

"You must go with me to my Western home," she said. "You must be relieved awhile from the drudgery of the pen, the necessity of writing for pay. The tracing air of the prairies would do you much good, physically and spiritually. Your heart, brain and hands need rest; come to your sister's home, and bring your little dog companion and friend, and feel that you are welcome, for a lifetime, if you can content yourself!"

I kissed her in worshipful admiration. A home of comfort and luxury—no longer hired rooms in a stranger's house, but the freedom and companionship of a true home rest! How my heart exulted! No sense of dependence could weigh me down; from this sister-spirit I might surely accept all things freely. Had not Lily said she felt impressed I should go to the West, and that there a new life should open before me? And here was the very opportunity, for dear Pauline would take me with her on her return in a few weeks. Lily Pemberton quickly shared my joy. "I fear she is envious," whispered to me my evil genius.

But one day my enslaver came to me to state that, as her invalid mother, who was living with her, was reported to be in a very feeble condition, she had considered and found it best that she should return home alone, and after due consideration with her husband and mother, send for me. I was disappointed, but when did I grieve her word, or dare to doubt her truthfulness?

Soon after she bade me farewell, urging me to write her punctually every week. The tears in her large blue eyes fell heavily on my heart; and so, with many promises for the future, we parted. No longer more gladly pressed to heart and lips the letters of the absent betrothed, than Olive Sheldon kissed the precious missives that bore the postmark of a far distant Western State. The spiritual love and trust that never could fully reveal itself in words to Lily Pemberton, flowed in the full tide of expression toward that woman. I idolized her, and idolatry is a sin! We should love understandingly, not blindly.

The angels called Walter and Lily Pemberton to another portion of God's vineyard. Only when they had left the city did I feel the soul-want created by their absence. With a saddened heart I returned to my tasks, while foreboding clouds overhung the nation.

[To be continued in our next.]

AN APPEAL.

BY S. P. DEANE.

Winter is once more almost upon us, with its cold and piercing blasts, its storms of snow and driving sleet. Cold and cheerless is the prospect for the suffering poor, whom we "have" always with us. And although we have had bountiful crops; although our garners are bursting with plenty; although peace once more smiles upon the land, and health is in our households, yet how many are looking forward to the coming winter with feelings of despondency, as for them no accumulated stores have been gathered, as they feel that for them the day that comes must bring its supply. And whence is to come that supply? With the present high prices that are demanded for all the necessities of life, with the sure falling off in the demand for labor of nearly every kind that is sure to follow the advent of winter, who can wonder that the prospect grows cheerless as the winds grow cold, and that hope dies out as the snowflakes fall from the leaden sky? It matters not why this want of supply exists. It matters not whether it is from improvidence, from sickness, or from an inadequate remuneration for the labor done to supply future wants. From these the appeal goes forth, silently it may be, yet with none the less need of aid to meet its demands. The mother with her fatherless little ones, the uncared for children of equal need, the victims of disease, and of vice—those who have known the comforts of home and all its glad enjoyments, as well as those who have never recognized one spot of earth above another by the sacred name of home, whose best lodging is the doorstep of the rich, and whose worst—God shield them from its misery! These are here, and a countless host beside, making their appeal to us for aid. Shall we who have been blessed with plenty, shall we who have more than an abundance of life's material blessings, deny their claim? Shall we turn from our brother, our sister, and in their hour of deep distress say to them, "I know you not; you are an offence to me? Shall we dwarf our own souls with this answer to that appeal, or shall we give to those that ask, and rest assured that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me," and thus secure the reward that ever flows from well doing, from relieving the afflicted from motives of benevolence? Sweet is the sleep of the one who does this, and holy are the ministrations by which he is surrounded.

Then say that can, give of your material substance. You who have not this to bestow, give of your sympathy and care to the sick, and lift the sorrow-stricken souls of those who mourn for the dead, to entertain higher and better hopes. Lift them up to look upon death as a kind friend, whose hand unlocks the gate of Rest to the earth-weary soul. And whether rich or poor in this world's goods, let us remember that to gather gold is not the sole end of life, but that to bless and cure, not to assist the down-trodden to arise, to cheer the desponding, to raise the fallen—these are life's higher ends, and should be its aims and sources of enjoyment.

Darlington, Wis., Nov. 10, 1865.

There is no Death.

How blest to our souls is the thought, as it comes on angel-wings and finds its way to loving hearts, that there is no death! Then we seem to start into life with new thoughts, finer feelings and holier impulses. Bright and beautiful then become the realities of this life as the fact dawns upon our minds that there is no death, only a change as of passing from one room into another. We pass the threshold of the doorway, and the change is accomplished. We behold new and brighter scenes; our mentalities are quickened; we absorb the delightful influence around us, and exclaim, "Oh, how blessed!" We have thrown off the shackles of mortality, and are no longer fettered by material things. Our spirit becomes free, and we soar to heights of supernatural joy and roam in fields of ethereal happiness.

What can be more truly superb? What more fully satisfy the ardent longings and soul-aspirations of our spiritual nature? The circle of our usefulness will be extended, and the power of our influence increased. Our desire to do good will grow with our ever-developing nature, and we shall be enabled to withdraw still further from the contaminating things of earth, and become more closely allied to the good and pure of the celestial spheres. Then shall we know more of the glories of the Father, and our aspirations will go forth to know and do his will, and as intermediate instruments, strive to tabernacle into the hearts of earth's children that holy love which shall make them better and purer.

Easthampton, Mass., Oct. 19, 1865.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearth, angels that are to be,
As may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LUCY HORT.)

VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER II.

Tinny's Disobedience, and What Came of It.

Tinny's life had been so quiet and retired that when she was six years old she had no playmates or companions of her own age. Milly had taught her how to make little baby houses out of blocks and bits of crockery, and she had little bundles wrapped up in an apron or shawl for dollies. But her life was not without its changes and excitement. Her father's return was always looked for with anxiety, for sometimes it brought her sorrow and sometimes joy. Milly planned many charming surprises for her pet. She would contrive to get bits of candy, by sending a few eggs to the market town, and these delicate treats she would put with great care under Tinny's pillow at night, so that in the morning she might hunt for them, and then tell the pretty story of the fairy's visit. So little Tinny's life went by like a summer's day, with its shadows and clouds, but with its beautiful sunlight and balmy air.

When Tinny was six years old, her father insisted that she should be called by her real name Virginia, and she thought herself quite wise and womanly. Milly, however, clung to the pet name, Tinny, and she called it her kitchen name.

"Now, honey, darling," she would say, "oh Milly know all the sweetness of that name. It just like de roses in de spring to Milly; for don't she 'member when dis chile opened her blue eyes to de light, and ole Milly say de Lord 'member her at last, and gib her dis sign; an' Milly say she neber shall be called by de mother's name, for it bring great sorrow, an' so she christen her before de Lord, Tinny; yes, honey."

Tinny stole away, a beautiful spring day, in the warm sunlight, and wandered further than she had ever been before alone. Her little heart felt very brave and courageous, and she wanted to find some spring flowers. Her feet tripped merrily over the springing grass, and the gentle breeze blew her curls back like the hanging blossoms on the shrubs that bordered the little stream. Social robins were building their nests, and blue birds were telling pretty stories to each other, and the redbird whistled, and the mavis practiced its solo, and Tinny thought that the whole world was full of sweet music and beauty. She came to the little stream that wound through the edge of the forest, and she longed to cross and enter that wonderful region whence so much sweet music came. She said to herself:

"Papa says I must never go alone, and Milly says, 'No, no, honey, there are great black snakes there; and mamma says, 'Darling, you must be good, and mind Milly; but Milly must be mistaken, and papa must be very bad to say so. I am six years old, and can I not go into the woods and hunt for pretty flowers, and hear the birds?'"

So Tinny looked over the waters, and thought it quite like the heaven that Milly had told her about, and such longing came into her little heart that she stepped on the round stone that lay not far from the border of the stream. A little misgiving came to her then. She had never before disobeyed any one; for she feared her father too much to wish to disobey him, and she loved her mother too much to disobey her, and Milly always coaxed and petted her till she had no wish but to please her. There was something then quite strange to her in doing altogether as she wished, and differently from the wishes of others. She paused a moment, balancing herself carefully on a stepping-stone, and then looked back to the spot she had left. But to her eyes all the beauty lay before her, and when she saw a white azalea in full bloom over the stream, she determined to follow her wishes. With little springs she went from stone to stone, for they formed quite a passage over. On the last one her foot slipped a little, and the stone rolled, and she fell into the water. It was not deep, but she was too much frightened to rise, and she screamed and struggled.

"Hollo! hollo!" cried a merry voice, "a pretty kettle of fish is here! What a goosey you were not to jump! I saw you from the hill yonder; didn't you see me? I was watching that big black snake; did you see him?"

"Oh! oh!" said Tinny, "is there really a big black snake?" for the boy had helped her up, and she was sitting in her wet dress, on the bank of leaves.

"A snake? Jolly Jeracot, isn't there though! Oh, wew, what a smash! and in a minute more I'd had him; but jushal how you scared a fellow. But what's your name, though?"

"Oh, I'm Virginia Perkins—only they call me Tinny."

"Well, I like Tinny best, and I shall call you so, and my name is Hugh De Laney."

"But you mustn't call me Tinny. Papa says I am to be called Virginia."

"Who's your father," said Hugh. "I'd like to see the man that would tell me what to call a girl. I'm going to call you Tinny, and a real nice name it is; and you may call me Hugh, only my name is Mr. De Laney."

"If you'll call me Virginia, I'll call you Mr. De Laney," said Tinny.

"Glad to accommodate, but can't. Tinny it is for me. Do you want I should tell you about that big black snake? It was as long as to that tree, and was nabbing a bird. It was charming to you see, just so; and Hugh fixed his great black eyes on Tinny, and she shivered, and the tears began to fill her eyes.

He saw he had frightened her, and his manner changed; he became in a moment as gentle as Milly.

"Why, bless me, how wet you are, you little duckey! I must hurry you home," said he, and felt of her wet garments.

"Oh, no," said Tinny, "please don't take me home; for papa said I mustn't cross the stream, and Milly said I mustn't; and mamma said, 'Do not do it, darling; but I did.'"

And Tinny cried, and a great sorrow, such as she had never known before, rested heavily on her.

"Don't cry!" said Hugh, tenderly. "If your papa scolds, I'll give him something to think about; and if your mamma scolds—"

"Oh, she won't!" said Tinny, more cheerfully.

"Well, if Milly scolds, I'll fog her."

"Oh, no," said Tinny, "she is so good!"

"Good? Well, isn't she a nigger? Niggers are made to be fogged."

"Oh Hugh, don't say so, she is so good." And Tinny began to cry again.

"Now hush up!" said Hugh, "just like a little

birdie going to sleep, and I'll go home with you, and be your knight, and I'll not let anybody scold you."

With a spring Hugh jumped across the water and over the stones, and soon brought some rain and built quite a comfortable bridge for Tinny's feet. Then he helped her over; but as she turned toward home she saw the blooming azaleas.

"Oh, how I wanted some of those flowers; and that is why I did what they told me not to do."

"What!" said Hugh, "those white ones up there? Stop a moment, and I will gather you handsful; but it's lucky you didn't go alone. It was just there the big black snake was charming the bird, and perhaps it would have charmed you."

Again Hugh fixed his black eyes on Tinny, and she trembled, and the tears came to her gentle eyes. But Hugh bounded back again, to the other side of the stream, and soon had gathered great bunches of the azalea, which he held each side of him, and his bright, laughing face looked out, full of the enjoyment of its beauty. Tinny laughed with delight, and forgot all her fears.

"Oh, mamma will be so glad, and call me her birdie, and tell me about the flowers she used to pick," said she.

When they had nearly ascended the hill, close by the house, they met Mr. Perkins. He saw in a moment what had happened to Tinny.

"Virginia," said he, "I told you not to cross the stream."

Tinny hung her head; but Hugh stepped forward, and lifting his cap, said:

"I have brought Tinny home all safe; we have had a very nice time. Tinny, run quick, and get on a dry dress."

Tinny ran, but turned and gave Hugh a look, as to a deliverer; and he sent back to her a triumphant glance, as if saying:

"Didn't I tell you I would do it?"

From that time Tinny thought Hugh could do anything he desired. He talked with Mr. Perkins as if he was a gentleman, and for a boy of ten years, and made him laugh heartily at his old manners; and he forgot to scold Tinny when he saw her next.

Milly received her pet into her arms, and hugged and kissed her, and found her dry garments, and then coaxed her to tell all about her adventures. When she told of Hugh, a black shadow came over Milly's face, and she turned it away from Tinny to conceal the frown on her brow.

"Oh honey, what for did Milly let you go? Honey, deary, you'll neber do de like again, will you? Did n't Milly tell you it would be naughty? How could you go, Tinny?"

Milly had put Tinny's wrong before her through the light of love, and her heart was touched. The great tears fell down her cheeks. Milly had never called her naughty before; and although Milly had hid her face so that she might not see the heavy frown on it, yet she had caught sight of it, and she thought it meant the wickedness of her disobedience. She hid her curling head in Milly's bosom and sobbed as if her heart was breaking.

Milly patted her, and stroked her hair, but let her sorrow be unexpressed, for she was thinking of Hugh and not of Tinny.

Hugh's father lived only a mile from there, and his hand joined Mr. Perkins'; but Hugh had been away at school, and he had never met Tinny before. Milly knew about his father, and he had often been to the house, and she knew all his hatred of her race; and she had heard, too, of Hugh's smart, ropp, ways, so like his father's. She had dreaded Tinny's meeting him, lest he influenced her pure heart. While she was thinking of it, and Tinny was still sobbing, he came into the kitchen in a bold, fearless way, as if he had a perfect right there. Seeing Tinny in her grief, his great eyes flashed, and he went up to Milly in anger, and struck her. The same dark shadow came over Milly's face, but she spoke not a word. Tinny raised her head.

"Oh Hugh," said she, gently, "you may strike me, I've been naughty; but Milly is good."

"She shan't call you naughty. She is an ugly, black nigger, and I'll have her whipped," said Hugh.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Perkins, as he looked in at the door. "You're a fellow after my stamp. Hugh, I invite you to come over here at any time. Virginia needs company. She'll soon be a young miss, and must know the ways of the world; ha! ha! we'll teach her, won't we? You and I understand it."

Tinny put her arms around Milly's neck as if for protection; but in a moment more she was on her feet, and ready for a frolic with Hugh, who led her on from one sport to another with boisterous glee. Milly saw no more of her darling until the sun was down; and then, weary and dissatisfied, she sat in her mother's room, looking at her pale face with a wishful longing. There was something about this day, so full of its great joy in her new companionship, and yet of sorrow for her first disobedience, that Tinny's little head and heart were puzzled.

She wished the day would last forever, and yet she was glad it was over. She thought Hugh a fine boy, and capable of doing anything he wished, and yet she was glad he was gone, and that the house was still again.

"Tell me, mamma," at last she said, "why folks can't do as they please, and not be naughty?"

"When we know what is just right to do, then we can do it; but little girls do not always know, and so it is wrong to disobey those that know better," said his mother.

"Who tells mamma what is right?" said Tinny.

"God has put a little voice in mamma's heart that speaks to her, and tells her, and she calls it the voice of God. When Tinny grows up she will have no dear mamma close by her to tell her what she should do. Will Tinny ask then, this voice, and listen to what it says?"

"But where will mamma be?" said Tinny.

"All that you see of me now, darling," said Mrs. Perkins, "will be asleep; but my spirit will be close to you, and will sometimes be the voice to tell you the right; but if you should not listen, how and it will make me."

"Will it make you look just as you do when papa scolds?" said Tinny.

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Perkins, "that I shall look much sadder than you have ever seen me. I could not bear the grief of your not minding what I said to you."

"But I did n't mind to-day," said Tinny; "and Hugh said it was no matter."

"But what does Tinny say? Is she very glad she did n't mind?"

