

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XVIII.

{ \$3.00 PER YEAR, }  
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1865.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }  
Eight Cents.

NO. 15.

## Literary Department.

### GOOD-BYE.

[The following poem was given through the organization of my wife, Hattie H. Lines, whilst in the trance condition, and is one of the many the invisibles have given through her instrumentality.]  
Farmerville, N. Y. L. L. LINES.]

Good-bye! How much that little word—  
Though 't is repeated oft—  
Conveys, when from some lips 't is heard  
That lip it low and soft.

Some loving one, with gushing heart,  
And with a tearful eye,  
Imprints a kiss before he parts,  
Yet stays to say, "Good-bye!"

Good-bye! That sacred word is breathed  
By lips that little feel  
How much around some heart it's wrenched,  
And 'pon it placed its seal.

A tender chord within the soul  
Is touched, and with a sigh,  
With trembling lips, and heart that's full,  
It echoes back "Good-bye!"

Good-bye! These happy hours are past,  
And friends are called to part;  
The precious moments gliding fast,  
But bind them heart to heart.

The deepest fountains now are stirred;  
The soul look of the eye  
Reveals emotions more than words,  
And gently speaks, "Good-bye!"

Good-bye! still vibrates on my ear,  
Though long 't is since 't was heard,  
Yet now again I seem to hear  
That dear and loved old word.

And to my mind again it brings  
Fond memories, with a sigh  
Of other days and other things,  
When last 't was breathed—"Good-bye!"

For the Banner of Light.

## HEIDELBERG TALES.

### NUMBER THREE.

BY H. BRACE NORVILLE.

### ABDALLAH.

For weeks the caravan of Sheikh Yusuf ben Musa had been sweeping across the desert, on its long journey from Mourzouk to Timbuctoo. At all times this is a terrible journey. The sun glares with a destroying brightness from a molten sky upon the desert, strown with hot stones and sand and the calcined bones of pilgrims who had fainted on their way. No rain ever falls on the burning earth; no cooling cloud covers the brazen heaven. Birds never sing; brooks never ripple; flowers and herbage never greet the burning and bloodshot eye of the wanderer. It is the home of silence and death, where no living or moving thing is seen, except the foul hyena gorging his ghoul-like banquet, the prowling band of Juarick robbers, scenting their prey from afar off, the fearful pillars of sand moving in stately squadrons across the plain, or the poison-cloud of the simoon. The caravan of Sheikh Yusuf ben Musa had encountered more than ordinary hardships and dangers in its march. Again and again had the terrible khamsheen hurled its deluges of scorching sand and poison vapor across their path. The wells from which they were accustomed to drink had been dried and filled up, and the eighth day was now drawing to its meridian, since they had filled their water-skins at the brackish wells of Ajalah. Of the two hundred and twenty camels which, nineteen days before, had started out from Mourzouk, more than fifty had already perished. Their riders, though all were yet alive, could endure this terrible march but little longer. Blinded, staggering in their saddles, shrunken, parched, perishing with thirst, they rode on in silence, like gliding spectres or the speechless souls of hell.

But, as the day passed, some subtle intuition seemed to infuse new life into the shrunken and perishing camels. Their glazed eyes grew bright; their lagging paces quickened; drooping heads were lifted erect, and they took long, deep, frequent inspirations, as if sniffing the water which every one knew could not be far off. This sense of hope and security appeared soon to be communicated from the animals to the men. Even the face of Abdallah, the Sheikh's little negro slave, seemed, also, to brighten, though it might look as if he had little in life to hope for. He was, indeed, a pitiful sight, as, wrapped in his ragged turban and faded, scanty bournous, he jogged along behind his stern, reticent, grim, old master. His emaciated little body, scorched and sunburned, was also covered with sores and bruises, tokens of the kicks and cuffs he had received from half the Arabs of the caravan. But his mind had been little occupied with present scenes for the past few hours. He saw nothing of the torrid horrors around him; he felt no pangs of thirst or weariness; wrapped in a vague, misty trance, his soul was back among the green valleys of Housa, at the home of his father, the negro king. He was going down to the springs in the cool evening, with troops of laughing and chattering maidens, each bearing a water-jar upon her shoulder; he saw the warriors, armed with bow and assegay, returning from victory; he remembered the council of conjurers and wise men who pronounced his horoscope as one of adventure, travel to distant countries, and wisdom far above that of his race. Then came the memory of the midnight surprise and massacre; his capture and the years of servitude and starvation. From such reveries as these, he was awakened by the sudden and secret sense of approaching relief, which, as

has been stated, was flowing in a magnetic current through the entire caravan.

This feeling seemed to intensify; till, at length, one of the loaded camels, spurning all control, sprang out of the trail and rushed madly off to the southward, as straight as the pigeon flies. This is the frequent habit of these animals on similar occasions. The sight at once aroused the statuesque old Sheikh to life. Turning to the little negro he said:

"Oh, Abdallah, my son, follow yonder camel till you overtake it, and then return to our trail and follow us to our camp. We sleep to-night by the wells of El Zurek."

Abdallah started off in pursuit of the runaway. The dromedary which he rode was swift and powerful, but he was unable to overtake the other so long as it kept onward. Four after hour the wild chase continued; but at last the stray camel, in its swift flight, dwindled to a mere speck and disappeared on the southern horizon. But almost at the same instant a new and most welcome object appeared in its stead. The feathery fronds of a group of palm trees glimmered against the copper sky. The oasis grew and brightened on the sight as Abdallah approached; and finally, just as the sun went down, his dromedary, covered with foam, his nostrils glowing like clotted blood, was dashing at an uncontrollable speed down to the rippling stream which welled up amid a glorious oasis; and man and beast were soon drinking in new life from the cool waters. The lost camel was quietly grazing among the green herbage; the palm trees lifted their gorgeous plumes a hundred feet above, laden with the rich and drooping clusters; mimosa and acacias cast a grateful shade upon the velvet awning. All things invited to refreshment and repose. Abdallah at once saw the uselessness of endeavoring to overtake the caravan that night. Happy in the Eden around him, but prostrated with an utter, delicious exhaustion, he unloaded the camels and turned them loose to graze and rest; then made a delightful supper of the rich fruit, and sank upon the earth to repose. All was silent but the low rustle and ripple of the leaves and waters, and an occasional snort or stamp from the grazing camels. Couched beneath a spreading mimosa, little Abdallah was soon fast in dreamland.

His spirit was reveling in visions of unattainable beauty and repose; again the same old mocking picture of childish joys under the sunny skies of home passed before him. For hours his soul had wandered through ever-opening vistas of delight, when suddenly the atmosphere seemed to darken; a shapeless, threatening cloud was before his eyes, and a terrible voice shouted in his ear: "Up! awake! death is at hand!"

Palpitating with an overwhelming terror he sprang to his feet and stared through the dimness around him. The moon had sunk in the west, and the wearied camels had lain down to sleep. The stars shone peacefully above him; still the foliage rustled and the water murmured; there were no signs of danger in heaven or on the earth; gradually his agony of fear passed away. For an hour he slowly paced up and down among the trees, and at last sank down trustfully to sleep again.

But this time his slumber was of short duration. Again the shapeless Terror came sweeping through his happy dreams; the cloud unfolded, and two human forms were standing above him. One seemed an Arab sage, of wonderful benignity and wisdom. His white beard swept his breast, and his eyes shone with the sweet radiance of love and knowledge. His right hand grasped a scroll, mystically inscribed, and with his left he held that of a naked, gigantic negro king, who seemed to act under his direction, and whose right hand almost touched the brow of the sleeper. Scarcely had these figures appeared in full view, when the negro shouted, in the same terrible voice, "Awake! awake for thy life!"

Paralyzed with terror, with sweat streaming from every pore, Abdallah's spirit again rushed back to exterior consciousness. The vision had disappeared, but some cold, slimy object was slipping across his naked limbs. With a thrill of awe, he recognized the black serpent, the *fetich* of his tribe, whose cold, glassy eyes glared into his with their traditional expression of warning. He hesitated no longer, but at once commenced ascending the mimosa that towered over his head, as a measure of precaution against the attacks of wild beasts or strolling robbers, the only dangers which he could imagine to be impending in that secluded spot. With the leathern saddle-girth in his hand, he lashed himself to a convenient seat among the branches, and sat waiting in vague expectancy.

Suddenly the camels, which were lying side by side, not many paces distant, sprang up simultaneously, and rushed to the tree where Abdallah was ensconced, uttering almost human screams of terror, and stretching their heads upward toward him, as if imploring him to save them from the terrible danger that impended. Almost at the same instant, an enormous black-maned lion sprang from an adjoining covert, with a terrible roar. It leaped full upon the shoulders of the runaway camel, crushed it to the earth, seized it by the throat, and commenced to drink its blood. The mate of the victim instantly disappeared among the trees. Abdallah sat in safety, and contemplated the fate from which a divine and angelic Providence had not disclaimed to rescue even him, a little Pagan negro slave, lost in the wilderness of Sahara!

All night the monster continued his horrid feast. For hours Abdallah heard him crushing the bones and tearing the flesh, sometimes pausing to lap water from the fountain, and then returning, with renewed zeal, to his bloody banquet. About day-break the noise ceased, and Abdallah, secure in his breezy perch, once more sank into slumber, from which he did not arouse till the sun was high in the east.

The terrors of the eventful night had all disappeared when he at last opened his eyes and gazed

around. The sun shone brightly, and birds were singing in full concert. A portion of the camel's body still lay upon the bloody grass, but the lion was nowhere to be seen. The coast was apparently clear, and our wanderer was preparing to descend from his tree, when suddenly he was impressed with an impulse to ascend the tree higher for a wider view, before trusting appearances too implicitly. He clambered to the topmost branches, and thence gazing around, beheld in the thicket, scarcely thirty paces distant, the great lion! He lay quietly, watching his coveted human prey through sleepy, half-shut eyelids.

Thankful for this second deliverance, Abdallah abandoned all thoughts of immediate escape, and once more lashed himself to his perch. Hours passed, and still no change; the monster still watched and waited. The sun wheeled up toward its meridian. Hunger, thirst, burning heat, began to resume their sway over the wanderer; from above and around came no token of rescue.

Nevertheless, God sent his angel of deliverance at last, though its form was thoroughly disguised at first. At noon, Abdallah heard another lion roaring, far to the westward. The terrible voice grew nearer and louder, and finally the beast came stalking through the trees, sniffing the air with uplifted nostrils, as if scenting the blood of the recent feast. It was younger and smaller than the first one, with a scanty mane of tawny yellow. Heedless of danger, it rushed up to the half-eaten carcass, but had hardly commenced devouring it, when the original proprietor, with a howl of rage, sprang forth from the thicket, and the two instantly grappled in deadly embrace. For fifteen minutes these fearful creatures rolled over and over, in a mist of dust, blood and foam, uttering terrible cries, with the sound of tearing tendons and crushing bones. The older animal, however, stiffened with years and completely gorged with flesh, was no match for his nimble antagonist, who at length arose completely victorious. He carefully licked his many wounds, drank at the fountain, and then, seizing the mangled body for which he had fought, marched proudly away, and disappeared over the rim of the desert, in the direction whence he came, leaving his gigantic assailant stiff in death.

The way of escape was at last open, but Abdallah had no intention of returning to the caravan. He knew that he was on the southern verge of the desert, and that his native valleys and plains were not far off. After brief refreshment, he set forth to find them.

As he passed out of the oasis, he noticed where the sand was piled in singular drifts around an almost circular cavity between two huge granite rocks. Climbing to the top of this mound, what was his astonishment to find his lost camel lying alive and unharmed at the bottom of the opening! It had taken refuge there when its mate was first attacked, and had not since dared to leave its hiding-place. It was with the utmost difficulty that he induced it to rise and follow him back to the fountain. Allowing it an hour to drink and pasture, he replaced his saddle, and rode southward like the wind for life and liberty. League after league sunk below the northern horizon. The desert began to lose its sterile aspect. Palm-groves and fountains were more frequently passed. Anon came ranges of rocky hills, and then wide plains, covered with thorny shrubs and brambles. At last a green, beautiful valley opened to the southeast, at whose strangely familiar features his heart beat wildly. Was this his native vale? Was yonder village of reed huts his birthplace? Were the almost naked negroes thronging around him, speaking a language long disused but well remembered, the kinsmen and friends of his youth?

Abdallah was at home! Weeks of tranquil rest and comfort followed. But this was not to be his final abiding place. God had other experiences in store for him. The kidnapper became his angel, as the red lion had been. A month after Abdallah's return, the village was surrounded by a hostile tribe at midnight, and set on fire. The infants and helpless aged were killed, and the able-bodied men and women sold as slaves. Bleeding and unconscious, Abdallah was borne away to endure the horrors of the Middle Passage, and a life of bondage in the New World.

He died in Jamaica, in the year 1844, almost a century old, having been for nearly fifty years a freeman. He was well educated, refined and intelligent, and the remarkable clairvoyant and prophetic powers of "Ole Dollar," as he was generally called, are still the theme of many a wonderful story. In the above adventure, as related by himself, he fully recognized a divine hand, under whose guidance he had been translated from the degradation of Pagan savagery to a higher life under brighter skies.

**HEALTH AND STUDY.**—If by gaining knowledge we destroy our health, we labor for a thing that will be useless in our hands; and if, by harnessing our bodies, though with a design to render ourselves more useful, we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good which we might have done with a meaning talent, which God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitution can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbors of all that help which, in a state of health, with moderate knowledge, we might be able to perform. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold and silver and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.

A lady of experience contends that a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect; a kiss on the cheek, that the donor is impressed with the beauty of the kissed one; but a kiss imprinted on the lips shows love. There are other kinds of kisses which are supposed to denote love. But in those times the "poetry of affections" generally lies in the pocket.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE ELEUSIAN MYSTERIES.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

You have read in old histories of the Eleusian mysteries. By their singular magnificence and imposing grandeur, they far eclipsed all others of the world, and ancient writers take delight in exalting, and with false learning gathering clouds around them. From them Catholicism acquired its mass, its fasting, its feasting, and most of the machinery whereby it wields such terrible influence over the ignorant and credulous. Such trapping impose on the vulgar by awaking their imagination and inspiring awe, and are essential in a savage age.

These mysteries were established about fourteen centuries before Christ, and such was their hold on the popular mind, that for eighteen hundred years they were celebrated, and were only abolished by the severity of the bigoted Theodosius the Great. He would not have the old faith linger otherwise than in the Church. During all that period, the mysteries were held in superstitious reverence. If any one revealed the secrets entrusted at initiation, the vengeance of the gods fell on his head, and it was deemed unsafe to dwell in the same house with such a wretch, whom, if the gods spared, was ignominiously put to death. The stigma of non-observance was far greater than that attending the infidelity at present. It was a weighty charge brought against Socrates, that he neglected the worship of the gods.

Every five years all Athens assembled at Eleusis, in Attica, to celebrate those solemnities. The vast concourse gathered on the plains, around a splendid temple erected over a cavern, in which, at an earlier day, the rites were first held. This cave was excavated into a labyrinth of passages, in which the novitiate could be led through darkness, until bewildered and overcome with terror and fatigue. This temple was of the purest Doric architecture, its endless colonades chiseled from snowy marble, without spot or stain. It stood on a swell of ground, and could be seen, rising in crystal beauty, by all the mighty multitude. Over its front was a colossal head of Jupiter, calm, benignant, all powerful. On either side a statue of Ceres smiled on the passing worshiper.

All the effect produced by grandeur of architecture, or beauty of form, was lavishly bestowed. Persons of both sexes, and without regard to age, were initiated. They had first to enter the lesser mysteries of Agre on a previous year; then, at the expiration of which, subject themselves to a rigid system of purification. For nine days they bathed, and fasted, keeping themselves uncontaminated by the world. Then they presented themselves before the temple of the greater mystery. Athens was assembled; old men and young, husband and wife, and prattling babe. Athens has betaken herself to the field for a time, to indulge in free communion with Nature and the divine spirits, whom she believes govern the world. Those who await initiation—the indoctrination into their subtle wisdom—have crowns of flowers, and offer sacrifices and prayers. Under their feet they wear the skin of some animal offered to Jupiter. Then they offered a sow to Ceres, in thankfulness for the influence for good she exerts.

They were then prepared to enter the presence of the gods, having overcome the sins of the body. Night settles over the mountains of the most beautiful spot on earth. They silently repose, overlooked by the brilliant stars. A multitude of fires glimmer over the plain, but the people have gone to the temple. They are assisting the uninitiated in their first lessons. With crowns of myrtle, these were led into the temple. At the door was a fount of holy water, in which they washed. Above this, in a recess, sat a priest. With a calm, low, but terrible voice, he asked the candidates one by one the following questions, all of which they must answer in the affirmative, or be at once expelled: "Have you passed the mystery of Agre? Are you pure and spotless from the world? Are you free from crime?" Then, in an impressive tone, he chanted, "Ep who enters must be pure, or the gods will destroy him. He who passes this portal, goes into a shadow, from which only the just return. Oh, weak, thoughtless and improvident mortal, daring to penetrate the realm of the gods, aspire to truth and perfection, and strive to discard the flesh and the world."

Then they were led onward, in front of a lofty tribunal, when the mysteries, or laws, were read to them. These were written on two stones cemented together. Then they were led before another tribunal, more lofty and imposing than the other. Above it was a zone, on which was painted the twelve signs of the zodiac; on its front was a blazing sun, on either side of which was a winged globe. The intense light from beneath revealed the priest seated in an ivory chair, his dark mantle embroidered with gold, and a silver crown on his temples. All else was blackness and profoundest gloom. The awe-struck initiates could see nothing but the form of the priest glittering in the terrible darkness. As they paused before him, he asked them a series of questions referring to the conduct of their lives. When they were answered, he waved them onward into the profound gloom.

