

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

The following novel and beautiful legendary poem was recently written through the mediumship of Effie Brooke, of this city, a young lady of intelligence, good looks and rare modesty. She has been but recently developed as a poetical writing medium, and she has a hard struggle of it as a medium and Spiritualist, on account of most stubborn opposition of her parent to Spiritualism, and all its insignia and associations. She writes in secret, nevertheless, and I think you will think with me that, under the influence of higher powers, she writes well. I have her consent to send this poem to the Banner, and I want first to narrate something curious appertaining thereto.

I was sitting in my office yesterday morning, and was engaged in reading this little poem, when who should come in but our celebrated physical medium, Mr. William M. Oden, about whom I have heretofore told in your columns. Says I to Oden, "Come, sit up by my desk, and lay your hands on it." We did so, and I commenced reading the poetry to him. At once, most distinctive and emphatic noisy raps were produced upon the lid of my desk, which was down.

Says I, "If I write down the alphabet, and point out the letters, will the spirit tell me who it is?"

The spirit answered distinctly in the affirmative, by three raps.

I pointed the letters of the alphabet, and "LYTLE" was spelled out.

"Is this Brigadier-General W. H. Lytle?"

"Yes."

"Why, Will," says I—for I was a close and intimate friend of his in life, and he has appeared to me through mediums often before—"I am right glad to meet you again. Are you interested in this poetry?" (General Lytle was a poet in this life, as well as a military man, of much ability and talent.)

"Yes, I am. I am the author of 'The Naiad and the Diver.' I control Miss Effie Brooke to write poetry. She does not know who it is. I am glad I have found a medium that I can so control."

"Will, I am about to publish 'The Naiad and the Diver.'"

"Well, you may publish it in the Banner and the Journal. As to other papers, you may do as you please."

We said no more about the poetry, but I asked him:

"Will, say something to me by alphabet."

He immediately spelled out:

"The people are anxious to find out the *primus mobile*."

"Of these things?"

"Yes," replied he.

This Latin phrase was characteristic of Lytle in life. He was very fond of quoting curious Latin phrases, and like the above, quoted very aptly.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal is requested to copy.

A. G. W. CARTER.
Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec., 1865.

THE NAIAD AND THE DIVER.

A LEGEND.

BY GENERAL WM. H. LYTLE,
THROUGH EFFIE BROOKE.

With a sweet and mellow chiming, with a low and tuneful rhyming,
Sung a Naiad in her rosy-tinted shell,
Sung the Naiad, loud and clearly, to the waves she loved so dearly,
As they gently rose and fell,
At the pink and golden entrance
Leading to her crystal cell,—

Where she smoothed her glittering tresses with her fingers soft caresses—
Smoothed the golden wavelets of her tresses fair—
While her taper, tiny fingers 'mong a bed of sea-pearls flungers,
Seeking gems wherever to deck her hair,
Smiling as she curls the fairest
Ocean's soft doth bear.

On her dress of seaweed shining, with its pearly tassel lining,
Glitter gems of untold splendor, radiant, rich and rare;
While her coral slipper, gleaming with the amber's golden sheening,
Covers foot so small and fair,
None but Naiad could wear
On her foot could wear.

On her snowy bosom resting, with a soft and mute caressing,
Shineth diamonds, with a pale and ghastly glow,
Seething wandering shadows dancing o'er her bosom soft enhancing,
Like the moonbeams over snow,
Bleeding with a wavy motion
To her quick ebb and flow.

But her face, so full of splendor—earthly life could never lend her
Half the beauty brave Old Ocean gave;
Full of witching grace of feature was this free-born ocean creature,
Reared beneath the dimpling wave,
Free from art, from fashion's training,
In the silence of her cave.

Love she had for every billow which at nightfall proved her pillow,
When she laid her down to sleep;
When her eyelids closed in slumber, ocean's Peris without number,
Rising from the misty deep,
Blood like sentinels around her,
Loving watch to keep.

So the Naiad's life went gliding, in the place of her abiding,
Naught disturbed her life's calm beauty, no vague doubts of right and duty
Pierced the silence of her cave;
She was free as mountain eagle—
The emblem of the brave—

Till one day a Diver, seeking for the gems of ocean's keeping,
Heard the Naiad's merry song;
Heard it ringing, heard her singing, sweet strains of music flinging,
Till the depths of ocean rung,
And the waves in wild abandon
Bore the mystic notes along.

Gazed he round him, half believing 'twas his truant ears deceiving,
And then rose above the wave—
Gathered breath, again descended, by his sinewy arms befriended,
Laid outside her crystal cave
Stood the Naiad—her song ended—
And the Diver, bold and brave,

Stood transfixed with fear and wonder, while the waves, in tones of thunder,
Seemed to chide his ardent gaze.
Smiled the Naiad, smiled she gladly, though she said a little sadly,
"Mortal, whither dost thou go?"

If the Naiad can befriended thee, both herself and sprites shall tend thee,
And tell thee seek'st to know."

But the Diver's strength was leaving; up he rose, a pathway cloaving,
To the balmy upper air.
Long he pondered on this meeting, meanwhile to himself repeating,
"She is wondrous, wondrous fair!
Never saw I such rare beauty,
Such a wealth of golden hair."

