous space,
Thou that art Prince of Peace!

RECONSTRUCTION.

BY D. M. HAMMOND.

Appeal to Spiritualists—to all those whom it may concern.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS—Jesus, a long time ago, said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, might, mind, and strength; and thy neighbor as thyself." These two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets. Paul said, "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty, only use not liberty as an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another. For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

If, as Jesus said, on these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets, is it not very essential that we understand their full import and significance? Let us lay aside for awhile all prejudice and pride of opinion, and see what these injunctions imply, and if they are in any way binding on us individually or as a collective body of Spiritualists.

In the first place, Who, or what, is the Lord thy God, that we should love him, or her with all the heart, soul, might, mind and strength? To my conception, the Lord is the SPIRITUAL-LIFE-POWER OF THE UNIVERSE, which in its motion—in its male and female—its positive and negative action and reaction, produces Love and Wisdom, Justice and Truth. These principles, through the labor of countless ages, have led to the birth of man, to a greater or less degree, in man, and which must eventually entirely control man. In short, God is that internal essence of things which no man has seen nor can see. Paul has it, "the King Eternal, Invisible, the Only Wise God."

Now what is it to love the Lord God with all the heart, soul, might, mind and strength? It is simply to love and strive for these moral attributes of his character, viz: Love and Wisdom, Justice and Truth. If we do love and strive for these, God cannot be dissatisfied with us, and we may safely and confidently call ourselves his children.

In the second place, Who is my neighbor? and what is it to love my neighbor as myself? My neighbor, in the great general sense, means any and every being that wears the human form, irrespective of complexion or capacity. But in a more limited, specific and practical sense, my neighbor is those with whom I come in immediate social and business contact.

Now what is it to love my neighbor as myself? To love my neighbor as myself implies vastly more than the world as a body, and it, mayhap, than Spiritualists as a body have ever dreamed of. It implies something more than merely wishing my neighbor good, or desiring that he should be kind to him when I meet him—something more than worldly praying for his present or his future happiness—something more than paying back what I have borrowed from him—something more than making generous mention of his virtues and no mention of his faults—it signifies that I divide the same good blessing, excepting nothing but my wife, or the other half of myself, for if scientifically and compatibly united, she and I are one, and must not be divided or weakened by separation; for what God hath joined together in the complete positive and negative relation of the sexes, let no man put asunder; and, besides, no wise man will share all his good according to the law of love, which is the law of all laws, my neighbor, if worthy of the name, (that is, if he be honest in his purposes), has an undoubted right to claim of me an equal share of all the advantages which my superior birth or education, any superior talents or genius, any superior circumstances or conditions, or any superior wealth or fortune may have given me. And it seems to me that that man or that woman who is not willing to divide thus equally with every other one who is honestly willing and pledges to do the same by him, is not yet a Christian, and cannot be said, in any worthy sense, to love his neighbor as himself; nor can he be said to love God, for love of God implies first a hearty love of one's neighbor. John says, "If any man says he loves God, and loves not his neighbor, the same is a liar; for if he loves not man whom he has seen, how can he love God whom he has not seen?" And now if any man says he loves his neighbor as himself, and is not willing to share all his good things with him, what is he but a liar?

This, my dear spiritual brethren and sisters, is my definition of the two commandments on which hangs all the Law and the Prophets. I feel that I am prepared to live up to the letter of this definition, and presuming that there are hundreds of others that can and will do the same, I make this appeal to know if we shall not begin to make a practical demonstration of our faith in or by our works immediately?

Now, ye who have received the truths of modern, as well as ancient, revelation into good and honest hearts, and wish to bring forth the glory of God in man, and to the redemption of our race from ignorance, poverty, crime and contention—ye who have sought first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness—ye who have earnestly prayed in heart and in deed for an answer to our Elder Brother's prayer, Thy Kingdom come—ye who are tired and sick of the selfishness, covetousness of men and women generally—ye who long for the good and true in all things—let me confer with you, through the medium of our excellent Banner, (our only, yet our all-sufficient general herald,) upon the subject of the Reconstruction of Society on the plane of real brotherly love.

Let me in all sincerity, and with a confidence of love and sympathy for you and the world at large, question you a little as to your duty in this remarkable crisis of our nation and the world's history.

Do you not think it is high time that we, as professed progressionists, after having graduated, most of us, from the Evangelical colleges and after sixteen years of arduous training, should begin to show the world how real Christians ought to live, and try to reorganize society, at least ourselves, on a platform far above antagonisms and hurtful competitions? Have not we, after so long a time as to-day, and after such opportunities as we have had, got religion, charity, courtesy, kindness, to live to the glory of God and the world? Have not we got enough of the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—against which there is no law, to band ourselves together in the name of God, Truth and Righteousness, Wisdom, Love and Justice, and carry out to the letter that long-cherished, and yet rarely obeyed injunction of the intuitive Jesus—Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself? If we have got the best religion in all the world, as we profess to have, ought not we to set the world the best example of brotherly-love-life possible to be lived on the earth and in the flesh? Shall our world be redeemed unless we do? Who shall bring Heaven down to earth, or develop heaven in the earth, in this seed-time of human progress, unless we, who, in the pursuit of truth and a righteous consistency of life, have cut loose from all creeds, all customs, all ceremonies—world of our own kin—in our desire to see the world march developed and redeemed, shall show that we have been redeemed, by forming, through associative effort and enterprise, a miniature heaven among ourselves, as a sample to this yet unheavenly, undeveloped world, and which shall stand as a beacon light to all religions on the face of the globe, and crown our beautiful faith with the best of divine benediction?

If this is not the way, I ask ye, how shall it be done? I call upon every thoughtful man and woman of our faith—ye, of all faiths—to answer the great question: How shall our world be redeemed? How? Ye preachers of the gospel—ye teachers of science—ye rulers of our nation—ye would-be Christian rulers, philosophers, and philanthropists—How shall our world be redeemed? In the name of God, Truth and Righteousness—in the name of suffering, groaning, dying humanity—I ask again, HOW SHALL OUR WORLD BE REDEEMED? Not from infidelity—not from atheism—not from Holy Days, Holy Bibles, Holy Orders, Holy Churches, Holy Popes, Priests, and Bishops, but from general Ignorance, Poverty, Crime and Contention? Can it be done, oh ye men of sense, science and scripture?—ye, who be godly, men—by scattering Bibles and tracts? by multiplying churches and church ministers? by preaching the story of the cross

higher, deeper, diviner, more really unitary. Hence, the near advent of a phase of spiritual life, and the nearness of the point of reconciliation? It is the coming forth, both from Spiritualism and Harmonism, of that Celestialism which lies latent in each. Here is the interfusing of the union, the point of marriage between a Christ-Keligion of old, deep, emotional, unctious, divine, and the broadest life, a Spiritualism of the future. So this Celestialism will be in perfect accord with Spiritualism and Harmonism—three, in short, in one. It is the innermost divine which must reveal itself, which must stir and intensify the depths of being in us, and push forth from its own God-centred a Spiritual and a Natural Gospel at one with it. Hence the necessity of a fresh baptism of fire, of Celestial Love, and the evolution of a high as well as universal scheme of thought.

This is the promise and prophecy we have. And it remains to be seen whether in the next decade the world Union shall not have a vastly broader and more pregnant significance than was ever reached to it. Then shall Celestialism, Order and Truth reveal themselves as one, and a divine Harmonism commence to build its inner and its outer throne. To that end work all present means. The disciplines of earthly woe, and the inspirations of spiritual joy, alike conjoin to bring us to the inevitable and not far distant goal. The Christ-promised Truth, the divine power of Celestial Love, and the force of Celestial Wisdom, is knocking at our very doors. Behold in the present status the shadow and foretold image of that princely presence.