As they advanced a terrible blast extinguished their dim torches; the darkness became stifling; the trembling worshiper was blinded with lightning, that seemed to hiss through the void. The crash of thunders deafened their ears; the earth swayed and quaked under their feet, and from its bowels ascended the most frightful howlings and moanings, as of myriads of lost souls writhing in the agony of scorching flames. Out of the darkness leaped spectres of gigantic and awful outline. Sometimes these shades threatened to destroy the pale and trembling worshiper; at others they mockingly laughed and derided, and the vaulted rocks echoed their demoniac merriment.

Then others would spring up, like a body of flame, and as instantly disappear. Then a thousand would arise out of the blackness, and with a sound of a whirlwind rush toward the intruders. As they came near they vanished, and the place was left in night, and from afar came the most dismal and terrifying wails.

Such were the sufferings of those who were untrue to the mysteries, by revealing the secrets there revealed, of those who were unjust and evil on earth, and who disregarded the rights of their fellow-men.

No one, not even the stoutest-hearted soldier, imbued with superstition as they were, could endure the terrible ordeal. They sank, stupefied, on the marble floor, and stared vacantly at the horrid forms of men, the flying dragons and scorpions, the huge and ravenous beasts and birds of prey, which winged blasphemously above them. Their hair stood upright, the cold perspiration beaded on their rigid foreheads. Their guide assumed the form of a demon, and they arose and mechanically followed through long and winding passages, and labyrinthine mazes. Hoarse voices shouted and shrieked behind them, to seize and destroy the outcasts—to drag them with culture beaks into the abyss of fire. The howling of their breath was close upon them; the swift sound of myriads smote the ear; their very touch could be felt by the initiate, too frightened to escape, when in an instant light broke in a glittering flood of silence over the scene. They stood in a magnificent hall, lighted from an azure dome above, by a light like the sun's. Marble pillars supported it on every side, between which, in various attitudes, the gods and goddesses were chiseled from parian. Surges of most exquisite melody filled the place, and thrilled the soul with its perfection. With unspeakable joy they beheld a being clothed in white, with silver embroidery, descending from a throne, and taking each by the hand, pronounce the words, "It is finished."

Out of the blackness and turmoil; out of the insane madness, the death grappling of this life; out of its seething trials, and groans of anguish, its night of sorrow and pain, comes the light, the bright day of joy, the beautiful day of peace, and ever enduring happiness. In ourselves we are nothing. The gods are all in all. Rely on their guidance, and reject the sham of this life. Such was the lesson burned into the heart; branded indelibly into the fibres of the soul.

All that was awful, terrible, amazing, dreadful, was presented; and after it the shuddering soul was lifted to heaven, on the wings of all that please and delight.

What were the words read from the tablets of stone, for which these mysteries were an introduction and a safeguard? So profoundly was the knowledge of them concealed, that historians have never obtained a syllable. They were, probably, the rules for moral conduct, similar to those which Moses gave the Israelites—principles which man early learns, and which naturally arrange themselves into a moral code.

The mysteries were celebrated for nine days, during which all distinctions of rank and wealth were abolished. Lycurgus passed a law that any woman who should attend in a chariot should be fined six thousand drachmas. These nine days were filled with interesting and curious episodes. The meeting on the first day was that of a social gathering. Afterwards they bathed in the sea, to purify themselves; offered a sacrifice to the gods, and a small quantity of barley to Ceres, the goddess of the harvest. Every ceremony had a meaning to the enthusiastic worshippers. The processions following the basket of Ceres, of women carrying the various products of the earth, the pausing on the bridge Cephissus to deride the passer-by, the games wherein the reward for the victor was a measure of barley, possessed meanings which, however dim to us, were significant to their votaries.

Ancient writers speak in terms of highest praise of these mysteries. They taught a pure morality, respect for the gods and for fellow men; how to live a pure and truthful life, so that after death the shade would enjoy eternal felicity. For eighteen hundred years they were the only religion of the most enlightened people of the ancient world. They bound their hearts with a reverence nothing could dispel, and exerted an incalculable influence for good.

**THE JUDGMENTS OF WOMEN.**—In a conversation I once held with an eminent minister of the church, he made this fine observation: "We will say nothing of the way in which that sex usually conduct an argument; but the intuitive judgments of women are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning. No man that has an intelligent wife, or is accustomed to the society of educated women, will dispute this. Times without number you must have known them to decide questions on the instant, and with unerring accuracy, which you had been poring over for hours, perhaps, with no other result than to find yourself getting deeper and deeper into the tangled maze of difficulty. It was hardly generous to allege that they achieve these feats less by reasoning than a sort of sagacity, which approximates to the sure instincts of the animal races; and yet there seems to be some ground for the remark of a witty French writer, that when a raven has killed, step by step, up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top; but also will not be able to tell how she got there. How she got there, however, is of little moment. If the conclusions a woman has reached are sound, that is all that concerns us. And that they are very apt to be sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life, nothing but prejudice or self-conceit can prevent us from acknowledging. The inference, therefore, is unavoidable, that the man who thinks it beneath his dignity to take counsel with an intelligent wife stands in his own light, and betrays that lack of judgment which he tacitly attributes to her."



## Children's Department.

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

"We think not that we daily are  
About our hearts, and that they are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
(Lionel Hunt.)

## VIRGINIA PERKINS.

## CHAPTER V.

## New Acquaintances.

There rested on Tinny's heart a great trouble; she felt the burden of a concealed wrong. She longed to lay her head in her mother's lap, and tell her all that had passed. As she looked at the stars that sent their light down to her, as tenderly as loving eyes, she wondered about that far-off place where there is no sorrow or trouble; for Milly had told her much about a golden city, where there was no pain or weeping, but only a continual joy. For some reason Tinny did not feel like telling Milly her troubles; perhaps she was too much ashamed of the part she had taken. Her father was at home but little these days, and when he came he took but little notice of her. She felt the want of some friend to whom she was so dear that she was sure of being forgiven, and yet so wise as to tell her what she ought to do.

The stars kept coming out, one by one, and the soft sunset light kept fading; but still Tinny sat very still, looking many years older than in the morning, for many thoughts pressed upon her. Her love for Hugh was so strong that she could not think ill of him, and it seemed to her as if his great eyes were looking at her, measuring every thought, and drawing her away from all the noble ones. For this reason she did not go into the kitchen and ask Milly to sit down with her, and tell her about the golden city, or the beautiful lands where good men lived, and no wicked ones, and where all the children were plump dresses, and had curling hair, for Milly imagined such a place, and often described it to Tinny.

Presently the whippowits came near the house with their melancholy call, and as they broke the silence, it seemed to Tinny that some one was calling her away from goodness and peace. No other sound was heard; the very air seemed still. All at once there came a faint sound from afar, as of some one in distress. It grew louder and louder until screams were clearly heard. Tinny was nervous before, but this made her tremble so that she could not move. What was it? Whence did it come? She sat very still, and clenched her hands tightly together, not daring to speak. After a time they died away, and Tinny tried to think that it was the whippowits in the forest, answering those that she heard nearer. Just as she was thus thinking, they broke out again, louder than before. They seemed afar off, but there was a great anguish in them that made them as distinct to the heart as if they had been near. Tinny almost fainted with fright, and had not Milly come to her, she would have had a spasm of terror.

"Oh Milly! what is that sound?" said she.

"Honey, it sounds great ways off. Come, child, let Milly undress you; and she tried to divert Tinny's mind.

"But what is it, Milly? I won't go till you tell me. Is it somebody crying?"

"Come, darling," said Milly; "it be notin' you can help. Dere, honey, do n't listen any more, but go and hear de angels sing."

"But, Milly," said Tinny, "I told you I would not go till you told me; and you must do as I say. Hugh says you must."

An expression of pain passed over Milly's face; but it was followed by one of stern coldness. "Milly wanted to save you from thinking about oder folks' trouble," said she; "but if you say she must tell, she will. Massa Barron's niggers, dey hehn whippid; like enuf dey de dyin' soon; dey not de fuss time, ef dey be. Milly knows many tings. Once dere was just such a screamin', an' de nex' mornin' ole Jim was lyin' all stiff an' cold. But he went straight to de Lord Jesus, for ole Jim was a Christian."

Tinny did not hear the last of Milly's speech; for she had really fainted from the excitement added to the fatigue of the day. Milly took her tenderly in her arms, and carried her to her room, and bathed her face in water, and patted her back, and breathed in her face, and at last Tinny opened her eyes, and insisted that she was quite well, and wished to go directly to sleep. The truth was, she wanted to get rid of Milly's presence, for in that trance-like sleep she seemed to have had a great revelation, and to have become almost a woman.

When she knew by Milly's hard breathing that she was sleeping soundly, she rose quietly, and dressed herself, and went down stairs. No fear came to her now, for it seemed to her as if some one was close by her, leading her steps.

The moon was up, and in its brightness everything was distinct. How beautifully the hedge of cedar looked, with its dark shadows cast far into the road. How soft and silvery the light fell on the sassafras leaves; and how each blade of grass quivered and gleamed, as if learning beautiful lessons of love.

Tinny traced every step that she had gone with Hugh. She thought she followed in his very track, and perhaps she thought some gleams of moonlight, as they struck the pebbles, were the light of his footsteps. She went on fearlessly, thinking only one thought, although that thought spread itself all over her brain, and filled all its wishes and expectations.

This thought was, that she had done a great wrong, and somebody was suffering for it. She was very sure that some one had spoken to her as she lay asleep, and she was quite sure she was not now alone. She did not think of being afraid, but looked carefully for every path that she had trodden with Hugh. The moon seemed to shine purposely for her, it was so very bright; and the whippowits seemed to sing for her, so plainly did they speak to her, to tell her she was not alone.

At last she reached the forest. There she stopped for the first time, for its shadows seemed darkness to her; but soon the gleams looked like beckoning hands to her, and she took the path without a fear. When she reached the little stream where Hugh had helped her across, a thought of him made her very grave. Would Hugh be pleased with what she was doing? And what was she going to do? She really did not know. She only knew that something seemed guiding her little feet. She jumped across the stream, and came to the place of the supper. Here again it seemed as if something like Hugh made her afraid, and to wish to turn back; but there was something else, stronger than her thought of him, that urged her forward. She followed the path by the cornfield, till she came to some little log cabin. From one of these, she heard groans and sobs. As if a hand was leading her, she went up to the door and entered. The moonlight streamed through the open door, and revealed a man lying on some straw, and a woman kneeling by his side.

"De Lord be very near to yo, Jo, an' keep ye

from forgettin' that he be dar an' den de pains won't be notin' to bear," said the woman.

Tinny crept in softly, and no one saw her, until she stood within the cabin in the moonlight.

"Dere he be, now, in de form of de holy child," said the woman.

The sufferer raised his head and lifted his eyes to heaven.

"Oh, bless him forever an' ever," said he.

"Now, of ole Jo die, he be sure ob de kingdom."

Tinny walked up close to him. "It's me," said she; "I came over to tell you, that we—no—I, was so bad as to let folks think that you stole the fish and the eggs; and I wanted to comfort you."

And Tinny laid her soft hand on the dark cheek of Jo.

"Oh, lora," said the woman, "who'd a tort ob dat? I jist tort it was de angel, sure. An' if you come all dis way to tell dat, yer mus be like de heavenly ones. My Jo, dis be Massa Perkins's Tinny. I knows her by de shiny hair, for I see her wid Milly."

Jo seemed to forget all his pains, for he groaned no more, and sat upright on his straw.

"Bress her," said he. "It's like de comin' ob de Lord, anyway, an' it takes all de ache out ob de bones."

"But who come wid ye honey," said Ann, Jo's wife.

"Don't ask dat," said Jo, "she don't know; but sure de Lord led her."

Tinny sat very still in the soft light of the cabin, and when Jo said, "let us pray," and lifted his hands to the beautiful light that came in at the door, Tinny thought she was never so happy.

It seemed to her as if there was no darkness in all the world, and her little heart seemed to be like a crystal through which the light of Jo's faith and love shone. But she could see that he suffered, and when his long prayer was ended, she insisted on seeing his back. Ann remonstrated, but the child would not be refused, and she opened the gaping wounds, still bleeding.

Tinny was only a child, but in that moment she became a woman. Great resolves entered her pure soul. She determined to do right to the poor and afflicted, in spite of Hugh, or any that she loved. The sight of Jo's wounds, from his master's lash, made her feel all the wrong that Hugh had done, and she felt quite sure that she could make him wish to do right by telling him what she had seen.

Tinny did not see the hand that led her to poor Jo's cabin, but she felt in her heart a strong influence that pointed her to the good and true. Neither did Ann or Jo see any angel in the soft moonlight; but they felt a beautiful presence, which made them strong and patient to endure.

Jo struck up a sweet, melancholy song, about Resurrection Day, and as Tinny heard it and the notes of the whippowit mingling with it, she fell fast asleep. Ann took her in her strong arms as she would have taken a tired lamb, and carried her through the forest to her home. She knew well the way to gain an entrance to Milly's room, and she had only to let the dog smell of Tinny's apron to quiet his barking, so that no one should be awakened. She climbed up the steps to the low roof of the kitchen, and saw Milly just rubbing her eyes in dreamy wonder.

"What dat yer sleepin' dere for," said Ann. "Come long; here's de white dove flown away from de nest, and wants to come back again."

Milly jumped up hastily and lifted Tinny gently into the little window and put her in her bed, without saying a word. When she saw Tinny was not awakened, she went back to Ann. They sat down together on the floor, drawing close to each other, and in whispers quite unintelligible to any one but themselves, talked of Tinny's adventures, of their sufferings and fears, and of a better future to come.

And Tinny slept sweetly, and awoke in the morning light, with a sense as of a strange dream on her mind. She shook her hair from her brow and rubbed her eyes, and looked about the room. At last the memory of Jo's cabin, and all that had passed in it, came to her. She felt as if she possessed a great secret, and had become very wise. She seemed to herself as old as Hugh, and she was quite sure that she should be able to tell him how very wrong he had done.

Just as she was going to her window to see whether the sky was bright and clear, she heard Estelle's voice, insisting upon coming up stairs. She came with a rush, as if a little gale of wind had arisen suddenly, and burst into the room, saying:

"Oh, Virginia, I've come all the way over to bring you these roses, and you'll let me kiss you, won't you. Oh, what a cunning woman, and what pretty white curtains. Hugh said he was coming to bring you the roses, so I got up early and picked them all, and brought them myself. Won't he be angry? ha, ha! I wish I could see him, and you won't tell that I brought them, will you, for I want to tell him myself, to see him draw down his eyes, and scowl and shake his hand, and then he'll call me all sorts of names; but you look so sorry, does it make you feel badly?"

"Is Hugh very bad?" said Tinny, faintly.

Estelle's eyes flashed, and then she drooped them, and sighed. It was a child's sigh, but it had a great deal of feeling in it.

"Let's go down stairs," said she. "I saw a splendid butterfly on the oleander as I came up; we will catch it and you may give it to Hugh, to pay for the roses."

Again Tinny thought to put the question about Hugh, but Estelle looked so very heartless, as she spoke of the roses, that she said not a word.

"Did you love me very much, when I was lying on the ground and Hugh hurt me? Nobody loves me but pa. If you'd love me, I'd bring you roses every day, and give you my ducks and all my little ducklings, and my kittens, and my great dog, and all my things."

Such an eager look came into Estelle's eyes as she said this, that Tinny thought she felt them come toward her.

"I think I love everybody. Mamma said I must. Of course, I love you; but if you didn't like to plague folks, I should love you better," said Tinny.

"I don't plague anybody but Hugh; I shan't plague you ever, because you kissed me, and I won't tell anything you don't want me to," said Estelle, eagerly.

Tinny looked tenderly with her soft eyes to Estelle, and she wished she wanted to kiss her, but she felt afraid of her, and was wishing all the time that she would go. The love that Estelle longed for was not in her own heart, and so she could not make others give to her what she wished to possess.

[To be continued in our next.]

Boot-black boy to returned soldier: "Black your boots, sir? make 'em shine!" Looking at his unpollished "gunboats" in a contemplative way, the war-worn veteran replied, "Well, I do n't care if you do; fall in promptly, though." The troika gazed a moment at the soldier, and then, turning to a comrade near by, shouted out: "I say, Bill, lend me a hand, won't yer? I've got an army contract."

## Original Essays.

## THE WAY OF THE ANCIENT WORD.

NUMBER THREE.

BY C. D. P.

There was an ancient sect called the Christians of St. John. M. Charlin says of them that "they came originally from Chaldean, and were the ancient disciples of Zoroaster, many of whose opinions are maintained by them." As the God of Israel came by the way of the East, as per Ezekiel, there also may have been the source of St. John's astrological Apocalypse—the word of God being presented according to the movements of the heavens. It is claimed for St. John that he had been initiated into the ancient Masonic mysteries. His disciples in the far East still sacrifice the Ram or Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. The cherubimic beast of the Revelator, of Ezekiel, Daniel, and earlier Hebrews, find their parallel in the religious insignia of Assyria, Persia and Egypt, as in the sphinx, the winged bulls and lions of Minerva, the Grecian chimera and griffin being modeled on the same north-eastern fables. From the same combination of astro-physiologies, the wise men from the East proclaimed him who was born king of the Jews, whose star stood over where the young child was. From out the creations of these old astronomers was educated the later Word in anthropological aspect—the esoteric or secret things which belong to God, and hidden from the foundation of the world, personified and revealed to the initiated according to the measure of each degree, and with unfaded souls as beheld in vision or trance, have come down to us as the Lords, the Gods, the Goddesses and the Angels. Tens of thousands of these starry saints went before the Lord, or Sun, and "rest not day and night, saying, holy, holy, holy, Lord, God Almighty, which was and is and is to come."

That the Lord and the Sun are often one and the same in ancient Scripture, is seen in this aspect of God's appearing "as encompassed with clouds, which serve him as a chariot, and cast a veil before his dreadful majesty," as per Calmet. Says R. Stuart Poole, "We have no reason for supposing that the Hebrews had attained, either by discovery or by the instruction of foreigners, even in individual cases, to a high knowledge of mathematics or accuracy of chronological computation at any period of their history. In these particulars it is probable that they were always far below the Egyptians and Chaldeans. But there is sufficient evidence that they were not inattentive observers of the heavens in the allusions to stars and constellations as well known objects. We may, therefore, expect in the case of the Hebrews that whenever observation could take the place of computation, it would be employed, and that its accuracy would not be of more than a moderate degree. If, for instance, a new moon were to be observed at any town, it would be known within two days when it might be seen, and one of the clearest sighted men of the place would ascend to an eminence to look for it. This would be done throughout a period of centuries, without any close average for computation being obtained, since the observations could not be kept on record. So, also, the rising of stars, and of the time of the equinoxes."