Night was gathering, calm and salutary, and the evening star shone faintly
In the Oriental sky;
Sat the Diver lost in thinking, fancy unto fancy linking—
"Ah! that star, so like her eye!"

Golden beaming, like the setting of a maiden's holy dreaming,
When she lays her down to die.

And her voice, 'tis like the sighing of the bulbul's soft replying
To the wooing of his mate,
Or like fabled Peri waiting, mourning over her belating,
At the Eden's golden gate.

Wildly raving, filled with sorrow, for the dawning of the morrow,
Crying 'gainst her bitter fate."

So the Diver's heart was riven—may the seraphs fair forgive him—
By the witching ocean sprite.
Day by day he saw her straying, day by day he saw her playing
With her waving locks of light;
Day by day she fairer grew,
To his enraptured sight.

When she smiled, her siren glances kindled wild, disordered fancies
In his fevered brain;
And her voice rung sweet and clearly, saying, "Ah, I love you dearly—
Mortal, love me! you shall reign
Monarch over all my treasures;
Leave, oh leave the stormy main."

Did he yield to her caressing? listen to her soft confessing?
Ah! we may not, cannot tell;
But a group of morning standing near the Diver's usual landing,
Looked in vain to see his bell
Rising with the hazy lumens
From the surging swell.

Alas! the Diver nevermore was seen upon his native shore;
And his comrades sigh, and say,
"Ah, some Genii hold him spellbound, not a trace will e'er be found."
Of poor "Xaropund";
Safe he dwells from mortal sight,
In the palace of the Fay."

Sleep.

Exercise your body and mind gently till you are tired, and no longer; sleep till you are refreshed, but no longer; when the bed becomes irksome, get up, if circumstances permit; when again nature calls for rest, follow her dictates, and regard not the time nor the hour. In health, custom rules; but when sickness takes the helm, nature will not be controlled. In good health, seven or eight hours' sleep is generally sufficient; a disposition to lie in bed beyond the usual hour generally arises from some derangement of the digestive organs. In sickness, if the patient is favored with sleep, nothing will so soon renovate and restore strength. When a nurse perceives her patient inclined to sleep, let everything give way, no matter what time it happens. A patient should never be awakened to take medicine; no medicine can be so beneficial as sleep, which is the balm of Gilead of this state of being, and comforts both mind and body beyond any other thing. Sleep is sound, sweet and refreshing, according as the alimentary organs are easy, quiet and clean.

Girls, beware of transient young men. Never suffer the addresses of a stranger. Recollect that one good father's boy, or industrious mechanic, is worth all the floating fops in the world.

The Lecture Room.

ADDRESS

MISS EMMA HARDINGE,
IN LONDON, ENGLAND.

The first of the private Winter Soirees proposed by Mr. Benjamin Coleman, was held on Monday, the 6th of November last, when a crowded audience assembled to hear an address from Miss Hardinge, the first she has made in England.

Mr. Coleman, after explaining the objects of these social gatherings, said that having succeeded in bringing together so large an assemblage comprising many who have devoted their talents to the dissemination of the great truths of Spiritualism, he considered that he had done his share in the work, by laying the foundation of a movement which those who are really in earnest will not fail to maintain. Up to that moment he had acted on his own responsibility, but in future he would be assisted by three other gentlemen, who, with him, will form the committee of management.

He hoped to see these gatherings conducted in an earnest search for religious and scientific truths, and with a desire to contribute to each other's pleasure and instruction—that much as some may know of psychological and kindred subjects, there is yet an ill-tillable field, and he was sanguine enough to believe that by these discussions, some points in psychology and natural philosophy may be illumined, and that, too, even in the absence of those who consider themselves recognized authorities on such subjects.

Before he introduced Miss Hardinge to the company, Mr. Coleman remarked that she had the reputation of being one of the most powerfully gifted speakers who have as yet appeared as exponents of the Spiritual Philosophy. He stated that she speaks in what may be termed a semitrance state, and that she says she is guided and influenced in her speaking by spirits whom she recognizes. She speaks without preparation, and would that evening take for her discourse any subject upon which the company might decide.

Miss Hardinge was, to the high esteem in America for her private worth and philanthropic labors, and he did not doubt but that the company would be ready to greet her with a hearty welcome.

At the conclusion of Mr. Coleman's address, Miss Hardinge was escorted by him to the platform amidst much applause, when the following subject, which had in her absence been proposed for her discourse by Mr. Watts, and adopted by the company, was placed in her hands:

"IN WHAT PARTICULARS ARE THE TEACHINGS OF CHRISTIANITY AND THE FACTS RECORDED IN THE GOSPELS ELUCIDATED AND CONFIRMED BY SPIRITUALISM?"