Tinny shook her head, but she kept thinking of Hugh, and how much he knew, and whether he was right. She knew she had done a wrong, and was not satisfied; and yet she was pleased that Hugh said she was right. She went out to Milly and soon told her all her perplexities.

"Now, honey, darling, your mamma is an angel," said Milly, "just ready for de kingdom, an' de Lord am berry near to her. Tinny jest listen to dat voice, an' she be a chile ob de Lord, but if she listen to Hugh, she jest know nothin' ob de Lord as all."

"I shall not play any more with Hugh," said Tinny; and laid herself down in Milly's arms, and was soon asleep.

[To be continued in our next.]

LAST HOUR OF THE DYING YEAR.

BY C. M. NORDSTRÖM.

The Aged Year was sinking fast;
Nearer and nearer drew the hour
When all Life's sorrows would be past,
And all its grief forever o'er.

Feeling his pulse grow weak and low,
A silent tear his cheek bedewed,
When, calling his twelve children near,
He thus bade each a last adieu:

"My strength," he said, "is waning now,
My aged sight is growing dim;
Soon shall I pass from all below,
And conqu'ring Death the victory win.

The wailing moan of midnight wind
Reminds me of my swift decay;
And from the spangled sky above,
The stars are beck'ning me away."

He paused! his children gathered near
The bedside of declining age;
"To each, in turn, I give," said he,
"A word of lasting heritage."

Pale January first arose,
And by his aged parent stood:
"Thy reign, though dreaded much," he said,
"Is fraught alike with ill and good.

Strange loveliness thou dost possess;
But to the poor, and bowed with age,
Be kind and lenient as thou canst,
That thou their sufferings may'st assuage.

Thou, February, I will name
The harbinger of lovely Spring;
Though cold and stern thy brother's reign,
Yet much thou dost resemble him."

Next, March with blustering mien arose,
His heart well filled with empty pride,
And with a consequential air
Approached his aged parent's side.

"March, true, thou herald'st in the Spring,
Yet this no cause of pride should be;
Be humble! and each day shall bring
Much more of happiness to thee.

A welcome messenger thou art;
If lowly, faithful friends thou'lt gain;
Much joy thy presence will impart,
If meek and gentle in thy reign."

April and May then quickly rose:
"Bright messengers of joy are ye!
More gladly welcomed, still, than those
Who, cold and stern, preceded thee.

Thy mildness summons forth the flowers
From out their wintry hiding-places;
Calls back the bird from Southern bowers,
Its wandering footsteps to retrace."

Next came the bland and lovely June,
Proud in her beautiful array;
Her garments decked with sweetest flowers,
Her airy footsteps light and gay.

The dying parent thus addressed
This cherished object of his heart:
"Thou, June, the fairest of the fair,
Although so beautiful thou art—

Remember that Earth's brightest gem
Must yield its beauty to Decay;
The ever-rolling wheel of Time
Will pause not in its onward way.

Learn thou a lesson from the flower
That decks thy pure and lovely form;
It blooms a few short fleeting hours,
It droops—it withers—it is gone!

An emblem fair of earthly joys;
A fitting type of all below!
Heed thou the lesson it imparts,
Ere Life's dim taper cease its glow!"

Faintly July and August came,
With drooping heads and listless hands;
Around whose sinking, pallid forms,
Disease had twined its death-like bands.

In silence they approach the bed
Where lay their dearest earthly friend;
A parting blessing each receives,
While pain and grief their bosoms rend.

"For you, the objects of my love,
Affection's teardrops freely flow:
And while ye linger here on earth,
Ne'er may ye aught of sorrow know."

September, with a noiseless step,
And saddened countenance, drew near;
And as he looked upon the scene,
He brushed away the falling tear.

A tear!—how silently it flows!
And yet what volumes does it speak!
Gushing unbidden from the heart—
That fountain of affection deep.

Now bending o'er the bed of Age,
And hush'ning to the trembling tones,
A benediction he received,
Unheard by all save him alone:—

When suddenly the forest trees,
As if arrayed by magic wand—
Appeared in robes of gorgeous hue,
A strangely bright Autumnal band.

The noble elm—majestic oak—
Those stately monarchs of the wood,
With reverence bowed their lofty heads,
As though resigned to ill or good.

But anguish deep their bosoms stirred,
As silently they breathed a sigh
That Summer in her loveliness
Was doomed to fade away and die!

A low and sadly pensive moan
Of wailing winds fell on the ear,
As, with a wild and dreamy light,
October in his turn appeared.

The aged father thus began:
"Seek not, my son, for vain renown;
The ripening grain, the fruitful vine
Award thee an un fading crown."

Dreary November next appeared,
With cheerless step and troubled mind;
Whose frowning countenance bespoke
A heart averse to all mankind.

The Old Year quickly closed his eyes
And slunk away with grief and pain,
Exclaiming, "Say, what dost thou here?
Why of neglect dost thou complain?"

Ingratitude is plainly stamped
Upon thy cold, repulsive brow;
Seek not a blessing to obtain
Till in repentance thou dost bow."

December next in turn appeared;
Though still in life's young, happy morn,
Brief days, long nights had swept away,
All vigor from his manly form.

The dying parent, in wild seek,
Some word of comfort to impart,
That peace and happiness might reign
Triumphant in his drooping heart.

His weaker grew his feeble pulse—
The hands of life were ebbing fast;
His children saw with anguish deep,
That life's short dream was wellnigh past.

And while they stood in silence near,
Time with his silvery locks appeared;
And, as his mission was revealed,
No ray of hope their bosoms cheered.

But hark! upon the midnight air
Is borne a slow and solemn sound,
Which rises like a funeral knell
Upon the ears of those around!

The clock strikes twelve! Now all is still!
With swelling heart the aged sire
Bestows on each a parting smile,
"And in the arms of Time expires!"

Spiritual Phenomena.

Another Remarkable Case of Spirit and Clairvoyant Power.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

DEAR SIR:—Before relating a case quite as remarkable as that related in your issue of the 28th of October, let me caution those who relate such cases, not to be careless in their statement of facts, or leave any part to be easily seized on by cavilers. One of these "doubted the whole thing" related by "A," for the reason that the young lady found the check, as well as the rest of her valuables, in the box; "it being a thousand times more likely the thief would have put that in his pocket, than let it remain in the box." The likely feature of it was, that he was too smart to undertake to use it; so let it remain as of not much consequence. But the objection warns us to be "cunning as serpents," even while testing the truth.

Mrs. M., a lady friend of mine, some months since befriended a woman, a member of an up-town Baptist church, by giving her a home in her family until she could suit herself with a boarding-house. The woman was a dressmaker, and Mrs. M., having a garment to make, handed her a five dollar bill to purchase some velvet binding that was lacking. The woman made the purchase, purporting to be three yards of silk velvet; but Mrs. M. knew it to be cotton velvet as soon as she took it in her hand; but it being evening she waived further discussion and examination until morning, especially as myself and wife called in the midst of it. My wife casually mentioning that she wished to engage a dressmaker for a few days, it resulted in this woman being engaged, to come the day after the morrow. The next morning Mrs. M. seeing the velvet to be cotton, requested the woman to change it, who, objected, making various excuses, finally saying she had forgotten where she had purchased it, and flatly refused to do anything further about it. Mrs. M., who on occasions is a most excellent impressionist medium, went to her room and sat down with the mental request, "Dear spirits, if you can give me the truth of this matter will you?"

In a few moments her right hand was raised and began to beat her breast, accompanied with the impression that she was to go into the street. Hastily putting on her hat and shawl, she obeyed the impression, but with no one as to where she was going. Turning towards the Sixth Avenue, in a state commonly called a "brown study," she walked up and down a number of blocks several times, when, passing a dry goods store near Lexington Market, her hand was again made to beat her breast; she asked mentally, "Is this the store?" and her hand was again moved. She went in, and the following conversation took place: "Have you any cotton velvet binding?" "No, madam; we sold the last, a remnant, to a lady, last evening." "Is this it?" producing the velvet. "Yes, I should think it was; there were two and two third yards." Measures it; "that is the amount." Mrs. M. thanked him; ascertained the price paid, which was something like half the woman claimed to have paid. When Mrs. M. told her where she had purchased the velvet, and what she paid, she answered coolly, "Well, I only took my pay for doing your shopping; and I meant to have allowed it in making the dress." Mrs. M. considered it her duty to inform my wife of the transaction, and put her on her guard, and did so during the day. The woman came the next day, and during the day voluntarily related the transaction, justifying herself as before, and winding up with this remark, "She must be a dorg," for she smelt the place right out."

Truly yours, PATRICK WELCH.

New York, Nov. 1865.

* Several "ladies" and "gentlemen" of this burg, prefer "dorg" to dog, "straw" to straw, &c., &c., and do not "acc" anything "wonger" "into" it.

An Incident.

I take the liberty to place in your hands some quotations from a letter recently sent to me by a correspondent, which may be of interest to the readers of the Banner. Out of respect to the privacy of the parties who are concerned in this matter, I omit names and places; but I can assure you that the mode in which the facts stated came into my possession forbids any question of authenticity. You are at liberty to use my name, if such a voucher is necessary for the purpose of authenticating the statements here given.

Yours, JAMES LEWIS.

Original Essay.

THE GREAT ANTICIPATED MILLENNIUM:
ITS HISTORY AND ORIGIN.
NUMBER FIVE CONCLUDED.

BY K. GRAVES.

The Millennial Revolution to be both Moral and Physical.

In parallel lines run the views of the ancient Pagans respecting the changes to be effected by the introduction of the great millennial age, as we observe by a comparison of those views with those of the Christian world, as above exhibited—a statement for the proof of which we are now committed. Speaking in general terms relative to this matter, a historical writer observes: "In the reign of Augustus, there was a general idea prevailing, that the Golden Age described by so many poets, and predicted in the sacred book of so many nations, was about to be realized." To the same effect testifies Mr. Gibbon, that "It was universally believed that the end of the world and the kingdom of heaven were at hand."—(Hist. Rom. Emp., I. vol. 262.) Mr. Dupuis, presenting the views and traditions of one of the most extensive religious empires of antiquity, observes: "The theology of the Persians and of the Magi, a very ancient religion, taught that the time marked for the destiny of man drew near, . . . and when Ahrimanes, (the devil) after many severe combats with the God of Light, would be destroyed; and it will be remembered that Christ was to 'destroy the devil and his works'—(see I. John iii: 8); that then there would be a new people, and that a perfectly happy race would succeed the universal disorder."—p. 28. Theophrastus is still more explicit: "there ought then to be, (he remarks,) a time marked by destiny, when Ahrimanes, after laying waste the earth with pestilence and famine, would be entirely destroyed. Then will the earth, covered with eternal verdure, become the abode of the virtuous, living under the same laws, and clothed with transparent bodies. It is then they will enjoy universal happiness, under the empire of Ormuzd, the God of Light. Again, their most ancient Bible (the Zend-Avesta), prophetically announces that 'A time will come when redeemed spirits will join mankind in a universal chorus of eternal praise to this universal source of light and blessing. Fathers, sons, sisters, friends, will unite to aid each other in good works, and all will speak one language, and live together in one harmonious society. The now leveled, fruitful earth will be clothed with renovated beauty and innocence, and joy will everywhere prevail.' The old Roman and Grecian poets were likewise full of the spirit and breathings of millennial prophecy. Virgil says: 'The last age prophesied by the Cumaean Sibyl comes. The great procession of centuries begins anew. Now, the reign of Saturn and of the Virgin returns. Now, a new race is sent from high heaven.' And when portraying the newly inaugurated blessing of the blissful era, which are to constitute the joyous episode of the great event, he prophetically exclaims, 'Goats shall, of themselves, bring home their distended udders. Herds shall not fear the huge lion. The earth shall yield fragrant flowers. Serpents and treacherous herbs of poison shall perish. (How strikingly similar to Isaiah xxxv: 9. 'No ravenous beast shall go therein.') The plain shall become yellow with waving grain. Purple grapes shall hang on the rough thorns, and rugged oaks shall distill honey clear as dew. Every land shall produce every thing. The soil shall not feel the harrow, nor the vine the pruning-hook. The ram shall imbue his wool with rich purple or glowing saffron, and the grazing lambs shall be clothed with scarlet.'—(Isaiah i: 18, says, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall become as wool.') Great Jupiter, advance to the exalted honors, for the time is at hand,

"The last great age foretold by sacred rhythms, Renew its finished course Saturnian times." And then we have Seneca's impassioned forecast of the new Elysian age, chiming out in the prophetic declaration—"A new world will spring from Jupiter, perfect in all its parts. The whole face of nature 'will be more lovely and under more favorable auspices. An innocent race of men will people the earth, then the worthy abode of virtue." Now, listen to the pious and ever devout Plato, who gives license and latitude to his prophetic seership through the long drawn aisles of the future, thus: "In the end, best of the world should be plunged into an eternal abyss of confusion, the author of primitive order will appear again and resume the reign of empire. He will change, amend, embellish and restore the whole frame of nature, and put an end to decay, disease and death. The world having a great convulsion within itself, will make another destruction of all living things. But in due process of time it will, (being set in order) return into its pristine course."—(Plato Polit. p. 37.) And then we have the doomsday auguration—the golden summer dreams of a still older religion than the one just represented—that of the Hindus or Buddhists, whose "Holy and Inspired Word" prophetically announces, that "In the last days when the fixed stars shall have made a circuit (cycle) in the heavens, so as to return to the point whence they started) in the creation, the new Messiah will make his appearance on earth. The impure and the wicked will then be destroyed from the face of the earth, leaving none but the pure and holy." And, furthermore, it is declared that at the installation or inauguration of this great epoch, "The sun and moon will be darkened, &c." (already quoted.) And the great serpent Sessany will set the universe on fire by issuing forth flames of fire from his thousand mouths, (as St. John's dragon poured floods of water from his mouth after the woman—see Rev. xii, after which every thing will be resurrected and restored to its pristine beauty and order."

The signal for this tragical event (the final dissolution of all Nature), is to be given by "the white horse, white steed stamping his foot upon the earth." The Purana, (the New Testament Scriptures of the Buddhists), moreover declares that "an Avatar (Messiah or Saviour), at the end of the Kali Yuga Age, will descend upon the earth, and by his irresistible might he will destroy all the barbarians and all those whose minds are devoted to iniquity, (the 'barbarians' being the Christians and the disciples of other religions, the spurious religions—that is, all who disbelieve and reject the Vedas.) He will then reestablish righteousness on earth and the minds of those then living will be as pellucid as crystals. The men who are thus changed shall give birth to a race who will follow and observe the laws of the Crita Yuga Age" (the Golden Age). The millennial vision is thus expanded and explicated in the Chinese "Holy Word": "Wonderous trees, marvelous mountains, and flowerly shades, and everything desirable, will make their appearance on Tien's Holy Hill. The Holy Son of Heaven will come to reside in his Kingdom. He will allow no wicked man to enter therein, but they will

be banished into the dark abodes of beasts and monsters. The subjects of his Kingdom will be called 'heavenly people,' because they will be governed by the Holy Son of Heaven, who will perfect them within and without, and nourish them with his supreme virtue and celestial doctrines, and they will exclaim with joy: 'The Son of Heaven is truly a Father to his people and Lord of the universe.'"

Such is a description or portraiture of the very ancient tradition of the Chinese, as found in their idolized Bible, "the five volumes," respecting the supposed approaching millennial Paradise which from time immemorial had haunted their devotional dreams, and which for thousands of years was cherished in the hopeful anticipation of a speedy realization.