This, from an Orthodox Biblical Dictionary, is rather a broad swinging of God's Word from the moorings of the church. There are other writers in the same dictionary who still more broadly flank the Word under the fifth rib, leaving many parts out in the cold with the claim of sacred infallibility, presenting only a wonderful alacrity of sinking. When the Word may thus be harnessed to the flanks of the old astrologers, the spirit-seers, star-gazers and monthly prognosticators, there would appear to be room for all to go in and out and find pasture without bitterness of sect as to who could best divine in the name of the Lord. If God's Word of old time is past all surgery, we need not make the tents worse by damming each other, because the "gaps" being so great that they will neither yield by the first intention nor bear to be sewed, as were the skins which the Lord God of Israel sewed for the clothing of Adam and Eve. Besides, there is good Scripture for not sewing new to old cloth, lest the rent be made worse.

When the "watchful dragon" of the Hesperides promised Eve some very fine apples if she would leave the bright rosy morning of Eden to shine in the Garden of Italy—to leave the Euphrates for the Mediterranean Sea—and when she hesitated whether to become a "wandering star," to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever, it may be that in this doubtful estate she composed the original psalm in Mother Goose of "where shall I wander?—up stairs, down stairs," etc., and sang it in accompaniment to the harp and organ of Jubal.

Alas! that Eve, or Venus, as she rose from the Eastern Sea and went "up stairs" to become "the lady of the house" in my Lady Aurora's chamber, should decline and fall to appear in the evening gloaming. Thus by not holding to her first estate, the star-gazer John berates her as "the whore of Babylon"—a term not quite symphonious to ears polite. John might justify himself in the necessity of maintaining the unities of the drama, and that after the cherubimic Persians had driven her from the sunny Euphrates to make her bed in hell with Job and the Egyptian Typhon, he might denounce her in a word, often Biblically euphuistic, for bringing death into the world and all our woes, and thus bringing Adam to grief by a side issue from a "fair defeat of nature," as per Milton.

The deceptive shift of our theologians to anoint the Sabbath day into a particular odor of sanctity is thus disposed of by Poole: "The mention together of Sabbaths and new moons proves nothing but that the two observances were similar, the one closing the week, the other commencing the month. The week, whether a portion of seven days or a quarter of the month, was of common use in antiquity." But the division was not Egyptian, but probably Chaldean or patriarchal.

"The new moon was kept as a sacred festival," hence to "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy," was equivalent to remember the new moon and keep it holy, for the "precious things" it brought forth.

The Psalmist blew up the trumpet in the new moon, as a statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob. Poole supposes that the moon days and Sabbath days were not of an astronomical character; but this appears at variance with what he had already said, that the Jews "were not inattentive observers of the heavens." How then could their moons and Sabbaths be otherwise than according to the pattern on the Mount, where the God of Israel had his throne-board or tripod in the paved work of a sapphire stone, as it were, the heavens in his brightness? Daniel, as chief of the magicians and monthly prognosticators, declares that "the heavens do rule;" nor was John slow in calling their spirits from the vasty deep—the Saurians, Mega-

therions, and the many headed monster, bellum multorum capitum—the which being freely interpreted, is the bellowing bull of Bashan; who among the sons of God went up and down, and to and fro the earth, besides being transmarine, and full of eyes before and behind.

As one of the twelve brothers or Signs of the Zodiac, old Taurus had a coat of many colors. The sun and moon and eleven stars (constellations) made obedience to him as the Leader-up of the more ancient celestial hosts. The Cup, or starry basin whereby Joseph divined, could have its Word read only by the initiated, or the wise to understand a parable, whether a star or the holy spirit was the angel of the God of heaven, whose "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge, as the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork, with neither speech language, nor voice," except in personification, or when the spirit took a medium.

Says Piny: "The manner of divining by the Goblet, was to throw little plates of gold or silver, or some precious stones into it, when the spirit of God was consulted. He answered in several ways, sometimes by articulate sounds, sometimes he made the characters in the Goblet appear upon the superficies of the water, and formed his answer by the order in which they stood. Sometimes he traced the image of the person on whose account he was interrogated." Compare this mode of seeking the Lord with that of knowing his Word by Urin, Thummin and Teraphim—by Lot, Tephillin, and Ephod, and we may see how parallel was the familiar Lord of Jewry with his brethren on Heathen ground; and that when the witches and wizards were put out of the land, or the Lord's priests slain at Nob, the Lord could answer neither by Urin, by Thummin, not by dream; and the Word had been utterly lost, but for its preservation through the medium of Enfor. But for this, what a gap had been in the Word—what a hiatus maxime defensius had not Samuel returned from hell, to make appearance doubly sure, though he peeped about and muttered, and did not like to be disquieted, or brought up from the horrible pit and miry clay—having not yet shed the cloudy wrath of the Lord against Saul. When Dives was unfished and went to hell, he would have gladly received a drop of water from the upper springs to cool his parched tongue, as he had found the nether springs, to a great degree, sulphurated, and he wished to warn his brethren against the terrible leanness of soul which was sure to be the reward in the service of Mammon; but Samuel, as if supposing that the more hell was stirred the worse the flavor, was somewhat irritated to exclaim, "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?"

Dives was penitent, and thus in a fair way of recovery, though while in the flesh, he had not discovered much life and immortality brought to light through Moses and the prophets; but had found a large amount of gold and gilding in holy things of the tabernacle, betokening that Mammon was the prince of this world; but Samuel, like a thunder-cloud with sulphurous fury pent, could not forbear to explode the Lord upon Saul, "because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, nor executedst his fierce wrath upon Amalek," and though "the strength of Israel will not lie nor repent, for he is not a man that he should repent"—yet "the Lord repented that he had made Saul King over Israel"—for Samuel had to perform the executioner's task, and hew Agag to pieces before the Lord.

Cyrus knew the Sun as "the Lord God of heaven who hath charged me to build him an house at Jerusalem." A familiar spirit, in this name, may have done so. In Daniel, also, was "the spirit of the holy Gods" while chief Professor in the College of "Magicians, Astrologers, Chaldeans and Soothsayers," to teach the way of the Word as "a watcher, and an holy one come down from heaven." The divine counsels were made known in riddles and dark sayings, as "this matter is by the decree of the watchers, and the demand by the Word of the holy ones." "As the heavens declare," they fetch a compass of many sides in their bearings upon the earth, whose four corners are held by the four angels, stab and twisted with the four winds or spirits.

The ancient Oriental poetry, with its needlework on both sides, presents a very pretty picture of stars and familiar spirits counted into the "Sum of the matters." The skies thus studded with gems afforded the dainties of heaven excellent jewelry for the decorations of their persons in the handiwork of the firmament—the framework of a sapphire stone, as it were, the heavens in his brightness. From the sign of the heavenly Cygnus, we too, have "a watcher and an holy one come down from heaven," as clean and as white as the Lamb's Wife in the New Jerusalem. We are very fond of St. John's glorious drapery, when cleanliness is so much akin to Godliness in the righteousness of the saints—where the fine linen, clean and white, so much transcends the billous petticoat. All hail, then, to the New Jerusalem bride.

We do not clearly know the Goddesses among the Hebrew Stars—for the Hebrews had no feminine name to signify Goddesses. By thus shutting the women out of heaven, their condition was rather hard upon the Biblical earth-plane. Dely, however, as she came up with a squadron of stars in their courses to the help of the Lord and Jael, who spiked Sisera, might well be translated to the right hand of old Shaddai, who was "a man of war, Almighty is his name." Those damsels who sang ten thousand slain to David, might also present a claim to be in the calendar of the Hebrew Saintdom. In the mystic Key, David was "the darling of the songs of Israel"—but in rather sulphurous linen, not yet whitened, as per Swedenborg.

Not only are the Italics in God's Word interpolations, but these are sometimes extended to the common letter, to say nothing of the strained or mis-translations. "The headings of the psalms," says D. W. Marks, Professor of Hebrew, "are not to be relied on, as many of these titles were superadded long after the authors of the psalms had passed away." The words "of David," or "of Solomon," do not of themselves establish the fact that the psalm was written by the person named, since the very same phraseology would be employed to denote a hymn composed in honor of David or of Solomon. As David and Solomon were representatives in symbolic correspondences of the Sun, male principle, or phallus, as the Key to the mysteries in the ancient nature worship, on which wise praises were sung to the Lord, we can never be quite certain in the Biblical metaphors whether we have a parabolic, or a real person—whether of flesh and blood, a star, or a spirit from the sun, moon, and heavenly hosts, or the firmamental ether which embosoms them—with the Lord flapping his wings "in the tops of the mulberry trees," for David to fetch a compass in the wake of the Lord, "to smite the hosts of the Philistines."

David, or Dody, being the "well beloved"—"dear"—the "darling"—was charmingly set to music by the maid-servants who had him in honor for dancing before the Lord with all his might, and flour.

ishing the curious girdle of the ephod—nor less than Syrian damsels, with the smooth Adonis, or "our Lord," were Lion's daughters infected with their darling in amorous ditties all a summer's day; singing the love-tale of his ten thousand slain.

"Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led, his eye surveyed the dark idolatries Of engated Jeshai."

and heard them singing how the "Lion's whelp" came forth from out the rod and stem of Jesse—nor less sweet the song of Samson and his Delilah—helped with crescent horns—Astarte, queen of heaven, with milk and honey flowing from the golden land. What wonder, then, that Lion's daughters were infected with like heat, and made an "unco leaway" when the Sun and Virgin came down from heaven with such strange fire from the Lord, and each star was balmy breathing, and a bride in the New Jerusalem.

Even "the modern Jews," says Calmet, "allow a great deal of the influence of the stars, to confess that there is no dispute among wise men on this subject. Their wish to their friends upon their wedding-day is, 'That their planet may be happy'—and they carefully observe under what planet their children are born." The wise men from the East took note of the heavens for the appearing of the Saviour, and Cornelius Agrippa gives the very formulas in the various names of the Hebrew Lord for evoking and conjuring spirits by bringing the sun, moon and stars in conjunction. Homer has his Gods, demons, or unfished men interchangeable:

"Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars Till he had peeped them with beings bright As their own beams."

for ye are A beauty and a mystery, and create In us such love and reverence from afar, That angel, demon, God are wrought with the star."

St. Paul "ascribes the infirmities wherewith he was afflicted to an evil angel"—angelus Sathana—equivalent to a malignant star, or St. John's Wormwood. The Wise men from the East instructed the Greeks, as well as the Hebrews, in the way of engineering the spiritual world in connection with the "paved work of a sapphire stone, and, as it were, the body of heaven in his brightness," where the God of Israel was seen in the seventy elders of the phallic cross, as per plate in Dr. Oliver. The jeweled cup of Jemshed was a way of finding the Lord, as well as in the divination and enchantment of Israel, by Urin, Thummin, Teraphim and Ephod.

[To be continued in our next.]

## THE GREAT ANTICIPATED MILLENNIUM: ITS HISTORY AND ORIGIN.

NUMBER SIX.

BY K. GRAVES.

The Millennium to Exit Us and Our Religion, and Overthrow all Others.

It only now remains to be shown that the disciples of the various Oriental systems had in view, as an ultimate end of the introduction and establishment of the Millennial Age, or cyclical period, the spiritual or divine exaltation of themselves and their respective religions—that is, the triumph of their peculiar doctrines and systems of religious faith over all others. Each contemplated the future destruction of the world as a chosen means, in the hands of "the Great Arbitrator of nations," of compelling "every nation, tongue, kindred and people" on the face of the whole earth, to come and bow in humble confession to the truth and superiority of our religion, and the superior claims of our Messiah and sin-atoning Saviour, to be worshiped and adored by all the nations of the earth. All who remain unconvinced to our faith up to that period, will be compelled, by the omnipotent God himself, to join our holy ranks, and honor and exalt "Our Holy Religion," and bow the suppliant knee to our Divine Messiah. The evidence has already been partly exhibited in proof of the statement that the disciples of the Christian faith have all and always openly confessed this as the grand finale of their long predicted millennial jubilee.

Paul says of the Christian Messiah, "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that the name of Jesus every knee should bow," &c.—(Phil. ii. 9.) And in all the millennial predictions of the Christian Scriptures, we find no mention made of any other Saviour or Messiah to be introduced on the occasion as an object of worship, but that of "The Son of Man," alias Jesus Christ. The God-Saviours of the other religious systems are left entirely out of view, not being so much as mentioned by any of the writers of the gospels and epistles.

And a research into history, discloses the same partial, one-sided policy as having been practically pursued by each of the Oriental systems. "No other Saviour, no other religion but ours will be recognized and promoted on the occasion," is impliedly and implicitly the language of the votaries of each and every system. Numerous texts might be quoted to show that the Jewish Christian founders of the Christian faith cherished the same flattering, egotistical anticipations relative to the final installation and exaltation of their peculiar polity or mode of faith, as also the promotion of themselves as a nation representing the only true faith, that our relations from the New Testament, which speak of "the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven," &c., disclose of similar conception and convictions among the original founders and promulgators of the Christian system.

Isaiah, as a mouth-piece for Jehovah, flatteringly addresses the Jews and Hebrews as a nation, thus: "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. They shall come to thee,"—(Isa. lx. 3.) "Therefore thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night, that men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles. For the nations and the kingdoms that will not serve thee shall perish."—(Isa.) (That is, they shall perish unless they worship thee after our peculiar mode of worship.) "And I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in my people."—(Isa. lxxv. 7.) ("My people" meaning the Jews only.)

And Joel, after naming several Gentile nations who were to perish because not "our creed," or disciples of our faith, exclaims: "But Judah shall dwell forever, and Jerusalem from generation to generation."—(Joel iii. 20.) "And many people shall go and say, Come ye, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord—to the house of the God of Jacob." "And all nations shall flow unto it,"—(Isa. 21 chap.) (Glory for us.) "Yea, many people and strong nations shall come and seek the Lord of hosts in Jerusalem, and to pray before the Lord."—(Zach.) (That is, "pray as our sect does.") "For as a new heaven and a new earth, which I will make, shall remain before me, saith the Lord, so shall your seed remain." (Or more properly, "your creed.") Many other passages of a similar import might be cited. And we have the testimony of a historical writer that "All prophesied of a time when the Messiah would come to destroy all nations that refused to conform to the Jewish religion." Jerusalem, restored to more than its ancient glory, was to become henceforth and forever the



political and spiritual centre of the world. And Isaiah predicts that when the Lord comes to plead with all flesh by fire and by the sword, the Gentile nation will bring all the Hebrews that are sojourning among them." (Prog. Rel. Id., Vol. II.) And that noted and popular Jewish writer, Philo, speaks of "The latter days, when the Lord's chosen people will be gathered together from the four winds of heaven, and all nations come and pay voluntary honor to their moral superiority, and receive from them rich streams of knowledge." ("Moral superiority," indeed, when the Rev. Mr. Hibbard says, "They were, perhaps, by nature, the most morally inferior nation on earth.")

And both Philo and the early Christian writers name Jerusalem as the seat and centre of the forthcoming Millennial paradise. This Jewish author seems to have entertained the same disparaging views of other nations that is manifested by the prophet Elisha, in his second book, in the exclamation, "Oh Lord, thou madest the world for our sakes! As for the other people which, also, came of Adam, thou hast said that they are nothing, but like unto spittle." (Strange, indeed, that "the other people" should be "mere spittle" compared with the Jews, when we have the clearest proof that some of them were much further advanced in knowledge and civilization than "the Lord's chosen people," who were actually indebted to them for all "streams of knowledge" which they possessed, even to the very tools of husbandry which they used.)

The boastful, opinionated, egotistical pretensions of the Jews are set forth by that new standard authority, "The New American Cyclopaedia," in the declaration that they believed "they would rule over all the nations under a royal Messiah." "And all the writings of the early Christians clearly evince this idea, and the conviction expressed by Tacitus and Suetonius that those who should come out of Judea should possess the world." (Vol. II, page 555.) Thus it is shown by the Scriptures and by historical authorities, that both the Jews and the primitive Christians cherished the egotistical persuasion that they will in "the last day" witness the triumph of their religious doctrines and the away of religious empire over "all the nations of the earth." And we have the facts carefully registered in history disclosing the proof that a similar conviction had long previously possessed the minds of the worshippers under the Oriental systems. Several citations of this character have already been incidentally presented in previous historical quotations. The text has been cited from the Buddhist Bible which prophetically declares that the Divine Millennial Messenger "will cause justice and truth to reign everywhere, and will subject the whole universe to the religion of the Brahmins," and will "destroy barbarians and thieves and reestablish righteousness," &c.

And it is further declared in the same "Holy Book" that "joy and gladness, peace and prosperity, shall flow as a river, and all the saints (of the Buddhist faith) enjoy the most consummate delight, and the whole world be brought to the religion of the Vedas." And we find the anticipation several times expressed in the Persio-Chaldean Bible, "The Five Volumes," that their God-Saviour, or Divine Messiah, Tien, "the Holy Son of Heaven," will come to reign in his kingdom, and that he will be heralded and proclaimed as "the Lord of the Universe," and will extend his empire over all the earth, and the final and solemn era be thus inaugurated, which will, in accordance with the prophetic text already quoted, "Bring all the world to the worship of Zoroaster, and thus establish universal peace and happiness." And the Divine Redeemer, Maître of Ceylon, is also to appear and "establish a new order of things" and give his own religion the preeminence—so aver his devout disciples. The "Great Prophet" (Mahomet) likewise is to descend from heaven in the hour of final judgment, and establish "the only true religion" (that of the Koran), as well as demonstrate "the vanity" of all other systems of faith and worship. So announces their Holy Oracle in the most solemn, prophetic strains.