Your question answers itself. For Christianity is Christ, the Spirit, the Divine Spirit; the Spirit of our Father, made most manifest through his best Beloved. In what particulars are the teachings of Christianity and the facts recorded in the Gospels, confirmed by Spiritualism? Christ, the founder of Christianity, came in obedience to the Voice of the Spirit, of that Spirit which had said, "Let there be light!" When gross darkness covered the earth, and there was no light; when the broken-hearted and down-trodden monumental people of Judea, selected to perform a drama in the page of history, such as no other people were ever called upon to perform; when these were in the hour of deepest darkness and woe, that Voice sounded down the corridors of time, past, whose echoes shall be heard forever and ever, saying, "Let there be light!"—that Voice which has called into existence the fiery blossoms of the sky, marshaling the stars in squadrons, and arranging them in glittering armies, with the dark canopy of space is written over with their radiant scriptures—that Voice answered the call of the captive, and responding to the prayer of the desolate, said, "Let there be light!"—and marked the first record in the Gospels, "We know him," said the soul within man; "for the day had come when there was none to save." In the midst of the gloom that had overpread the East, in its last dying hour; in the days when the power of the Orient was broken, and already the dawn of a new dispensation—the morning of a new era in civilization—was dimly looked for in the direction of the Northern and Western worlds—then it was that Christ, the Spirit, came. He came in obedience to a Spiritual law which shall overrule the ages; He came with the advent of angelic promise and angelic apparition; He came in the midst of obscurity, in the still, small voice of the Spirit that never speaks to you in the whirlwind, or the earthquake, or the storm—the rending of the rocks, or the roaring of the tempest—but in the low murmuring tone which is only heard in the depths of the human heart. Thus did Christ, the Spirit, come; and thus dawned Christianity, even like an atom which you first perceive among the nuclei of the skies, apparent only as a mere mound of matter, but which, aggregating unto itself more and more atoms, becomes first the flying spectra of the firmament—the wild, erratic comet—till bound within the circle of eternal law, the atom's growth reveals at last the form of the obedient satellite you call this human world.

In pointing to the analogy that exists between the great physical and spiritual laws of earth, together with the motives in which they act, I have sought to show you that all that man has called the supernatural, and classes as miracle, is but the outworking of an harmonious plan, which the mighty Spirit reveals through eternal laws; and the Spiritualism at which you marvel, and the Christianity before which you bow, are but parts of the same divine law and alternating life of order which ever sees the day spring out of the darkest night.

Now turn to the facts recorded in the Gospels. This Spirit, Christ, of whom you ask, this man of sorrows, child of the people, reformer of the highways and byways, this rejected and scorned of men by what power does He, once lifted up on the cross of suffering and shame, compel all men to bow unto Him? What are those facts that made Christ the Spirit, God the worshipped? I answer, the facts of Spiritualism, for there were in His ministry, precisely the same character and phenomena as those which (subject now to human observation and modern interpretation) you call "Spiritualism." First, note the action of the wondrous power of magnetic life, which, flowing

through the human form, and projected by the spiritual power of will upon another, becomes "the gift of healing." There was the clairvoyant eye, which pierced the gross atmosphere of earth, and beheld the angels that the Jews saw not; the spiritual ear, that heard the voice which sounded as "thunder" in their ears. There was the power of prophetic vision, which gathered up the fragments of causation in the past, and strung them in one long chain of eternal law, connecting present events and the distant future, with the eye of the heaven-instructed ear could behold, far down the stream of Time, that the day should come when He, "lifted up on the cross" of suffering, should lift up all men unto Him. There, too, was the power whose wonderful results engage even now our thoughts this night, and make us pause, in dim uncertainty, to search those lines which to some appear to separate, to others to unite the strange and phenomenal spiritual life of the past, with the movement which is known in the present day as "Modern Spiritualism." Yet, in the close analysis of what that power reveals in the present day, and points to in the past, we judge that the basic law by which each was and is produced, is absolutely one and the same, and that both can be referred at last to the science known as *Chemistry*. By Chemistry man learns, through scientific processes, to dissolve and re-compose, in changed form, every existing atom. Time, instrument, and material processes alone are asked of the chemistry of science to accomplish these results. To the Spirit (whose knowledge comprehends all laws revealed to man) such chemistry is possible, and truly is achieved, without the lapse of time, or the aid of human science yet known as such to man.

Such power it was that, acting on the elements of matter, extends them to satisfy a multitude; to change the suffering form worn by disease through the chemistry of pure magnetic life to rejoicing strength and health; to procure the miraculous draught of fishes; to transfigure the humble garments of the houseless wanderer into raiments of dazzling white; and to change the man of sorrows into the likeness of some shining messenger from heaven, on the Mount of Transfiguration. Translated through the solemn utterance of dim antiquity, all this is "Miracle"—in simple modern science, it is "Chemistry," requiring only knowledge to effect these changes; in modern spiritualistic phrase "the mediumship" or chemistry employing subtler forces to effect in yet more rapid time and simpler modes than man's, the self-same changes which man can make by science. To-day you listen to the tap, tap, of the electric telegraph of the soul; you translate into sentences that strange and grotesque form of telegraphy; you behold inscribed on the blank page the name of some bearded man written with no mortal hand; you feel the heat of the falling water, you know not from whence; and the fragrance of flowers not gathered by mortal power appeals to your startled senses. You call this Spiritualism; and what is this but the chemistry of the spirit? It is the self-same power by which, through the eternal repetition of God's laws, all matter can be decomposed and re-composed, and all the facts of the Gospel, grand and sublime as they come to you through the splendid veil of antiquity—the entire of those miraculous acts, so called, each one of which seems, in the glorious haze that surrounds the long-ago, as superhuman, and nothing short of God-like, may be reproduced. I translate thus the power of spirits, through simple laws of chemistry, to act upon the forms of earth, and to change the forms of substantial matter.