From these considerations, it will be seen that Marriage is the divine mystery of the Nineteenth Century's Apocalypse. But it must have no limited, human, finite restriction. The sex to be conjunctly conjoined awaits the bans in every sphere of thought. In governmentals, in Socials, in Science, in Art, as well as in Religious life, so we see. The centralism of Autocracy and the freedom of Democracy, the rights of Individualism and the demands of Socialism, the necessities of Order and the indispensable uses of Progress, the privileges of Capital and the rights of Labor—all these must meet their mediator. And until that is come, even the reconciliatory power of Unitary Truth, contest, confusion and disintegration, will afflict the Nation. But when these have done their full work, the Christ of the new and third movement will rise, stretch forth the peace-giving palms, with the force of elements, and build an order of things based on these three: Justice, Love and divine Use.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1865.

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SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the spiritual world, and the nature of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is that catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

The Pope's Bull.

Nothing more is needed to show what progress the world is making, through the growth of free thought, to its own control, than to cite the Bull—or Encyclical Letter, as it is called—recently put forth by the Pope of Rome. It is addressed with every show of affectionate respect to the fathers and patriarchs that compose the Catholic brotherhood of priests the world over, and is intended to stimulate their flagging zeal to an effort to oppose the tendencies of the age with all the power, both of persuasion and denunciation, which it is within their capacity to employ. The old gentleman of Rome is clearly in a fret over the permanent loss of his temporal power by the political extrication and freedom of Italy, and he therefore thinks it necessary to reach out and regain all the spiritual power which he too well knows to be departing along with it. In other words, his Encyclical Letter is more an open confession of his fate than a means of delaying or preventing it.

The real purpose of so circumstantial a literary production is to denounce the liberality of the thought of the age, and, by thundering against it from the Vatican, to hope to stem and stay the tide. Were it an effort to regain temporal power only, in a time when men's minds had not thrown off any of their shackles, we have not so much doubt about its success; but now when even the temporal power is departed forever, there is much less ground for such an expectation than there could have been at any previous time; since there is no lever, as there once was, by which to reach men's consciences by working at their fears. All the old instrumentalities are gone. Since Napoleon has stripped His Holiness of the earthly kingdom of which he used to vaunt himself, the latter has been like a man without his right arm to perform his work with.

But, as we remarked before, what pleasurable and satisfactory reflections does not this last Bull of the Pope call up in every intelligent and progressive mind! It is European testimony, given in the highest spiritual court known to the Old World, in favor of the advance of the thought of the age. The Pope's feeble and futile attempt to stop it with a circular letter reminds us of the equally vain effort of the English king who seated himself on the beach in his chair and forbade the waves of the ocean approaching him any nearer. We should witness nothing of this frantic endeavor to check the expansion and disenchantment of the human mind, were not that the real tendency and work of the times. This alone proves that the work of enlightenment is going on in Europe, oppressed as its peoples have been for ages by governments, both temporal and spiritual, which have existed for themselves only, and not for the populations under their control; and we may feel certain that this enlightenment will lead to their final redemption.

The Pope sees fit to denounce everything that has the germ and spirit of progress in it, high and low. Nothing that belongs to that family is permitted to escape him. He searches into all the corners and by ways of life and action, drags forth the work there going forward, and levels at it the fires of his indignation. What concerns men in this part of the world, too, quite as much as in any other: he hurls his denunciations against not merely the spirit of free inquiry, but against that of free government. He does not allow that a government can lawfully exist at all, if dissociated from the Church, and not drawing its authority and inspiration from it. As for the doctrine which maintains that all men are born "free and equal," and that their religious belief is a matter for their own consciences solely, and not to be dictated or interfered with by governments, he counts it from beginning to end, in spirit and letter. This, he holds, is the very starting-point of

all heresies, and deserves reprobation and instant correction.

It is a war, therefore, which the Pope has declared, not only against freedom of thought and conscience, but against free government, and of course against the whole countless list of individual and social blessings which such a government entails. His Holiness has thought proper to array himself, with what authority and influence still remain to him, against the freedom of man. This is a long stride backward into the dark ages, indeed. In vain all these tolls, and sufferings, and sacrifices, and all this patience and prayerfulness and waiting, if the hands on the great clock of Time are to be put back in this generation, and the world is to turn its back upon its greatest achievements and only enduring glory. And presumptuous indeed is that man, no matter in what place he stands before the civilized world, who expects by a wordy fulmination to compel mankind thus to forget all they have learned, and to throw away what they have so painfully accumulated. The simple fact that such an order is incapable of producing the effect now which would have once followed its making, supplies undoubted proof of the great gains it has made both in freedom and accompanying courage.

The Catholics in the United States, whatever they may think of the spiritual authority which is still vested in the Pope at Rome, will never try to believe that a country of free thought, free endeavor and free government like this, the asylum of the children of wretchedness and want from all quarters of the globe, is exactly the wrong country and government for them. All the Encyclical Letters in the world will not be able to undermine their faith in free institutions of every sort, now that they have once made a trial of them. Their own welfare constitutes a better authority for them than any such as the Pope can presume to set up, on behalf of the temper and enlightenment of the Middle Ages. What they have at last got, after so much patience and suffering, no man living will be able to deprive them of. Liberty of conscience they soon learn to be the prime condition of liberty of action; and all free governments are based upon this very principle. The case is too plain for argument, and does not need even a statement with them. Their own consciousness is their best teacher in this matter. The Pope might as well tell them to prove their acknowledgment of his authority in spiritual matters by cutting off their right hands, or tearing out their tongues, as to order them to give up their present freedom, with its prospective blessings, in order to show their obedience to his spiritual authority.

New Year's in New York.

A friend in New York sends us a letter, containing a description of what he saw and heard on New Year's Eve and Day in the great metropolis, and, with other things, a sketch of a Methodist colored watch meeting. According to his story, the poor colored people were thrown into what might be called, or certainly thought, a violent trance condition, in which they threw themselves promiscuously across the benches, fell upon the floor, danced, yelled, and gave expression in other ways to the excitement of the hour. It was a strange scene, indeed. Our friend truly observes respecting it, that had it been the fruits of an assembly of Spiritualists, it would have been popularly, according to the prevalent cant, considered a humbug, an insane delusion, and anything else that is worthy to be condemned by the public voice.

He likewise describes some of the fashionable New Year's calls which he witnessed, and to a moderate and modest extent participated in. He says he wants to hear nothing more about "free love" among Spiritualists. After witnessing the way in which the kissing was participated in on that day, by males who offered the delicate salute of friendship and affection in a condition bordering very closely upon drunkenness, he is satisfied that the epithet belongs rather to those who love to throw it at others, than to those at whom it is thrown. On the whole, we should judge this New Year's calling business pretty poor business. It does not happen to be a New England institution, and we are heartily glad of it. If it has degenerated into a public exhibition of "free love," the sooner it is dispensed with the better.

Explanatory.