Long past, "In the days of yore," the Persians, too, prophesied of "the end of the world and the coming of the Lamb, the Regenerator of Nature," and the inauguration of "a new world" as the consummation of human hopes, human bliss and true virtue and holiness. The Mahometans, too, in their "Divine Word, The Koran," indulged in some rapturous and extravagant anticipations concerning "the good time coming" away beyond the sunset of time. The sublime era is to be inaugurated by a complete and total submersion of the order of Nature. The sun is to rise in the west, and the moon is to be eclipsed, and a terrible beast sixty cubits high, (ninety feet,) is to arise out of the earth and go forth to mark the just and the unjust—i. e., the righteous and the wicked—with their appropriate marks, that they may be known and distinguished from each other, and the latter are to be finally swept off by a great wind blowing from Syria Damascena, and with them the false prophet which may arise before the arrival of this "great and terrible day of the Lord." And this great elemental commotion and manifestation of Divine wrath is to be succeeded by a millennial Elysian, in which "all hatred and malice is to be laid aside, all envying, strife and ill-feeling done away; lions and bears and sheep and camels will dwell together in harmony, and a child play with serpents unhurt." And, as Christ declared of the Christian Millennium, "No man knoweth the day nor the hour," in like manner the Mahometan Bible declares of the Golden Age, that "even the Angel Gabriel is ignorant of the time," that is, ignorant of the final great day, in which every knee must bow and every tongue confess that the "Revelations" of the Koran constitute the only true religion.

The wild, millennial, buncomb conceptions of the Mahometans, in part exhibited above, though truly extravagant and senseless, are not more so—in fact, not equaled by some of those of the early Christians. Irenaeus, one of the early and immediate successors of the apostles, tells us that the Apostle John was not only a firm believer in the Millennium, but described to his disciple, Papias, who related it to him, (Irenaeus,) some of the wonderful productions of Nature which would spring up or be created for the occasion: Grapes, he declared, would make their appearance, each one of which, (i. e., one single grape,) would yield twenty-five measures of wine, and when any of the fire-proof saints shall essay to pluck a bunch of the luscious fruit, another bunch will cry out, "I am better; take me and bless the Lord for me." A single grain of wheat, says this Millennial saint, or Second Adventist, is to produce one thousand stalks, each stalk a thousand grains, and each grain a thousand pounds of the finest flour. And many other Millennial vagaries are found in the writings of the primitive Christians, equally foolish and extravagant, which we forbear to trouble the reader with or to impose upon the precious columns of the Banner.

Hafeysburg, Ohio.

HEART LEAVES.
NO. TEN.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Dedication.

Oh, this aching weakness of brain!
Oh, this heavy beating of this sluggish heart!
And stagnant seems the current in my veins,
Still in life's struggle I must bear my part.

Why must my body hang a leaden weight upon my overburdened soul? Not overburdened, else 't would drop its load; 't would sink and die, and thus escape the torturing weight, but burdened even to the last point of bearing. Hungry and faint I stagger on, not falling quite, but reeling sometimes, till my eyes grow blind with dizziness. Hungry, and yet I see and feel the bread of life, in all the rich profusion of abundance, all about; so rich and so abundant, while I feebly grasp but broken fragments, that but half appease. Thirsty, and still the living waters have my feet; I hear the soothing music of their rippling sound, but, oh! they do not rise into my lips, nor have I power to bring them there.

I feel like a young eagle, that, caged from birth, has never known of mountain height, or crag-topped eyrie, nor of the clear, blue vault of bracing air beyond; yet, nature's intuitions true, it hears their call, and beats impatient wing against its bars from morn till night. Caged, when I look upon the distant hills, and feel there is a beauty there I cannot fathom. Caged, when I gaze on fields and flowers, and find a wall between me and their loveliness. Caged, when the surging sea of human life comes rolling by in mighty waves, for lo! I cannot grasp the bands that bind them to each other; I cannot get into the stream of their magnetic life.

Yet I have held some hands in mine, have looked into some eyes, and pressed some lips to drink the current of electric wine till my whole being seemed filled to its fullness full, and still I turned away and thirsted still. Oh God! is there no fountain that will satisfy? or being such, must my caged soul be shut from it forever? Cannot I rest awhile? I'll sleep! perhaps I may thus gain new strength to batter down these walls, and then I shall be free!

THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.—However furiously the surface of the ocean may be lashed by a storm, its depths remain calm and placid, hushed in the serenity of repose and silence. In those far abysses, where every ton of water is weighed down by thousands of tons above, there can be neither life nor sound, and no motion save, when some body sinks slowly and noiselessly down to the "centre of gravity," and there remains in grim fixated forever. In those realms, there can be no change nor decay, no wearing and chafing of rocks, no evaporation of the water, no strife of the elements. When the hull of the ill-fated ship or steamer goes down into those depths, with its dead passengers grouped around its state-rooms and cabins, it takes its position in stately silence among the objects therein, and thenceforth the unheard-of wanderers are held in the vice-like pressure of the waters. On the surface, miles above them, the storm-king may riot and revel, tossing the waves about as he will; but in those profound abodes, where the condensed water has the rigidity of earth, there reigns an eternal peace.

A little girl, on hearing her mother say that she intended to go to a ball, and have her dress trimmed with bugles, innocently inquired if the bugles would blow up, while she danced. "Oh, no," said the mother; "your father will do that when he discovers that I bought them."

Correspondence.

Matters and Things in Chicago.

"Oh! city of eternal Stamboul!" exclaims the Turk, as he fulfills the incense of his Cherboux, and as his eye rests upon the stately palaces, the glittering minarets and the orange bowers of Constantinople.

"City of cities! gem of the prairie bustling, driving, thundering Chicago!" said a Hoosier, as from the tower over the Artesian Well, he took in a bird's-eye view of this mighty Emporium of the West.

"Apropos of that Well": It is not only in a practical sense a work of surpassing magnitude, but it is now, and ever will be, a most convincing proof of the beneficent interposition of those higher intelligences which are so near to man. The people asked for a sign. It was given them; let them profit by it. From what has been published, I take it for granted that the reader is acquainted with the main facts of this enterprise, and I will only say that its construction has been carried on entirely under the direction of spirits. In a word, this Artesian Well—the largest in the world, and just now the wonder of Chicago—is the great triumph of Spiritualism and Clairvoyance.

It might be thought that in a city so young, and in society necessarily made up of crude and often incongruous materials, there would be a lack of those finer elements which lift the soul above the confusion and strife of mortality. This is not the case with Chicago, and, indeed, I am led to believe, from observation, that in almost any young, vigorous and growing city there is a wealth of spirituality, of faith, not often found in your ancient, fossilized communities, where horse-cars and eating-houses are considered abominations on a Sunday, and where the light of the blessed sun is hardly allowed to shine, except through the stained windows of Orthodoxy. Here in Chicago, under the surface of trade, fashion, politics, etc., there is a strong, resistless tide of spiritual thought which flows into social life and profoundly influences public affairs.

The Spiritual Society here is in a very flourishing state. It is supported by those who have position and means. Mr. Leavitt, the general manager, is a most efficient worker. Although in the habit of shouldering great responsibilities, he is never so pressed by business but what he can find time to assist in any noble, generous enterprise that claims his attention.

At present Mrs. Augusta A. Currier is lecturing here, to overflowing houses. She remains until the New Year. The Spiritualists of Chicago are peculiarly fortunate in securing her services for so long a time, for, unquestionably, she is one of the grandest speakers of the day, and, as such, gives a dignity and grace to the spiritual platform. I learn that her husband, who is with her, intends to lecture in the West this winter. From personal knowledge I can state that Mr. Currier is a gentleman of ability and culture, and an accomplished elocutionist; and I feel sure that his many friends throughout the country will join me in heartily wishing him that success which he is so well qualified to attain.

The growing demand for spiritual literature—a void at one time not easily filled in Chicago—is now abundantly supplied at the well ordered and capacious establishment of Mr. Tallmadge, on Monroe street, near the post-office. There the visitor can find one of the most choice and extensive collections of spiritual and reform publications in the country. Of course the "Banner of Light" occupies a very high place among the journals, monthlies, &c., that line his counters. I say high on account of the number and depth of its folds and the general bulk of the pile which is renewed each week. Why, it towers above its neighbors like Jupiter among the lesser gods, or like Bunker Hill Monument midst the surround chimneys.

It is very odd, but, cosmopolitan as I am, when I take up the "Banner" it sends a thrill of home through my being. Its face is to me that of a familiar and trusty friend, recalling past associations and leading me back to dear, puritanical New England. Thus continue as thou art now, precious "Light," the scribe of the past and the PROPHET OF THE FUTURE.

Chicago, Nov. 17, 1885. L. L. FARNSWORTH.

New Jersey.

As this State has recently been awakened, and is supposed to have abandoned its old political status and taken its place in the constellation of loyal and United States, it seems an appropriate time to agitate the subject of a State Convention of the religiously progressive minds, for the purpose of making a corresponding step of religious progress. For that purpose the society of Friends of Progress at Vineland, N. J., have appointed John Gage, C. B. Campbell, and the subscriber, a committee to confer and correspond with Spiritualists, reformers and liberal minded people in other parts of the State, on the subject of holding a State Convention at some time and place well adapted to and most appropriate for said Convention, with a desire, according with that of this committee, to have said Convention in the summer of 1886. The Friends of Progress at Vineland expect to have their large hall, which is being built, and is sixty by seventy-five feet, in readiness in the spring, and also a fine grove near the hall, which can be used in fair weather if needed, and they will also do what they can to secure the comfort of visitors, if the friends in other parts of the State think proper to hold it here. The committee cordially invite Spiritualists, reformers and friends of progress generally, and all who are free from the fear of the church discipline and public criticism for entertaining religious ideas above the standard of popular theology, to freely confer and correspond with them on the subject of such Convention; and as there are not a sufficient number of organizations in the State to have a delegate Convention that would represent the progressive sentiments, liberal ideas and extent of the spiritual intercourse and inspiration, the friends here favor a free and open Convention, to which all the above classes of minds shall be invited, and in which all may be heard and participate, trusting that the good sense and better judgment of sane and consistent minds will control in the councils, and prove that New Jersey is not far behind her sister States in the spiritual and religious progress of the age.

The National Convention recently held in Philadelphia seemed to divide almost spontaneously into State delegations, and although this was a very unequal mode of doing business and representing Spiritualism in the nation, yet it may be a very good basis for collecting State Conventions and effecting State organizations as permanent and organic bodies, which may hereafter be represented in the annual National Conventions, and may also lead to county or district Conventions, annual or quarterly, as have already been instituted with good success in some sections of the country.

While the mediums are, in various ways, doing an almost incredible amount of good, in convincing skeptics, healing the sick, raising the spir-

itually dead, and casting out fear and other church devils from the minds of many honest people, the next best and most successful mode of spreading the truth seems to be by Conventions, where people come together from long distances, get acquainted with each other, and learn each other's experiences from direct interviews, purchase books, subscribe for papers, and resolve on other meetings and renewed efforts to free their neighbors from superstition, bigotry and prejudice.

I hope and have reason to expect New Jersey will soon put herself on the record as among the active and advancing States in religious progress, and while many of her old citizens are ignorant and consequently superstitious, yet there are many among them, and many new settlers, from whose minds the clouds of sectarian darkness have been broken away, and the light of Spiritual truth has already shone into and illumined the souls, and many have, with the beacon of reason, swept away the cobwebs of old superstition, and are waiting the approaching advent of spiritual communion with deep anxiety and doubting welcome. Many need tests; many need philosophy; many need religious spirituality, and all need Harmony, Fraternity and Affection; and acquaintance, co-operation and personal interviews alone can bring these. We usually misunderstand and often misrepresent most those we know least about, and of whose motives or actions we are ignorant, and often on acquaintance become the warmest friends of those we disagreed with or disliked when we knew but little or nothing about them.

Friends in New Jersey, will you meet in the summer of 1886, and bring a good time and good feelings with you, and hence have a good time, a "feast of reason and a flow of soul"? I may not be able to be with you, but my head and heart shall bless your efforts, and my tongue and pen do all they can to aid you and all others in rolling back the stone from the door of the tomb, and letting the spirits of both worlds out of the sectarian darkness of religious prisons.

WARREN CHASE.

Vineland, N. J., Nov. 20, 1885.

A Retrospect.

How welcome is the Banner to those interested in the progressive movements of the age, with its light and truth shining in darkness, revealing the errors of bigotry and ignorance; giving strength to the weak, and comfort to the sorrowing, because of its noble mission to humanity—the advocacy of principles that must, in time, emancipate them from physical, mental, and moral slavery.

The West is growing in liberal sentiment, as well as material prosperity. Her many noble souls are patiently waiting, with generous hearts and hospitable homes, to welcome more of the itinerant workers of our Philosophy, who combine mentality with morality, theory with practice in the magnificent uses of Spiritualism. To such a wide and somewhat remunerative field is open, for surely "the harvest is great, but the laborers are few."

For the benefit of correspondents and lecturers who contemplate moving Westward, I will briefly review my Itinerary since leaving Philadelphia last spring. Stopping at Richmond, Ind., I found some earnest friends, who are freely contributing their money, time, and energies for the spread of Truth, in sustaining meetings, when able to secure speakers. Success must crown their efforts, with such faithful workers as J. P. Adleman, Saml Maxwell, Sister Agnes Cook, and others. Greensboro' has been favored with Spiritualism through the influence of one of the world's practical pioneers, Father Beth Henshaw, whose loving, childlike simplicity, strangely blended with the characteristics of honesty, freedom and truth—ever ready to plead for the colored race, and oppressed womanhood, whose work, in the physical body, is now finished, whose joyous spirit eagerly left its tenement for the shores of Immortality. A telegraph dispatch bids me officiate at the funeral services, on Sunday, Dec. 31.

Indianapolis is slowly progressing. The few staid almost alone. Churches are not scarce, while only one building—the Court House—is open to exponents of the "inspirational gospel." However, through the agency of J. Eldredge and others, a hall is soon to be erected, when an organization for business purposes will prepare the way for lectures.

Terre Haute is not without its representatives on the side of progression—those who have "stood the storm when waves were rough," and still stand firmly at the helm of affairs, amid the lashing billows of bigotry and scorn, not discouraged, for the germs of spiritual wisdom have been scattered by some of our most talented co-laborers, and lie hidden in the subsoil of those who have not the courage to declare their principles for fear of public opinion. James Hook and J. Hudson are the acting committee here.

Brazil, sixteen miles east, should not be forgotten by speakers when in Terre Haute. It is a small town, yet wide awake, and anxious for more light. Mr. Morse, or Mr. Kelsey, are the ones to address.

After leaving Indiana, to spend the sultry weeks of July and August near the lakes, I never enjoyed a more pleasant season, passing through Delphi, Ind., after giving several lectures to intelligent audiences, and sharing the hospitality of Dr. Beck's and J. H. Dewey's congenial home.

I remained one Sunday in Cleveland, expressly to listen to the earnest soul inspirations through Nellie Wilds. While there I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Rose.

Chagrin Falls is represented by Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Waldron; Wellington by N. E. Marcy, and Richfield by A. Butler, all points in which the services of practical workers are needed. Mrs. M. Thompson, of Cleveland, has been laboring successfully in the latter place, by giving satisfactory tests, and occasionally lecturing.

Geneva, Ohio, is a progressive settlement; very good conditions exist for the growth of a practical Spiritualism, which is on the increase. Its pleasant location, and democracy of feeling among the progressives, indicate a prosperous future. Friends N. S. Caswell and M. Johnson's families offer such conditions as are attractive to spirits, as well as mortals. Good audiences greeted us. The month of September demanded my return, to fulfill prior engagements. From Cleveland to Toledo, I remained a short time in Clyde with my friend, Mrs. Bradley Tuttle, where the cause is recognized by the fearless and persevering.

Next at Evansville, Indiana, which has reared the standard of mental and moral liberty, through some of her noblest citizens—Dr. A. C. Halleck, with his truly sympathetic nature, so earnest in behalf of the downtrodden, and J. S. Hopkins, whose keen intellectual perception fears not to battle in favor of demonstrated facts, in the "angel ministry." Jennie Lord visits there in December.

Decatur, Illinois, furnished good audiences, composed of some of the clearest intellects, who are interested in the progress of the "higher philosophy," regardless of political or ecclesiastical opposition. Mr. E. C. Smith and brother, design the speedy erection of a spacious hall, when speakers on the route will be welcomed.