We will conclude this branch of our historical exposition by a citation from history, furnishing the strongest corroborative proof of the foregoing detail: "In most nations," says "The Progress of Religious Ideas," "a belief prevailed that the return of the Golden Age would be brought about by the advent of a Just and Holy One, by whose agency all discord, moral and physical, would be harmonized, and the world restored to order. Hindus believed such a person would appear to them, and bring all nations under the guidance of the Brahmins. The Chinese expected a Holy One would appear on their sacred mountain, and bring all the world to the subjugation of the Chinese empire. Persians believed that such a Deliverer was waiting to be summoned to their land of light, and that when he appeared he would convert the whole world to the religion of Zoroaster." (Vol. II, page 153.) Which one of the several rival religions named above, including that of Christianity, is to prove triumphant and supersede all others in the era of the installation of the Millennium, I shall leave to the conjecture of the reader.

## GOLD.

BY WARREN CHASE.

"Gold is the God the Yahoos adore;  
There no man's criminal unless he's poor."  
Cotton is no longer king, but gold continues to be God, or at least worshipped in this great city of Gotham, where law is religion and popularity is morality. Gold ornaments the bodies which God and Nature failed to perfect, and gold must finish. Gold will purchase human bodies, with or without souls, for an hour or a lifetime, for dissection or slow torture. Males and females are both in the market, and bartered with and for in the shambles, and gold, or its depreciated representative, is the idol to or for which the happiness, purity or virtue is sold.

Gold decorates and ornaments our richest garments and the trappings and trimmings of animals and carriages, but is seldom seen on the skirts of the poor, though often on the necks and fingers. Gold pens and pencils make money of the words and figures that cheat and instruct us. Good and ill are strangely mixed in this labor of the gold god, and it is hard to tell when he (or she) is gilt or guilty; but society, we know, is always both gilt and guilty.

We have "golden gloss" for the hair, to cheat somebody with false appearances of gold in name and color—it is not like Ring's Ambrosia, which will restore your hair to its natural color. We have gold and gilt in the names, firms and lettering of signs at the doorways of the shops and offices, but most of them are to catch, not to give gold—gold in the windows of the brokers inviting more, as like attracts like, and the hair of the dog will cure his bite.

I have not seen any gold in the pavements of New York yet; suppose I shall have to go to the New Jerusalem city to see that, where they do not have such heavy wheels to crush it, for it would not stand the hard tires and heavy loads of our cities, and I should think the iron chariots of the other gods would break the pavements of

gold, and the Jews would carry it off to bank with, if they retain their earthly dispositions and habits.

We have golden syrup to sweeten our food and nourish our bodies, and golden dishes to hold our food and drink—at least the very rich do and the poor do not, as the latter are criminals on this God's calendar, and not entitled to benefit of clergy nor display of carriages at funerals with mock mourners. We have golden names to several kinds of intoxicating drinks, to induce the weak-minded to imbibe and make less than human depravity manifest in their actions, and we disgrace the beasts by calling them "beastly drunk," when the beasts do not get drunk at all—golden ale, golden beer and golden brandy, as if the attraction was not strong enough without drawing in love and devotion for this God to aid in dissipation.

We bury the guilty dead in gilt-trimmed coffins, and the honest poor in plain boards, and thus let the god have the bodies, if not the souls, of his worshippers. We have "golden gem" tobacco, to feed and encourage the most filthy habit of civilized society; and to "bring in" this love of gold again, to encourage chewing and smoking a filthy and poisonous weed, that makes a beast, in neatness, of a man; or worse than some beasts, for cats, at least, are neater than tobacco chewers, for they will hide their filth if they can. But gold is the God of the rich, the popular and the fashionable, and covers a multitude of sins, and pardons every crime, even treason and total depravity.

I passed by Grace Church the other day—probably the most gilt, if not guilty, in the city—it snowed and rained both; the Church was in session, and ten rich, gilt carriages, with drivers, human drivers, sitting on the outside in the storm, were standing before the church. The carriages were empty, for the gilt-trimmed occupants had gone into the church to worship their god, and pay their respects to the Jewish God, as there is a fair understanding and perfect harmony between the worshippers of the Jewish Jehovah God and the Gold God, in this city.

We have golden pills, and other drugs and medicines in gilt coatings and in gilt boxes and bottles, to cure us when sick; but I suppose these medicines only cure the worshippers of gold, as few others take them. Thus we have golden medicines for the sick; golden food for the well; golden drinks for the tipsy; golden gems for the filthy tobacco eater; golden prayers for the rich worshiper; golden coffins for the guilty; golden garments for the proud; golden signs for the cheaters; golden everything for everybody that has gold to purchase with and exhibit. It would be well for the people if it could be taken out of the merchandise and coined into money, to drive the dirty rags out of the market, where they are used as change, and depreciated as representatives of coin. They have become so plenty and so cheap, that if not checked soon, a man will need as large a load to purchase a coat or a barrel of flour, as the ancients did of Lycurgus's currency.

I wish Mr. Gold God would discharge as large a part of his shipmaster army, as United States has of his soldiers, and let the regular currency, like the regular army, have the field for a time; it might "from many a blunder free us, and foolish notion."

Gold is not much of a war God; he has retired during our war, and kept his currency head mostly out of sight, and seemed to hide more and more during the war; or rather, fled to other countries, where, I learn, he has held high carnival in currency channels. But in his gilt and guilty face and phase, he has not skulked or shunned the popular gaze or channels of traffic. But as currency, he was not needed, while greenbacks would buy politics, guns, churches and drivers as well; and in the shambles shipmasters would buy stocks, drinks and cigars, wine and women, papers and puffs, &c.

New York, Dec. 14, 1865.

## CIRCLE HYMN.

[I have observed that in circles of Spiritualists we often sing old revival tunes, but with no very appropriate words. I have composed some hymns for those tunes, and we have sometimes sung the following in the tune of "This is the jubilee." FREDERICK ROBINSON.

Marblehead, Mass., 1865.]

That glorious time at last appears,  
As proved in every way,  
Foretold by prophet, sage and seer—  
This is the judgment day.

The angels, stooping from above,  
The joys of heaven portray,  
And tell us of a Father's love—  
This is the judgment day.

They now appear and talk with men,  
And prove what Scriptures say,  
That all shall live in heaven again—  
This is the judgment day.

The hilling priesthoods of the earth  
No longer shall betray  
Every science at its birth—  
This is the judgment day.

The reign of falsehood in the world  
Then surely must decay,  
And truth's broad banner be unfurled—  
This is the judgment day.

And heavy wrongs of ancient time  
Shall all be swept away,  
And poverty, the cause of crime—  
This is the judgment day.

An angry God, an awful hell,  
And Superstition's sway,  
No longer on the earth shall dwell—  
This is the judgment day.

Then wisdom, goodness, truth and love  
Upon the earth shall stay  
And fit mankind for heaven above—  
This is the judgment day.

And all shall come to heaven at last,  
However wrong they may  
Have lived and acted in the past—  
This is the judgment day.

Then death no more the heart shall rend  
With horror and dismay;  
It comes to heaven the soul to send—  
This is the judgment day.

Oh Grave, where is thy victory now,  
Since hell hath lost its sway?  
And Death assumes an angel's brow—  
This is the judgment day.

It is difficult to unite tranquility in accepting and energy in using the facts of life, but it is not impossible; if it be, it is impossible to be happy.

Paris and London whist players are making a match of one hundred rubbers for twenty-five thousand dollars.

Colorado is ready to take her place among the States as the thirty-seventh in the Union.

## Spirit-Messengers.

Marcellus, France, Oct. 1, 1865.

DEAR BANNER—While tarrying a few weeks in this ancient but very enterprising and pleasant city of some three hundred thousand inhabitants, my mind has reverted oftentimes to your "City of Notions"—and especially have I thought of and longed to see a copy of your truly valuable and interesting Journal.

Since I left Paris, some three months since, I have not seen a number, nor, in fact, a single English or American periodical; still there has not been a lack of matter, nor subjects upon which to bestow my thoughts.

Spiritism—for this word is universally used in France, and I prefer it to Spiritualism—is rife here, as it is throughout the kingdom, and there are quite a number of periodicals devoted to the subject, and the amount of spirit literature is considerable, and to be found in all the bookstores.

I chanced a few days since—if indeed chance is to spy in the windows, a little weekly, entitled, "L'Union Spirite," published at Bordeaux, by Mons. Auguste Dez, in which I found two very instructing spirit-communications from very notable Americans—one from your much lamented President Lincoln, the other from J. Wilkes Booth.

Thinking that a translation of the same might interest your readers, I have put myself to the task, and herewith send you the former, and, if desired, will send you the latter, which is very remarkable.

It may seem strange, indeed, especially to skeptics, that our spirit-friends should come to France to give utterance to their views and wishes; and the question may arise, How is it that one, unacquainted with the French tongue, should, so soon after the exchange of conditions, be enabled to use the language—for it cannot be supposed for a moment, that the change in the form of existence does, *ipso facto*, impart such kind of knowledge? It must, therefore, be understood that Mr. Lincoln spoke by proxy.

But what should attract him to Bordeaux? Let me inform the reader that Mr. Lincoln's name is almost as familiar to the people of France, as is that of Napoleon III. You will see his likeness posted in the windows of very many of the shops and bookstores throughout the Kingdom. While at Lyons, the great silk manufactory of the globe, a short time since, I was shown a beautiful likeness woven in silk, and which are made in quantities and distributed throughout the globe.

Of the communication, whether characteristic of the imputed author, and whether worthy of him, each must judge for himself. To me it is very striking, especially when I remember that it was transmitted through a French medium, and, probably, by a French spirit; and being somewhat prophetic, is worthy of preservation. Hence, I send it to you, and hope that it may be welcomed by an insertion in the Banner.

J. M. STERLING.

The editor of the S. W. prefaces the publication thus:

"We are greatly obliged to our spirit brother, M. Rul, for the two following communications, which, to the merit of actuality, is joined the still greater one of profound and useful instruction."

EVOCATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MEDIUM, M. RUL.

Bordeaux, 3d May, 1865.

SPIRIT—I am here.

QUEST.—Have you been at Washington?

S.—Yes.

Q.—What think you of the actual state of affairs in the United States of America?

S.—Soon the chains of peace will succeed the clamors of fratricidal war; soon the people of the United States, forming but a single family, will be occupied in repairing the disasters of this horrible war, that had nearly separated the Union which our forefathers had, with so much labor, and from such discordant elements, succeeded in forming. But the dangers of God will be accomplished; and, after having expiated in blood and ruin the crimes of the past, I repeat, the American people will live as brethren. Soon this agitation caused by my violent death will be calmed, and all the efforts of young America will be in developing the power, hitherto unconsciously still latent, which we have witnessed the efforts which have been made to subdue the rebellion—trust in the protection of the Lord has alone kept me from doubt or discouragement. He has given me the necessary ability to accomplish this mighty task, so that I have not succumbed to it, and I have had the happiness, in leaving the earth, to see that my efforts to quell the revolt were likely to be crowned with the success which I have always hoped. I thank God that I have been given the ability that I needed, and I am happy in thinking that he who succeeds me at the head of the Government, will not fall in the trust committed to him.

Q.—What is your opinion relative to the emancipation of the slaves?

S.—In a few years the soil of the United States will no longer be contaminated with the leprosy of slavery. It will require some years ere this sin can be entirely eradicated; for the passions of men, belated in their material interests, will interpose obstacles to the realization of this project, which will be one of the glories of the nineteenth century. Behold, and admire the wisdom of the Eternal! See how everything in the world is harmonizing itself, and seeking to become free from the taint of barbarism. Spiritism, in coming to remind men of earth of those words of the divine Messiah, "Love all your brethren, love one another," has implanted in the hearts of Americans the first germ of charity and fraternity.

But prejudices of color, of caste, passions over excited by long possession, would not readily yield to the messages of the ministers of the Lord. The hour appointed by Providence had come; and since the Gospel had not sufficed to enlighten my countrymen upon their duties as Christians, it was needful for blood, fire, desolation, death, all the disasters of war, come to remind them of the grandeur of immutable truths hitherto disregarded. This great and terrible lesson has been given to them, and soon Americans, better enlightened through sufferings which they have endured, will lend an attentive ear to spirit messages; and upon the surface of that land thus devoted, during four years to the horrors of civil war, you may soon hear only cries of joy. After having laid down arms of destruction, the people will take up instruments of remunerative labor, and binding themselves together, as do the members of one family which the storm has for a moment separated, they all will address to the Eternal, prayers of love and gratitude.

You ask what will be the future of the United States. A young, full of strength, energy and confidence in himself, wanders, he deserts the light of charity, which should always guide him, to obey only his ambition and pride. He falls and wounds himself; but he strictly raises himself, and thinks of him who holds in his hands the destiny of all his children. He collects himself, he calls to mind the duties which he has violated, and takes the firm resolution no more to disobey. The Divine protection comes to bless his labors; and this man, in the bosom of prosperity, will remember the destitute, and far from self-satisfaction, by reason of success, will attribute all to the goodness of God.

Such will be the American people. Prosperity, intelligence, the arts of peace, philosophy, morals, science, all will progress in America, for Spiritism will be the brilliant star which will guide them; this Gospel will be the blessed book which the people will peruse each hour of the day. Hence, to draw the instruction which Christ bequeathed to him, and to be full of faith and hope, of charity and humility, after having so long been a spectacle of pride and vanity, will become religious without fanaticism, tolerant toward all, the Americans will realize the symbol of fraternity united to order, in its most humanitarian development.

Everything progresses throughout the world; the earth is ready for its transformation, and I say to you in truth, that in a few years America will occupy the first rank among the nation.

of the earth, becoming the most sincerely religious people of the globe.

Thank you, spirit-brother, for your good words; and since you are convinced of spirit-communication, you ought to have confidence in the teachings of your spirit. Persevere, forget not that there is not one upon the earth but can assist the progress of the blessed doctrine of Spiritism. Persevere in your efforts to improve yourself, scatter the good seeds, and be assured that one day all the good will find themselves in better worlds together chanting the psalms of the Eternal.

HE WHO WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## HEART LEAVES.

NO. ELEVEN.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

## HOPE.

A wayworn pilgrim sat him down beside  
The highway, where, for weary days and weeks,  
He had contended with the hail and sleet,  
And piercing cold of winter's dreary hours,  
Followed by summer's searching beams—with  
thorns,

And steep hillside, where jagged rocks still tore  
His hands and feet, till all the way where he  
Essayed to climb was marked with blood.

In spite of these, all these, he'd struggled on;  
But now, with sinking heart and downcast look  
He sat, and feared to recommence his task;  
For doubt, with traitorous hand, had opened wide  
The portals of his soul, admitting there  
Despondency.

Her baleful breath had chilled  
The warm life current coursing through his veins,  
While close upon her track came fell Despair,  
Bearing within her withered hand a wand,  
From whence there fell upon the air a mist,  
A deadening, blinding mist, obscuring quite  
The soul-inspiring scenes, that else had cheered  
The weary traveler on his toilsome way.

But who is this, that cometh clad in light,  
As with a garment fittingly put on?  
With cheeks so like the flush that morning wears,  
Just as the king of day ascends his throne,  
With beaming eyes, that make the gazer think  
The sun and moon have melted into one,  
So much of gentle strength is imaged there.  
No fairy nymph from out Elysian bowers,  
With more of graceful softness ever moved;  
While pale with fear, those hell-born spirits fly,  
As darkness flies before the rising sun;  
Her cheering presence is already felt  
By that dejected, almost fainting one,  
Inspiring with new life each falling nerve,  
As, guided by her eye of heavenly love,  
He looks beyond the tollsome path he treads,  
To that bright goal set for the glorious mark  
Of our high calling's prize—for the mark  
To which God's children all are called—to which  
Earth's weary ones shall surely come at last,  
Shall come in spite of all the covenants  
That the deep hell of ignorance hath with  
The Priesthood made.

I have no words to paint  
The matchless glories that adorn the goal  
Of mortal hope—that city whose eternal gates  
Back on their hinges roll unceasingly—  
Roll back to welcome in the children of  
The Eternal Father's love. While breezes pregnant  
With immortal life, go sweeping through the  
Wide horizon 'round—go piercing even  
To the realms of night, with breath salubrious  
Scattering the heavy fogs—the fogs of time  
And sense, that else would rise 'e'en to the gate  
Of heaven. Oh, glorious home! but all the way  
That led thereto was girt, or seemed to be,  
With chasms yawning wide; pitfalls were spread  
around,  
And cataraets sent deafening thunder forth,  
And pools of stagnant filth filled all the air  
With pestilential breath, and lions roared,  
And serpents hissed, to frighten holiest hearts.  
And lo! there was a stream, whose waters seemed  
To come from dark oblivion's sea of night.  
This he must cross, yet he saw not, or seeing,  
Heeded not, but with his eye fixed on the mark,  
Exclaimed, "Oh, I shall reach it yet!" Then, like  
To one anew with life inspired, he darted on,  
His bleeding hands and feet, his tattered clothes  
And wearied limbs, are all forgotten now.

Avail! I gazed, then turned  
To look upon the one who had the power  
To work such wondrous change, and saw  
Engraven on the pearly tablet of her brow,  
In living characters, "My name is Hope."

No more I wondered then, but with a heart  
Overcharged with gratitude I sank upon  
My knees, and thanked high heaven  
For such a priceless gift to mortal man.

Thanksgiving at the "Home for Little Wanderers."