Our readers will remember that we published some time since, under the "Message Department" heading, a communication, in which the speaker states that he was a believer in Spiritualism when in the form, but now, since he has become a resident of the spirit-world, it is positive knowledge with him. We refer to the message from "Henry C. Gilbert," given at our circle Oct 18, 1864. He was made to say that he was Colonel of the 9th Michigan. This was a misprint; he was Colonel of the 19th Michigan. One of our subscribers tested the message by writing to the postmaster at Coldwater, Mich., asking if a man by the name of Henry C. Gilbert ever lived in that place; and if so, what was his occupation. The reply came back in due time, to the effect that a lawyer by that name formerly lived there; that he "went out as Colonel of the 19th Michigan Regiment, was wounded last summer, and died," etc. We had no knowledge of these facts until the message was given through our medium. He refers to his "dear Massachusetts friends" in the message, in the sense only as Spiritualist friends. He asked (being a firm believer) that the blessing of return might be granted him, if it were possible; and, finding that he possessed the power to communicate, came first to our circle, as many others have done who passed on from wounds received upon the battle-field.

Prominent Individuals Spiritualists.

Many of the best minds in this country and in Europe having examined, criticised and thoroughly canvassed the Spiritual Phenomena of the nineteenth century, now publicly endorse its truthfulness. Several of our literary men, who yet consider themselves investigators, often call upon us for information upon this all-important subject; and in good time, they, too, will publicly acknowledge that the spirits of the departed can and do return and manifest themselves to earth's inhabitants.

A correspondent of the Commonwealth newspaper, writing from London, says—"It has been publicly stated and not denied, that John Stuart Mill has become a convert to Spiritualism. Certainly the Spiritualists have an imposing catalogue of names to present before England: Mrs. Browning, Ruskin, Mill, Wilkinson, Dr. Whately, William and Mary Howitt, Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Hall, and (it is said) Frederick Tennyson. Doubtless, the majority of these have been helped to this conversion by the extreme reaction against Positiveness and Atheism, with a violent yearning to find something beyond the grave other than the 'desolate perhaps.'"

We are sorry to inform our readers that Rev. Mr. Willis's Sunday meetings at Ebbitt Hall, New York, have been suspended—at least for the present.

The Fatuity of Science.

When some future Bacon shall undertake to write the history of the great spiritual movement of our day, he will, with humility, confess that never was the class of minds calling themselves "scientific" so sadly at fault as in their mode of dealing with the subtle, evanescent and seemingly capricious phenomena which modern Spiritualism has evolved. There is nothing easier than for a truly scientific man to satisfy himself of the genuineness of the phenomena produced through the mediumship of the Davenport and others. If he will but approach the investigation in the right temper, and instead of disaffecting the medium and disturbing the conditions by a rude show of contempt and incredulity, will address himself patiently and perseveringly to a calm study of the phenomena—attending them not once or twice merely, but fifty times if necessary—the cases are very rare wherein he will not be eventually satisfied that the manifestations are not explicable by any supposition of fraud, or any known law of matter.

But assuming at the outset that the whole thing is a miserable fraud and imposture, our savans cannot divest themselves of their preconceived and predetermined hostility. In England the learned Mr. Faraday recently sent the following reply to an invitation to be present at one of the sittings of the Davenport Brothers:

"Gentlemen, I am obliged by your courteous invitation, but really I have been so disappointed by the 'manifestations' to which my notice has at different times been called, that I am not encouraged to give any more attention to them, and I therefore leave those to which you refer in the hands of the professors of legerdemain. If spirit communications not utterly worthless should happen to start into activity, I will trust the spirits to find out for themselves how they can move my attention. I am tired of them. With thanks, I am very truly yours, M. FARADAY, Royal Institution."

"How they can move my attention!" As if Mr. Faraday were a person of such immense importance in the eyes of departed spirits, that they ought to give him better opportunities than they give to ordinary people to possess themselves of an inestimable truth! Why are things that are hidden from the wise and prudent revealed unto babes, except that the wise and prudent are blinded by their own pitiful pride and conceit of knowledge?

Here are certain phenomena of tremendous moment and significance, for the production of which certain conditions are demanded. Why these particular conditions, and not others more satisfactory to us, are exacted, we cannot say. Why the manifestations cannot be produced in the light as well as the dark, or through one human organism as well as another, or why we are not allowed to scrutinize more closely, to seize, cut and anatomize the spirit hand, or hold on to the floating guitar, is all beyond our explanation. All that we know is, that by accepting the conditions, suspicious, and inexplicable as at first they may seem to many minds, and by patiently and thoroughly investigating the phenomena, under a great variety of circumstances, and produced through various mediums, we arrive at certain convictions.

But this false, one-eyed Science cries, "No! I must establish my own conditions, or I won't investigate." And so, because in London the Davenport refused to have a pistol fired at the spirit hand, the fools among the audience laughed, and thought the refusal was a proof of humbug. And so, because the other night, in Cambridge, at a sitting where the Boy Allen was the medium, the savans were not allowed to stand up close to the hand and prick it with a pin, they pronounced the whole performance a trick, and went home congratulating themselves, no doubt, that they were not, as other men are, simpletons and dupes.

It would almost seem as if the spirits took a malicious pleasure in baffling the arrogant approaches of a certain class of men, who, having long ago decided that the whole thing is a delusion, go to the sittings for these phenomena eager and resolved to see only what may confirm them in their preconceived theories. In these remarks we by no means wish to have it understood that we involve all scientific examiners in the sweep of our rebuke. While we remember that such men as Professor Hare, Professor Loomis, Dr. Gray, Archbishop Whately, Mr. Senior, Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Wilkinson, and many other minds that have passed through a rigid scientific training, have given their valuable testimony to the genuineness of the phenomena of Spiritualism, we have no cause to regret that true Science, always reverent as sagacious, has not added her voice also in support of the great truths we are proclaiming to the world.

Petroleum.

"Rock oil" is now the great theme of talk and the great cause of excitement. Almost everybody is speculating in petroleum. The instances of very sudden and very great fortunes having been made in it are frequent, and have nearly ceased to challenge particular remark. This article, which, by the bye, is by no means a new product of the earth, has come in very fortunately to take the place, in some degree, of our cotton crop, so far as shipment is concerned, and is exported in immense quantities to foreign ports. There are some three hundred and fifty petroleum companies already organized in the country, and the capital invested begins to count by the hundreds of millions. No doubt the present excitement over this product will blow over in good time, leaving a substantial and regular business, which will yield sure and adequate gains for the risks and application.

European Opinion.

The tone of the foreign press, particularly of the British press, is greatly changing toward us since the recent marked military successes. The London papers give us credit for ability to take care of ourselves, after all, and it will not be many weeks, if it is days, before the Times will have so changed about with reference to us as to be scarcely recognizable. They begin to realize abroad that the United States are to be forever united, and that no internal or external assaults will be effectual to break up the fabric of our government. There is nothing so good for some minds as a positive and practical demonstration; which foreign papers are getting at our hands just as fast as they can.

Mrs. Hatch Lectures.

"Conservation vs. Progress," was the theme of Cora L. V. Hatch's afternoon address, on Sunday, Jan. 22d, which she treated with her usual ability. In the evening the audience decided upon "Metempsychosis" as the subject. After a brief explanation of the question, she proceeded to speak upon "the changes of the human soul." The discourse was listened to with deep interest, but, for want of time, many of the positions taken were not made sufficiently clear to the audience.

At the close of the lecture, the second part of the charming poem of the "Lesson of the Winds" was given.

The Scholar, Book-keeper and Merchant.