And to perceive the relations that exist between the ancient and modern powers of spirit to produce phenomena of this character, I ask you only to remember the facts that have been made patent amongst you, and to compare these with the recorded miracles of Christianity, and then determine whether the external facts alone present to you any evidences of powers that transcend the action of those departed spirits now in your midst. Where is the difference? There is one which you have not questioned of here, and it is this: that I ask you to now accept as an addendum to the question of the night. It is in the results of the individual action of the Spirit, as compared with the aggregation of the action of the spirits of your own time, that the chief difference lies. It is, moreover, between the principles involved in the action of Christ, and the mistake that many make in the reception of modern Spiritualism, that the latter becomes a simple science merely—the former a pure religion. Viewed now to the standpoint of the ages, you believe that Christ came in obedience to the Divine mandate to establish an old but still new religion—old, as a teaching of the primal laws of God manifested in the Gospel of Nature—but new to the Jews, the worshippers only of God manifested in law. You believe that Christ received power to sign His wondrous wisdom of divine work with the external phenomena which you call miracles. You believe that in these He stood alone; that, as incarnate Deity, (drawing power from none but God alone) none before or since can ever match the works He performed, nor the purpose He effected. Here, modern Spiritualists, many amongst you still take issue with the spirits. He said, "The works that I do shall ye do likewise, and greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father," because I leave the mortal form, and as a spirit, can enable you to perform greater works than I do now through my mortal form. Turn now to the last chapter of St. Mark; you shall find a distinct definition of the signs that shall mark the Christian. You shall find that those signs are facts—phenomenal facts. You shall find that Christ requires of his believers that they shall exhibit these phenomenal facts as proof that they are his followers. Eighteen hundred years have passed away, and no single century of time has rolled on unmarked by these phenomenal facts. For six hundred years they were manifested in the lives of the so-called "Early Christian Fathers." They healed the sick, convulsed with spirits, beheld in vision the past, the distant present, and the future, and they presented much of the evidences of that same power that Christ had promised to those who believed in him. Time rolled on, and still there arose such men as Gregory Thaumaturgus, the mighty wonder-worker; but within five centuries after the Christian era, a deficiency in the miracles of Christian churchesmen gradually appeared, and then it was that those followers of Christ issued their interdict against the performance of his solemn charge of signs and miracles by laymen, and certain Councils determined that it was not legal for laymen to lay their hands on the sick, nor to perform miracles, stigmatizing the same with the dreaded name of witchcraft. Then were the fires of persecution lighted; then at the stake, the rack, the fearful wheel, and dungeon, from the blazing pile and from gory graves, all down the ages came the sacrifice of Christ's followers in the name of witchcraft. A new dispensation, you say, is upon you, a new phase of phenomenal life is now before you, and you begin to classify it into something like an array of facts which you call Spiritualism. But when the children of this new dispensation give the very signs the Christian Masters gave them, and within the sphere of God's will and law perform the work assigned them in the order of their being—when they claim the great Christian teacher as their elder brother, and

urge that by the universal law of phenomenal gifts that fall upon every one who is able to receive them, they are privileged, nay, commanded, to perform the works the Christian founder promised, why do you draw the line of demarcation between Christ and modern Spiritualism? Why call the one a religion, the other a simple science?—the one the work of God, and the other the work of your spirit friends? Are not both performed by those who, through the power of magnetism, work the telegraph between the visible and invisible worlds? Why are some divine, and called sacred by the name of Christian—others profane and merely spirit mediums?

Let us now consider the special mission manifested in the so-called miracles of Christ. He came with the electric fires of heaven permeating his mortal frame. By human law—a law that belongs to you, and to every one of you—he came giving signs, through the human form. Nay, he laid down in simple phrase some of the laws by which those signs were made. He claimed that his disciples failed to perform the work of exorcism on one possessed who sought them, because they had omitted conditions of "fasting and prayer." Ask your psychologists what they deem the purpose of prayer to be. They will answer, "To unlock the heart for the entrance of the Holy Spirit." Think you we can by prayer move the Eternal? Never! Think you that we can change by supplication that vast and immutable order of nature that wrote the law and being of a dew-drop, even from eternity? Never! The result of humble prayer lays open your souls to the efflux of the divine response. You arise, and go to your Father; not to change him, but yourselves, in the act of prayer. Such is its purpose; such is its effect. Ask your psychologists the physical results of fasting. Forgive me if I digress from my subject to remind you that the various salutary movements within the human form, all acted on by nerves that supply the system, work harmoniously, but best when not overtaxed, in more than one direction at a time. When the intellectual faculties are active, when the brain, or the organs that constitute its powers, are exercised, how are lost you tax some other portion of the nervous system, and call off an amount of force that deteriorates from the intellectual, and cause or meretricious power of the brain. Thus when the nerves that supply the functions of the digestive apparatus are called into active play, you rob the *physique* of that magnetic life essential for the performance of magnetic cures. I will not elaborate this subject to-night. I merely point to the fact that the condition demanded by the Master of his disciples, proves then, as now, a law or condition necessary for the production of spiritual phenomena. Consider the deep philosophy which the Master gave. And was it not ever thus? And did not divine laws and divine ideas ever manifest themselves through his humanity, in footprints which all humanity can follow? Where, then, are phenomena denied to man, or where is there ought but his meagre mission separating the phenomenal Christianity of old from our modern Spiritualism? And it is important on this mission that I will close the subject.