As we were permitted to share a part of the afternoon of our late Thanksgiving at this beautiful institution—an outgrowth of Christian philanthropy in our city which will make the present year memorable in her future morals—we desire to put upon record a few of the more interesting incidents of this joyous occasion, which must have given pleasure to every one present, as we trust their narration will to many of your readers. The weather, as all know, was most unpropitious—a very disagreeable storm prevailing through the day—notwithstanding which a respectable number of gentlemen and ladies came in to witness the fine display of "good things" which had been generously provided for the "little outcasts," of whom there were between two and three hundred present, who had been gathered in there from the abodes of poverty and vice, to partake of a dinner which was "fit for a king." Four long tables had been neatly arranged in the chapel—a beautiful room capable of seating nearly a thousand persons—upon each of which were five splendid turkeys (twenty in all), nicely cooked, with a variety of other fowl of less note, and an ample supply of the proper eatables. Before placing the children at the boards, a little time was very pleasantly spent by them in singing several beautiful songs, interspersed with short speeches by several gentlemen who were present, after which preparations began for filling the tables. The first thing done in carrying out this part of the programme, was to place at the head of one of the tables eleven "wee darlings," from one to three years old, who were seated together on a line, occupying as many high infant chairs. As we sat and gazed upon them, the "fountains of the great deep" of our heart were broken up, and the tears filled our eyes as we reflected that they were without fathers, mothers or friends to provide for them in their innocent helplessness.

"The Home" was founded early in the present year, and has already secured pleasant homes for about one hundred and fifty poor children. Ten of our most liberal citizens generously contributed the building, each to establish in who have by that noble act more intelligently engraven their names upon the hearts of their beneficiaries than could possibly be done in marble or granite. Rev. E. D. Toles, the excellent Superintendent, and Rev. T. W. Hughes, his noble-hearted assistant, are the "right men in the right place." "The Little Wanderer's Advocate" containing a full record of every thing of special interest pertaining to the institution, and giving, in the course of the year, some fifty pieces of beautiful music, should be in every family, as a reminder of the condition and needs of the suffering poor, and of what is being done for their relief. We hope many will subscribe for it, that they may enjoy its monthly visits. It can be had for one dollar a year.

Thanksgiving at the "Home for Little Wanderers."

As we were permitted to share a part of the afternoon of our late Thanksgiving at this beautiful institution—an outgrowth of Christian philanthropy in our city which will make the present year memorable in her future morals—we desire to put upon record a few of the more interesting incidents of this joyous occasion, which must have given pleasure to every one present, as we trust their narration will to many of your readers. The weather, as all know, was most unpropitious—a very disagreeable storm prevailing through the day—notwithstanding which a respectable number of gentlemen and ladies came in to witness the fine display of "good things" which had been generously provided for the "little outcasts," of whom there were between two and three hundred present, who had been gathered in there from the abodes of poverty and vice, to partake of a dinner which was "fit for a king." Four long tables had been neatly arranged in the chapel—a beautiful room capable of seating nearly a thousand persons—upon each of which were five splendid turkeys (twenty in all), nicely cooked, with a variety of other fowl of less note, and an ample supply of the proper eatables. Before placing the children at the boards, a little time was very pleasantly spent by them in singing several beautiful songs, interspersed with short speeches by several gentlemen who were present, after which preparations began for filling the tables. The first thing done in carrying out this part of the programme, was to place at the head of one of the tables eleven "wee darlings," from one to three years old, who were seated together on a line, occupying as many high infant chairs. As we sat and gazed upon them, the "fountains of the great deep" of our heart were broken up, and the tears filled our eyes as we reflected that they were without fathers, mothers or friends to provide for them in their innocent helplessness.

"The Home" was founded early in the present year, and has already secured pleasant homes for about one hundred and fifty poor children. Ten of our most liberal citizens generously contributed the building, each to establish in who have by that noble act more intelligently engraven their names upon the hearts of their beneficiaries than could possibly be done in marble or granite. Rev. E. D. Toles, the excellent Superintendent, and Rev. T. W. Hughes, his noble-hearted assistant, are the "right men in the right place." "The Little Wanderer's Advocate" containing a full record of every thing of special interest pertaining to the institution, and giving, in the course of the year, some fifty pieces of beautiful music, should be in every family, as a reminder of the condition and needs of the suffering poor, and of what is being done for their relief. We hope many will subscribe for it, that they may enjoy its monthly visits. It can be had for one dollar a year.

Thanksgiving at the "Home for Little Wanderers."

As we were permitted to share a part of the afternoon of our late Thanksgiving at this beautiful institution—an outgrowth of Christian philanthropy in our city which will make the present year memorable in her future morals—we desire to put upon record a few of the more interesting incidents of this joyous occasion, which must have given pleasure to every one present, as we trust their narration will to many of your readers. The weather, as all know, was most unpropitious—a very disagreeable storm prevailing through the day—notwithstanding which a respectable number of gentlemen and ladies came in to witness the fine display of "good things" which had been generously provided for the "little outcasts," of whom there were between two and three hundred present, who had been gathered in there from the abodes of poverty and vice, to partake of a dinner which was "fit for a king." Four long tables had been neatly arranged in the chapel—a beautiful room capable of seating nearly a thousand persons—upon each of which were five splendid turkeys (twenty in all), nicely cooked, with a variety of other fowl of less note, and an ample supply of the proper eatables. Before placing the children at the boards, a little time was very pleasantly spent by them in singing several beautiful songs, interspersed with short speeches by several gentlemen who were present, after which preparations began for filling the tables. The first thing done in carrying out this part of the programme, was to place at the head of one of the tables eleven "wee darlings," from one to three years old, who were seated together on a line, occupying as many high infant chairs. As we sat and gazed upon them, the "fountains of the great deep" of our heart were broken up, and the tears filled our eyes as we reflected that they were without fathers, mothers or friends to provide for them in their innocent helplessness.

"The Home" was founded early in the present year, and has already secured pleasant homes for about one hundred and fifty poor children. Ten of our most liberal citizens generously contributed the building, each to establish in who have by that noble act more intelligently engraven their names upon the hearts of their beneficiaries than could possibly be done in marble or granite. Rev. E. D. Toles, the excellent Superintendent, and Rev. T. W. Hughes, his noble-hearted assistant, are the "right men in the right place." "The Little Wanderer's Advocate" containing a full record of every thing of special interest pertaining to the institution, and giving, in the course of the year, some fifty pieces of beautiful music, should be in every family, as a reminder of the condition and needs of the suffering poor, and of what is being done for their relief. We hope many will subscribe for it, that they may enjoy its monthly visits. It can be had for one dollar a year.

Thanksgiving at the "Home for Little Wanderers."

As we were permitted to share a part of the afternoon of our late Thanksgiving at this beautiful institution—an outgrowth of Christian philanthropy in our city which will make the present year memorable in her future morals—we desire to put upon record a few of the more interesting incidents of this joyous occasion, which must have given pleasure to every one present, as we trust their narration will to many of your readers. The weather, as all know, was most unpropitious—a very disagreeable storm prevailing through the day—notwithstanding which a respectable number of gentlemen and ladies came in to witness the fine display of "good things" which had been generously provided for the "little outcasts," of whom there were between two and three hundred present, who had been gathered in there from the abodes of poverty and vice, to partake of a dinner which was "fit for a king." Four long tables had been neatly arranged in the chapel—a beautiful room capable of seating nearly a thousand persons—upon each of which were five splendid turkeys (twenty in all), nicely cooked, with a variety of other fowl of less note, and an ample supply of the proper eatables. Before placing the children at the boards, a little time was very pleasantly spent by them in singing several beautiful songs, interspersed with short speeches by several gentlemen who were present, after which preparations began for filling the tables. The first thing done in carrying out this part of the programme, was to place at the head of one of the tables eleven "wee darlings," from one to three years old, who were seated together on a line, occupying as many high infant chairs. As we sat and gazed upon them, the "fountains of the great deep" of our heart were broken up, and the tears filled our eyes as we reflected that they were without fathers, mothers or friends to provide for them in their innocent helplessness.

"The Home" was founded early in the present year, and has already secured pleasant homes for about one hundred and fifty poor children. Ten of our most liberal citizens generously contributed the building, each to establish in who have by that noble act more intelligently engraven their names upon the hearts of their beneficiaries than could possibly be done in marble or granite. Rev. E. D. Toles, the excellent Superintendent, and Rev. T. W. Hughes, his noble-hearted assistant, are the "right men in the right place." "The Little Wanderer's Advocate" containing a full record of every thing of special interest pertaining to the institution, and giving, in the course of the year, some fifty pieces of beautiful music, should be in every family, as a reminder of the condition and needs of the suffering poor, and of what is being done for their relief. We hope many will subscribe for it, that they may enjoy its monthly visits. It can be had for one dollar a year.

We could not refrain from expressing our gratitude to God that they were permitted to be nestled in the bosom of such an institution; founded for such a holy purpose by the munificence of several of our fellow citizens. As we continued looking upon these "dear little ones," we thought of that fine sentiment, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father in heaven."

Next came to the tables between two and three hundred children, of both sexes, from four to fourteen years old, when the divine benediction was invoked upon the occasion and the company by Rev. Phineas Stowe, pastor of the Baptist Seamen's Bethel Church, of this city, in which every heart present seemed to join. Then followed the clatter of knives and forks, till the wants of all were abundantly supplied, leaving many "baskets of fragments" to be gathered up, which, we presume, were well bestowed upon those who needed them.

After dinner the children were re-seated, when we had the pleasure—and nothing could have given us greater—to address them briefly, and to express our wish that God might reward a hundred fold those who had founded and so liberally endowed this beautiful "Home for Little Wanderers." The children sang, in their beautiful manner, "Good Night," and we retired, thanking God that we had been permitted to enjoy such a Thanksgiving.

RICHARD THAYER.

Boston, Dec. 12, 1865.

P. S.—Friends visiting our city from abroad, will find it pleasant to visit the "Home," where they will always be cordially welcomed.

## Letter from Leo Miller, Esq.

It has been a long time since I have had a talk with the great family of readers through the columns of the Banner. Allow me, therefore, to report myself as still on duty.

While the fierce tempest of treason and rebellion raged around the good old Ship of State, I felt called into the political arena, and when occasions seemed to require it, occupied the "stump," and proclaimed what I believed to be God's eternal principles of human government on earth. By some I have been blamed for this course, by more encouraged; but, above all, I have had the approbation of my own soul, and this is always better than rubies, or the plaudits of a world. My last labor in this direction was in the State of New Jersey the past fall, where I made quite free speeches; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that my efforts had something to do in bringing this backward State "



### Notes from Brooklyn, N. Y.—Warren Chase—Mrs. Emma Jay Bullene—W. P. Anderson, the Spirit-Artist.

We are unexpectedly favored with the presence among us of that noble pioneer, Warren Chase, and we can secure his services for the last two Sundays in this month; but there is an urgent call for him from Newark, N. J., and I feel that we ought to let him go. We can hear some of the best speakers in our ranks by going across the river to New York, while at Newark they are less favored. Beside, we ought to be neighborly, now that our friends, formerly of the "Kingdom of Camden and Amboy," are safely within the pale of the Union; and Newark did her full share in this work of redemption.

We have secured the services of Nettie Colburn from the middle of January, and hope to be enabled to keep her among us for several weeks.

Mrs. Bullene continues her labors in New York with marked success, and the most gratifying results. As a public speaker Mrs. Bullene has few equals. Her bearing is dignified and commanding; manners and gestures easy and graceful; voice clear and pleasant; articulation and pronunciation almost faultless. Her meekness is of a very high order, and some of her discourses, treating of subjects which involve a subtle and intricate scientific analysis, are handled with such ease and skill as to excite a most lively interest among the learned and wise ones in our midst.

Of the musical part of the exercise with which Mrs. Bullene concludes each discourse, I cannot speak favorably. It is far from being in keeping with the other efforts of this gifted lady, and I hope she will pardon the freedom with which I speak of it.

I have lately met, for the first time, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Anderson, the spirit-artists, and I feel so much interest in them, by reason of some things I have learned concerning their trials and struggles in "getting on" along life's rugged way, that I would like to say something about them in the Banner.

The nature of their work is too well known even to need any detailed description from me at this late day in their unselfish career. I say in "their work," for it may not be generally known that Mrs. Anderson must sit with her husband, else he can do nothing. This is a peculiar, and, I think, rare kind of mediumship. Mrs. Anderson may be in the same room with her husband, or in a adjoining room, or traveling in the cars, or located a hundred miles away, yet they will go into the trance state both at the same instant, and return to consciousness at the same moment. Such perfect harmonizing and blending of two souls into one, to me is a great marvel. It is not only while at their work, but ever and always the same. Each seems to live for and in the other, and each to be a necessity to the other.

Mrs. Anderson is the most spiritual in appearance of any mortal I have ever seen. She seems like a connecting link between the visible and the invisible world; so ethereal, so transparent, one almost expects to hear her say, as spirits often do when leaving the medium they have controlled, "I am going now."

This condition is much more apparent now, by reason of a long and severe sickness she has suffered from the past summer. May the good Father preserve to us this sweet "pet" and pure "spirit in the form," to bless and cheer us on life's thorny road for many years yet to come.

Mr. Anderson has earned money enough to make himself comfortable, and ought not to be in the condition he now finds himself, being unfit for labor by a temporary illness.

Your readers will, no doubt, hardly credit what I am compelled to say, that there are many cases where persons have received pictures from Mr. Anderson, and on the most frivolous excuses either neglect or utterly refuse to pay for them. In St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Portland, Me., there are cases where parties have taken pictures, but decline to pay for them, because they do not look like the person they were intended to represent. But Mr. Anderson has positive evidence that such is not the case. In St. Louis, at the close of a lecture by Bro. A. B. Whiting, a public statement was made that this picture is allude to an excellent likeness of the one it is intended to represent, and the work was cited as evidence of "spirit-power." From all the places above-named, Mr. Anderson has had orders for other pictures, because they had seen (giving the name of one where pay had been refused because it was not a good likeness), and they were so much pleased with it, as a likeness, that they wanted one similar, &c.

Now, friends, this is all wrong. You are doing a gross injustice to a kind, amiable, confiding, truthful soul. You cannot know how much you cause this good man to suffer. Be just, and do right, and do it now, or you certainly will bitterly regret the great wrong you have done.

For the future Mr. Anderson has adopted a rule, that persons ordering pictures must pay one-half in advance when the order is given. For this advance he will furnish a sketch, which will enable them to judge whether the picture will suit them or not. His prices are somewhat less than heretofore, being now from thirty dollars and upwards, according to size and finish. Post-office address, 2221, New York City. W. B. B. Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 13, 1865.

### Mrs. Witte's Lectures in Cincinnati—Dr. Newton.

I feel strongly inclined to tell you that we have evident "signs of refreshing from the Divine Presence," as they sometimes say in the Churches. I have just returned from Metropolitan Hall, where, as was previously announced, Mrs. Nellie Witte would discourse from a subject selected by a committee of skeptics. Accordingly every seat was filled, and almost every available spot for standing room was occupied. The committee were composed of merchants, who have never attended our meetings, except within the past two or three Sundays.

The subject, "What is the difference between Christianity and Spiritualism," was explained in an earnest and eloquent manner, and which engaged the rapt attention of that large audience for over an hour and a half. The lecturer explained the true mission of Christ, which is the name religion to-day that the true Spiritualist accepts; the facts, the evidences of truth, discarding theories and beliefs. She laid open to the inspection of every mind desiring to know the truth, the errors of creeds, forms and ceremonies. She contrasted the Church and the religion of the present time, with that which Christ, as a human being, with a divine nature, came to establish, and which had become perverted by sectarian theories and dogmas. She said that the Church was the Mother of Spiritualism; that she had become old, and was feeble and tottering, and was calling on her children to hold her up and sustain her from falling; that her garments were worn, and were not suited to the present style of religion the world was seeking to adopt.

The lecture was fraught throughout with grand and sublime truths, which was felt in its logical force by every true Spiritualist and progressed

mind in the audience. At the close, a number of questions from the audience were answered with a readiness and aptness seldom or rarely equalled. The awakening angel has come, and a spirit of investigation is abroad, and the manifest interest everywhere exhibited, and the respectful inquiries made in reference to the evidences of its truth.

On last Sunday, the 3d, the subject of the lecture in the morning, given by Mrs. Witte, was, "What Constitutes a Spiritualist?" Oh, how I wished that every Spiritualist throughout the length and breadth of the land, could have heard it, and receive the "truth in their hearts." The discourse for the evening was the "Advantages of Infidelity," which was received and appreciated by the audience. We are sending out our aspirations for a better condition of true and pure religious feeling in Cincinnati.

I have learned, with much satisfaction, that a growing interest on the subject of Spiritualism is rapidly on the increase in the city of Louisville since E. V. Wilson inaugurated an association there. A. B. Whiting has just completed his engagement there. The audiences were increasing in numbers, respectability and earnest attention. "May the truth run and be glorified."

Our mutual friend, J. R. Newton, greeted many of his former friends and acquaintances at Metropolitan Hall, last Sunday morning. After the lecture he accompanied me into the western part of the city, to see a lady who had been stricken down to her bed several months ago, first with hemorrhage of the lungs, and then to an apparent settled disease of the lungs. She had not left her chamber since the day of her first illness. Mr. Newton applied his magnetic power; we left and went a considerable distance into the southern part of the city, to visit another patient, after which I parted from my friend, he to take the boat for Louisville, while I returned to my home. To my astonishment I found the lady above referred to at my house, and we had the pleasure of her company at dinner. She left her sick chamber, came down two flights of stairs, and though weak, walked two squares to my house. She has been gradually improving ever since, and strong hopes are entertained of her final restoration to health. Thus the cause is gaining strength and permanency.

DAVID H. SILAFFER.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 10, 1865.

### A new Lecturer in the Field—Put Him in the Front, and Make Him Work.

Editor of Banner of Light:

My friend, A. J. Foss, the writer of the following letter, was a few years since one of the leading Baptist ministers of New Hampshire. No man better understood the theology of the Calvinistic Baptists, and its harmful influence on the character and destiny of man. For some twenty years he has given his entire life to the anti-slavery cause. Few men are better posted up, as to the needs of the age, than he is, or better known as a reformer, and a man of indomitable energy, and influence among the people. From Cape Cod to the Mississippi, he is familiar with the masses. No man has worked more earnestly, devotedly and honestly in the cause of human progress than has ANDREW J. FOSS, MANCHESTER, N. H., (his post-office address.)