A paper devoted to the spiritual wants of humanity cannot be expected, in this age of progress and new inventions, to record all the improvements for man's material interests; but when we discover true merit in anything that makes this claim, we like to call the attention of our readers to it, and for this reason we notice a book developing a carefully matured system of book-keeping, by Prof. Wm. H. Eaton, of the Commercial College, 80 Washington street, which he designates as "A Book for Self-Instruction in Book-keeping, Penmanship and Business Arithmetic." From the brief examination we have given the work, we perceive that it is what it purports to be, a self-instructor of a system which can easily be understood and put in practice by any one who has but a slight knowledge of book-keeping, and at the moderate sum of five dollars, thus virtually saving an expense of from \$30 to \$60, and the time spent for tuition. But, in order more rapidly to assist learners who desire to put the system into immediate practice, Mr. Eaton will give a free explanatory lecture to schools or clubs where six of his books are taken, and so on, doubling up; but if fifty books are taken, he will give a complete course of instruction in book-keeping and business arithmetic in ten lectures.

Mr. Eaton has long been one of our most accomplished and practical teachers, and is thoroughly acquainted with all the other systems in vogue, and can conscientiously offer this system as the simplest, most compact, and easiest learned, besides being a saving of one-half the labor and one-half the number of account books; thus enabling the business man to ascertain how his affairs stand in five or ten minutes, by referring only to one account book. We think if any one will take the trouble to call on Mr. Eaton, it would not take him or her—for it is intended for both sexes—more than fifteen minutes to comprehend the system and see its superiority.

The book is written up on manuscript, with a pen, in a bold business or fine lady's hand, as per order, and bound in ledger size, with entries made and trial balance taken, leaving sufficient blank pages for two months' work for the learner's practice, accompanying which is a printed pamphlet giving thorough explanations.

The Sewing Women of Philadelphia.

The sewing women of Philadelphia held a meeting on Thursday evening, Jan. 19th, which was very largely attended, for the purpose of remonstrating against the Government giving the work of making up army clothing to contractors. It appears that a large amount of work has hitherto been given out to the sewing women at the Arsenal in Philadelphia, but in consequence of the introduction of the contract system the quantity has greatly diminished, and will probably soon dwindle down to nothing. The difference between Government prices and contractors' prices was stated as follows:

	Contractors' prices.	Arsenal prices.
Shirts.....	15 cents.	10 cents.
Drawers.....	15 "	10 "
Trousers.....	1.25 "	40 "
Blouses.....	1.25 "	40 "
Cavalry jackets.....	40.00 "	120 "
Infantry coats.....	50.00 "	125 "
Great coats.....	80.00 "	80 "

It will be seen that it makes a great difference to the poor women whether they work for the Government or contractors, who are compelled by their competition with one another to reduce the pay of their employees. The women say that the contractors "skimp" their work, cut the capes short, the waists short, and then if anything is said, blame the women who make up the work, and are ready to swear that they stole it. It was stated that the names of eight thousand women, applicants for work, were on the books of the Arsenal, and that there is an average of four children depending on each woman for support. The Government gains nothing by employing contractors, as the work is not so well done, and there is cheating in a variety of ways, as intimated above. The women were severe in denouncing contract work, and declared that by it they would starve by inches, while contractors were loading themselves down with bushels of greenbacks. A committee of three was appointed to go to Washington and lay the matter before the President.

A Discussion on Spiritualism.

The discussion between J. G. Fish and Elder Miles Grant, is to take place in Pratt's Hall, Providence, Feb. 14th. The following subject is to be discussed:

Resolved That man has a spirit which exists after the death of the body in a conscious state, and communicates to the inhabitants of earth.

Mr. Fish, who is a very talented Spiritual lecturer, takes the affirmative, and Mr. Grant, the well-known Advent preacher, and the ablest in their ranks, will argue the negative.

Mr. Fish has many friends in the West, and elsewhere, who would undoubtedly be pleased to have the discussion reported in full and printed in pamphlet form; but we cannot afford to do it. Perhaps some one else can.

Canadian Affairs.

In Canada, the Government is paying some little attentions to our relations with it. The Governor General has sent in his address to the Canadian Parliament, in the course of which he made allusion to the outrages which have taken place on our side of the border, by organized bands of robbers and thieves, which he said he had raised an effective police force to protect from future incursions. A force of volunteers has been called out by him. The Governor General comes out in strong language for the complete political independence of the Canadian and the Provinces, and says the plan is strongly approved by the Government. It is plain that a future is before Canada which will bring her into closer relations with us than ever before.

Jennie Lord in Lockport, N. Y.

A correspondent informs us that Miss Jennie Lord is in Lockport, N. Y., holding sances for physical manifestations, and is creating a great sensation among skeptics, because of their inability to account for the astonishing manner in which a large number of musical instruments are played upon at the same time and floated around the room, hands felt, etc. Many acknowledge that it must be done by spirit-power, and none attribute them to deception, but say "it is wonderful." The manifestations given in presence of Miss Lord are similar to those witnessed at the sances of her sister, Annie Lord Chamberlain.

J. M. Peebles.

We had a flying visit, last week, from this true gentleman and efficient co-laborer. It gives us pleasure to observe his apparent good condition of health, and trust that he will long continue to labor in the good work of spreading spiritual truths before the hungry millions. He informs us, that he has withdrawn his engagement in Washington for February, and will speak during that month in Dodsworth's Hall, New York. Correspondents will address him, while there in care of "The Friend of Progress," 274 Canal street.

New Publications.

GAZETTE OF THE PACIFIC MONTHLY. February, 1865. Vol. 1, No. 2. New York.

The second number of this new monthly is promptly printed, and has an array of go-ahead about it which will insure its success. It has the following fine table of contents: The Crystal Cave of El Dorado—Illustrated; The Mariner—a poem; Influence of Women in Society; Singular Phenomenon; Diamond Bracelets; Wheat-growing in England; Joneses, Browns and Robinsons; Gold versus Paper; Agriculture; The Follies of Fashion; Fat People; Selected Papers; Pyramid of Drink; The Art of Parrying a Charitable Subscription; Dottings on Foreign Coasts; Dr. Belows on California; The Consequences of Luxury; American Express Business and its Origin; The Night Train; Our Soldier—a poem; Stealing the Desolate; Two Lives in One; Electric Light for Signals; Our Editorial Sanctum; Comic Illustrations; Fashions.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

February. Ticknor & Fields.

Some of the best contributors to this sterling monthly furnish the following list of contents for the February number—Our First Great Painter, and his Works; Dr. Johns—I; Roger Brooke Taneoy; The Mantle of St. John de Matha; Needle and Garden—II; Notes of a Planist—I; Garnett Hall; The Pleiades of Connecticut; Joe and Esquimaux—III; The Old House; Memories of Authors: Coleridge; The Chimney-Corner—II; Pro Patria; A Fortnight with the Sanitary; Art; Harriet Moser's Zenobia; Reviews and Literary Notices.

PETERSON'S LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Philadelphia.

A. Williams & Co. have the February number of this favorite monthly for sale. It has a charming engraving, "The Birds at Breakfast," which, with its usual fashion-plates and other illustrations, and an excellent variety of reading matter, make it equal to any previous numbers.

A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING DISCOURSE.

By Thomas Worcester. Boston: T. H. Carter & Co.

We have received a copy of the discourse delivered by Dr. Worcester, Pastor of the Society of the New Jerusalem Church, on the day of the National Thanksgiving. It is a production of marked ability, and will be read with interest.

Back Numbers.

We have been in the receipt of orders for back numbers of the Banner, of late, to such an extent that our supply is entirely exhausted, up to No. 19 of the present volume.

Those of our patrons who desire to continue the paper, should renew their subscriptions at least three weeks prior to the expiration of the time for which they have paid. By so doing, they will save us much labor, and themselves the loss of the back numbers they desire forwarded when they do renew their subscriptions.