Geneseo offers a field of labor truly refreshing,

because of the harmonious magnanimity and unity of action among the Spiritualists. A cheerful cooperation and soul-blending of purposes is seen in their meetings, and felt in their assemblages, imparting strength to the gospel of practical good, in which the poor are not forgotten, or the sick neglected. Memory will linger with the pleasing associations of nearly five weeks, with steadily increasing audiences, many warm friends, and the genuine hospitality of Sister and Bro. A. McFarlane, I. S. Clark, and others.

Davenport, Iowa, is an attractive place, as far as natural beauty is concerned, Nature having done ample justice to her rolling lands and towering bluffs, affording a glowing landscape. The artist gazes upon the grandeur of an autumnal sunset, reflecting upon the placid bosom of the Mississippi with admiration. Here are true pioneers, stimulated to action by opposition, and hopeful of brighter days, since "Truth, eternal as its sire, can never die." Jas. Thompson, P. B. Jones, and Dr. B. Atkinson are among the active workers. Mrs. Dow is successfully engaged in the healing art. I am now the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holmes, whose congenial cottage and romantic scenery on the banks of the river, are in keeping with the spirit of refinement, and the genius of poetry that thrills their being, attracting the loving spirits with the magnet of a mutual inspiration. Truly, ALICIA WILHELM, M. D. Davenport, Iowa, Nov. 22, 1885.

Can these Dry Bones Live?

A friend of mine was recently startled to the actual pallor of emotion, upon taking up the Summit Courier Bunccon, published at Akron, Ohio, and seeing it there stated, that his sister, Miss Hetsey Bradley, aged fifty-eight years, and deaf from her birth, had been made to hear, for the first time in her life, under but one treatment from Miss Amanda Harthan, and that by the Bible method of the laying on of hands. I visited Akron a few days afterward, and on my way thither I found that the lady occupying the same seat with me in the cars, was a resident of that place. I spoke to her of Miss Harthan, and she "knew nothing of her, or her cures." At the depot I inquired the way to Brother Bangs's, and a gentleman, whose place of business was near there, and right in the heart of the town, kindly offered to show me the way. I again spoke of Miss Harthan, and he, too, "knew nothing about her." The next day I visited the lady for myself, and when I heard the crowds that thronged her room, and saw from eye witnesses—one at least of which was a respectable church member—that Miss Bradley was actually hearing and learning to talk, the above words of the spirit, that appeared to, and conversed with the prophet, "Can these dry bones live?" came with force to my mind and really it would seem that it was almost impossible for the bones of those who have been slain by the giant, Theology, to rise and stand upon their feet again. And I wondered, too, if there were not Jews who lived in the days of Jesus, who knew nothing of him, or his cures? Ah, those wicked Jews! If they deserve the condemnation that Christians mete out to them, what do these same Christians deserve?

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

BABY LOOKING OUT FOR ME.

Two little busy hands patting on the window,
Two laughing blue eyes looking out at me;
Two rosy red cheeks dented with a dimple;
Mother-bird is coming; baby, do you see?
Down by the lilac bush, something white and azure
Saw I in the window, as I passed the tree;
Well I knew the apron and the shoulder-knots of ribbon,
All belonged to baby, looking out for me.

Talking low and tenderly
To myself, as mothers will,
Spoke I softly, "God in Heaven
Keep my darling free from ill.
Worldly gear and worldly honors
Ask I not for her, from thee;
But from want, and sin and sorrow,
Keep her ever pure and free."

Two little waxen hands,
Folded and almost
Two little curtained eyes
Looking out no more for me;
Two little snowy cheeks,
Dimpled-dented nevermore;
Two little trodden shoes,
That will never touch the floor;
Shoulder-ribbons softly twisted,
Apron folded, clean and white;
These are left me—and these only—
Of the childly presence bright.

Thus he sent an answer to my earnest praying,
Thus he kept my darling free from earthly stain,
Thus he holds the pet lamb safe from earthly
entangling.

But I miss her sadly by the window pane,
Till I look above it; then with purer vision,
Sad, I see her no longer, the lilac bush to pass,
For I see her an angel, pure, and white, and pain-
less.

Walking with the harpers by the sea of glass,
Two little snowy wings
Softly flutter to and fro,
Two tiny childish hands
Beckon still to me below;
Two tender angel eyes
Watch me ever earnestly
Through the loop-holes of the stars,
Baby's looking out for me.

THE COLCHESTER CASE AGAIN.—The English papers are rejoicing over the decision on the late Colchester case. It is asserted that Colchester paid a fine, with costs, amounting to four hundred and seventy-three dollars, and that in the eye of the law he is a juggler. Perhaps he is one. If so, it does not affect Spiritualism one iota. Judge Hall, in his address to the jury at Buffalo, said, "The most obvious way of dealing with mediums would be to put them upon oath," or words signifying as much. We have little regard for those who swear, therefore we object to oaths, and believe them almost wholly ineffective. But should mediums be called upon to swear that they are mediums, will it alter the fact that they are such? Certainly not. It would be as sensible to ask a man to swear that he was not a woman, or a physician to swear that he was not a leech, although he called himself one. Mediums need have little dread of the oath; they may take ten thousand and lose no particle of mediumship in the consequence. If conjurers call themselves mediums they will be very likely to support the deception on oath, for what we have seen of many of them we don't think they would much mind the responsibility of swearing to deceive, since deception is their trade.—London Spiritual Times.

EARLY TEACHINGS.—"Small boy to his companions—'Bh—teach your noise this minute, all of you.' Companions—'Hallo! Tommy, what is the matter?' Small boy—'We've got a new baby.' It's very weak and tired—walked all the way from heaven last night—mustn't be kicking up a row round here now."

At a stranger's debut in Boston, they ask—what does he know? In New York—what is he worth? In Philadelphia—who is he? In Washington—what is he? And in Lowell—is he married?

Boy in a grammar class—"Of what gender is Thomas?" "Thomas is of the masculine gender." "Of what gender is Susan?" "Susan is of the crinoline gender, of course."

Notes from Brooklyn.

We are getting on space; not as fast as we could wish, or perhaps, as fast as we ought. The lectures and Children's Lyceum don't start as yet, but we keep up a vigorous talking about them. In a quiet way, through various circles, public and private, good work is being done.

There being five places in New York where spiritual food is to be had for the asking, works against our getting up a series of lectures; but we shall get under way some time.

It is intensely interesting and exceedingly encouraging to watch the outcroppings and growth of the religious elements in society, and the progressive tendencies among us. Let us give you some items illustrating this matter.

There has been quite a lively time of late among the so-called liberal branch of Christians. I mentioned in my last that the "Christian Inquirer" was to be enlarged, and new life put into it. This has been done, and a corps of paid contributors in the form of weekly (not weekly) letters, and among them are Colyer, of Chicago, Clark, of Chelsea, Frothingham, of New York, and Chadwick, of Brooklyn, which gives a good share of the power called progressive. So far, under the new regime, this progressive element has had ascendancy.

The anticipated free preaching, to be sustained by the liberal Christians, is not yet commenced in New York; but the Swedenborgians have, which is all the better for our side, which is the side of Truth.

But the most helpful and encouraging sign of the times with us, the uneasiness of some, and the boldness of others among the more liberal of the Unitarian and Universalist clergymen on this heresy of Spiritualism.

Last Sabbath, the Rev. Mr. Chadwick, who preaches at the "Chapel" (the society built up by the Rev. Samuel Longfellow), gave us a sermon abounding in thoughts and ideas in harmony with our glorious Philosophy, which, by the way, is no new thing for Mr. Chadwick. But this sermon was more direct and explicit than any I have heard from one not an avowed Spiritualist. The subject was the "New Birth": "Ye must be born again." Hoping that the sermon will be published, I will not give a detailed synopsis of it, but merely allude to some points. In discussing what our future condition might be, or is to be, he would be glad to know that the dissipated and profligate here, are sometimes kept from a deeper degradation by those who could, in spirit-form, check them in their mad career. Let us thank God for the possibility even that a darling child can return to its mother, and love her the same as when it nestled in her arms. We might ask for a warrant for this from the Bible, but he could not find it there, and did not consider it any way to be deplored for being so.

This sermon has created some little "talk" all around, and I shall watch future developments with interest.

On Sunday evening we had something from the Rev. Mr. Blanchard more explicit, and far more satisfactory. Through the kindness of a friend—not being present myself—I am enabled to furnish a synopsis of the discourse. No one, who loves our glorious cause, can read this from Rev. Henry Blanchard without a thrill of pleasure, and feel to "thank God and take courage."

Mr. Blanchard is a talented Universalist clergyman. He spoke to a large and intelligent audience, composed apparently of members of many denominations, as well as those who profess the principles involved in the faith which formed the subject matter of his discourse—"Modern Spiritualism." After giving some statistics concerning the large number of believers in this faith, and paying a merited tribute to several distinguished advocates of the doctrine, among whom were Judge Edmunds and the late gifted Eliza W. Farnham, he evidenced his liberal tendencies by the earnest manner in which he called the attention of his audience to a subject which he claimed could not be ignored by reason of the great amount of intelligence involved; and he severely censured the habit so often indulged in by Orthodox ministers of proscribing a faith simply because it conflicted with their views. He believed that the idea which had been so extensively propagated, that belief in this doctrine tended to produce phases of insanity, was untrue, and his own experience proved that it was the reverse, and tended rather to raise men from materialism to a higher condition; that while he himself did not require manifestations to induce a belief in immortality, still they were seemingly necessary in many cases, and had been productive of immense good. In illustration, he gave his experiences among persons with whom he had been brought in contact, whose purity of life was sufficient evidence to him of their strong faith, and whose happiness he almost envied. The Rev. gentleman stated he had been an earnest inquirer, had read many books, which, while they impressed him deeply, had failed to convince. Yet could he be satisfied that the forms of his loved ones who had passed away were in constant attendance upon him, it would make him supremely happy; that while he himself was not convinced, he knew that many of his congregation, whom he esteemed above price, and two-thirds of the ministers of the Universalist Church, were believers. He had witnessed the sublime effects this belief produced on mothers mourning for husbands and children, and vice versa, and that could it be divested of the charity and humbug which always attaches itself to anything new, in the hopes of self-gain, it would be a faith which none need be ashamed to acknowledge. As for himself, he did not see the necessity of Spiritualists forming a distinct Church; that their faith and his were almost identical, and he believed they should join hands, and, combining the good and casting out the bad, should work earnestly in the good work of progress.

There was a vigor and earnestness manifested by the speaker, which made the occasion one of unusual interest. The large and attentive audience listened to the earnest words of the speaker with great interest and marked attention throughout the whole discourse.

Now it is not clear that such men as Beecher, Frothingham, Blanchard, Chadwick, Colyer, and a host of others like them, all over the country, are doing more for the cause we love so dearly than they could do if they were avowed Spiritualists? I think so; and may "God speed the right." W. B. B.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 29, 1865.

Correction.

I notice in the Report of the National Convention, in the last Banner, a Resolution, purporting to have been offered by Mr. Weeks. The Resolution was not introduced by me. Such a Resolution was presented by some one in the audience, and after some discussion, and as amended by Dr. Child, passed, but is not in the form published.

Truly yours, NEWMAN WEEKS.

Rutland, Vt.

The Resolution referred to by Mr. Weeks, I find, by an examination of my original Report, to have been offered by Dr. White from the West, and is published as it came to the Secretary's desk. The appending of Mr. Weeks' name was a mistake in copying.

J. S. LOVELAND.

Spiritualism at the Parker Fraternity.

The wise heads at Danvers who thought they discovered a human hand, by the feeling, and attempted to discredit the Eddy Family thereby, told a harder story to swallow, of knives in front and knives behind, than it is to believe in the outside power itself. It was no indication of a cheat to people familiar with spirit-lands or manifestations, neither did it cause a counter order to the arrangement by the Parker Fraternity, who had invited them to give a séance in its assembled presence; which séance came off, according to notice, on Friday evening, Nov. 24th, to a crowded gathering of its Society, and some others who were present on that evening.

A committee of three or four persons, well known to the Society for honesty and candor, and, at the same time, not believers in the spiritual origin of such manifestations—in fact, as skeptics as you can find among people who have braved the bigoted opprobrium of the evangelistic world by attending on the teachings of their leader, Theodore Parker—attended to the duty of tying and examining the arrangements with great fidelity. The audience had the opportunity of seeing and judging, also, of the rapidity of the manifestations and the exhibition of the mediums so quickly, and hearing the reports at every spell of manifestations: "Tied as before!" precluding them, if they were so disposed, from doing the things themselves which come under the range of their manifestations.

The exhibition was satisfactory and a success. The committee were very fair in their report. The general feeling in the audience was that they had been fairly dealt with; that their assertion before the séance, made in reply to a question put to them by the Chairman of the meeting, was probable—that they were not jugglers, paid no license as jugglers, and that the sounds and presentations of phenomena, if not from the source they attributed them to, were from some power outside of themselves.

At the close of the meeting one very furious speaker in the audience said, "Granted that it is all so, and no humbug, what is the good of it all? or what good has Spiritualism done? None; but positive evil. He had a dear female friend who was made crazy and ruined by it. He should like to know what it all amounted to, or any good it had ever done."

Mr. Wetherbee, who was present, replied to this well meaning but furious man, quoting a remark from the man's theological teacher, Theodore Parker, who said, "How the astronomer lives to learn the truth of the stars which will not light his candle nor fill his children's hungry mouths," and then remarked, "If you subtract all poetry from the world, God have mercy on the prose that is left!" But, in answer to the gentleman's question, he would merely say that the records show too many cases of insanity from religious teaching to have this dear female friend's case amount to anything as an argument. With regard to "the good it has done," I will say that outside of it there is not a scintillation of evidence of a future existence; and, in testimony, he cited his own case to show that Spiritualism had been the portal that gave him evidence of a future existence, after twelve long and dark years of infidelity, adding that his testimony was but the testimony of thousands.

The lateness of the hour—half past ten o'clock—precluded any lengthy debate, but the subject appeared to interest all, and a desire was expressed by several for its reproduction, and the Chairman announced that the subject would be up for debate on the next Friday evening; and from the little that had been said and the interest manifested, the continuation of it will be instructive and interesting, particularly as the Parker Fraternity is a "live institution," and one of the many sprouts that opened into life from the seed that was sown by that great and good man whose name honors the Institution, and as Bro. Slack, of the Commonwealth, says, ran the Twenty-Eighth Congregation from its founder's decease till the Rev. Mr. Wasson became its pastor, and who is doing, mildly and effectively, what his great predecessor had so bravely begun and so firmly established on the free platform of Music Hall, viz: practically expounding rational Christianity—which is Spiritualism without the spirit; or, to use the language of playbills, the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out.

WAX.

A New Spiritual "Test Book."

Several cables were published in the Banner sometime since for a new "Spiritual Test Book"—a work that shall comprise a full but brief exhibition of that wide range of facts and phenomena of Spiritualism which have been showered upon the country within the last few years, as found in numerous reported séances witnessed by well-known, responsible individuals and companies, and on which is predicated a belief in the reality of spiritual intercourse. It should, also, I think, contain a brief exposition of the philosophy of Spiritualism, and answers to the most popular objections. Such a work as this, if restricted to such brief limits as to bring it within the reach of the million; and circulated through the country at a nominal price, would undoubtedly achieve a vast influence for the advancement of the cause. And I have watched with anxious hope for more than six months for some good brother or sister to respond to these calls. But as no one has yet announced the intention to furnish such a work, I propose, with the aid and encouragement of the friends of the cause, some of whom have solicited it, to enter soon upon the task myself, and desire all friendly to such a movement who may be in possession of important, well-attested facts bearing upon the subject, whether in manuscript, pamphlet, or contained in books, to furnish them without delay, and for such favor they shall be furnished with the work without charge.

A friend to every movement that will advance the glorious cause, I am, K. GRAVES.