Read his letter, and if you see fit to publish it, do so; just as it is. If the congregations of Spiritualists wish to secure the services of an able, experienced, and efficient lecturer, they would never, I think, have cause to regret having called upon him. A letter just received, dated Dec. 10th, says: "I have three lectures on Spiritualism, which I have been getting up this fall. The first is on the evidences of the truth of Spiritualism. The second is on the philosophy and rationality of Spiritualism. The third is on its adaptableness to the needs of soul and body, for time and eternity. Besides these, there is a vast field, which you and I, to a small extent have been accustomed to explore—the whole 'Living Present'—who can want for texts? And he must be dull, indeed, who cannot preach from them. My friend! the fields are all white. Oh, that there were more to thrust in the sickle, and gather great arms full of golden sheaves!"

I hope that societies of Spiritualists will show A. J. Foss "the wicked gate at the head of the way," and place him where, as a dauntless warrior for God and humanity, he wishes to be, "in front of the battle," where he, being a large man, will be a conspicuous mark for the enemy's sharpshooters.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Cape Ann, Dec. 14, 1865.

My DEAR HENRY—The spirit moveth me to-day to write you a few lines. Peace be with thy spirit!

What a terrible battle is raging, and will rage, till this Nation shall do justice. I do not know what Johnson will do, or what Congress will do, or try to do. But God will pull their inclinations and take off their wheels, till as a necessity they will be glad to do justice.

I am entirely assured that the negro will have all the rights of an American citizen. I do not believe "the South is victorious," or will be; but the negro will be the conqueror.

But the great battle that is being fought has other issues than the rights of the colored man. That part of the field is nearly won. But the great contest, one that will last for years, and one that affects, in the highest degree, human interests, is the theological war—war with the monstrous ideas with which "an unholy religion" has flooded, and is flooding the world.

You know well, my dear friend, that I have felt, and I assure you more than ever I do feel, the deepest interest in this contest. I long to be in the front of this great battle.

Now, my friend, if the Spiritualists are doing more than all others—vastly more—to inform and save the world. Spiritualism is "the stone cut from the mountain without hands" that is now smiting and breaking in pieces the great theological image, that has so long benighted and benighted mankind. I love Spiritualism!

1. Because with all my heart I believe it true.

2. Because it is philosophical, reasonable; appealing to the intellect, and only challenging belief on evidence.

3. It meets and supplies the wants of our nature; a longing of the soul for immortality.

4. Its effects are purifying and ennobling. It gives us the best conceptions of God, a future life, of the duties that grow out of the relations of life, and of all by which we are allied to the Infinite.

5. It abolishes death, and brings life and immortality to light.

Oh, Henry! what a glorious faith is this! It is the glorious sun, rising and scattering the long, cold, dark night of ignorance and superstition, and filling the earth with light, truth and love.

Dear Henry! I want to be preaching this blessed faith to the world. How shall I get it? If once the way was opened, I feel that I could go ahead. But how to get started, is the question.

Henry! can you show me "the Wicket Gate" that stands at the head of the way? I have seen in the Liberator something of your journeyings and teachings, and have reflected greatly in your work. May all the angels bless you, and keep you in your sphere very many years longer.

Yours as ever, A. J. FOSS.

Manchester, N. H., Nov. 29, 1865.

Henry C. Wright.

Messages Verified.

In the Banner of Light of Dec. 9th, you publish communications from William Rowe and Frank Ramsey. Allow me to inform your readers that I have investigated the truthfulness of their statements, and find them correct in all particulars.

S.

Some books are like some kinds of trees—a great many leaves and no fruit.

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

Notes to Subscribers.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume, and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time for which you subscribed is out. The adoption of this method also renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Subscriptions should be renewed before the time is out, as it will prevent losing any numbers, and save us labor.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1865.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,

ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Banner of Light Western Department.

Our friends in the West will doubtless be pleased to learn that we intend establishing a Branch Office in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 1st of January, 1866. We have accordingly made arrangements with Mr. J. M. PEEBLES, the well known and talented spiritual lecturer and writer, to act as our agent.

Mr. P. will have assigned to him, for his exclusive use each week, two columns of the BANNER, for the publication of matters of local interest. He will also receive subscriptions, communications and advertisements, and transact any other business for us pertaining to the paper.

In thus expanding our business, we are aware that we are taking on additional responsibilities and incurring great financial liabilities; yet we have full faith to believe that ALL the old supporters and friends of the BANNER will sustain us, as heretofore, in our efforts to continue it a first-class paper, an honor to the glorious cause we advocate, a befitting channel through which the angel-world may communicate to those in the mundane sphere.

The Humanity of Divinity.

The effect of the new spiritual awakening in New York manifests itself, as we took occasion to state last week, among the Swedenborgians, and now among the Rationalists. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham very recently discoursed to his congregation on "Aspirations after God," affirming it to be his belief that men did not seek God as a being of whom they strove to entertain some fit conception, but as a being answering in the fullest possible degree to their ideas of humanity. In other words, it is not divinity, but humanity, that receives man's worship and adoration. He enforced his position with many pertinent illustrations, every one of them drawn from the great treasure-house to which Spiritualists regularly apply for whatever they want to strengthen, to comfort, or to inspire them.

Mr. Frothingham shows that the early fathers of the Church have declared, over and over again, that no idea, nor perception, nor consciousness of God could be had save through Christ, who was his true interpreter. We style men divine, said he, because they are so completely human; the more human, the more divine. In proportion as they became human, they grew lovable. The best men were Jesuses, after their kind. They awake in us an affection which was reverence. Every soul that reaches out after a higher and better conception of God, seeks to realize it in the humanity of Christ. It is his complete and perfect humanity that constitutes his divinity.

We cannot go beyond humanity, says Mr. Frothingham, and in fact we did not seek to, whatever we might think about something still higher. If we are not satisfied with humanity as we find it, it is not the fault of humanity, but of an incomplete development of it. The soul craves humanity in its purest and noblest forms; and, having these, demands nothing beyond. Men and women—not airy ideals and imaginings—are the magnets that draw us and will ever hold us. Men and women as they might be, and as they would be, realized to us all ideals, made our lives round and harmonious, left us nothing to desire, no longing unfulfilled, lifted earth to heaven, and were the loftiest aspirations of the human soul. This is precisely the same doctrine inculcated with such force and eloquence by Henry C. Wright, in his last Essay. And it is that which we are all to recognize in full, before the human race is lifted up and developed according to the designs of the Creator and Father.

Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago—a Unitarian preacher well known to at least Mr. Parker's congregation in Boston—comes straight to the same conclusions, in detailing his lasting impressions of Jesus. The veil was suddenly lifted for him, and he says he saw and felt and knew Jesus in the perfectness of his humanity. "The dark shadows"—says he—"that had always fallen between his life and mine began to lift. I cannot tell how, but they did begin to lift, little by little, until, one dark November night, happening into a church you all know of in Philadelphia, the veil seemed to be, not partly lifted, but taken away, and I saw for the first time the dearest face, save one, of all I can think of now in heaven; and I went tramping up the dark road to my home so full of what I had seen, that when one came to me now after and said, sadly, 'I hear you have given up the deity of Christ,' I said, all of a tremble—for I knew not what was to be the end of it—I do not know what to say about giving up his divinity, but I know that I have taken up his humanity; and so blessed is it, that this humanity makes him beyond all measure more divine than he ever seemed before."

These are significant confessions, made by marked and powerful men, powerful because of their very humility and receptivity. They bring theology directly over upon the ground of the Spiritualist. We have never given up the leading idea of humanity in religion. It is just that which draws the two worlds together, making inter-communication necessary and therefore possible. Nothing more divine can be really known and felt by mortal spirit, than what it finds and loves in the noblest attributes of the human character. We are lifted up to what is divine by the cords of humanity which have been kindly let down to us. We behold divine attributes in the perfect traits of humanity. By accustoming ourselves to love and crave after and continually seek what is lovable, and true, and exalted, and pure, in human character, we insensibly, but not the less effectually, become in love with the divine. This is the real schooling for our spiritual parts. We are not expected to reach out and upward, blind and low as we are in this earthly lot, and comprehend even a fragment of the Almighty; but his attributes are to be seen all around us in what is purest and best in the gifts of aspiring humanity.

### The Christian Spiritualist.

The report of Rev. John Pierpont's speech in the National Convention at Philadelphia, which we were only able to supply to the readers of the Banner week before last, merits more than the mere space given to it in its reproduction. Mr. Pierpont stood up and declared for what he happily termed and effectually defended as Christian Spiritualism. He took the ground that the teaching and the life of Jesus were in no sense traversed and thwarted by the revelations of the Religion of Spiritualism, but, rather, that they were supplemented by it, made plainer and more impressive, and brought into closer and profounder relations with the individual soul. Spiritualism, in other words, according to his view, only illustrates, illuminates and makes a practical matter of Christianity.

His speech was admirably distinct upon a point which is the leading one in every Spiritualist's faith. That is the fact, not generally discussed with much fullness by those Christians who are not yet ready to adopt Spiritualism, that Christianity, after all, gives but little real light upon the where of spirits after passing out of the fleshly tabernacle into the realms not seen by mortal eyes. The "revelations" of Christianity are far too few and unsatisfactory in this respect, not to excite a restless and profound inquiry for something more and better. The ancient philosophy shed but little light on this engrossing theme. Christianity went a few steps further forward. But Spiritualism—the latest revelation of Heaven to man, opens all eyes and ears, loosens all tongues, and brings heart and heart together. The seal of the mystery is at last broken. This is revelation indeed, when we see one another, when we converse together, when we sit down in undisguised and happy communion. On this point we can say nothing one half so well as Mr. Pierpont has said it, in the course of his speech to the Convention:

"Christianity, to be sure," says he, "advises us of future happiness and future misery; of spiritual life and of spiritual punishment; of heaven and of hell. But of the where the blessed spirit or where the tormented spirit is to be, what are to be the employments of either, whether in or out of the society of the once loved, whether or not the spirits that have passed 'over the river' can return and commune—for either good or evil—with those who are yet upon this side of it, Christianity, the Christianity of the New Testament, says nothing, and the Christianity of the Protestant Church knows nothing. But since the phenomena of modern Spiritualism have appeared to us, 'the regions that are in darkness' have seen great light upon that momentous subject. I do not look upon the light of the New Testament and that of the still newer dispensation, as cross-lights, but as falling in parallel lines upon the world, from the Infinite Source of light and of life."

That may be accepted as the true and sound doctrine. There need be no crossing of the rays of spiritual light; on the contrary, they fall in parallel lines, neither interfering with the other. With such a view, what should hinder the true Christian from being a Spiritualist? Does not this statement serve to explain how it is that the real, genuine, Spiritualistic faith has been working, and is still working, with such silent and steady efficiency into the body of the professed Christian Church? The members of that Church feel a want in their spiritual life which their naked and unaided creed is impotent to supply. Spiritualism brings them into a new and brighter light, in whose blaze all their doubts are driven away. It enlarges their views; sets aside their creeds; settles their most anxious doubts; fixes their faith; assures their hopes; gives direct and unmistakable answers to the inquiries of their hearts; and comforts them with positive and tangible consolations, of which they before had but a hint, and dared indulge scarcely more than a pious dream.

### The Late President Lincoln—His Vision.

Bishop Simpson, of Philadelphia, in his recent lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston, related the following story of a vision seen by Mr. Lincoln before his first election, to which the latter always attached much importance, and which, it appears, continued to affect his thoughts to the very last. The Bishop gave the story as it was told him by Mrs. Lincoln herself. She says that when the news of Mr. Lincoln's first election reached his home in Springfield, he saw a reflection of his own face dead in the glass beside the reflection of the living countenance. When he first saw it he thought it was an optical delusion and turned away from the glass, but when he looked in it again he saw again the double reflection. He went from the glass and laid down on a lounge. After resting some minutes he looked in the glass a third time, and again saw the spectral face behind his own. The circumstance made a deep impression upon his mind, but he never spoke of it until about two weeks before the last Presidential election, when he related it to his wife. She was fearful that he would not be reflected, and he told her of this incident with the interpretation he put upon it—that he would be reflected, but would not live out his term. And afterwards, when the plans of the future were discussed, and he was asked what he would do after the second term of office had expired, he always replied with the proviso—"If I live." The Bishop said he could not explain the circumstance or determine whether it was merely an optical delusion or an intimation of warning from on high. Mr. Lincoln always regarded it as the latter. There is no question that the late President was one of the most impressive of men, and of course highly mediumistic in his organization. He certainly put faith in the possibility of spirits holding communion with mortals. All along the course of his remarkable career, the evidences abounded that he was guided and controlled by the unseen and higher intelligences, to which he willingly surrendered himself, not the less completely, however, because he did not always admit it to himself that he was doing so.

### The Dying Year.

We are come to the end of 1865. It has been a year of crowded hopes and fears, and most momentous realizations. It takes its leave of us in a condition of peace and tranquility, leaving uncounted blessings behind to signalize its existence. We part with it as an old and dear friend, letting go its hand reluctantly, but still grateful for what it has brought. Farewell, Old Year! And welcome, the New!

### Lectures on Geology.

The second lecture of the course by Mrs. N. J. Willis, was given in the Melodeon, last Wednesday evening, to an appreciative audience, who manifested increased interest in the subject.

The next lecture will be delivered in the same place on Wednesday evening, and will treat upon the mineral, or granite formations. We advise all who wish to be well entertained to attend.

### The Spiritual Movement in St. Louis.

The visit of Andrew Jackson Davis to St. Louis at this time appears to have been very opportune. The interest in regard to Spiritualism has quickened the pulse of the community in a most hopeful manner. Mr. D.'s lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy are listened to by as large audiences as can squeeze into the hall, and the secular press reports his speeches and comment on them favorably. The Republican says: "The hall was densely crowded half an hour before the time for commencing. Mr. Davis's lectures are, in substance, purely philosophical, being devoted simply to the interpretation of the religious sentiment and of man's spiritual existence as he sees it. He gives the truth, according to his view of it, and expounds a system of philosophy independent of anything hitherto said or printed. In many points his system resembles that of Emerson, Carlyle and Theodore Parker. Like all original men; he is earnest and entertaining, his language being always simple, direct, natural and forcible, and his manner easy and unaffected. Many who can't see the philosophy are pleased with the rhythmic flow of good English, so characteristic of Mr. Davis's style."

Mr. Davis has organized a Children's Sunday Lyceum, under most favorable auspices. We print on our eighth page a synopsis of his excellent address upon the occasion, which we commend to the attention of our readers. The Democrat, in speaking of the Lyceum, calls it "Something new," and gives the following sketch of the proceedings: A Spiritual Sunday School was organized yesterday afternoon, in the Small Library Hall. Eighty-two pupils, male and female, were in attendance; they were divided into twelve groups, with twelve leaders, seven principal officers and four guards. The school is called the "Children's Progressive Lyceum." A full school consists of twelve groups, or one hundred and forty-four pupils. The groups have fancy names, such as "River Group," "Lake Group," "Ocean Group," "Shore Group," etc., and children of similar ages are put into the same groups. The method of teaching is unique, and calculated to arouse the youthful mind, and awaken the thinking faculties. The subject for the succeeding meetings is selected by a vote of the whole school, and each pupil is examined upon it by his or her teacher. On yesterday three subjects were proposed for the next Sunday's examination: first, "What is Heaven?" second, "What is Hell?" third, "What is True Charity?" On taking the vote on each of these questions, a small number were in favor of Heaven, very few voted for Hell, and the almost unanimous voice was for Charity. So that during this week the youngsters will be asking their parents all about true charity, and it is hoped that they will learn what it is in practice as well as in theory.

Although Mr. Davis has long been engaged in promulgating the Spiritual Philosophy, and his writings have become as familiar as household words, he appears to be more appreciated to-day than ever before. His new system of teaching children is destined to effect a complete revolution all over the country, in regard to supplying the demands of young and growing minds. It is the noblest work of the age.

Miss Lizzie Doten and Mrs. A. A. Currier, two of New England's ablest workers in the spiritual ranks, successfully follow Mr. Davis, in a course of lectures for one month each, in St. Louis.

### Miss Doten in New York.

The New York Tribune, of the 18th, contains a synopsis of one of Miss Lizzie Doten's lectures in Hope Chapel, on the previous Sunday. It says: "The lecture room was entirely filled, the standing space and seats being occupied by persons interested in the discussion upon the Superiority of Man or Woman. Among those present were several free thought representative men, and a few believers in supernatural manifestations. Miss Doten conducted the discussion through the aid of, as she announced, three spirits. Two of the spirits were represented as pupils of the third, who was given the name of Philo, and was to be a judge in the discussion. Previous to commencing the novel debate, Miss Doten gave her explanation of the manner in which she was possessed of spiritual power. She said it was inspiration derived from God; it came and went without her knowing it."

After the two pupils had each spoken in turn, the Tribune adds: "Philo, the third spirit, was then heard from, through Miss Doten, and rendered a judgment that both her pupils were wrong in certain things. Neither man nor woman was superior above the other—both were necessary to the existence of the other, and both had good and bad qualities not possessed by the other. At the conclusion of the discussion Miss Doten announced that she would deliver a lecture at Hope Chapel, which is peculiarly a temple of Spiritualism, on next Sunday morning. Subject: 'The Unpardonable Sin; or, the Sin not Pardonable in this or the next World.'"

The lectures of Miss Doten are attracting much attention in New York.

### Spiritual Meetings in the Melodeon.

On Sunday, the 17th, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of East Cambridge, occupied the desk of the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, and gave, in a trance state, two very acceptable discourses to large audiences. She is a very fluent speaker, has a clear, pleasing voice, and holds the close attention of the auditors to the end. She has been in the lecturing field for over ten years, and her development has become so perfected that she now ranks with the best and most reliable lecturers. The demands of the human family of the present age for more light in regard to their future existence, constituted the burden of her discourse in the afternoon. In the evening she finely illustrated the subject of "Success and Defeat," maintaining the position that what appeared to be complete defeat, eventually proved the greatest success. The arguments were sustained by various citations of individual experiences and events.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis, of New York, will occupy the desk next Sunday. His subject in the afternoon will be, "What control have we over the destiny of our lives?" and in the evening, "The Old Year."