Artesian Wells.

Massachusetts takes the lead. We mentioned last week that the artesian well in Chicago, Ill., was said to discharge a larger quantity of water than any other well in the world, throwing out 876,000 gallons per day; whereupon J. H. Smith, of Springfield, Mass., requests us to give Massachusetts her due, adding that the Artesian well in Dalton, Mass., bored by engineer S. S. Gilman, for Carson Brothers, discharges four hundred and fifty gallons per minute, or 648,000 gallons per day, and that the water was obtained at a depth of only seventy-six feet.

Mrs. E. M. Wolcott.

This lady is laboring zealously and with good results in Vermont. In addition to her lectures, she endeavors to circulate among the people the best books published in relation to the spiritual philosophy—thus working in a double capacity in a glorious cause. She will address the Spiritualists of Mount Holly, Vt., next Sunday, Feb. 6th; the following Sunday she will be at Danby, and Feb. 13th in Mechanicsville.

The Banner in Philadelphia.

Our patrons in Philadelphia complain to us that they cannot get a supply of the Banner in that city. Won't some enterprising periodical dealer take the business in hand, and supply customers? A full supply can be had from the American News Company, New York City, our wholesale agents, if ordered in season each week.

The Allen Boy-Medium.

Will continue to hold sances at No. 8, Aven place every afternoon at 3 o'clock, excepting Sundays. Also, on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, at 7 o'clock. The manifestations are given in the light, and are of the most reliable nature.

Miss Lizzie Doten in Lyceum Hall.

The numerous friends of this favorite and talented lecturer will be pleased to learn that she is to occupy the desk in Lyceum Hall, in this city, during the month of February. She will speak next Sunday afternoon and evening.

J. V. Mansfield.

This gentleman and superior medium is holding sances, daily, at No. 102 West 18th street, New York city. We consider him one of the most reliable instruments the invisibles use for answering sealed letters.

Emma Hardinge.

In answer to inquiries, we will state that since Miss Hardinge's return from California, she has remained with her mother in New York. Her address is No. 8 Fourth avenue. She is engaged to speak in Philadelphia during March and April.

TWO YEARS IN A SOUTHERN PRISON.

Joseph Colby, of Salisbury, after serving two years in Fletcher Webster's regiment, and passing through many terrible engagements, was captured by the rebels two years ago, and since that time has been held as a prisoner. He was first confined in the famous Libby prison, and at the last accounts was one of the few who had survived the horrors of that institution. From thence he was sent to Charleston, from there to Andersonville, and then to Florence, where he now remains. It has been suggested that special efforts be made for his exchange or release, as the time for which he enlisted—three years—has expired. If the attention of the authorities could be directed to this matter, it is thought his release might be secured. It would be a source of gratification to his mother and sisters to learn that such efforts had been made.—*Salisbury Vindicator.*

The attention of the proper authorities has been called to this case, and no doubt an early release of the young man will be effected. It is a burning shame that a general exchange of the prisoners of war is delayed to this late day. Thousands of our brave soldiers' lives might have been saved had the authorities at Washington promptly done their duty in this respect.

Acid, which constitute the staple of the modern novel.
Price \$1.25, postage free. For sale at this office. May 2

100

ARE held every **TUESDAY EVENING**, in Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, Boston. All Spiritualists Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock *precisely*. Ticket 50 cents. Single Gentlemen and two Ladies, 75 cents. 50

N. KENISON,
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Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever.

THE OLD HOUSE.

My little birds, with backs as brown
As sand, and throats as white as frost,
I've searched the summer up and down
And think the other birds have lost
The tunes you sang, so sweet, so low,
About the old house, long ago.

My little flowers, that with your bloom
So hid the grass you grew upon,
A child's foot scarce had any room
Between you—were you dead and gone?
I've searched through fields and gardens rare,
Nor found your likeness anywhere.

My little hearts, that beat so high
With love to God, and trust in men,
Oh, come to me, and say if I
But dream, or was I dreaming then,
What time we sat within the glow
Of the old house hearth, long ago?

My little hearts, so fond, so true,
I searched the world all far and wide;
And never found the like of you.
God grant we meet the other side
The darkness 'twixt us now that stands,
In that new house not made with hands.

—[Atlantic Monthly.]

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy, and temperance the best medicine.

TRUTH AND NATURE.

"Truth, crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded whines in pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

Well hath Nature kept the truth
She promised to thy earliest youth,
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly to thy sobered eye.
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

No faithful workman finds his task a pastime.
We must all toil or steal—no matter how we name
our stealing.

GOD'S VOICE.

How often in our listening souls,
By a delightful awe subdued,
God's voice, like mellow thunder, rolls,
All through the silent solitude.—[Wilson.]

Lowliness is the base of every virtue. And he who goes the lowest, builds the safest. God keeps all his pity for the proud.

MAN'S ATTITUDE.

For man the living temple is:
The mercy-seat and cherubim,
And all the holy mysteries
He bears with him.—[Whittier.]

The Lecture Room.

GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD.
A Sermon by Henry T. Child, M. D., 634
Race street, Philadelphia.

Photographically Reported for the Banner of Light.

As I was walking the streets of our city long since, a beloved brother, (Charles P. Ricker,) who has recently passed over the dark river, came to me and said, "I have met here a band of spirits, who have at times approached thee and asked thee to give them sermons to the people; and now they say they would have me speak to thee for them, as I am nearer to thee. They desire to present another sermon."

A word in relation to this brother and friend who now walks the star-gemmed city a shining spirit: He was a descendant of the old Puritan stock of New England, bred with some of the noblest and best thoughts of that people. He entered, in early life, into the ministry, but not finding in the forms and ceremonies of the Church those living realities which his nature demanded, feeling that the shadows of modern Theology too often rose up as a dark and impenetrable cloud between the human soul and the beautiful light of the morning-land toward which it was aspiring, he was discouraged. He left the profession, sought other pursuits, returned to his mechanical labors, and drank freely from the fountains of spiritual knowledge that are being opened in this age.

He labored on zealously, earnestly, but feeling ever that the aspirations of his soul were asking for a wider range, a nobler field of labor, wherein he might find ample scope for the unfolding of his loving nature, and do something more toward uplifting humanity. The kind angel of death came to open this door for him, and while yet it hovered over him, he said, in tones of brotherly affection, "I will come to thee, and we shall labor together." And now he stands by my side, and the thought thrills me as I see the loved ones standing all around, and I list to their voices falling gently upon my ears as dewdrops on the thirsting flowers. Hark! do you not hear them saying, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring glad tidings" unto the people? Never was this declaration more applicable than at this time, when throughout the length and breadth of this land, and of all lands, there are ever coming sweet messengers, white-winged angels, with glad tidings of great joy to all people. Always upon the mountains they come; yea, from the lofty peaks of the bright land of the Hereafter, from those exalted positions so beautifully typified by the mountains. And then, too, the feet, the moving members. How eagerly do we watch these, to see the approach of the loved ones, with their sweet and harmonious notes. Everywhere, in all the departments of life, the feet of those who bring glad tidings are beautiful.

The brother or sister who stands hovering over the erring and the fallen, and with gentle words of love and kindness and sympathy, call upon these to "come up higher, and I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife, the pure condition of innocence in which the God nature within sits enthroned and has dominion over all the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea," each of which finds its representative in man's nature.