Harcysburg, O., Nov. 15, 1865.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, have just issued the following musical compositions: "A gem from the opera of Naaman," entitled "The gem shall be prosperous"; "We come we come!" song and chorus, words by O. R. Green, dedicated to the gallant defenders of the Union; "House the blazing midnight fire," a Winter song, by John S. Porter; "Warrior's Victory," a grand march by Strauss, as performed by Heinicke's Third Division Band, at Glover's Hill, Va.; "Hear my Prayer," being four of the "Morning and Evening" collection of pieces intended for public worship, composed by L. H. Southard; "Fairy Whispers," a composition for the Piano-forte.

Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York, has just published "Our Soldiers' Last March," introduced the celebrated "Peace Jubilee," composed expressly for the 150th Regiment, by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst; "The Gems of the Mountains," marches, composed by Mrs. Parkhurst; "The first kiss at the gate," a ballad, by T. Johnson, music by Augustus A. Griley.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENG.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

This Paper is issued to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1865.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All subscriptions must be sent to the "BANNER OF LIGHT," BOSTON, MASS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Coming Man.

After all that has been said—seriously and deservingly—of this long looked for individual, it is fair to confess now that he is not only at the door but has his welcome foot across the threshold. He is not such a myth as many light-minded persons are inclined to suppose. He has had his share and thought too steadily upon this particular era to let us think that he and it would not be here together. The whole conjuncture has been well timed. There was need of a new and fresh arrival. The Old had turned its back and gone out, and the New waited only to be heralded and shown its rightful inheritance. For this office of introduction the Coming Man was specially adapted. He had stumbled about among the ruins of the Past, and waited and worked patiently, and in faith, for the better time which was hidden in the womb of the Future, and now he greets the event with a hail that is full of heart and cheer, and proceeds to prophesy even greater and better things still to those who shall patiently and in faith wait and work as he has done.

The Coming Man brings along with him the fruit of promises which many a fainting heart had thought long ago were dead. He arouses us all to the realities which make our veins tingle with contemplating them. He walks off the ground to measure it, showing us how much we have gained, and in what direction. There is nothing of good that has active life, which he does not see at a glance, and at the same glance estimate its meaning and settle its value. He is thoroughly alive and awake. Nothing capable of yielding happiness and growth escapes him. The Past is very dear to him, because it was the fond parent of this living Present, and gave it birth for our common enjoyment and possession. And the Present is dearer still, because it contains all those vigorous and sleepless principles of consciousness which make life worth the having for the meaning it contains and the promises it holds out on every side.

But who and where is this Coming Man about whom so much has been said and written? By what name is he known, or is he to be known among men? There is no mystery about it, kind reader. If you really are open to the impressions of Heaven, and your soul is receptive to all those gentle and holy influences which belong to an exalted state of being, and you are continually reaching out for better things, and working prayerfully in the path of progress, and availing yourself of every element and opportunity that promises personal development and growth, and have a spiritual eye to see and comprehend the great plan of life which has been laid down for you, and for us all too, by the Great Creator and Father—then you are yourself the Coming Man, uniting all the traits and qualities and elements in yourself which have been popularly credited to his possession. The Coming Man is then the same who stands in your shoes and is covered with your hat. There is no mystery about it. He is not a myth, but a living, present creature.

The Presence of Poverty.

We need not go far from our own doors, even in this day of boasted refinement and philanthropy, in order to see such scenes of human misery as should be no more than paralleled if we were to cross oceans and deserts in special quest of them. Even in Boston, while the better streets are pouring down their daily throngs of wealth and glittering fashion, within a stone's throw of that very pagant may be discovered scenes of positive misery at which a sympathizing heart would melt and the lips become dumb. Missionaries could do as good a work right at home as in Hindostan. The heathen are by no means all of them across the ocean. Ignorance, avarice, destitution, nay, actual barbarism may impress an observer with painful reflections in New York and Boston as well as in the isles of the sea or on the coasts of Sennabar. "Telescopical philanthropy" is not the thing at all. It overshoots the mark entirely. It sees nothing but the distant and unrelated poor, while misery is tugging at our skirts for aid and sympathy and fails to get relief.

Certain gentlemen in New York, for instance, connected with the press, have of late conceived the plan of going about into the little known and less frequented quarters where wretched poverty hives and dies, with a view to drag forth to the light of day a state of things which they too surely felt existed near them, and to enlist in the work of alleviating and correcting it, a class of men and women who might possibly never be reached at all with a general request for the enriching help of their sympathies. "What they discovered after a systematic plan of burrowing among the hiding places of poverty, would scarcely appear credible as a statement to the ordinary mind of this age. In a single building, for example, hard by Broadway with its surging tide of business and fashion, they found three hundred families quartered! or more than twelve hundred persons! Well may we quote for the ten thousandth time, on hearing this, that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. Each one of these families was obliged to content itself with a single apartment hardly larger than an ordinary closet, with but a ray of dull light, without ventilation, without provisions for water, and very certain to be enfolded in the arms of a cruel death in case of fire. The picture is appalling.

Nor is it by any means the only one which personal examination will justify us in sketching. Similar ones may be found on every side, and in the heart of our large cities, by any who will be at the pains to hunt them out. What are these poor creatures—brothers and sisters every one of them—to do through the long and weary days and nights of a severe winter? When the thought of their suffering rises in the mind, how can a man or woman, with a dollar or a kind word to spare, walk on with the throng while so much wretchedness remains uncared for so little way off? Why will it not be the best thing we can all of us do, to frame and keep a resolution to make the present winter memorable in our personal history for doing charitable acts where they are needed, and relieving human suffering wherever our energetic quest can reach it out? Could we spend a winter in any better service?

Spiritual Meetings in the Melodeon.

These meetings commenced so late in the season that the Committee who have taken charge of them and opened the doors free to the public, found it quite difficult to obtain lecturers, as most of the speakers had already made engagements elsewhere; but able lecturers are now being secured as fast as possible, and the public may rest assured that as good spiritual food will be provided for the spiritually hungry as in previous seasons. We hope friends will not be backward in contributing sufficient means to defray the necessary expenses of these meetings, so they can—as they always should be—open free to all.

On Sunday, Nov. 26th, Mrs. J. H. Conant consented to assist in the exercises. After pronouncing an impressive invocation to the Source of all Life, she was influenced by the spirit of H. Martineau Stevens and read Shakespeare's posthumous production, from Lizzie Doten's "Poems from the Inner Life," entitled "To be or not to be." The reading was very artistic and received marked attention.

Mrs. N. J. Willis, of this city, then addressed the audience for nearly an hour, taking for her theme, the present hour, and what is demanded of us.

At the close of the lecture Mrs. Conant was again entranced; but this time the beautiful spirit of Anna Cora Wilson took control, for the purpose of delivering a poem, which she had previously intimated she had prepared, and would give when a favorable opportunity occurred. This spirit is familiarly known to our readers as "Birdie," whose poetic gems, from time to time, have graced our pages. In low but clear tones she spoke the following pretty

SONG OF THE AUTUMN WIND.

I come, I come, my watch to keep,
On the cold New England shore—
To diamonds sow where the flowers grew,
And the Summer winds sing no more.

I wall and I weep where the daisies sleep,
On the graves of your early dead;
And I sing a low song through the tall pine trees,
O'er the soldier's nameless bed.

I chant a sad strain, or a wild refrain,
Through every city and town;
And I chase the green leaves from all the trees,
Or I change their greenness to brown.

I roar on the mountains, I bind all the fountains,
And enter the poor man's home;
While the babe lies sleeping, and the mother sits weeping,
I join in her cry of alone—all alone!

Then I speed away o'er the ocean's spray,
Where the loved and lost are sleeping;
Where Neptune's band with relentless hand
Their watch of death are keeping.

I kiss the pale cheek, in that lone retreat,
While the sea birds are loudly screaming;
Where life and death have together met,
And the sleeper knows no dreaming.

I scatter the snows, as every one knows,
Like a carpet of silver sheen,
And I bind all the streams with glittering chains,
Where once the lilies have been.

Farewell! farewell! I go—I go!
From the cold New England shore!
For the Winter winds have begun to blow,
And the Autumn leaves fall no more!

For, far away, over river and bay,
In my home beyond the sea,
The mild-eyed seal and swift gazelle
Are keeping their watch for me.

In the evening, Mrs. L. B. Stockwell read in fine style, "The Sleeping Sentinel." Mr. Charles H. Crowell, under spirit control, delivered an address, abounding with many excellent thoughts and suggestions; at times elaborating on mooted points that have heretofore appeared as stumbling blocks to many minds, in such manner as must have opened the way for light to reach the soul.

At the end of the lecture, Mrs. Conant read "Compensation," to the general acceptance of all, and closed the services with a Benediction.

An Invaluable Discovery.

So many fatal and distressful railway accidents as have, within even a twelvemonth past, overwhelmed individuals and families in inconsolable sorrow, ought certainly to awaken a general inquiry if there is not some means of putting an end to a series of occurrences which are fast making it more perilous to travel than even to go into battle. Searching investigation shows that the larger portion of these numerous casualties are caused simply by defective "sleepers," ties and bridge-timbers. As a rule, this part of the railway works lasts not more than five years. Estimating, therefore, the entire length of our lines of railways at fifty thousand miles, it follows that one hundred and twenty-five million sleepers are to be newly furnished once in every five years, at a cost of sixty million dollars. But by reason of so lavish a use of native timber if it is found to be growing scarce; so much so as to make it of the first importance to consult economy in its employment and service. The forests will soon give out if they are to be leveled off at so reckless a rate.

But the safety of life and limb are of far greater consequence. None of us can know under what rail death lurks for us, if this process of rapid decay is suffered to go on. Even the Travelers' Insurance Companies will soon decline to take further risks when they find that death or maiming is about as certain as that a man ventures to take his seat in a railway carriage. And yet the computation which we have cited is believed to be the correct one, and brings us to the inevitable conclusion that sleepers must be continually renewed—which the rapid waste of our forests will soon make impossible—or else that human life will shortly become of far less value than it is even now. Just at the critical time when so urgent a problem is solved with such difficulty, an individual—Mr. Louis S. Robbins, of New York—steps forward with an invention, by virtue of which he engages to preserve wood from decay—whether by rot or worm-boring, under ground or under water—for a term of no less than twenty-five years. The discovery of the remedy at this juncture is positively providential. The process consists of the application of a chemical preparation in solution to the grain of the timber, by means of which not the surface merely but the pores and heart of the wood are thoroughly permeated, so as to arrest the process of decay on the one hand, and warn off all sorts of worms, especially marvellous worms, on the other. The same process will likewise preserve ship timber, wharf planks, piles driven under water, and whatever kinds of wood are exposed to the weather, so that no danger can ensue to those who trust life and limb to them, for at least a quarter of a century. This being one of the greatest of modern discoveries, no railway corporation ought to be tolerated which refuses to avail itself of its immediate and thorough application.

Elegant and Sensible Gifts.

Spiritualists, liberal thinkers, friends of progress, and all persons who believe in development and growth after harmonical methods, will naturally seek to know what will be among the fittest purchases of Books, for gift purposes particularly, as the Holiday Season draws on. We have it in our thoughts to suggest precisely what they will thank us for. They are the following widely known and everywhere favorite volumes:

Lizzie Doten's "Poems from the Inner Life"; Belle Bush's "Voices of the Morning"; Hudson and Emma Tuttle's "Blossoms of Our Spring"; and Miss Achsa W. Sprague's "Poems."

Four fairer books of rich poetry it would be impossible to match in the whole repertory of spiritual publications. Their contents are varied enough to answer to any interior call which humanity may make upon them. Whoever receives either one of these books from a friend, may know that it is a friend indeed that presents them. Their pages awaken the loftiest aspirations of the spirit, and as faithfully sound its profoundest depths. Whatever is sad or playful in human thought, tender and sweet in human sentiment, reverent and worshipful in the human heart, will find in these choice volumes a stimulant, a guide, and a companion. Could we say more? If more than this be asked, we can but urge the questioner to secure the volumes themselves and give them his attentive examination.

They are to be had at the Banner of Light office, singly and in quantities.

The Boston Conference.

The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists held their first Conference at Kant Hall, 104 Hanover street, Wednesday evening, Nov. 29th, 1865.

Jacob Edson in the chair. The question before the meeting was the benefits which Spiritualism has conferred upon community. A very lively interest was manifested among those present, and it was resolved to continue the question next week. Those who know that Spiritualism has been of service to them can here have an opportunity of expressing it.

This Conference is intended for our friends out of the city, as well as those who reside within its limits.

Go, then, next Wednesday evening, and tell what good Spiritualism has done for you.

The Cattle Plague.

This dreadful murrain has been at work among the herds of England as actively as ever. The disease has spread and taken hold of the sheep, so that herds and flocks together are prostrated before its mysterious influence. A rigid interdiction of all cattle communication with Ireland has been ordered, so that vast herds of that green island have not yet suffered from the infection. The British agriculturists mourn over their misfortunes as if they never would be comforted. As time rolls on, we find that new diseases are developed among men and beasts, belonging naturally to the new conditions of civilization, and bringing the human mind into the closest possible relations with Nature and the great governing intelligence in order to understand and read aright the laws of existence.

Napoleon in Mexico.

The publication of diplomatic correspondence shows that Napoleon has meant from the first to withdraw his troops from Mexico, as soon as he could do so without breaking his promise to Maximilian. Therefore the French troops will be going home very soon. It is reasoned from this that the Emperor of the French believes his protégé in Mexico is near enough established in power to let him walk without further help from him. Both Emperors have wished the United States' Government to recognize the imperial bantling to the Southwest of us, but, up to date, their wishes have not been gratified. It is certain, at any rate, that Maximilian finds pretty hard sledding there among the copper-colored people.

Chelsea and Charlestown.

Miss Lizzie Doten has just closed a month's lecturing season in Chelsea. Crowded audiences greeted her each Sunday. At the close of her last lecture she gave a poem, which was highly relished by the listeners. She speaks in Hope Chapel, New York, during this month. Mrs. Fannie B. Felton follows her for two Sundays in Chelsea.

In Charlestown, the Society meeting in City Hall have engaged Benjamin Todd to speak for them during this month. Mr. T. is an able and popular lecturer.

Mrs. Nellie Temple Brigham occupies the platform of the Society holding free meetings in Mechanic's Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City Square. She is a first-class speaker.

The Eddy Mediums.

The Eddys have been in this city during the past week holding séances for physical manifestations, at the Melodeon, each evening, to increasing audiences. The manifestations, such as we have already described, have nightly puzzled the skeptic, and highly interested the seeker after the truth in regard to the spiritual phenomena.

At one of our free circles, the invisibles were asked to explain the chemical and material process by which a coat is taken from the Eddy boy and another coat put on him. The answer was quite elaborate, and will be found on our sixth page, among the questions and answers in the Message Department.

J. M. Peebles.

This brother desires us to say to the friends in Charlestown, Providence, Chelsea, Haverhill and other localities, that he has written him for lecture engagements, that he is engaged Westward for the coming year. After one Sunday more in Worcester; another at the Quarterly Conference of Spiritualists in Western New York, and a few days at home, in Battle Creek, Mich., he commences a two months' lecture engagement in Cincinnati, Ohio. Correspondents will govern themselves accordingly.

The Address to the World

Is now in type, and will be ready to be transmitted by mail to the subscribers, as soon as all who subscribed, while at the National Convention, make their payments. Most have already done so. Those who have not are respectfully requested to remit immediately to Dr. H. T. Child, No. 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., Chairman of the Committee on Publication.

Fall River.

J. S. Loveland will lecture in Fall River, at City Hall, Dec. 17th, afternoon and evening. Two magnificent spirit-paintings, executed by N. B. Starr, spirit-artist, of Cincinnati, will be exhibited on the occasion. Friends in the surrounding towns are invited to attend.

Read the lecture on our eighth page. There's truth in it.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit who chose the name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance the Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

Special Notice.

All questions propounded by the audience at our Free Public Circles must hereafter be in writing, to avoid confusion.

Invocation.