### Fresh Meat all the Time.

An association was formed a year ago in England for finding out the best mode of supplying the markets of that nation with animal food from countries where it was produced cheaply and in abundance. By reason of the exertions of this association, a process has been discovered and patented, whereby poultry, mutton, beef and other articles may "be preserved in a fresh, raw state for an indefinite period, and under all circumstances of climate and temperature." Such a discovery would be of inestimable value everywhere, because it will enable us to keep meat sweet from one part of the year to another. How many partridges and quails and woodcock will regale us out of season. What quantities of venison we can have from the frontier, and Western game which the change wrought by time in their fibre now denies us altogether.







## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit whose 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, 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.

### Invocation.

Spirit of all Goodness, Soul of all forms of Life, and of every thought, forever and forever are our souls conscious of thy presence. Whether we tread the earth or heavenly spheres, thou art with us. Not a dewdrop sparkles in the morning sun but tells us of thee. Not a mountain rears its head, till earth and sky are one, but what tells man its story of thy grandeur and power. Not a wave breaks upon the shore but sings its song of thee. Not a flower blooms but, in its own sweet language, talks of thee. There is naught, from the rolling world peopling space, to the smallest grain of sand beneath the human foot, but speaks of thee. All teaches man of thee. All are forever chanting hymns of praise to thee. Yet deeper and beyond all this, is the consciousness man has within himself, that divine element making humanity and divinity one. Eternal Spirit, may we so impress these minds encased in human forms with thy nearness and oneness with thee, that they shall no longer question, what is God? and where is God? but shall know thee with them; that they are in thy presence; that their life is thine also; that because all things praise thee, the soul praises thee, and sings its song of joy forever, whether it is in the midst of sorrow or in gladness. Therefore it rejoices that there is no hell that can shut it out from thy presence; no night that can entirely obscure thy light, for thou art, oh Eternal Spirit, all powerful, all loving; thou art our Father. So we have ever praised thee. So we praise thee to-day. So we will ever praise thee in all that is to come. Amen. Nov. 6.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have inquiries from correspondents or the audience, we will answer them.

Q.—By L. E., of Brooklyn, N. Y.: The laws of physical life we partly understand. Wholeness, food, air and exercise, ordinarily give health. Neglect of these soon brings pain and sickness. Fire burns, water drowns, gravitation is inexorable. Violate any of these, knowingly or ignorantly, no matter, certain inevitable consequences follow, and no amount of penitence, or sorrow or prayer, can alter one iota. If this is the key by which to interpret moral law, that is, the law of mind—and I take it, it is—the question I want answered at your circle is, what did Christ mean when he taught us to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us?" In other words, what is the function of forgiveness? How are we forgiven for violation of the laws of mind? I can understand recuperation and restoration, as the body is recuperated and restored; but forgiveness from God I do not see clear.

ANS.—The Lord's Prayer, so-called, was educed from the old code of Egyptian prayers, from which the followers of Jesus had not entirely broken away. The Spirit of Wisdom and Spirit of Truth that manifested itself through this man, well knew with whom it was dealing. They asked, "Lord, teach us how to pray?" If he had taught them in any other way they would not have received his teachings. So he taught them after the fashion of the old Egyptian mythology. Their condition demanded it, yours does not. There is the difference.

Q.—We are told that physical manifestations are made by dark spirits, or those nearer to our plane. Frank, a correspondent of the Banner, wishes to know:

1st Q.—Whether bright spirits also attend these circles?

A.—What are we to understand by the terms dark and bright? Supposing that he means good and bad, we will answer accordingly. Whatever tends to unfold mind, tends to good, is a necessity, an absolute, perfect necessity. Then if it is, would it be awful for even the highest angels in the spheres to condescend to come again to earth to aid dwellers in the spheres of material life? We are told, if we would be free and happy ourselves, we must ever labor to make others so. For so long as one soul suffers, in all God's vast universe, you never will be perfectly happy. So if you would know happiness or heaven yourselves, you must labor to make others happy. All spirits who are interested in such manifestations are often found mingling in your physical manifestations, trying to do whatever they can toward furthering, toward unfolding your reason in physical matters. You may say it is undignified to tip a table, or produce a sound or spiritual rap. Some say it is undignified to rattle the soil. So it is to the ignorant mind; but to the wise man it is divine. We feel it is divine to labor in all the great workshop of life. Every department of spiritual labor is honorable, manual labor is honorable. You, here on this plane, have need of both. In our life we have need of only one. Your spirit friends labor with you, through you, and for you; and we do not consider we are degrading ourselves to do it, either.

2d Q.—Do they assist, or take any part in these manifestations?

A.—That has been answered.

Q.—By S. Kirk, of Pennsylvania: What is the philosophy of the eye of a mortal becoming developed so as to see the shadow-like forms of spirits, when perhaps a short time before they could see no such object?

A.—The philosophy is the soul; that is, the indwelling soul is able to look through material objects, discerning its own counterpart in the material world.

Q.—If greater works than those which attended Christ were to be done by his successors, who were or are those successors? and what works can be done greater than he did?

A.—Greater works than he did are performed every day now. Distance lends enchantment to the scene. The works that Jesus did are in every way inferior to the works that are being done in your midst to-day. You cannot see it, cannot

realize it, because the dust of the ages is in your eyes.

2d Q.—When the body is unconsciously entranced, is it tangible to touch?

A.—Sensible it should be. Yes, certainly; animal life remains, and if it remains, all the animal functions are being properly performed. There is no suspension of the animal functions, there is only a suspension of the indwelling intelligence. That, for the time being, is overruled by some other intelligence. In some instances, the intelligent part wanders away, and often makes itself intelligent in distant lands.

Q.—This touch is only sensible to the spirit controlling?

A.—That is all, certainly. Nov. 6.

### Major-General John Sedgwick.

Since so many of my brave boys have left the way, I could not forego the pleasure of inhabiting once more a physical body. I have been told much concerning this return of the spirit; but I am free to confess, I had no belief in it before my exit from earth, although I used to wish I could believe in Spiritualism, for it seemed to be a beautiful philosophy, one so full of comfort, so full of all the soul needs to make it yield up its loved ones willingly to death.

I often regretted I was not a member of the spiritualistic ranks, but was not. I am glad to return, because I know now I can return. I am glad, also, because I hope, by some chance means, to approach my friends and convince them I can return; that I do live; that I am just the same, with the exception of the loss of my body; that I am interested in their welfare; am sometimes sad when they are sad, and happy when they are happy.

In looking back on the condition—warlike condition—of our country, the scenes it has been led to pass through for the past four years, I can but wonder that I did not see when on earth that its most powerful friends were on the spirit side, those who were most interested, most patriotic, were beyond the vale; but I, like thousands of others living on the earth, could not see this. They could not understand that their spirit-friends were working, that they were aiding, were standing by us, even in battle. No, no, they could not believe it, could not understand it; nor could I myself, then.

I have dear friends that I am sincerely attached to. I want them to know this thing is true; that though dead, I am alive; that though my own voice is silenced, yet I can return and speak through the vocal organs of another.

If I could impress my friends with the truth of Spiritualism, I believe I should be the happiest man in existence, and I do not think I ever shall be happy until I can.

When I learned that my friend, General Grant, had succeeded in leading his army on to victory, that the Capital of the Confederacy was ours, or rather yours, I felt then I was happy, that my spirit had gained a new power, that I was gloriously happy. But when I was told we could come back, I felt I should be perfectly happy if it was really true that spirits could return. And so that happiness, that pleasure sank away into insignificance before the rising necessity of return.

Now, I think, again, I should be entirely happy, if those I love here could only know that these things are true; but I'm aware that their belief must come by slow degrees, that they must be unfolded day by day, that circumstances must be revealed to them before they can believe this thing. I suppose I might as well make up my mind to practice patience, and pray for hope, for them and myself, too, as to mourn over what I cannot help. [And work withal.] That is what I am bound to do. The necessity of my nature forces me to work.

I would like that my friends seek out the means by which we disembodied folks, ghostly intelligences, make ourselves manifest. I shall do as much as I am able to convince them of the truth of Spiritualism; that's the most we can be expected to do. I am Major-General John Sedgwick. Good-day, sir. Nov. 6.

### Lieut. John Grey.

Ha! back again in old Boston. I take it not a thousand miles from old Salem? [No.]

Well, the great toads and little ones are all paddling in the stream of life. Sometimes one head is up, sometimes another. [Whistling to himself.] I think if I had as good a rifle as the Government furnished me with, I think I could use it as well as I ever did. I rather think I could, sir—may be mistaken. We are all liable to be mistaken, you know, upon some points, and as I'm not particularly acquainted with this thing, I may possibly be mistaken; but I would not be afraid to try it.

I was a sharpshooter when here. John Grey. I went out in the 1st Company of Sharpshooters, under Captain John Saunders. He got killed out at Antietam, and I at Petersburg; there's the difference between us.

Now if there's anyway by which I can approach my folks, if you'll give me a chance to roll up the curtain and show myself to them, why I'll be your most humble servant, at any rate. [We can't promise. Will do whatever we can.] Do not promise unless you can do it, for I might say you was a humbug, and you wouldn't like that, you know.

I heard a good deal of talk about this Spiritualism before I went out, but I wasn't a believer in it, but like all the rest in the spirit-land, I am now. Tell you what it is, major-general, lieutenant-colonel, captain, or whatever you be, they say there are these kind of folks all over the country, but I think, it seems to me, as though your working folks, these mediums, are mighty scarce, seeing that there's so big a demand for them. Why don't you harrow 'em in? [We can't raise a crop, that way.] Can't, hey! Well, I was going to recommend that you form a company and drill every hour in the day. That isn't the way it's done? [No; it comes by natural law.] Well, what you have, cling to; that's my advice.

Now, I'm John Grey, from the old company, 1st Company Sharpshooters. I went out from Salem. I've been sharpshooting round, ever since I went out, so as to drive some bullets through the heads of my folks, to make 'em know that I was round; but their heads are too thick.

I traveled up on Gallows Hill, 'other day, to see if I could not learn how these things are done, from the dust of these old folks who were hung there. [You mean the "witches." Yes, I mean the witches. I concluded they were like these folks we use. [The same, though not understood at that time, and not so well developed as at this day.] That's so, I suppose.

Now, see here, if my folks will go to some tip-top—I've seen that Charlie Foster down there, it's where I got my first starting point from—when he gets along down there again, if they'll go to him, Captain Jack and I will come, and we're bound to overturn their skepticism, quicker than a cat can wink her eye. Now, I'll do it, you see if I don't. If I don't, I'll throw up my commission. Second lieutenant, sir, I was; understand that. [You hold your commission still, then?] I hold my commission yet, by virtue of

never having been mustered out. Good-bye, sir; a fair wind to you, when you sail to this shore. Nov. 6.

### Alice Jones.

I told Maggie Christy—she is still alive here on the earth—if these things were true, I would certainly come back. We were both members of the ballet troupe, at Wallack's Theatre, New York, at the time of my death, which took place two years ago this coming winter.

No one on the earth knows how hard I have labored to fulfill my promise; but the processes through which we are obliged to pass, in order to come to this place, are very hard, and many are not able to get through without relinquishing their purpose.

I died of ulcerated sore-throat and lung fever, I suppose. Maggie told me what the doctor said, that I could not live; and while she was wildly sobbing because I was going to leave her, she extorted the promise from me, that if the Spirit-ualists were right I would come back and tell her so. I suppose Maggie has long since concluded that Spiritualism is all a humbug, because I have not come back; but I thought I had better come, even now, than not at all.

I want her to know that I, Alice Jones, am still alive, I love her just as well, and all I can do for her, I will.

I boarded with her mother. Her mother was sickly, and between us both we supported the mother.

Maggie has searched the paper through and through, for a long time, but recently she has given up the search, and thinks Spiritualism cannot be true, because she knew I was persevering, and I would come if it was true.

I was in my seventeenth year. My own parents died when I was very young, and I was placed for a time in a charitable institution for infants. So my early days were passed, not under the kind care of a mother. After awhile, I was set free, as I called it, sent out into the world to take care of myself, to earn a living. Sometimes I found it very hard to, sometimes it was quite easy. Early in the fall of the winter in which I died, I secured a situation for myself and Maggie at the theatre, to act as ballet girls. We got very small pay, but during the day Maggie had learned to make lace sleeves and collars for a firm on Broadway, and I learned of her, so we could work part of the day on those things, and fit ourselves the rest of the day for our parts in the evening, taking out the time for rehearsal.

I was only sick somewhere near six or seven days, am not sure which, think, however, it was seven days, in all, not over that, that I was confined to my bed.

I want Maggie to know that is the reason why I did not come earlier. Now it will be easier, and if she can manage to find some good place where I can come to her, I shall be so happy.

My love to her mother and all our friends. [Do you want the paper sent to Maggie?] No, sir; she has been in the habit of getting the paper. I think I can—[Impress her?] Yes, sir; if I don't I'll come and tell you. Nov. 6.

### Levi Jarrett.

Levi Jarrett, from Mobile city, son of Levi Jarrett, eleven years old. I was sick sixteen days. I have a sister in the spirit-land. She died before I was born. That was all the children my parents had, myself and my sister.

My father is an Infidel—an Atheist. I should say—don't believe in anything but the body. My grandfather said I should come back and teach him his first lesson of spiritual things. My grandfather's name was Burke, Alexander Burke. He was from Kentucky. He was a Presbyterian—my mother's father. He said I ought to come back and convince my father that there's some other place besides this, where folks live after their bodies are dead. I'm going. [Say all you want to.] I only wanted to let them know I could come. [You want your parents to find you a medium and let you speak.] I do, sir. [Tell them to get you a medium, and you will convince them what you said here is true.] Yes, sir. Nov. 6.

### Invocation.

And there shall be no night there, no land of mourning. Bright home of the spirit, we faint would portray thy glories to these weary earth-worn mortals. But human eyes cannot see, human ears cannot hear, human senses cannot understand the things that belong to the soul. So we will wait patiently until their spirits shall be resurrected from these bodies, and they, too, are free. Then, oh, then, may we take them by the hand; may we lead them where pure waters flow, where skies are blue and the sun ever shines. Our Father and our Mother, we bring thee the desires and hopes of thy children. They are numerous. Some ask for one blessing, some for another. One wants more faith, one more hope, one more light. One asks that the veil be rent in twain, that the glories of the celestial spheres be opened to them. All are seeking for heaven and happiness in their own particular way, and through their own being all are worshipping thee. So, oh Father, Spirit, as thy children have need for these things, we know they will receive them. As they ask thee for hope, for faith, for peace and truth, for all those things that make the soul grow great and good, we know thou wilt give them. We know thou wilt answer them. We know, even as the sun sheds its glories upon the earth, so thou wilt shed thy glory upon thy children. Oh Light of our souls, baptize us anew with thy power. Hold us closer in thy loving arms and lend us on, forever on, through eternity; and forever we praise thee as our Father and our Life. Nov. 7.

### Questions and Answers.

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

Q.—Why do we not have more manifestations from Solomon, Christ, Paul, or even the great men of later times?

A.—Names mean nothing. They are but names given to forms, and have nothing to do with the spirit. It is possible that a Solomon, a Christ, a Plato, a Socrates or a Confucius may be perpetually manifesting in your midst; and, as you do not recognize their influence, you have doubts as to their power of life. Why? Simply because you know them not. You only know their names. These names appeal to your humanity, not to your divinity. Learn to deal more with the spirit and less with the letter or name, then you will learn to discover between these different influences.

Q.—Would not such manifestations, if they were such as we should expect from such men, exert greater influences to make men believe, than manifestations from comparatively illiterate spirits?

A.—It is very possible that a Solomon, with all the wisdom of his time, might not be able to meet the demands of the present age. He lived in an age when not much intelligence was required. He did not live to-day in the human body, did not move upon the stage of action of the nineteenth century. If he had, as he was in his time, you

might not call him Solomon the Wise. Distance enchants the scene, and the dust of the ages makes you see things as they are not, not as they are.

CHAIRMAN.—Here are some drawings done by a medium named Stearns. Can you give any account of them?

A.—Some intelligence, doubtless, wishes to project into material life memories of early days. So it seems to us. At any rate, we cannot believe it means anything more.

Q.—Some of the writings are in Hebrew and Chinese, are they not?

A.—Pardon us, they are neither.

Q.—Are they in Sanscrit?

A.—They are not.

Q.—What are they?

A.—A mixture of many.

Q.—Did Noah's flood take place?

A.—No, certainly not. The science of Geology tells you, in plain terms, you are mistaken so far as that is concerned.

Q.—Was not a portion of the Eastern country at one time overflowed?

A.—By the Nile, yes, but not the whole world, by any means. On the contrary, only a small portion of it. Certain portions of the earth are constantly being submerged, deluged, overflowed, lost, as it were, so far as the earth is concerned. But there never was, and, in our opinion, there never will be a general flood. That is against the nature of the earth.

Q.—And all the inhabitants of the earth, excepting eight, were not destroyed?

A.—We think not. That is a story that will do very well for the unenlightened to believe, but to those who have seen the light of the present age it is worthless. Nov. 7.

### Frederick Shurtze.

There has been much said about me since I went away that I don't like, because it is not true; may be if it was I would not like it better, but 'tis not true, and 'tis that brings me here to say 'tis not true.

I lived in New Orleans most of the time since I came to this country. Before this war I was pretty well off—that is to say, I had a few thousands that I made by my trade, was a confectioner. But after the war I somehow lost my trade. It kept falling off for three or four years, and then with it I lost most of the money I had made. At the time of my death I had no business, but some folks say that in all I put in fifteen thousand dollars, and, as I took it out when I went out of business, and died very suddenly, then nobody knows where the money is.