Man is not alone in this world. He cannot be in a state of isolation. He is linked and bound to his fellow-man by ties as indissoluble as eternity itself. He sees and worships God. He realizes goodness and truth mainly through his fellow-man, and as his soul perceives the throbbing pulsations of the Divine in his brother, there opens before him the beautiful spiral pathway of progression; the ladder on which he shall not only see, as Jacob did, the angels ascending and descending, but on which, he too, shall be able to ascend to the highest heaven. In every movement of life, when our interior natures and our aspirations go up to that which is higher and purer, we approach this through the gateway of the spirit of another, and then in turn we open avenues to those who approach near enough to us to see the footprints that we are making upon the sands of time. "How little has mankind understood this in the past," Well did the inspired writer say, "No man can

love God and hate his brother." We will say that no man can love God save through the love he bears to his brother. This is, and ever must be, the measure of our love to God.

The importance of this subject demands that we should enlarge upon it and illustrate it further. A human soul standing alone does not perceive anything more than its own existence and a few of its interior feelings; but when it stands beside another soul it sees, as in a mirror, not only the condition of that soul, but clearly and faithfully reflected, its own condition. It is the similarity in the state of two human beings that brings them into close and intimate association. In this relation to each other the brightness and beauty which we may have acquired in our journey through life, as well as the dark and sombre shades, are each and all daguerreotypes faithfully and truly there, in such unmistakable characters, that he that runs may read them, and no one can fail to recognize their clear and living forms.

We are not only bound to each other, but we are of necessity either tempters or saviours of one another in all our movements; and the whole career of man, from his birth in earth-life through the countless ages of eternity, is a succession of social intercourse, of interblending with each other; and this is essential to our happiness and progression, and to all that shall make us great and good both in time and eternity. We cannot understand this fully until we have studied ourselves—come, in some measure at least, to comprehend the importance of the old Greek maxim, "Man, know thyself." It is through others, chiefly, that we shall learn to know ourselves, and through ourselves that we shall learn to know others. It is not only true that in blessing others we bless and elevate ourselves; but the reverse also holds true, that in cursing or injuring others, we blast our own happiness and lower our conditions.

There is presented to me now a vision: I seem to be out upon a broad and beautiful plain beneath the vaulted dome of Nature's temple, and before me there stands a magnificent column, planted in the earth, and reaching far away into the heavens, so that its summit is lost in the distance. It is round, smooth, perfectly straight, standing upright, and clear as crystal, exceeding beautiful and attractive by its form, and the purity which it presents throughout its entire length. As I approach it, it seems more lovely and beautiful. Now I see that around its base there is a grand temple, with finely arranged and attractive architectural decorations. I can see that it has spacious apartments, and is well arranged and designed as a dwelling-place. I have now come closer to this, and perceive that around it is a beautiful garden in which there is a great variety of plants and flowers—some for beauty and some for use. There are divisions in this garden, in which there are various kinds of animals, dwelling each in their appropriate place, and each properly fed and cared for. And the occupant of the temple cannot only look up at the pure and beautiful column which rises from its centre, but can look out upon this garden and see that in all the departments thereof there is harmony and order.

The vision inspires me with feelings of admiration by its grandeur and beauty; but it has uses, too. And now, my brother, says this vision to illustrate human life and human character.

The central pillar, which is so perfectly upright and just in its form and proportions, represents the human soul. The divine and interior nature of man, which is pure and incorruptible, and which, though planted in the earth, will ever reach far away into the heaven of heavens. Clouds may envelope it so that it may become lost to our vision; its base may and often does become covered with those impurities which rise up around the temple, which, in the vision, represents the mind or mental organism, which forms a very beautiful temple, and is appropriately erected around the central column of the soul, from which it derives its general character. This should be built all around this central column, for if it be only on one side, it presents an angular and unpleasant appearance, and is really not so useful, and does not add to the beauty of the whole. This temple of the mind, when properly constructed, forms a very appropriate portion of the edifice. It not only takes its character from the central column, but gives to man the means of looking out upon the world around him.

The garden represents the physical nature of man. Solomon speaks of "a garden enclosed." This physical nature, if properly cultivated, will be not only enclosed, but will have appropriate divisions for all that belongs to it. There will be the places adapted for fruits, flowers and animals, and each will serve its proper use in the economy. But, alas! there are very few gardens in which the enclosure is not broken and confusion reigns; weeds and briars grow where good and useful plants only should be found, and the animals roam at pleasure and prey upon each other. Every one may apply the figure to their own conditions.

Jesus gave us the key to the philosophy of human nature when he declared that "the kingdom of heaven was like a little leaven which a woman hid in three measures of meal." In order to study human nature, we must look carefully at each of these three divisions of man. It is through these that we approach each other; and all the relations of life, civil, social, political and religious, spring from these. Physically, man meets his brother man on that plane, and as is their conditions, so will be their meeting. The apostle asks, significantly, "Where come wars and fightings?" And another ancient writer has said, "Let the potsherd of the earth smite together." It is upon this plane, sometimes stimulated by the action of the others, that most of the strife and contention, wars and bloodshed that have made so many dark and fearful pages in the history of mankind, have existed. The herdsmen of Abraham and Lot strove with each other; and there is a beautiful example and lesson to mankind given by the old patriarch, where he says, "If thou go to the right, I will go to the left; behold, the land is before us."

Mankind are attracted to each other on the physical plane, and it does not necessarily follow that there should be strife and contention here; on the contrary, the bonds of social union, and the fraternal and conjugal relations, are more or less founded in man's physical nature—though these must be regulated and modified by the mental and spiritual natures before they reach the highest and best conditions. The garden is seen first, then the temple, and lastly the pillar.

Mankind are living mostly upon the animal plane, hence the existing social and conjugal conditions are manifestations upon that plane; and the terribly revolting pictures which these present cannot be effectually changed until the higher natures—the mental and the spiritual—are brought to mingle with and control this more fully.

The entire record of history, both sacred and profane, is full of illustrations of human character and human destiny. Men have ever been esteemed great upon the various planes of life—warriors and statesmen, poets and philosophers, religious teachers and devotees; strong men on all the planes have each and all had their votaries and their followers, who, approximating more or

less nearly upon the same plane, have interchanged their influences and cooperated in their labors. And to-day, whatever may be a man's condition, if he be an earnest worker, laboring zealously in any direction, he will find those who are ready and willing to aid him. This concentration of human power is a beautiful manifestation of the great law, that in union there is strength. And though the concentration of forces in certain directions may not produce the most desirable results, still the law is both good and useful, and when mankind cooperate for proper and desirable objects the result is correspondingly satisfactory.

The times are full of significance. The dawn of a new era is upon humanity. The coming of this spiritual dispensation is like a fire that sweeps over the prairies, its rolling, seething flames devouring and consuming everything of a combustible nature. A few who are so buried in the earth that they are, as it were, in cellars under the surface of the ground, may escape; but most persons will find it as a consuming fire, from which the only proper means of escape is by obtaining that purity which will lift us above its burning influence; and to do this, now, as in the former days, we may ask the old questions—"Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings? He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gains of oppression; that shaketh his hands from the holding of bribes; that stoppeth his ears from the hearing of evil. He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him, and his water shall be sure."

Another vision opens before me now, illustrating the modern Spiritual Dispensation. I see mankind plodding and delving in the earth, or floating in little barks upon the troubled ocean of time, tossed about by the waves of strife and contention, often covered over with the angry spray of discord, and not knowing whither their barks are going.