It was to build up a Church, to found a new religion, to sweep away the mass of darkness and of gross sensuality which had grown up on the mere dry letter of the law, that Christ came. The Jews of old had striven to convert the Spiritualism of other nations, and bind it in with the customs and traditions of Jewish law, until the very soul had fled from the cold external forms. And it was to rebuild the Church in its holy place within the human soul, to restore the rights of the far-off heaven of the Oriental within the human heart, that Jesus came. It was not to tell you of the God of Sinai—the Jehovah of the burning bush, and the awful thunder—the God whom His creatures might not look upon and live; but to bid you come unto a Father; a Father who cared for the falling sparrow, and numbered the hairs of your heads; a Father who plied the Magdalen; a Father who heard the voice of the pardalot, and answered the shiner with passion; a Father whose word is ever made flesh and dwells amongst men; a Father who received as an act of worship the mite of the widow; a Father who, whilst He puts the cross of martyrdom upon us, and leads us fainting up the hill of Calvary, answers our piteous cry in the hour of deepest agony, responds in the bitter voice of old Gethsemane by clasping us about with angel-hands, receives our spirits when the gates of life are torn apart by the agony that sends them, transported to the Kingdom of glory, cold, and pain, the shame and scorn of earth, to the glorious light of eternal day, and crowns our brows with amaranthine born of the thorns of earth, in the land where all tears are dried, and sorrow never comes. Such was the God that Jesus came to manifest; such the religion Jesus came to teach. And Christ the Spirit, formed his Church on the lone hillside, in the cornfields, or the highway, in the homes of the poor and rich alike. We of this age, we of this time, we of this world, the whole earth was His Church. For Him each day was a Sabbath, and every act a prayer.

And this was Christianity. This religion which called forth signs and wonders, and became sealed and confirmed by what you call "the facts recorded in the Gospels." And this, too, is the Church of modern Spiritualism, its religion, its aim and purpose. Many of you know it not, many there are who seek only the mere external sign, many who question it only for the tender messages of love, asking after the welfare of the child, the father, mother, friend, or loved companion, many who believe that the telegraph was built for this alone, and that words of kindest recognition constitute the end and aim of spiritual phenomena. It is very sweet to know that the spirit lives and loves. It is glorious to be sure that we walk through the dark, cold streets of earth enveloped in the protecting light of spiritual presence, although we see it not; that it is a lamp to our feet, and holds those feet from stumbling; but that is not the only meaning of this vast spiritual movement. The Child of the manner is once more with us; still in its infancy yet, you see it now sitting at the feet of the doctors, answering their questions, and speaking with a power at which they marvel, but it is still a little child; though like the Babe of Nazareth, whose infancy was miracle, when its manhood is perfected, this modern Christ again will build up the Church of all humanity. It comes in the mighty aggregation of all spiritual powers to tell you of the conditions that grow out of this life; to warn you that the truths which the Christ Spirit spoke to you, that you have been preaching for eighteen hundred years, are still to you but words, and fail in practical application amongst you. Spiritualism is the messenger that proves the results or failure of Christian words, in Christian acts hereafter. Spiritualism is the voice that sounds in your ears, "happy or miserable," as the result of the earthly career of every living creature. It comes with signs and wonders to the world, healing the sick, acting upon matter with angelic presence, pre-revelation of the revelations of the future, and clairvoyant eye to behold unasked the secrets of creation. It comes to reveal the nature of causation, to state its light upon every act and science, and it states its light upon the cause, and spirit the ultimate of every form of being.

It is still yet in its hour of dawning—glorious revelations are only waiting for the fullness of

time, to bring in their grand unfoldments; but even now it shadows forth the promise of a science which unlocks the mysteries of creation, and by the study of magnetic power and spiritual phenomena, the wonderful problem of life and human organization will some day be solved. It is the great physician of soul and body, the revealer of the Kingdom of Heaven within yourselves, elaborated in the glorious light of the spirit-world. You ask your speaker in what particulars the teachings of Christianity and the facts recorded in the Gospels elucidate and confirm Spiritualism? We can make no separation between them. The teachings of Christianity are but the result of the growing wants of an older age; the fulfillment of the desire of all elder nations before the Jews. It was but the repetition of the Divine story that every land has taught, that God becomes incarnate in man, and ever manifests Himself in the true and the beautiful; it was but the assurance that where truth and goodness are, there is the image of the Father seen. This is the meaning of the spiritual life of Christianity. For its facts, I must again refer you to the sciences of life and magnetism. These, classified and arranged in their phenomena, will soon assure every earnest and patient investigator that there lies within himself a wire of the telegraph, which, duly worked, will enable him now, and then, to enter the charge of the Master, and to perform "even greater works than He did." Spirits have come to point the way, though not themselves to do the work for you. It is your privilege to live your lives yourselves, and in your own following of Christ yourselves, shall rank with Him in the glorious light of the new Christianity—the Christianity of the world's great Church, the Christianity of the city streets, the Christianity of love to one another, of pity for the sinner, the Christianity of mind which searches into causes, connects them with the effects manifest in science, the Christianity of soul which takes that science as the basis of its new religion—*Near, as religion founded on scientific demonstration; Old, as religion founded on those eternal laws which were created from the beginning, the foundations of this earth were laid, or the morning stars sang together for joy that a new world was born.*

Good friends, we now propose to answer such questions as may arise amongst you, either in elucidation of the subject of the night, or on any other point on which you may think the intelligence now communicating with you can give you a satisfactory response.