Now they're troubling themselves a great deal about the money. I had not the money. I had three or four thousand when I died. Perhaps there was a little more, but some think there was fourteen or fifteen thousand besides that, and they are now making a great fuss about it, and making the biggest fuss with me wife. You see it is like this: I had two wives. One time the first wife died after I had been married little over one year. I have one son by that wife. He says to this wife that is living on the earth: "Where is the money what my father leaves?" He is mistaken; I not have so much as he thinks. He says if anybody knows she knows where the money is I left, and he's going to law. A pretty way to do—to go to law about the little I left. Why, two or three years in law would eat up the whole and half as much more.

Now because they cannot find the fifteen thousand dollars, they say I not done right—I not been just to my folks all around—been unjust, they say. They say that which is not true. I take care of me family when I was here. I lives a respectable life, gets my living by my trade, which was making candles. I do very well, as I said, until the war come; then I not do so well; then I lose all the time. When I die I leave between three and four thousand dollars. I not leave no more. What I had is right out in broad daylight. It is hard work to see what is going on here, and hear things said of you that's not true. I sometimes was sorry we could come at all. If earth and all things could be shut out from our sight, I think we would be much happier than we are, more contented with our condition.

I suppose there's a God somewhere, don't know where, that governs all things for the best. I don't want to know; that's all about it. All I want to know is, how to make myself happy. Yes, sir; I am very well, satisfied, very well pleased with this spirit-land, you know, but I am not satisfied with what is being done to my wife on earth. [Is your son in New Orleans?] Oh, he's a young scamp, anyway. Yes, sir; he's in New Orleans. He was in business with myself. He likes to stay out all night, and then be in bed all the morning. When I did not give him all the money he wants to spend, oh, then I was a cross old man; but when I give him all he asks for, then I's a pretty good chap. Yes, sir; all yes, yes, sir; he's in all eighteen years old, and he's just now where he thinks he knows everything, when the truth is, he knows nothing. Ah, and he sticks up his head so high, and says to my wife, "Where is the money my father left? Where is it?" I want it. I am the lawful heir to my father's property, and you've no right to have only your thirds, and hardly that." Oh, yes; the young scamp has been looking into law of late. Some fool of a lawyer has been filling his brains with nonsense for the sum of five or ten dollars. [They want to fill their pockets.] Yes, sir; it's all the way. It's the money what will send everybody to hell. I wish I had not left a cent of money behind to draw me back to fight about. I do not like to fight. Ah, when they said to me, "You'll fight for the Confederacy," I said, "No, no; I'll not go for the Confederacy. I'll not go into the Federal Army, either." I said, "You fight all around me, you shoot all over me and through me, if you likes, but I'll not fight. I am peace, I am peace, I am; but when I gets trod on, like anything that's hurt, I will turn over and squeak." Oh, yes, sir; it's very well to do right when you're shown the way.

Now I want that you tell that young scamp of mine, Leopold (that's his name), S-h-u-r-t-z-e—that's the way it's spelled—to shut up his mouth, shut his mouth right up, and go to work with his hands, and not be trying to live with his brains, when he's got no brains. I find no fault, but I tell him his faults, like somebody tells me mine, you see. [You did not get your living by your brain?] No, sir; by my hands, through my brains, too. He likes to go to work with the brains, and fold the hands. I suppose it's my own fault that he's what he is. Ah, many a time I felt that he deserved a good thrashing. I many a time would have thrashed him soundly if there had been any fight in me. [Don't you think it would have been a blessing if you had done so?] Well, sometimes I think it would have been a great blessing if I'd taken him and thrashed him soundly three times a week; yes, sir.

My own name was Frederick, sir. Now I want my son to shut up his mouth; for if he don't I'll come back, and I'll do something to him what I'll set him right down flat, if he don't do just right. There's a friend of mine in New Orleans what knows about this thing. I'd like him to go to my

son, carry that paper to my son, and beat it into him. [Does he read our paper?] Yes; he reads the paper, and it was himself said to me one time, when we did we come back.

I want to that place where they have a little sit down. [Circle.] I make a sound out. I spells my name out to him. I try to rap out what I say here about the money, but could not. He says go there [Banner circle], and make a talk about it; so I'm here. [What is your friend's name?] Basson. He's an American; a poor man what has no education. He knows about these things. He takes away your sick when you get it. [He's a healing medium.] Yes, sir; that's what I believe he calls it. Nov. 7.

### Virginia Ware.

During the storming of Fort Wagner I was present with my father, Colonel Joseph Ware, from Alabama.

My name was Virginia. I was nineteen years old, and at that place, and at that time, I received a wound from a piece of shell, that caused my death.

My father was mortally wounded, being sick at the time of my going there. I begged permission to go there. I went with my mother part of the way, and the rest of the way alone.

Now if you are kind, as I hope you are, you will assist me in transmitting some intelligence to my mother. After leaving home I never returned again in body, but I've been there many times in spirit. I wish my mother, Sarah E. Ware, to know we can return; that my father and myself are happy; that my father will come as soon as he has power, and will do all he can toward giving her a home, if it does not compare with the one that was ours before the war.

We have met many of our friends, and we both assure all those we've left that there is nothing terrible about death. It is only the fear of death that makes death what it is. After you've passed over a certain condition of physical suffering, then there is no more to suffer.

When I seemed to suffer most, I really suffered nothing. I was conscious that I was slowly and steadily going, and it was only a spasmodic effort of the body, with which the spirit had very little to do. I was conscious that my gestures would indicate suffering; but I came to tell my mother that I suffered nothing in dying, and yet I was conscious up to almost the last moment.

I am unable to describe to her the beauties of my spirit-home. If I should undertake to I should fail in my description, because my mother could not understand things as they are in the spirit-world. I want her to know that the things of the spirit-world are as real and tangible as those of earth. She has been taught to believe that the spirit soared to some far-off celestial world, there to sing praises all the time.

Now that is not so. Sometimes we don't go away from the home that sheltered us while here, unless we desire to. It's just as we happen to want to. My mother must unlearn all she has learned, and then I will come and teach her truths that will be so simple that she cannot but understand them.

From Virginia to Sarah E. Ware, of Montgomery, Alabama. Nov. 7.

### Albert I. Godfrey.

My mother said if I would come back and tell what my father gave me the first time he come home from the army, and what inscription there was on it, she would believe I could come back. It was a rebel watch that he gave me, and when he came home he had on the inside of the case written, "Found on the battle-field at Fair Oaks," and it should have been, "Found in a pocket of a dead rebel," because my father took it out of his pocket. That's what was on it. It was a watch, and he gave it to me, and I was to have it for my own.

My name was Albert I. Godfrey. My father's name was Albert Godfrey; and he went to war to fight the rebels; and when, after he's gone away the second time, I got sick and died.

I had been here eight years. If I was here now—if I was here, I should be ten years, Mister—what's your name?

I want my mother to go to one of these folks, so I can talk, and my father, too. [Where do they live?] They reside in Kentucky, sir, now, Louisville; did not when I was here; lived in Cincinnati; did not when I lived here; no, sir.

Now I want to come; now I want a medium for my own. You can tell my mother so. Good-night. Nov. 7.

### Nancy Horton.

[Shaking hands.] You will recollect I came a few weeks ago, with the request that my friends would let me speak to them. Nancy Horton.

I am so sorry now that my folks think that my nephew gave that message. Oh, how mistaken they are! How blinded they are! But I was so when here, so I can't find fault with them.

I come here to-day principally to tell Alfred that if I had had the light before I passed away, died, that I have now, I should have done differently with what I left on earth. But I done the best I know how to do with what light I had, and I hope he won't blame me.

I shall be glad now to have my friends furnish me one of these speaking mediums. I shall be glad to walk in the spiritual ranks now; I shall rejoice, too.

I want my folks to give me the privilege of speaking with them. I shall be glad to meet them, and I will tell them then and there things that will be for their souls' good.

It is a truth, Alfred is right. He has been right all the time. Although he has received more scorn than anything else, because of his spiritual faith; yet he's been right all the time; he's been right. Oh, I wish I could say as much for myself and others.

I lived in the form long enough to have known the way, but I did not know it. I went out in darkness and woke up in sunshine. Nov. 7.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Nov. 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Wallace Wood, of London, England, to friends there; Orla Gillett, to the arm of Steele, Burritt & Co., of this city; Emily Stratton, to her mother, Mrs. Ann Elizabeth, living in Orange, N. C. Monday, Nov. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mr. Charles Cheever, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Josephine Webb, of Georgetown, N. C.; to her father, Albert Webster; Henry Reddick, of New Orleans, to Tom Payson, in that city; Edward Everett, to Judge Edmonds, of New York City; Lucy J. Jarvis, to her son, Wm. Jarvis, in a Southern city; Henry Witz, of Andersonville notoriety; Sewall Armstrong, of the 9th Penn. Reserve







## Pearls.

And quoted out, and levelled five words long.  
That on stretched forehead of all time  
Sparkle forever.

### UP HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end;  
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?  
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.  
May not the darkness hide from my face?  
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
Those who have gone before.  
Then must I knock or call with just a sigh?  
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?  
Of labor you shall find the sum.  
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?  
Yea, beds for all who come.—[Miss Barrett.]

The nearer we live to the law of right in the heart, the more tender our conscience and the more true our lives, the greater is the protective power about us.—[Rev. J. B. Ferguson.]

### LITTLE THINGS.

The flower is small that decks the field,  
The bee is small that hums the flower;  
But flower and bee alike may yield  
Food for a thoughtful hour.

Essence and attributes of each  
For ends profound combine;  
And all they are, and all they teach,  
Springs from the mind divine.

Patience and cheerfulness adorn the ruins of  
fortunes, as ivy does those of castles and temples.

### MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

Life is but a fleeting dream,  
Care destroys the zest of it;  
Swift it glideth like a stream—  
Mind you make the best of it!

Talk not of your weary woes,  
Troubles, or the rest of it,  
If we have but brief repose,  
Let us make the best of it.

A man lives in the life of a nation as a bird  
branch in the life of a tree.

### ANGRY WORDS.

Angry words are lightly spoken,  
In a rash and thoughtless hour;  
Brightest links of life are broken  
By their deep, insidious power.

Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,  
Ne'er before by anger stirred,  
Of a rent past human feeling,  
By a single angry word.

Birds are the poor man's music, flowers the  
poor man's poetry.

## The Lecture Room.

Andrew Jackson Davis on Education.

### A Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Spiritualistic Sunday School in St. Louis—A  
Novel System for the Religious Instruction  
of Children. By Andrew Jackson Davis.  
Not so had as they are  
supposed to be.

[We give below a sketch of Mr. Davis's lecture  
at Mercantile Library Hall, on Sunday morning.  
Much of the detail relating to the organization  
and proceedings of his proposed Sunday School  
we omit.—St. Louis Democrat, Dec. 10th.]

We hold, first, that the universe is the product  
of Divine Intelligence—perfect in attributes,  
harmonious in parts and purposes, and essentially  
unchangeable.

We hold, secondly, that the human mind is a  
finite embodiment of the Infinite; and that, by  
much and diligent searching, man can perceive  
and comprehend much of the nature and operations  
of the Infinite.

Such comprehension is wisdom. It differs from  
knowledge as much as substance differs from  
shadow. Wisdom is to know the Infinite; knowledge  
is to know the finite; while knowledge is to know  
the shape, locality, color, and uses of things,  
without discerning their ultimate purpose  
and divine significance. Knowledge is external;  
wisdom, internal. The intellectual faculties delight  
in perception and comprehension of "things,"  
while the inner parts of the mind, its spirit's intuitions, delight in the fellowship and infinite depth  
of eternal "principles."

Now, the question arises, What is true Education?  
It consists, we reply, in wisdom. But it is  
true also, that no man's education is "complete"  
unless his mind is stored with facts, with  
knowledge of things, as part of the principles that  
constitute wisdom.

Memory is an essential of knowledge, as a house  
is necessary to furniture, or as canvas to the  
lights and shadows of a picture. Without memory,  
which is a "recording angel" in the mind's  
sanctuary—ordinary intelligence is impossible.  
As the world goes, the fact of memory is paramount  
to the talent of large reasoning powers. The man  
of fact is successful in ordinary worldly enterprises,  
while the man of talent alone will fail; but the latter  
is victorious in the higher spheres of life, where  
the former is defeated and despairing.

As much as memory is an essential to the acquisition  
and progression in knowledge, and inasmuch  
as knowledge of things is more valuable  
and in greatest demand as the world is now constituted,  
so we observe that all popular "systems  
of education" are based on the fact of memory,  
as though the sum and essentials of a man's  
mind consisted in what his senses can grasp and  
his memory retain!

If man's mental organization were a casket  
merely—a vessel for containing ethereal impressions—  
then there would be matchless wisdom in the  
plan of education adopted in the public and other  
schools of the day. The possibilities of  
growth in spirit, independent of memory, are now  
universally neglected. Hence, the popular institutions  
of "learning" are, for the most part, under  
the control of mechanically-minded men—  
men who plod and plod like dray horses through  
a muddy road, in the vain endeavor to "educate"  
the young under their charge in the evil and  
crooked ways of memory.

We, the friends of the Harmonical Philosophy,  
start upon a new and different plan. While we  
admit the value of a "practical education" in facts  
and the uses of things, and although we perceive  
and avail ourselves of the "benefits" of knowledge  
to be derived from the study of books and of  
external Nature, yet we start with a great, deep  
infinite conviction, congenial to whatever is deathless  
in the human soul, that it is our duty, as much  
as it is our glorious privilege, to "know the HEART  
of things," to unfold in that Wisdom which can  
discern

—The promise of to-morrow,  
And feel the wondrous beauty of to-day—  
which comprehendeth the lengthening sweep of  
immutable principles, the universe of matter  
and mind; and which, rising beyond the material  
night of immaterial shadows, and beyond the  
enveloping clouds of a seemingly engulfing fate,  
calmly planteth its feet upon the life-laws of the  
Divine Intelligence, and steadily advanceth  
through "ways of pleasantness" and walketh  
harmoniously in "paths of peace."

Memory, at best, holds but the reflections of  
shadows. The soul, in its true nature, is immortal  
Man, is compounded of the life-essences of the  
perfect Soul, which, in common language, is called  
"God."

All true education, therefore, is unselfish.  
The inner life unfolds, flower-like, beneath the sun  
of intellect. Inductively we begin with the mind  
of the young, begin with the physical senses, and  
the natural method of reaching and developing  
the inner life. The deductive method in deductive  
(i. e., inductive and deductive) from the heart,  
and thus the mind of youth is balanced—first, by  
the acquisition of knowledge inductively from

without inwardly, which depends on memory for  
its permanency; and secondly, by the  
development of wisdom deductively from within,  
in accordance with the life-laws of the Divine Intelligence.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum is such an  
institution. Its methods are, primarily, in the  
realm of external and physical exercises and in  
the realm of the physical properties and attributes  
of things. The attractive power of a thing to a child  
exists in its physical properties and attributes.  
The sound of music, the color of bodies, the  
plumage of birds, the taste of fruit and other food,  
the smell of flowers. It would be folly to attempt to  
interest either children or adults in unselfish things.  
Dry, indeed, is the path of "learning" to  
most children. Consequently the world, all civilized  
society, is filled with persons of little book-  
knowledge—persons whose early years were  
spent in activities out of the school-house—with  
"education neglected," simply because the school  
house, under the jurisdiction of the mechanical  
and arbitrary schoolmaster, was a place of unnatural  
constraint to both mind and body, as dreadful  
to little children as is the temple of error to  
the angels of God.

The mind does not more need—does not more  
impudently demand—education at first than the  
body. The body and its senses first call loudly for  
true education. The baby-heart is tender than  
the "learned" college professor. It calls unto  
God in the midst of "the garden." The etherial  
Father and Mother whisper, saying, "Beloved  
the singing birds, the streams with their many  
voices, the trees of sweetest fruit, the flowers of  
fluent fragrance, behold these my child, and go  
forth out of the cradle and out of the house—go  
on the full run away from the steady step of thy  
father and mother; scamper from the schoolmaster  
who teacheth under the tree of evil; run, skip,  
sing, be as happy as thou art free in the fields of  
nature, which is boundlessly expanded in the  
universe without thee."

Hearing and seeing this Divine voice, thousands  
of children "play truant" when sent to the  
wrongly-constituted school. They will deceive  
their "doting parents;" will tell a big story to  
escape detection; will play the hypocrite to strong-  
hold—all to obey the voice of God, which is strong-  
er in the bone and blood of a child than is the  
fear of parents or the lash of the whipping  
professor of learning. Children will, like adults, go  
without asking to places attractive to them, which  
may be most in accordance with their physical  
and sensitive necessities; and it is the climax of  
philosophical absurdity, as it is the stupidest exercise  
of parental authority, to set up barriers  
against the Divine law that impels to such a  
course. Instead of quarrelling with your children  
for being truant, better reconstruct your system  
of education, and begin with the young as Nature  
begins with them—in the realm of the senses,  
with their bodies gradually reaching their affections  
and immortality.

Congratulate yourselves, Spiritualists of St.  
Louis! Open your hearts to utterance of grateful  
thanks, because the inhabitants of the Summer-  
land have reached for their true arms and tools  
of learning. You are in the effort to inaugurate a new  
rational and attractive school for the culture and  
perfection of the young in your midst. The Children's  
Lyceum is progressive, in every true sense  
of the word. It begins with the senses and deepens  
inwardly to the soul. It begins with the perceptions  
of the head and continues into the intuitions  
of the heart. It begins with amusement  
and ends with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds, all precious  
stones, all visible things, have colors or badges signi-  
fying their true places and purposes in nature.)  
The Lyceum children will learn to sing, before  
they begin to think, the ideas of progress. The  
plan is so truly simple that "he who runs may  
read," and, without constraint, all may acquire  
habits of order, the art of correct thinking, the  
freedom of truth, and make progress in whatever  
they desire. It is a plan for the people generation  
and end, with the unfoldment of wisdom. It  
gains access to the dweller within the temple by  
kindly and beautiful offices performed in lovable  
outmost vestibule of personal child-life. Badges  
with significant colors, corresponding to the color  
of the station target for each group, will be worn  
by each child. (All flowers, all birds