Oh Life, wondrous and beautiful Life, in thy name we pray for blessings; in thy name we utter our praise; in thy name we live, we move, we have our being. Thou fountain of all things, thou presence whom the soul cannot comprehend, oh, we praise thee, in behalf of these mortals, for the gift of this glorious autumn day. Grant, oh Spirit of the Hour, that it may teach them a lesson; that it may bear upon its wings the prophecy of that harvest time that the soul shall participate in beyond the tomb. Our Father, may all our utterances be consciously of thee. May we remember, at all times and in all places, that thou art near unto us; that we are sustained by thee; that the same power that is exhibited in the sunshine and the shade, is exhibited through our human lives. Oh, may we feel that thy blessings are broadcast; that the fountain of love is ever flowing free; that there never was a time when thou didst wander from us; also that there never was a time when thy children wandered from thee. Thou art with us, and we are ever with thee. So we praise thee; so we ever adore thee; so we ever pronounce glad utterances of joy, now and forever. Amen.

Oct. 23.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have inquiries from correspondents, we will now answer them.

Q.—By Dr. T. J. Lewis, of Norfolk, Virginia: "Should mankind use salt as a part of his food?"

A.—Certainly.

Q.—By M. G. M.: "What has become of, or how does the spirit of the human being exist, who is so deranged as not to be possessed of one spark of mind, or even instinct, that is to be found in the brute creation?"

A.—Idiots that are such by virtue of the inheritance that exists in their spirits, are not found as distinct individuals beyond the sphere of time. But if they exist only in the physical, then you may look for them beyond time. There are spiritual idiots and physical idiots. Those that are physically idiots, have no distinct spiritual individuality. Their individuality does not pass beyond the physical. They have a physical identity, but that, even, is lost, with the dissolution of the body.

If the audience have not prepared their questions in writing, we will answer such questions as we think proper this afternoon. But in the future we shall request that you hand your inquiries to the Chairman, in order to prevent confusion.

Q.—Can the controlling spirit inform us what causes those sudden electric spark appearances, made visible to the natural eye in the dark, and for what is their purpose?

A.—Sometimes they may be attributed to the peculiar electrical condition of the person who sees them. Generally this is the controlling cause. Sometimes, however, they may be attributed to the peculiar electrical condition of the atmosphere. We do not know that there is any special reason that we might assign for these manifestations. They are like a thousand other manifestations. All have their meaning; but we are unable to determine exactly what that meaning is.

Q.—There is in Boston a prestidigitant—Hermann—whose feats some persons believe to be performed by spirit-power. Is this so?

A.—Mr. Hermann is himself ignorant of the cause by which he produces many of the so-called wonders that are attributed to anything but what they should be attributed to. He is a medium for that particular class of manifestations denominated physical manifestations.

Q.—I had suspected so, and that he was ignorant of the fact. But how he can be such a medium without being cognizant of the fact, is difficult for me to understand.

A.—He may not be entirely ignorant of the fact. He may know that these things are produced by a power outside of himself, and yet not know what that power is.

William Rowe.

Although I've labored very hard to get here, yet no one is more conscious of the fact than I am, that some one else ought to receive this blessing of return instead of me.

I was foolish enough to abuse the body that the great Master Workman gave me, and foolish enough to abuse it to such an extent that I was obliged to quit it very suddenly. If I had done half as well as I know how when here, I should have been, to-day, in possession of my own body. But after all, it's very hard to tell whether we are controlling ourselves, or are controlled by some outside influence.

But I, for one, believe in individual responsibility. I believe I was held responsible for deeds done in the body, believe I shall be held accountable for every evil act performed when on the earth. Whether I am right or not, I can't tell. That is a belief I have always entertained, and which I still entertain now.

I died in a rum fit; yes, a rum fit, that's it. There's no use in dodging the truth, it's a rum fit, nothing short of it. I ought to be ashamed to own it, and I am ashamed that I did not obey my inner convictions of right when here. I am unworthy the gift of return. I ought to be in the body that lies mouldering in the grave; but because I have made a mistake, it's no reason I should sit down and mourn through all eternity over what I can't help. There's no help for the past. You must make the best of it, and do all you can to atone for it in the future.

I have friends here on earth; I have enemies also. My friends were on earth; I died in the way I did. Well, I don't wonder at it. My enemies

said, "I always thought he'd come to such an end. He deserved it. I'm glad he's gone." I did not blame them for that.

I had been drinking hard for some days; and in the winding-up business—as all hard drinkers well know—it's pretty hard to wind off a spree. But I had got through safely in a great many, and supposed I should through this. But it so happened that I did not.

When I woke up to a conscious existence in another life, I was somewhat alarmed, for in spirit I did not know whether I was to go lower, or higher, or remain stationary, or what was to become of me. But very soon I learned I had only taken one step. I was William Rowe just as much on the other side as I was when here, the same personality, just the same precisely; a little more sober than when I actuated the old body, that laid still before me; but so far as mind is concerned, I was the same.

I should be very glad to set my friends—particularly the boys who are on the same road that I went out on—right, glad to set them right.

I'm not here to preach a religious discourse; I could not do it when here, and I'm sure I can't now. I only want them to be better off than I am on the other side. I'm not very well off, not very well satisfied. I'm satisfied with everybody else but myself. I feel I might have been better off now if I'd only done different when here.

I lived in Charlestown; kept a place where you could refresh the inner man. I've only been in the spirit-world a few months, passed out this season.

I should be very glad to talk to any of my friends. I'm dead, yet I'm alive. I'm passing through experience, so far as immortality goes, that I could not gain here. I thought if there was anything I could do to enlighten poor benighted ones here, I ought to do it. To those who are first let me address those to whom I'm under pecuniary obligations. I'm now where I can't pay you in money, but if you'll give me time, and your patience and good will, I'll do my best to pay you in another way. I'll work for your highest interests, and if you'll give me a chance to talk with you, I'll be very glad to, with every one of you. To those who are more intimately connected with me, I have only to say, if I wronged you here—and I'm quite sure I did—be charitable and forgive. Remember that I now stand where you'll not be ashamed of me when you come to this new life. And to all who are not afraid to meet the invisible inhabitants of Ghost-land, I shall be glad to talk; all who are not afraid of me as I am now, I would be glad to talk with; but if they are afraid, they'd better stay away.

I have brought a friend here with me who is very anxious to say a word. He, like myself, thinks he ought not to be so blessed. Sometimes the worst sinners get the highest blessings; perhaps because they have need of them. Good-day, sir.

Oct. 23.

Frank Ramsey.

My friend Billy Rowe has kindly volunteered his services to aid me in this novel movement.

I never had any special preference for spiritual things when here; but I find myself so uneasy in my new sphere of life, that I took a run back here as quick as I could. I was pretty wide awake, when here, not given to sleeping too long. I did not have much acquaintance with these things, though I'd seen something of the spiritual movement; heard a good deal of it, yet I had no belief in it myself. I used to think, when I have more time, I'll look a little further into Spiritualism and satisfy myself a little about it. But I suppose, like a good many others, I waited perhaps a little too long.

There's a good deal I should like to say to my family and my acquaintances that I could not say before I left them. I'm just as wide awake now as I ever was in my life. I remember all that I've passed through. Death has not robbed me of anything except my body, and I verily believe, after I get a little used to this new life, that I shall be sorry for the change. Now I'm uneasy, unsatisfied. Great God! I feel as though I'd give the world for an hour's time in my own body; but I know, if I am to judge anything by my own feelings, my friends should be glad that I'm through with death. It's a pretty hard customer to deal with, a pretty good friend when you understand him.

I bear no ill-will toward the poor unfortunate wretch that was the instrument used in sending me over to this new life. If I can do him a good turn, I will. But I should like to have him know that I am fully conscious that he was my murderer, and I am perhaps more vividly awake to his situation than he is himself.

I suppose there are many of these people you call mediums, through whom I might identify myself, and give what would be satisfactory to me. If my friends will muster up courage enough to seek out a good reliable one, one whose powers have been thoroughly tested, I'll meet them, talk about my business affairs, or anything else that interests them and me.

I want to talk with my friends. Great God! I'd give the world to talk with my friends all this hour. But I am conscious of my own weakness and ignorance of these things. But never mind; it is by action we are to gain strength and wisdom.

I am as I was, Frank Ramsey, of Charlestown.

Oct. 23.

Patrick Burns.

Faith, it is an ill wind that blows nowhere. With the death and the coming back of Mister Ramsey, I got here myself. [Were you attached to him here?] Oh, no sir, not particularly; but I got somehow interested in his coming back, and so got a chance to come myself. Oh, I been trying to come here ever since I went away. I been dead, in all, a little more than a year. Well, I was in his employ a few months, over at the Mansion House, in Charlestown.

Now, sir, I got a wife and children in Charlestown, and if there's any way I can come to them, I'd like to tell them I'm not dead, I'm alive, and just the same as I was here, barring the body, that's what I've not got here; but all the rest I have. Oh, I been studying how to get back here ever since I went out, and thinking in myself all the while, something will turn up, something will happen yet, so I can get a chance to come back here and speak; but faith, I did n't think to meet Mister Ramsey so soon, or that he'd fly back here just as quick as he got on the other side. Ah, he was a devil of a fellow. If he had n't been, he'd not be back to earth so soon, again. It's just like him, you know. And if he had n't been so quick in putting those rough chaps out of his house, he'd not lost his body.

So for me own part I'm very glad it's all as it is. Ah, yes, I'd not be back here to-day if it were not for Mister Ramsey, and I shan't forsake him in my own way. We are apt to like that, you know, that brings us success. Ah, I've learned that fact, sir.

Patrick Burns, that's me name, and if you wanted anybody to take care of your horses, why, I could do it, as well as any other man, and perhaps a little better.

[Did you leave your family in Charlestown?] Ah, yes, I did. I leave there two little ones and a wife. [What part of Charlestown?] Well, sir, in a small court, running back of Grange street. [Grange street? you mean Green street?] Ah, well, I can say Green, if you like green. I'm green enough myself, I know.

Well, now, sir, if you please, you may say in your paper, that Patrick Burns, who worked for Mister Ramsey, at the Mansion House, who has been dead little over a year, wants to come to his wife Ellen. Now, you'll remember that, hey?

Oh, I want to talk, talk to me brother Daniel. I'm in a devil of a way to come back and talk with me own folks. [Won't the Church prevent your friends from letting you come to them?] Ah, I suppose so; that's where the slick is. Ah, the devil with the Church, what do I care for it now. I'm not dependent upon that, you see, I prayed myself out. Yes, sir, I believe that I did. And I've talked with as fine a man as is to be found in the spirit-world, Mr. Shaw, yes, he was a priest when here. He said to me, "Mr. Burns, the Catholic religion is all very well for those persons who need it, and there are many on the earth who do. It's all very well for them. But I tell you what it is, Mr. Burns, you've no use for it now." He told me all about it; all about his own experience in regard to religion. Oh, his father's name was Robert. [I was acquainted with him.] Ah, you was? A fine man. [I think so.]

Ah, these folks on the earth think we're dead. Why, we're ourselves, and know we are alive; mind that. Ah, it's the foolishness of the folks here in the body.

I was a little sorry when I knew I'd got to die. I went to war; yes, I was in the 32d Massachusetts, yes, sir. Where did I die? I was in the hospital, I suppose. I don't know, I stayed some hours; ah, I suppose I die. In the hospital, I was wounded in the head and arm. Ah, I don't know; I had a pretty hard time going out. What I was going to say, was, that now it's all over, I'm glad I went. To tell the truth, I was anxious to come to the folks, because I died away from home. They are fretting themselves to death because I had no absolution. Ah, I had me own absolution, yes, I had, I absolved myself, and that's the very best kind of absolution to have.

Ah, I'm well enough off. I suppose I'm in as bad a way to get back as Mister Ramsey. It's about those little ones I'm anxious to come back, for I know Ellen has a hard time. I want me wife to know that I can come; know about it.

And you tell Mister Shaw took me out of purgatory, if he asks, "am I out of purgatory?" Oh, yes; say he took me out. Oh, you must talk this way to those who are in the Church, because they can't see these things as we do. [Won't that be telling her an untruth?] No, sir, because he did; because it was himself told me to come here and take myself out of purgatory. Because I said like this: "tell me where purgatory is?" "This is purgatory," "How?" "I said; 'am I in purgatory?'" "Yes," he said, "you're in what answers to it, in an intermediate condition, that is purgatory, all the purgatory you'll ever see." "How will I get out of it?" said I. "Ah, you can come back to your friends, Mr. Burns, and so get yourself out." So, then, if I was in the purgatory, it was himself took me out, by telling me to come back and speak here. It was himself took me out. Don't think I come back here with a lie in me mouth.

Well, now, here's to Mister Ramsey and myself. Here's hoping that he'll get his wish, and I get mine. Good-day, sir; good luck to you. Oct. 23.

Mary E. Fullerton.

I was born in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, on the 7th of October, 1839. Mary E. Smith was the name I was called by. I was the oldest of two children. I had a brother two years and a half younger. I died in St. Louis, on the 9th of June, 1861.

One month before my death I was married to William R. Fullerton. Shortly after my marriage I learned, what I was sorry to learn, that he had deceived not only me but another. I am not here to-day to reproach him; no, I have no right to, but I am here to communicate, if I can, some intelligence to my mother, who still remains on earth. She has heard many things that were false concerning me. I ask that she may give me the privilege of speaking with her, then I will make all wrongs right.

I died of fever; I suppose it might be called congestive fever. My mother would know if I suffered much? If I was reconciled? If I was happy? I was reconciled, without being happy. I suffered, but, through that suffering, I gained what I could have gained in no other way—the experience I needed. My father, who was lost at sea when I was quite young, has guided me here.

If I have any communication to make to William Fullerton, it is this: retrace your steps; learn to be honest; learn to be true; learn to be just to all you deal with, for so sure as you do not, bitter repentance will be yours hereafter. I forgive you. All I ask is that you may learn to do better.

Oct. 23.

Georgie Kinley.

Georgie Kinley, sir, I was the only son of Captain George W. Kinley, of the 3d Alabama Cavalry, Company C. My father said if I could come back he would believe that folks could come back after death. I died when he was away. I was sick only four days. My mother was away when I was taken sick, but she came home before I died. I do not know what to say to my father. I'm glad to come, but I was sorry we ever moved from Detroit. I didn't like the South at all, and I did n't like—my mother did n't like for my father to go in the Southern army. My father said when the war was over we'd move back to the West if my mother did n't like. I reckon he'd better go. My mother did n't like so well now I'm gone.

I want one of these folks to speak through. [You want your father to all you?] Yes, sir. [He will when he sees this communication.] Well, he's been looking all around. When he'd see some of these folks, if they did n't know him, he'd think if I should come and give him any proof that it was me, he should be so glad. I want to come to him—do n't want to come here again. [You came here to make your faith sufficiently strong to reach him.] Yes, sir.

I want him to take my mother back to Detroit, for she wants to go. My father was n't wounded at all; was n't sick at all in the army. He got out without being wounded or killed. I was a little disappointed, because I hoped he'd come to me. I wanted to show him round. [You desired his company?] Yes, sir, because I didn't want to stay in the spirit-land. But I've got over it now; I'm getting along very well now. My name is spelled Kinley. [Your age?] Ten years old. Good-bye.

Oct. 23.

Invocation.

Our Father, though thy truths, like glittering gems, have been scattered throughout every age, and the soul's table has always been spread by thy

beneficent hand, though thy wisdom is an eternal presence in which all souls live, yet no soul knoweth thee, no life understandeth thee. Again and again the question is asked, "Who is God?" The booming waves may answer. The deep solitudes of Nature, where the sound of the human voice, or even a footstep, is never heard, may claim that thou hast thy dwelling place in her heart. And yet the question remains unanswered, and still the soul questions of thee. So long as stars shine by night and suns give light by day, so long as the rivulets dance down the mountain's side in praise, so long as flowers bloom, so long as ocean's waves dash upon the shore, so long as Nature is Nature and soul is soul, we will worship thee. Though thou may be unknown to us, though it may be that the inscriptions on our altars must be to the unknown God, yet we will adore thee, we will worship thee to-day and forever.

Oct. 24.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, we will consider them.