Now I behold the angel-world opening above these, and they come, the sweet messengers of peace and love, but they are almost powerless; they cannot lift man out of the world and its conditions and temptations; but I see them coming to each one with beautiful balloons, but these are all empty, and mortals must obtain for themselves the pure and proper elements with which to inflate them. If any can succeed in getting hold of one of these balloons, which I see are offered to all, and can fill it with the proper substance in a pure condition, they will be raised out of and above this discord and confusion which is now all around them. Friends, the invitation of these dear ones, who are looking down upon us so lovingly, is ever sounding thus: "Come up higher," "lay aside every weight and the sin," which, from repetition and habit, "doth so easily beset us; let us run with clarity the race which is set before us."

Finally, brothers and sisters, let us be faithful in our watch over ourselves and each other, ever remembering the divine injunction—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me;" thus clearly and positively establishing the two great correlatives—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man—which are not only essential to all true worship, but the pillars of all true aggression and happiness.

Correspondence in Brief.

From Colorado.

I renew my correspondence to order the Banner, and to let your readers know that we are not totally unacquainted with the things which elevate us above the simple love of gain.

Prior to the stoppage of the overland mail, there were some eighteen or twenty copies of the Banner sold by our newsmen, and no fragments left. We are now petitioning for a renewal of our mail facilities in the shape of periodicals, &c., &c., when the Banner will again be eagerly sought after by our countrymen. The interest in Spiritualism concentrates about Central City, the heart of our oldest mining district. Mrs. Briggs, a widow lady, formerly from Illinois, a medium, blind of both eyes, is not only being sustained, but is giving satisfactory demonstrations of clairvoyance and spirit-communication. She prescribes for disease, reads character, finds lost property, and with a faith and courage, showing those in possession of all their faculties, she fearlessly advocates the cardinal doctrines of Spiritualism. Thus is demonstrated my former opinion, that one or more mediums would be sustained in this Territory; and yet no lecture has ever been delivered, no organization exists, no concert of action has been held.

B. holds public circles at her room on Sabbath evenings, when her health permits. Latterly she reads sealed letters. In addition to blindness, she has a daughter ten years old to support.

No accredited medium or lecturer need fear suffering while the few of us have anything left. We guarantee no certain success, but we want all men and women to assume some share of the responsibility.

On the first day of January, we propose to organize a Quartz Mining Company on a different basis from any extant here; namely, in addition to the usual way, we propose to divide annually a liberal per cent of clear profits among our hands who continue with us during the year. Thus we shall make them directly interested in the results. This Company, within two years, will represent more valuable mining property than any company in Colorado Territory—and some of them now go into millions. The members of this Company are not all Spiritualists; but there will be no politics among them. I repeat, here is employment for labor of all kinds at good wages—particularly female labor. Many have written about schools. We have no use for many teachers. Good teachers, with patience, will find employment.

Even here the churches fear a liberal religion, and resort to small things to prevent the light from shining; but in this country they bring their own cause into contempt with nervousness.

JOHN B. WOLFE.

Denver City, Col. Terr., Dec. 9, 1864.

A Touching Incident.

Dear friends of the Banner, for the encouragement of the cast down, in whom no cheering ray of inner life has yet gleamed with its glad sunshine, and to the believer in the glorious truths of Spiritualism, that they may be steadfast in the faith, and to the unfortunates who have laid their little blossom down, I send you the following incident, which occurred a few weeks since in a highly respected family, residing in this city.

Their little child lay at the point of death. All that a mother's love could do, or a father's hand aid, was done to prolong its life, but in vain. Shortly before its death, the child expressed a wish to be taken into the parlor. The father hesitated; the child persisted. The father at last consented, and taking the child in his arms, carried him into the parlor. As he entered the room his eyes brightened, the color came to his cheeks, and in rapturous joy the child exclaimed, "Oh, father! I see an angel, and another, and still another, pointing to where they stood, and then wanted to be taken to bed again. The child's grandmother asked, 'Do you know grandma?' 'Yes, I love grandma.' And then

"Show-white, show-white, show-white!"
"Oh darling, don't say so!"
"Show-white, show-white, show-white!"
"White rose of all the world!"
How beautiful is the manifestation of angels! and did they not come to welcome this child? and was it not a test to this family of angel presence? I was told of this incident by a man well advanced in years, and not a believer in Spiritualism, and who is well acquainted with the facts.

And such occurrences, daily transpiring in our midst, are awakening the world from a lethargic death-sleep to a higher life beyond.

Yours truly,
WALTER B. FISKE.
Providence, R. I., Jan. 28, 1865.

Timely Help.

It gives us pleasure to know that there are appreciative souls who are determined that the Banner shall be sustained.

Dear Banner—I perceive the time has arrived for me to put a shoulder to the wheel and help to keep the old ship afloat. I have now five dollars for another year's subscription, and any other purpose you may see fit to appropriate it.

THOMAS A. ALDRICH.
Woonsocket, R. I., Jan. 17, 1865.

The Plain Guide to Spiritualism.
I have received the "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," for which I sent some two weeks since to your office. I think it one of the most candid, well written, and taken altogether, as interesting, a work as I have ever perused. If that is the kind of books you Spiritualists publish, you will hear from me often in that line.

Sugar Grove, Warren Co., Pa.
I. O. HAMILTON.

A Witty Irishman.

Two lawyers were walking out one summer morning when they were met by an Irishman named Pat. They were met by an Irishman.

"Good-morning, Pat," says one of the lawyers, who happened to be acquainted with the Irishman, and wishing to show his friend some of Pat's wit.

"Good-morning, your Honor," says Pat.

"Pat, my friend and myself have had quite an argument this morning as to whether there ever was an Irishman in heaven or not, and we have concluded to ask your opinion on the matter."

"Faith there was," says Pat.

"Well, how did he happen to get there?" says the lawyer, at the same time nudging his friend to notice Pat's witty answer.

"Well," continued Pat, "there was once a good old Quaker who had an Irishman living with him, and the Quaker told him that if he kept on and served him as faithfully as he had until he (the Quaker) died that he would take him to heaven with him. In the course of time the Quaker died and the Irishman went to heaven with him. But when it was known that there was an Irishman in heaven there was a great time, and he was ordered to be removed, and he refused to leave, unless he was put out by a regular course of law, and they searched heaven all over, but the devil a lawyer could they find; so there was one Irishman, but never a bit of a lawyer."

Two Days' Meeting.

A two days' meeting will be held in Greensboro, Ind., on Saturday and Sunday, the 4th and 5th of February. Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm is engaged as speaker, and others are expected.

SETH HINSHAW, Senior.

Obituaries.

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."
Passed to the Spirit-Land, from York, Me., Eva, eldest daughter of Charles H. and Julia A. Crowell, aged 7 years and 10 months.

We heard not the voice, we saw not the hand,
Which led her away to the better-land.
We only know that she passed from our sight,
Out of Earth's darkness into the light.

Her joyous footsteps we never may hear,
But we feel that her spirit still lingers near,
And our sorrowing hearts are thus reconciled,
For she still is ours, though an angel-child.

Passed to the Summer-Land, from Monroe Centre, O., Jan. 4, 1865, Mr. Wheeler Woodbury, aged 81 years. He leaves a wife 83 years of age, who soon must follow him. They have lived happily together sixty-two years, and been blessed with eight children.

Mr. Woodbury was an exemplary man. He believed in proving all things, and holding himself ready to receive that which was good. He was a progressive man, formerly belonged to the Christian Church, and enjoyed their confidence as a good Christian man. He progressed from that to the Disciples Church, and then to the Spiritualist Church. He was a devoted follower of the Spiritualist Church, and he was a devoted follower of the Spiritualist Church. He was a devoted follower of the Spiritualist Church, and he was a devoted follower of the Spiritualist Church.