MR. TERRY: Will ask the question asked by Pilate—*What is Truth?*

What is Truth? You imagine, perhaps, questioner, with Pilate, that there is no standard of Truth. I answer to you, that in every department of nature there is a standard. In the law by which suns, planets and systems are maintained in space there is a standard, and as far as the truth is that which most clearly approximates to a discovery of the law. I answer you, that in the condensation of matter, in the deposition of mineral veins; in the various changes which eliminate the primal elements of matter into the infinite varieties which now manifest themselves throughout the world, there is a law of chemistry, and the truth that approximates the nearest to the discovery of that law, is the truth in that direction. I answer you, there is a standard within the human heart of right and wrong—that standard is the exact equilibrium of justice between man and man, that justice that respects self, and administers to all human appetites so far as God has endowed you with faculties to satisfy them; yet never transgresses the rights of others; action thus justly balanced is *truth in morals.* Truth is the discovery of God's law in any direction of inquiry. Name any object or idea, physical or metaphysical; name anything your sense can apprehend; any idea your mind can grasp, and I shall refer it back to an original standard in the grand archetypes of being, where all is truth, and the nearer approach you come to the discovery of those Divine originals, the more surely you have answered the question of Pilate—*What is Truth?*

MR. COLEMAN: Assuming, as Spiritualists do, that spirits hold communion with men on earth, what proof have we that they are the spirits of departed persons who have lived amongst us?

What proof do we find of your life? We recognize you by the combination of sensuous perceptions that enable us, by hearing, sight and touch, to determine your identity. Deprive us of sight, and one means of identification is lost; deprive us of hearing, and another disappears; deprive us of the sense of touch, and yet another is lost. But still you enter into the presence of the Well-loved, and though devoid of all these sources of sensuous perception, there still exists a means of information—there is a *sphere* that enables the beloved one to determine your approach; that sphere is the aggregation of spiritual senses corresponding to the external. We all possess them; they form, in the aggregate, consciousness, and if you take away all the external means of perception, the spiritual will remain, and remain in such full force that, when they predominate in any individual, they form a means of spiritual identification. In the spirit-circle you seek through external forms or signs for identification, you strive to obtain what you call *test facts* of the presence of the departed. But these are not enough. There is a power by which spirits at your circle can explore your mind, and learn therein the data that are necessary to afford you answers; these answers that yet are not sufficient to prove identity. As yet there are other modes, and the first of these is *intuition*. If we still live, we still surely love. The father, mother, child, will be *there* when called. The patriot will respond to the call of his country; friends will answer the magnetic chords of friendship. At your spirit-circle when you seek with true faith, and the truth spirits must use mediums, it may be many ere they reach you; still, you will find the last who affects the mortal medium, conveys the thought of the soul you seek, though the form of speech (through the lengthened chain in which that thought is clothed), may be changed and lost, yet the thought is the identification of the spirit. *The spirit will be there.* This I claim on the ground that the threads of kindred and affection which God has woven around your hearts will attract the identity you seek, and, in intent, if not in actuality, your appeal to that identity will inevitably be answered.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, I am in the midst of them." Jesus spoke in the name of all humanity. Where you go in the name of the friend of the father, the mother, brother, even of the science or the thought on which you seek elucidation, there is a responsive power, corresponding to that you seek, which will be in your midst. You have no *sure mode* of identifying the fact that the phenomenon rendered you is performed by the individual spirit you have summoned, but when you have assured yourself of the reality that the telegraph works, and the fact that the gates between the material and the supernatural are open, you may also be sure that those you seek are not far off, and that, though the mere message of identification may fall, as fall it often must, altered through a long chain of magnetisms which color and shape it, nevertheless it is, in almost every instance that can be rendered, (if any can, for there are obstacles of which none hereafter,) the identity you seek that responds to you.

We must limit our questions this night to two more only, for there are conditions which, depending on atmosphere, magnetism, and other external effects, are unfavorable to your speaker. Hitherto, these have been overbalanced by your kindness. There is a note of sympathy here, an effort to wear that bond around the stranger, and a determination to search out and grapple with the truth, after a fashion peculiar to the strong Briton, which thus far has sustained your speaker, but fails at this point. On future occasions we hope to render you all the satisfaction you can ask. Two more questions alone can be responded to this night.

MR. S. C. HALL: Can Miss Hardinge give us some idea of what constitutes mediumship, or a medium?