CHAIRMAN.—I have but one, and that is of a personal nature, therefore I'll not read it.

SPIRIT.—If the audience have such as would be acceptable to the public, we should be very glad to answer them.

Q.—Will you explain the chemical and material process by which a coat is taken from the Eddy boy and another coat put on him?

A.—The same atoms of life of which the coat is composed exist in the atmosphere. The coat is held together, or the particles composing the coat, by a law which may be termed atmospheric pressure, or the law of attraction. The particles are attracted to each other because they live in each other's life, or, in other words, they are in harmony with each other. The law of repulsion has no power over the particles. So the particles are held together, and the coat, by virtue of human intelligence, is the coat. In the spirit-land there are many souls who are earnestly interested in the various branches of human science. For instance, there are many who desire to know how these ponderable bodies, physical articles, are held together. So they go to investigating matter. They learn first what the particles are from. They learn next how they are held in their present position. The next step taken by them is to see what can be done to displace these particles, or overrule the law of attraction. Having gone thus far, you will perceive they are masters of law, by virtue of understanding. You are all masters of what you perfectly understand. Such being the case that law becomes henceforth your servant, because you can use it as you please.

Now, then, when they wish to give you any special demonstration to prove to you that there is a life beyond the grave, and the inhabitants of that spirit-world can return and communicate with mortals, to prove this they oftentimes descend to the making of these manifestations called spiritual physical manifestations. Supposing I should desire to take the coat off the medium mentioned, should I untie the knots? No. What then? Should I sever the ropes? Yes; and how? By the use of that positive electric force that the scientists in the spirit-world often use as you would use your knives or sharp instruments. Applying this to the ropes, or any object that is equally hard, the particles are disintegrated at that point. Withdraw it, and the particles immediately assimilate, are attracted together. So, then, the ropes are severed and the coat is taken off. If the human eye could see the process you would see that the coat was in three pieces. By withdrawing this positive, electric force, the particles of the coat at once unite. Why? Because their life-principle has not been destroyed; because the law has only been taken advantage of by human intelligence. You can use the lightning and make them the veriest servant imaginable when you know how to use them. When you do not know how, they will be very sure to master you and make you bow down and worship them.

This process of taking off the coat is by no means a miracle. It is done by natural law, which is simple, and is the same law that governs heat, cold, water and air. All, when resolved to their primary condition or their foundation life, if we may so express ourselves, are exceedingly simple. Why, we believe the simplest thing in all life is God. That is the soul of all, the all of all. When resolved to its primary condition it is exceedingly simple. Intelligence, in its primary parts, is simplicity. Indeed, all things are only mysterious because they are so complicated.

Q.—Are spirit-garlands attracted together in the same way?

A.—They are. The same law holds good with them.

Q.—How is heat produced?

A.—It is produced by action, intense action, always.

Q.—Is it an element, a primate, or an effect?

A.—It is an effect, not a primate.

Q.—Could the coat test be performed in the light? or is darkness necessary?

A.—It is at present necessary, because those persons who are giving these demonstrations have not power to control the positive element, light. When they have advanced further in science, then they will be able to control it. And, again, at present, they cannot allow the human eye to rest upon these manifestations, because the magnetism of the human eye destroys that power they have need of. Until they shall have learned to control the magnetism of the human eye, you cannot be allowed to gaze at their manifestations. But so soon as they shall have mastered this part of science, they will be able to perform them in the light. We earnestly hope, then, the doubters will be few.

Q.—A friend of mine tells me that he has had a pineapple and a melon come through the door to him. Will you explain by what process it came?

A.—The same medium operandi that is made use of in removing the coat is made use of in removing any other article.

Oct. 24.

Elizabeth Redfield.

They that are not willing to bear the cross ought not to expect to wear a crown, for crowns always come by the bearing of crosses, and life is full of such.

Before I entered upon the untold realities of the spirit-world, I was conscientiously opposed to this spiritual movement. I distrusted it, and in many instances I might have been heard speaking harshly against it. I said it cannot be, because it does not seem reasonable, because it conflicts with what I have religiously been taught. But I could not then see that it did not conflict with true religion. I could not then see that it was the most reasonable and rational philosophy in all the world.

I have some dear friends and relatives who are believers in this glorious philosophy. I thought many hard things of them when here, and fully believed the time would come when they would learn how mistaken they were, how they had been deluded. The time has now come when I can see how mistaken I was; how deluded I was. I am exceedingly anxious to bear some tidings

from over the river called Death, to my husband, who remains on the earth, to my friends, to those who loved me and I still love. I want them to know that I was mistaken and deluded; that I have been waiting to take up my cross and come back, declaring to them that I have learned that this Spiritualism is a glorious truth. Although connected with it is much of error, yet it is strong enough to survive all the scorn, all the opposition its opponents may heap upon it. It cannot die. It is destined to live forever. I want to tell the saving Christ-principle of the age. He who is not willing to investigate all the manifestations that our Father God sees fit to make, is not worthy to be a child of that God.

I myself see my own unworthiness. I do not feel I ought to return basking in the glorious sunshine of return. But I am here by the goodness, the impartial goodness of a just God.

When I was changing worlds, in my spirit I realized that the spirit-world was a reality, that our friends had an existence beyond death, fully realized this. But I had not the power to so state to my friends. I regret I did not have.

I died away from many I loved, away on the sunny shores of Italy. But I am here to-day. I am here in the midst of my kindred, my friends; but they know me not, see me not; do not understand that I am here. Oh, I would ask that they avail themselves of the glorious privileges of this age to talk with those gone beyond; investigate this glorious belief.

I was the second wife of our American Consul at Otranto, Italy. Elizabeth Redfield. Oh, tell him I am asking to speak with him concerning this beautiful land to which you are all hastening.

Oct. 24.

Amelia Federhen.

I have made many attempts to manifest to the friends I have left since my death, which took place last spring. But I have never been able to do so with satisfaction to myself.

I have been an unseen listener to much that has been said. Sometimes I have been sad because I was able to know what was passing on earth; sometimes I have been very joyful over it. I have often listened to remarks like these from my friends: "How much better it would have been for poor Amelia had she lived a different life. Had she taken proper care of herself, she might have been with us now, instead of lying in the cold grave."

I am not conscious of ever having been in the grave myself, nor am I conscious of ever having broken any law of my nature; for we are taught here in the spirit-world that a natural law cannot be broken or set aside. It can be used as law, but never can be broken. So I lived in accordance with the law of my nature, and died, I believe, not before my time, although it has been so affirmed many times by my friends, who believed my death to have been premature.

I lived what is generally called a gay, happy life. I paid very little attention to things of a spiritual nature. I lived in the external, but I believed I lived so because that was the law in my case. There are laws governing human circumstances over which we ourselves have but very little control. We think we are able, or may be able to do this or that, or not to do it, but it's only thought, not the reality.

I would not have my friends think I am unhappy in this new life. I am not positively unhappy, although I am sometimes saddened by the feeling, by the fear that I may not be able to return and manifest to them of the beauties of my spirit-home. I am by no means unhappy because I died young. I believed in God when here, and if there is a Supreme, All-Wise and Powerful Intelligence controlling all things in the universe, then he would not allow me to injure myself. If he did, then he is not an all-powerful, all-wise God, one worthy our worship. So I must accept the belief that I did what this Supreme Intelligence intended I should do when here.

I should be very glad to speak with the friends I left, very glad to overcome their prejudices concerning this Spiritualism. When it becomes popular, or when its popularity reaches them—for it is popular now, although they do not understand it—I'm very sure they will be as anxious to grasp it as any one. But I am anxious they should know of its truths as soon as possible. I will do all I can to assist them in their strivings after truth, provided they desire truth. But if they do not, then they must come to the spirit-world, not knowing where they are going, as I did.

I send my kind wishes to all I've left, and I would have the little one I left brought up with some knowledge concerning these things. Instead of teaching her that her mother is dead, teach her that she lives, and is watching over her. Do this, and the child will rarely do wrong. Teach children that they are constantly in the presence of some one, that they are never alone, make them understand this, and they will rarely go astray.

I was Amelia, wife of John Federhen, of Boston. Farewell, sir.

Oct. 24.

Nathan Hilliard.

The way is open, the bridge is laid, no toll to pay, and I'm back to earth again.

Nathan Hilliard, a sailmaker, from Boston, yes, sir. I thought I'd lay down the palm and shoulder the musket to see which I'd like best. I got peppered a little too hard, and lost my body.

Now, Mr. Chairman, Major-General, Commander-in-Chief, what are you going to do for a rough fellow like me, dressed up in woman's clothes that do not belong to him? [We will aid you to reach your friends.] That's right; aid me to meet my friends; that's what I want to do, but it's a damned hard job to scale the walls of the Church; not used to climbing so high. What shall I do? Crawl under, or make a hole right straight through? I've not been away very long, so I've made the most of my time in coming back. I struck a bee line for here, and was soon all right.

Now you just be good enough to say that Nathan Hilliard is not dead, to begin with, and in the next place, that he can come back and talk through this body; that he's left his own on a Virginia battle-field; and, in the third place, be kind enough to inform the folks that I was n't drunk when I enlisted; in fact, I was n't what might be called a hard drinker. I could take my eleven o'clock, or my four o'clock, and keep sober; don't remember that I ever got drunk in my life, and I do n't see for my life why some of my folks should think I was drunk at the time I enlisted. I went off rather unceremoniously, because I knew my—well,

NO. 1.—THE PORTICO OF THE BAGE.
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the view
he has often had characteristically of a landscape in the
Spheres, embracing the Home of a group of Men. What
those who desire to have the same view as himself of that most
terrible land beyond the sea has published in the
the popular CANTER OF VINTAGE form. Single copies 25 cents
free of postage. Large size photographs, \$1; large size color
\$3. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale at this office.

June 25.

F. A. SEARLE,
EXECUTES NEARLY
STEAM JOB PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, AT HIS ROOM,
118 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.

ALL orders by Mail, Telegraph, or Express, for PLAIN
ILLUSTRATED MAMMOTH TONGUES, HANDBILLS, &c., prom-
ptly and faithfully attended to.

127-CENT ST.

WILLIAM L. STOCKWELL,
Printer and Publisher in Electricity, on Tuesdays and
Fridays, at his residence, No. 29 Metropolitan Place, Bos-
ton, Mass.

4W—Nov. 2.

The Lecture Boom.

Lectures at the Melodeon.
SUNDAY, NOV. 17th, 1865.

Mr. J. S. Loveland spoke Sunday afternoon and evening at the Melodeon. He quoted these words from St. Paul as hinting the topic of the discourse, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," and proceeded to say, that one class of persons were so constituted, as to accept many things without a thorough examination. Another class, more unfortunate, rejected very much of good for lack of the needful analysis, or examination, while a third class, more fortunate of all, were perpetually changing from one thing to another—they never held fast the good, even when they possess it. Against these tendencies, we may suppose the caution of the text to have been directed. At all events, nothing is more needed at the present, than that we should heed such a hint.

Superficialism characterizes us in all departments, except where money is to be made. In those pursuits, we allow no lack of thoroughness of examination to defeat our efforts. But in those respects where moral and spiritual questions are involved, we are ready to take them on the mere say-so of some one else. We receive and retain the most egregious errors, for the only reason that we are indisposed to spend the requisite time and energy to make a thorough investigation. If dollars were to be risked, we should be all attention and energy.

The Greek word *Dokimazo*, here translated prove, refers to the assay of metals. To prove, signifies that process by which the relative proportion of pure metal and dross, are determined in a given quantity of ore.

In the realm of mind, to find out the whole of the true and good—of the false and evil, is precisely what we are enjoined to do; and yet it is just what the active, money-getting and quick-witted Yankee most of all dislikes.

But the special object I have in view, is to notice the particular application of the idea of the text to us as Spiritualists at the present time. Were we a people whose faith was affirmed by a certain number of articles, and whose practice was in rigid conformity with the maxims of St. Custom, this duty might well be dispensed with. But fortunately, or unfortunately such is not the case. Nor is it proposed, or wished to secure any stereotyped rule of conformity among us; yet, it is certainly desirable, not to say necessary, that we should make a more thorough scrutiny of many questions than we obviously have done hitherto. In illustration of this position, please notice a few points, which will serve as representatives of many.

There are some who wish to be called *Christian Spiritualists*, and still others who are more than this—they are *Bible Christian Spiritualists*; while others declare they are Spiritualists from the infidel side. Not a few declare the Bible to be as worthless as a last year's almanac, while others reverence it almost as much as the Church itself. To one, it abounds in all manner of contradictions; while to another it is singularly harmonious and consistent. Now, it must be evident to all, that imperfect analysis must be at the basis of one, or both of these views; and of all similar ones. I am sure this is the fact, and without, at the present, intending to enter upon any critical analysis of this subject, I will give a brief outline of reasons for the position assumed.

According to the chronology of our English Bible, man's existence on the earth commenced less than six thousand years ago; indeed, we might say about four thousand years, for, according to that book, the entire race, with the exception of eight persons, were destroyed some sixteen hundred and fifty-six years after the first creation, thus rendering an entire new beginning necessary.

But, notwithstanding this, we have, according to the admission of, the most learned divines, and Christian writers, authentic history carrying us up some three thousand years beyond the Christian era; or from seven to eight hundred years beyond the flood. The Chinese records carry us more than twenty-nine hundred years beyond Christ. The Egyptian, some twenty-six hundred, and their traditions stretch for thousands of years further. The Persian and Phœnician are nearly the same, while the Hindoos have astronomical records more than thirty-one hundred years old; and by the best of all tests, proved to be genuine records of observations made at the time. The same records, which show these and cognate facts, show also the existence of various arts, and an acquaintance with many of the facts and methods of science, at least five thousand years ago. Moreover, such is the peculiar condition of science, art and literature at that period, and such the situation of the then existing nations, that we are forced to the conclusion that the science, etc., of that time is only the wreck of a civilization still more ancient. We are forced back from six to eight thousand years, to find the culmination of a civilization, which must have preceded all our present history, and survives only in the traditions of a Golden Age, or a Garden of Paradise.

These facts prove our English Bible to be chronologically and historically false, and they are, therefore, very carefully kept out of sight of the common people, and indeed very many of the clergy are ignorant of them. It should be stated, however, that the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament, made B. C. 277, contains a chronology harmonizing substantially with the histories of other ancient nations. All these facts, in their details and ramifications, are indispensably necessary, in order to anything like a clear and comprehensive understanding of the Bible and other sacred books. But, objects one, "why spend time with these old musty records of the dead past, when we have the inspiration and revelation of the living present?"

I answer, because we are charged with being only repeaters of the mythological demonism of this same dead past, and we, as lustily, retort in the same style of invective. Now, if it is a fact that most of what we are exulting over as now, is found to have been the common property of men living five thousand years in the past, we may as well admit it gracefully as to wince under the truth. The Father and Mother God of the Shakers and Theodore Parker, and slightly modified by Bro. A. J. Davis into "Father God and Mother Nature," was most clearly taught in the Laws of Menu, before Moses wrote, or Abraham was born. The same may be affirmed of very many other modern notions, which are supposed to be perfectly new. Perhaps some zealous friend will assure me that those who have given utterance to many of the seemingly new, but really old notions, were entirely ignorant of the act of their existence. That, I am not here to dispute, but only to affirm facts, and from them urge you to prove all things, and not hastily receive the old as new, or discard as worthless that which, after all, may be of immense value.