Passed to the Summer-Land, from Clyde, O., Nov. 29th, 1864, Henry McMillen, Jr., aged 32 years 6 months and 14 days. He was a firm believer in the Spiritualist Philosophy, and having been an adherent of the Spiritualist Philosophy, he was a devoted follower of the Spiritualist Church, and he was a devoted follower of the Spiritualist Church.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont-st., (opposite the corner of Broadway street) every Sunday, commencing Oct. 2, at 10 and 12 P. M. Admission, 50 cents. Lecturer engaged—Miss Lizzie Doten during March.

THE SPIRITUAL FANFARON will hereafter hold their meetings at Grand Temple, 54 Washington street, there will be a Sabbath School, and a Spiritualist Church. All interested are invited to attend. C. L. Vazie, Superintendent.

CHARLESTON.—The Spiritualists of Charleston hold meetings at the corner of Broadway and Market streets, every Sunday evening, at 10 and 12 P. M. The public are invited. Stockton during March. Mrs. E. A. Allen, Feb. 5 and 12; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrne, Feb. 19 and 26; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during March; A. B. Whiting during April.

CHICAGO.—The Spiritualists of Chicago have hired Lyceum Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week, commencing Sunday, Feb. 6, at 10 and 12 P. M. Addressed to Dr. B. H. Crandon, Chicago, Mass. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Laura Cuddy, March 5 and 12; N. Frank White during June.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Services in the forenoon at 10, and in the afternoon at 2 o'clock. TAYLOR, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in City Hall regularly at 10 and 12 P. M. every Sunday. Speakers engaged—Miss Lizzie Doten during January; Miss Emma Houston, March 5 and 12; Mrs. Laura Cuddy, March 19 and 26.

LYNDEN, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lynden every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing Feb. 6, at 10 and 12 P. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. E. A. Allen, Feb. 19 and 26; Miss Susan M. Johnson, March 5 and 12; Mrs. A. Hayden, April 2 and 9; Miss Mary S. Allen, May 6 and 13.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at 10 A. M. every Sunday, and at 12 P. M. every Sunday evening. Speakers engaged—Mrs. A. A. Currier for February; Mrs. E. A. Allen for March; Miss L. Beckwith for April; Charles A. Hayden for June and Bond Street.

HAVERHILL, Mass.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Haverhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall. Speakers engaged—N. G. Greenleaf, Feb. 19 and 26; Charles A. Hayden during March; Mrs. M. S. Horton during April; N. Frank White during May.

WONONAGOT, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Mrs. E. A. Allen, Feb. 19 and 26; Miss Beckwith during March. PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and 5 P. M., and at 10 o'clock on Sunday evenings. Speakers engaged—Miss Emma Houston during February; J. G. Fish during March; Mrs. A. C. Currier during April; Charles A. Hayden, April 2 and 9; A. B. Whiting during May; Susan M. Johnson during June.

PORTLAND, Me.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Cass streets, every Sunday, commencing Feb. 6, at 10 and 12 P. M. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Laura Cuddy, Feb. 5 and 12; J. H. Randall and Henry B. Allen, March 19, 26 and April 2; Miss L. Beckwith, May 6 and 13, and during September.

SPRING FIELDS, Mo.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Missouri and Upper Missouri hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church.

THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS will hold spiritual meetings at Union Hall, corner of Broadway and Canal streets, New York City, every Sunday, at 10 and 12 P. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. E. A. Allen, Feb. 19 and 26; Miss Beckwith during March. BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Friends of Progress meet every Sunday at 10 and 12 P. M. in the Progressive Lyceum, R. I. Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

KALAMAZOO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 and 12 P. M. in the Progressive Lyceum, R. I. Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore becomes desirable and necessary to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should perishes any name, appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.)

Mrs. LIZZIE DOTEN will speak in Boston during February. Address, Pavilion, Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Miss EMMA HADDOCK has returned from California, and lectures in Philadelphia during March and April. Address, 6 Fourth avenue, New York.

Mrs. DABRA CURT will lecture in Portland, Feb. 5 and 12, in Dummerston, Vt., Feb. 19, in Chelsea, Mass. Feb. 26 and 27, in Taunton, March 5 and 12, in Malden, April 2 and 9, and in Boston, April 19 and 26. Address, 100 North Main street, Portland, Me.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Somerville, Conn. during February, in Springfield during March, in Haverhill during May, in Haverhill during March, in Plymouth, Mass. Feb. 19 and 26, in Lowell during March, July 2, 9 and 16, and in Lowell during April 2, 9 and 16. He will answer calls to lecture week evenings. Address as above.

Dr. L. K. COONEY will lecture and heal, the two weeks in February and the two first in March in Dixon, Ill., and in Chicago, Ill. Address during February, and to March 15, Dixon, Ill. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

F. L. WADSWORTH will speak in Battle Creek, Mich., one-half of the time for six months.

Miss MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Stamford, Conn., during February, in Worcester during March, in Lowell during March, in Plymouth, Mass. Feb. 19 and 26, in Portland, Me., May 20 and 27, and during September. Address at New Bedford, Mass., 100 North Main street, Portland, Me.

Mrs. E. WALKER will speak in Lowell, Mass., during February, after which time she will return to her home, during her services on her way West can address as above.

Mrs. SOPHIA L. CHAFFIN will speak in Dayton, O., one Sunday every month. Address, care of Mrs. A. Patterson, No. 20 West street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. FRANCES LOBB BOND will lecture in Lowell, Mass., in June. Address, care of Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Amherst, Mass.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Chelsea during February in Chelsea during March, in Plymouth, Mass. Feb. 19 and 26, in Lowell during March, April 2 and 9, and in Lowell during April 2 and 9. Address, 100 North Main street, Portland, Me.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND speaks in Chelsea during February, in Chelsea during March, in Troy, N. Y., during April and May. Address as above.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in Bridgewater, Vt., on the first Sunday, and in East Bethel on the fourth Sunday of the year. Address, 274 Canal street, New York, N. Y.

WILLIAM CHASE will be addressed at Baltimore, Md., from Feb. 1 to Feb. 15, 1865. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. ALICIA WILHELM will speak in Lowell during February. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. ALLEN, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 19 and 26, in Plymouth, Mass. Feb. 19 and 26, in Lowell during March.

Mrs. E. L. WOLCOTT will speak in Mount Holly, Vt., Feb. 5; in Danby, Feb. 12; in Mechanicville, Feb. 19; in Rochester, Vt.

J. L. FORAN, trance speaking medium, will lecture in Danby, Mo., every Sunday until further notice.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Sunday until further notice. Is at liberty to speak on week-day evenings.

Miss SUSIE M. JOHNSON will speak in Taunton during February, in Plymouth, March 19 and 26; in Providence, R. I., during June. Address, 58 Warren street, Boston, or at above.

Mrs. EDNA A. WALKER will speak in Lowell during February, in Lowell during March, in Lowell during April, and in Lowell during May. Address, 100 North Main street, Portland, Me.

Mrs. ALICIA WILHELM, M. D., inspirational speaker, will lecture in Greensboro, Ind., and Richmond, Ind., during February. Those wishing lectures on the route through Missouri to Kansas will direct as above.

J. M. and C. F. ALLEN will speak in Malden, Feb. 19 and 26. Address, Banner of Light office, Boston.

J. O. P. will speak in Worcester, Mass., during February, in Providence, R. I., during March. Address, George Allen Co., Mich., or according to