Ay, that is one of the broadest questions belonging to the phenomena of Spiritualism. We must treat it in very brief detail to-night, promising you further elucidation another time. We have spoken of magnetism, and we alluded merely to the subject. We will now state that the life of all things is the power that pulsates in your hearts and throbbing through your veins, sets all the atoms which constitute your form in motion, and sets it the power behind motion, or, rather, the force that works, as its attributes, the two modes of motion called attraction and repulsion. This magnetism varies in every atom of matter, because there is a difference in the media of the atoms which qualify the force or intensity of their magnetism. Now, permit me to draw two

or three pictures of the working of this magnetism in the human form. In some of you, the atoms which constitute your form are arranged in such a manner that the special direction of the brain, and this forms strongly marked intellectual character. There are others, again, in whom the magnetic life has the strongest energy in the direction of muscular tissue; others in whom this magnetic life (generated by the brain and nervous apparatus in great excess), is distributed throughout the entire of the form; the excess passes from that form in the shape of atmosphere or aura, and these are magnetizers. Positively and psychologically strong, this magnetic power enables them to control such objects as possess an affinity of magnetism. There is yet another class of persons who generate magnetism in equal excess, but this, instead of being distributed equally through the form, is found predominating in certain directions; it is given off in abundance at one point, and becomes deficient in another. There is a want of balance or equilibrium in the flow of these magnetic currents. You call these persons, vaguely, nervous, sensitive, irritable; I call them spirit-mediums. The fact that they possess magnetic life in excess, but give it off in such modes as renders them negative to well-balanced organisms, constitutes them subjects, either of animal or spiritual magnetism. If the quality of the magnetism of a physical character, (what I should call a mineral magnetism predominating,) they are good subjects for the animal magnetizer. If their magnetism be of a more refined or sublimated quality, they are good subjects for the spiritual magnetizer, and, in that respect, they become spirit-mediums. I would willingly enlarge upon this subject, but prefer that you should permit me to treat it in greater detail in the form of a future address.

MR. O'SULLIVAN: Can Miss Hardinge throw any light on that mystery of mysteries, the connection and relation between the nervous matter called brain, and the mind?

Will you be pleased to carry your thought into the room of the machine, and remember the wonderful apparatus that is there arranged for the production of force? Whether the machine be the steam engine, as the most familiar illustration I can use, or any other form of mechanical art which shall give off force, you do not confound the machinery with the force? You find that momentum is obtained. How? By the aid of machinery. But what is momentum? You answer, A form of mechanical motion. But what is motion? What attraction? What repulsion? These are all elements that make up what you call force, and force is something entirely distinct from inert machinery. Machinery is but the means of producing force. Go back to what is force, and we are launched at once into the vast area where swinging worlds are upheld in rarest ether; where mighty suns wheel in vast realms of space. There, indeed, is force; but that force is not the force of their mighty systems; it is not ether of any form of elemental being. Even so of mind, and the nervous apparatus which is the machinery by which it is exhibited. This nervous apparatus, commencing with the brain, extending down the spinal column, and distributed in the form of gray and white threads throughout the whole *physique*, until it ramifies into the wondrous little filaments that almost exist even in the remotest pores of the skin, all this is but machinery; an apparatus for the production of force. That force is mind. It is exhibited in will, and acts by magnetism throughout the machinery of the body.

I cannot to-night enter into the analysis of mind, because it brings me upon the very threshold of spirit—the force of forces—the Alpha and the Omega of all life and motion; and standing here, I worship and adore my face, my hand, my foot. I call it *the Great Spirit*. The totality of spirit force and motion! In this majestic compendium of all being, I recognize that the universe is the machine—suns, stars, systems, its several parts. These form the vast locomotive through which the Eternal Mind generates the force of motion, on which the infinite Mind plays the vast orchestral creation, inhaled in one breath, and standing here, I call it *the Great Spirit*. The totality of spirit force and motion! In this majestic compendium of all being, I recognize that the universe is the machine—suns, stars, systems, its several parts. 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(Original.)
**PLANTING APPLE-SEEDS,
 AND WHAT CAME OF IT**

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

A little girl was eating an apple by the side of a brook. It was a yellow apple with a red cheek; a cheek just as red as her own, for both were painted by the same sun, and the sun is a wonderful artist. The little girl ate the apple, looking down into the brook at another little girl eating a red-cheeked apple. The little girl had flaxen curls over high, white foreheads, and eyes blue as the sky overhead, seen through the tangle of green leaves. The brook was such a perfect mirror, it reflected the shining leaves and the blushing flowers so perfectly, you could not tell which of the two was the real, which the shadow. Estel—that was the child's name—ate to the core, and then she saw the glossy brown seeds.

"What shall I do with the seeds? I guess they are good to eat. This apple is so nice, its little, shining, brown hearts, must be good." She ate one.

"Ah, how bitter!" exclaimed she, "What a wonder! such a taste in the centre of so sweet a fruit. I'll not taste of the others, but will plant them."

She broke off an old limb, and by the side of a mossy dadlock she made nine tiny round holes, in each of which she dropped a seed, and there was none left. Then she covered them with the moist earth.

"If these grow," said she, "they will make nine great apple-trees," and she laughed and tripped home, carrying a flower here and there, and gathering the red and yellow leaves that glittered like flowers. Every now and then she seemed brighter than any she had seen before. The frost had done well, and truly she believed had dipped his brush in the rainbow, dashing gold and carmine on the maples, sassafras, willow and tulip. Why did it give the good old oaks nothing but amber-brown? The oaks need nothing but strength. They look best dressed in a plain garb. How would Samson appear in gaudy apparel? Make crimson beauties of the graceful maples, but the oaks, dress them plain and honest. If they can only show their stalwart arms, they never get affronted.

Estel gathered a bouquet of leaves. The other little girl, I don't know where she went.