But some will say, "That old Bible is so full of contradictions as to be worthless." Not quite so fast, my friend. Is everything worthless which, to the outward seeming, is incongruous? Sup-

pose we apply this test to our Spiritualism. How will it stand the ordeal? Is it all in harmony with itself? Are its votaries all agreed upon great, and even, fundamental positions? And, are the spirits, as reported, or interpreted by mediums, agreed among themselves, even upon matters of fact, where mistake must seem impossible? A large mass of Spiritualists teach that multitudes of spirits are lying, malicious, mischievous, in a word are devils; while others are positive that all spirit is pure, and that so-called evil remains this side of death. This is a great difference, and the spirit-world is assumed to be on both sides of the question. Again, the French Spiritualists, on the testimony of the spirit-world as they declare, teach the preëxistence of our human spirits, and consequently the transmigration of the soul, though they very smoothly term it re-incarnation. But plain, common sense Yankees, as a general rule, deny this theory, in whole and in part. These two very strong positions of contrariety, based upon our modern revelations, should lead us to a more careful study of the nature and method of all inspiration, rather than to a hasty denunciation of any one portion, whether ancient or modern. And when we find our most brilliantly gifted revelators, trance speakers, contradicting the plainest scientific demonstrations, and yet, giving hints and statements which start the scientist on a path of discovery he never could have entered without them, we may, if modest, conclude that revelation has been the same in character, in all ages, and can never supersede the great necessity for scientific culture.

It is needless, perhaps, to multiply illustrative facts, and therefore we will come to our application. Of one thing we may be sure, the sectarian religionists will never assist in bringing the mass of historical facts, to which we have alluded, to the knowledge of the common people. If done at all, Spiritualists must lead in the work. The plain matter of fact then, is this: Spiritualists must form themselves into one grand Progressive Lyceum. We must have a library containing what ordinary libraries do not, and we must become familiar with the literature of the past, as well as the science of the present. We are much in the habit of talking of science, but among the lecturers, it would be difficult to find, even one, entitled to be called a scientist. How can we be thorough in our analysis, how can we prove all things, until we enter resolutely upon a course of culture? The sectarian will not afford us the books we need, they will not give us the schools, nor the method of education we need, in order to the course we see to be necessary. Who shall do the needed work?

I confess that to do this will require time and earnest toll, as well as money. To prove all things, means that we shall have places for meetings, scientific apparatus for illustrating our lectures, new kinds of colleges and schools, or great changes in those we have, for the training of the people. It means that we are not in the future to be satisfied with simple pleasure, but we are to work, and find in that our joy.

It is idle to suppose, that we can overthrow the old sectarian institutions by the puffs of inflammatory declamation. They are too firmly rooted for that. Nor will all *exposés* of verbal contradictions in the Bible undermine the idolatrous reverence in which it is held by thousands. Its sayings are too deeply interwoven with their experience to be brushed away by a mere verbal trouble. We must go deeper than that. We must have a different plow than ridicule, and a different spirit than denunciation to accomplish our purpose. They must be made acquainted with the history of their holy book, and also of others. They must be taught the universality of spiritual experience—of genuine religion, irrespective of creed, or speciality of dispensation. Who is to do this, if the Spiritualist refuses to perform it? Who has the means to do this so well as he? Most clearly we are raised up for this very work, and by a wondrous training and enlightenment, qualified for its performance. But, as I have said, this work demands, and must have, earnest endeavor, and soul consecration. If, therefore, we are indisposed to render this, if we prefer inglorious ease, if we are indifferent, or lazy, it will never be done by us; but some other people must be raised up to accomplish the grand and glorious work to which we have been called.

We must do this, or the same condemnation which rests upon others will fall with crushing force upon us. We see the need of light, the world is in darkness—we see where the light may be obtained, but still we content ourselves with a few stray gleams, and leave our fellows to grope on in the gloomy night of sad and horrid error. And why? Because it requires effort and means. Will this be valid in the high court of conscience, when the grand inventory shall be made of our soul riches, acquired by our earthly life and labors? Consistency, in its jeweled brightness, makes its demands, very quietly to be sure, but nevertheless they are imperative, and must be canceled, or else our case goes by default against us. Let us, therefore, "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

Children's Lyceum of Worcester.

By virtue of progress and reform, and in behalf of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Worcester, I send you its history and its prospects. By the earnest efforts of our good Bro. Fish, in February last, we succeeded in choice of officers to form a Lyceum. Although being duly organized, we were unable to hold a session until the 10th of March. Under somewhat unfavorable auspices, and with but a handful in numbers, we had but little to encourage us, and with not much promise of success.

But our burden is lightened, our courage and faith strengthened; for we now have the hearty cooperation of those who, for fear of failure at the commencement, discouraged us. We thus far, with but one exception, have succeeded in procuring prominent and permanent leaders, who are well adapted to their respective positions, and are efficient in purpose and action, clearly illustrating their faith practically, and are ready to embrace the great principles embodied in this progressive movement. We are not, yet, able to speak of large numbers, but have been able to retain our original numbers. Recently new ones have been and are being added.

We have also been fruitful in our endeavors to purchase a small library, which adds greatly to the interest.

The first Sunday of each month the Lyceum holds its regular rehearsal. Songs and recitations are in order by members of the Groups. These sessions are enjoyed much by all, and are fraught with invincible interest, and are well sustained.

Truly, we can say our cause is onward, and we have only to regret that so few of our so-called Spiritualists are ready to embark in this "Car of Progress," who are yet to be found on the lesser stair of human development, still seeking and being swayed by the masses that swell the tide of popular opinion. How gladly would we extend the hand to help them up, if they had stamper sufficient to hold on. But we shall be obliged to

leave them until the "Armies of Peace" shall become proficient in power to unloose the chains that still bind them to forms and conventionalities, and erect the glorious standard of the "Harmonical Philosophy" as the guiding-star to progressive development.

When men and women learn to appreciate a proper fulfillment of their capacities, they will feel no need of questioning any authority other than what is found in their own being. Then will they be ready to make use of any aids as a means to that one great end, even if it be a "Children's Progressive Lyceum." Mrs. M. A. STAINES, Guardian of Groups.

Worcester, Mass., Nov. 28, 1865.

When Sunday Comes.

Many of our friends wish there was some meeting near in which they could pass away pleasantly a portion of the morning. For the gratification of such we would inform them that if they will walk or ride over to Charlestown, they will be permitted to witness, at the City Hall, one of the most pleasant gatherings of youth and children which has ever been convoked for physical, mental and spiritual culture. We refer, of course, to the Children's Progressive Lyceum, under the direction of our good brother Richardson, whose whole heart seems to be in this beautiful work of love. We visited them, the first time, last Sabbath morning, and were both surprised and delighted by what we saw and heard.

We should think there were present nearly a hundred of the happiest "young folks" it has ever been our pleasure to see grouped together for such a noble purpose. From the youngest—about four years of age—to the eldest—about fifteen—every face seemed to wear the insignia of the purest enjoyment. The services were opened, with some elementary instruction in music, by a teacher, followed by a very sweet song, which was executed with great zeal by the school, joined in by many of the spectators, of whom there was a large number present. These exercises were followed by reading, in concert, appropriate selections from the Scriptures, and this by a few simple answers to the question, "How shall we best promote our own and the happiness of those around us?" Upon this subject we had the pleasure to address the school very briefly, and were followed by our esteemed sister Townsend, in a very pathetic but laudable speech, which she closed by saying, "I am too full to speak more," and resumed her seat, weeping. This exercise was followed by a general promenade of the whole school, keeping step to appropriate music, each group of which there were some fourteen) led by its teacher, each one of whom bore aloft the star spangled banner, presenting one of the most animating and beautiful spectacles we have ever been permitted to witness. To see nearly a hundred banners thus borne through the hall, by so many children and teachers, sent a thrill of delight through many a heart present, which was evinced by the pleasant smile which played upon almost every countenance. We should not omit to mention, as one of the pleasing exercises of this beautiful and joyous occasion, the recitation of some very fine sentiments by about a dozen of the very youngest members of the school.

The exercises closed about 12 o'clock, having occupied about two hours, and seemed to give the greatest pleasure to all who were present. As the friends who have this beautiful enterprise in charge are glad to welcome their friends from abroad—and the admission is free—we hope many in this and other cities and towns in the vicinity will avail themselves of an early opportunity to visit the Progressive Lyceum in Charlestown, when, we feel quite sure, they will thank us for calling to their attention.

Boston, Nov. 28, 1865. RICHARD THAYER.

New York Matters.

[From our Special Correspondent.]
The Spiritualists of this city enjoy a pleasant social or reunion every other Wednesday evening, at Ebbitt Hall. On those occasions the hall is filled with the old and young, and all seem to enjoy themselves. Dancing appears to be the most prominent feature of the evening, while a few social plays and songs are interspersed, making the evening pass off very pleasantly. They are to be continued through the winter months.

I learn that Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, "spirit-artists," have returned to this city, having somewhat regained their health, and have taken a nice, quiet house up town, where they can finish the portraits that they have engaged. I suppose harmony is one of the principal conditions required to do their work.

J. V. Mansfield is having fine success, as far as tests of spirit-identity are concerned. His friends in California are anxious that he should visit their dear Neal has returned and taken fine rooms at 102 West Fifteenth street. His healing power is spoken of in high terms.

Dr. Palmer is doing a fine work in a quiet way. The most of his patients are outside of the pale of Spiritualism.

Peace Meeting.

An informal Conference concerning Peace, will be held in Boston on Tuesday, December 12th, at 10 o'clock A. M., in Room 8, 153 Washington street. Distinguished friends of the cause will be present. It is understood that an organization is contemplated to take the place of the old American Peace Society, probably in new form and character.

Two Days' Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Johnson's Creek, N. Y., will hold a two days' meeting at their hall, on Saturday and Sunday, the 16th and 17th of December. Bro. J. M. Peabody and other speakers will be present.

H. O. LOSSER.

The Colonial population of Great Britain amounts to 150,000,000, inhabiting the four great continents of the globe; and besides this, she has ruling Colonies in Australia.

"I am like a hono," said a schoolmaster of himself. "I sharpen a number of blades, but I wear myself out in doing it."

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston—Melodeon.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings on Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission free. Speakers engaged—F. L. Wills, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. Laura De Foe, Dec. 26 and 27.

This Bible Christian Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Hall No. 118 Tremont street, at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Bicker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Hickey, Prop.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., at 121 Blackstone street, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Lectures in the afternoon by Dr. G. W. Merrill, Jr. Music by Miss Minnie Foster.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS BIBLE SOCIETY will hold meetings every Sunday in No. 10 Tremont street, at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Seats free. D. J. Hickey, Prop.

CHARLESWORTH.—Meetings will be commenced in the City Hall, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M., under the supervision of A. L. Richardson. The public are invited. The Children's Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. Speaker engaged—Ben. Todd during December.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown have commenced a series of free meetings, to be held at Mechanics' Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square, every Sunday afternoon and evening. These meetings are to be conducted by Mr. James B. Hatch, (to whom all communications must be addressed), assisted by a Committee of well known Spiritualists. Many good speakers have been engaged, who will recite during the season. The public will please take notice that these meetings are held at Mechanics' Hall, during December. Speaker engaged—Mrs. Nellie Temple Brigham during December.

CHILMARK.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chilmark have engaged Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing on December 10th, at 7 o'clock. Address, J. S. Dodge, 127 Hanover street, Boston. Speaker engaged—Mrs. Fannie H. Felton, Dec. 10 and 11; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 12 and 13.

FOXBORO, MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speaker engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 12 and 13.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing on December 10th. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 10 and 11; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 12 and 13; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 14 and 15; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 16 and 17; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 18 and 19; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 20 and 21; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 22 and 23; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 26 and 27; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 28 and 29; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 30 and 31.

HAVENHILL, MASS.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Havenhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing on December 10th. Speaker engaged—Mrs. E. A. Hill during December. Mrs. M. Johnson during January; Mrs. E. A. Hill during March.

LYNN, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Speakers engaged—J. W. Ripley, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. M. M. Wood, April 22 and 23.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing on December 10th. Speakers engaged—J. M. Peabody, Dec. 10 and 11; Mrs. M. S. Johnson, Dec. 12 and 13; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Jan. 7 and 14; Ben. Todd, Jan. 14 and 15; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 16 and 17; Mrs. M. S. Wood, during March.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Temple Hall regularly at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission free.

HANSON, MASS.—Meetings are held in the Universalist Church in Hanson every other Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Speakers engaged—J. W. Ripley, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. M. M. Wood, April 22 and 23.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday, at 3 and 7 o'clock, at 7 o'clock, and on Sunday, at 10 o'clock. Speaker engaged—J. O. Fish during December.

PUTNAM, CONN.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing on December 10th. In the forenoon, speakers for the present, A. C. Carpenter.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, at 10 o'clock, and on Sunday, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, lectures afternoons and evenings, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Johnson, Dec. 10 and 11; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 12 and 13; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 14 and 15; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 16 and 17; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 18 and 19; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 20 and 21; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 22 and 23; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 26 and 27; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 28 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 30 and 31.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, speakers for the present, A. C. Carpenter.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, at 10 o'clock, and on Sunday, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, lectures afternoons and evenings, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Johnson, Dec. 10 and 11; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 12 and 13; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 14 and 15; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 16 and 17; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 18 and 19; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 20 and 21; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 22 and 23; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 26 and 27; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 28 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 30 and 31.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, speakers for the present, A. C. Carpenter.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, at 10 o'clock, and on Sunday, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, lectures afternoons and evenings, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Johnson, Dec. 10 and 11; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 12 and 13; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 14 and 15; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 16 and 17; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 18 and 19; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 20 and 21; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 22 and 23; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 26 and 27; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 28 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 30 and 31.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, speakers for the present, A. C. Carpenter.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, at 10 o'clock, and on Sunday, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, lectures afternoons and evenings, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Johnson, Dec. 10 and 11; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 12 and 13; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 14 and 15; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 16 and 17; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 18 and 19; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 20 and 21; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 22 and 23; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 26 and 27; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 28 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 30 and 31.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, speakers for the present, A. C. Carpenter.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, at 10 o'clock, and on Sunday, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, lectures afternoons and evenings, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Johnson, Dec. 10 and 11; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 12 and 13; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 14 and 15; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 16 and 17; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 18 and 19; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 20 and 21; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 22 and 23; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 26 and 27; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 28 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 30 and 31.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, speakers for the present, A. C. Carpenter.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, at 10 o'clock, and on Sunday, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, lectures afternoons and evenings, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Johnson, Dec. 10 and 11; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 12 and 13; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 14 and 15; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 16 and 17; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 18 and 19; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 20 and 21; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 22 and 23; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 26 and 27; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 28 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 30 and 31.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, speakers for the present, A. C. Carpenter.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, at 10 o'clock, and on Sunday, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, lectures afternoons and evenings, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Johnson, Dec. 10 and 11; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 12 and 13; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 14 and 15; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 16 and 17; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 18 and 19; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 20 and 21; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 22 and 23; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 26 and 27; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 28 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 30 and 31.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, speakers for the present, A. C. Carpenter.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, at 10 o'clock, and on Sunday, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, lectures afternoons and evenings, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Johnson, Dec. 10 and 11; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 12 and 13; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 14 and 15; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 16 and 17; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 18 and 19; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 20 and 21; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 22 and 23; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 26 and 27; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 28 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 30 and 31.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, speakers for the present, A. C. Carpenter.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, at 10 o'clock, and on Sunday, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, lectures afternoons and evenings, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Johnson, Dec. 10 and 11; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 12 and 13; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 14 and 15; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 16 and 17; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 18 and 19; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 20 and 21; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 22 and 23; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 26 and 27; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 28 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 30 and 31.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, speakers for the present, A. C. Carpenter.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, at 10 o'clock, and on Sunday, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, lectures afternoons and evenings, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Johnson, Dec. 10 and 11; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 12 and 13; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 14 and 15; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 16 and 17; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 18 and 19; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 20 and 21; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 22 and 23; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 26 and 27; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 28 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 30 and 31.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, speakers for the present, A. C. Carpenter.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, at 10 o'clock, and on Sunday, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, lectures afternoons and evenings, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Johnson, Dec. 10 and 11; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 12 and 13; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 14 and 15; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 16 and 17; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 18 and 19; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 20 and 21; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 22 and 23; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 24 and 25; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 26 and 27; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 28 and 29; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 30 and 31.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, speakers for the present, A. C. Carpenter.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, at 10 o'clock, and on Sunday, at 10 o'clock. In the forenoon, lectures afternoons and evenings, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Johnson, Dec. 10 and 11; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 12 and 13; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Dec. 14 and