"Nine great apple-trees!" Ah, fairy child, such castles are built by older and wiser ones than you. We all count the possibilities and not the probabilities, and many count neither.

Estel had not reached the golden maple before a red squirrel, that had been cunningly watching her from the door of his house—a great knot in a tree over her head—began to descend.

"What in all forest-world buried she by the old log," quivered he.

She had stopped to pick a gaudy leaf as the red squirrel reached the place.

"Let us see," said he thoughtfully, "no trap here! No. Such an innocent child knows nothing about wicked traps. Why, I had as lief hide in her apron as not."

Then he began to look about. He soon found one of the holes, and quickly drew out the seed with his delicate little hand.

"Ah," said he, "this is a delicate morsel," and he held it up and bit it in two, so as to have two tastes instead of one; "there must be others." Again he drew out a seed. "This must go to my babies," said he, "it will please their mother to have such a tit-bit brought to them. If I only could find another, that would give a seed to each. Ah, here it is!"

He stored them carefully in his mouth, and away he skipped up the great rough tree, his tail spread like a sail, and so light he seemed to be blown upward by a gust of wind acting on it; and he laughed so merrily that the woods rang gleefully: chat-chat-ter-ter-ter-ter.

"That was queer!" exclaimed a striped squirrel, no larger than a mouse, that had sat on the trunk of a fallen tree, directly over the brook. He had been admiring himself all day in that mirror. He had concluded that he was the handsomest squirrel ever seen in that forest.

"Why," said he, "the very fishes are falling in love with me. Just see how they gather around even my shadow." There was a great earth-worm on the sand under the water, just where his shadow fell, and that was what the fishes were after, but he did not know it.

He had been dreaming all day, and when he saw the red squirrel search on the bank, and run away so pleased, he thought something must be concealed there. He ran over to see about it. Now his smell was very sharp, and he found out at once that something was under the black earth. In a minute he had three of the seeds in his pocket—for striped squirrels have large noses inside their cheeks, expressly for carrying provisions—and was seated on the log, for he wanted to see himself eat such relishing morsels. He prided himself on his gracefulness at table. No one saw him, however, but one appreciative gazer, and that was himself. Thereafter he went to sleep, and when he awoke was so eager to see himself on arising that he slipped off the log and was drowned. Had he retained consciousness after that, he would have found that the fishes really loved him.

The red squirrel forgot where he found the seeds, and after a long search, concluded that he had taken them all at first; thus three remained.

After a dreary winter the sun warmed the earth, and the violets sprang like rifts of sky out of the grass. Each of the three seeds sent up a sapling, and on its summit was two tiny leaflets. Soon after a partridge came that way, and dropped off one of them. Then there were but two left. These grew, and winter and summer exchanged garments a dozen times, and they became tall and vigorous young trees.

It was a very cold winter, and the snow covered the ground extremely deep. A rabbit, almost starved, came jumping over the frozen brook. He would take two or three leaps and then stop and look around him.

"It is a miserable world," said he; "I've starved all winter, and been hunted and harassed by hawk, dog and fox, until I'm almost dead. I can't get a strip of bark to satisfy me." Just then he saw the smooth trunks of the apple trees. "These are the very trees I've been in search of," he exclaimed. "I saw them last summer. I had clover then; but the clover is gone, and this bark is good, if it is a little bitter."

Then he began to bite off strips with his chisel-like teeth. He ate all around the tree, and as high up as he could reach. He had not finished before a fox, that had slyly crept toward him while he was entirely absorbed in his repast, sprang upon him; the fox had a nice dinner that day; and there was no rabbit to come next day and peel the bark off the other tree.

When spring came again, the flowers sprang up by the dancing brook, the trees put forth their green leaves, and one of the apple trees; but the other one was a dead stick.

That summer a farmer discovered it, and said it

was so beautiful, it should have the sun for its own, and cut down the trees around it. Then it grew apace, spread out its branches into a great round head. In a few years it was so full of blossoms it looked like a bouquet, and the bees came, and the sound of their wings was a beautiful song of labor; and a dozen birds built nests in its branches; and the wind roared like the cradling boughs, day and night, while they filled the air with music.

From the day the little girl ate the apple until now, more than half a century has passed. The child has changed almost as much as the apple seed she planted. She has returned to her old home. She remembers the seeds.

"I must go down the winding path to the old seat by the brook," said she.

The path was changed, but she found the place. The great apple tree made it look strange. It greeted her. It threw out a vast stretch of shade for her; and on a bough it held out a great apple, like the one she had eaten so many, many long years ago—a great yellow apple with a red cheek! The apple had the red cheek to itself now. Her's was of age, and her flaxen ringlets were silvered with frost. The apple reproduces, year after year, a beauty which thus becomes immortal; but her physical beauty is of a day—an evanescent shadow. Our minds only retain immortal beauty.

The apple seeds were good deeds. They always spring forth, showering plenty, beauty and pleasure on all around, and only after a long absence do we learn their full value.

Correspondence.

The Children's Lyceum in St. Louis.—Letter from A. J. Davis.

You will learn from notices enclosed how nobly and successfully the Spiritualists of St. Louis are moving in the cause of true and attractive education.

In four weeks, a full Children's Lyceum has been organized in the very heart of this rapidly developing city. Ladies and gentlemen of education and fortune are among the officers and leaders, and for members there are as large a number of beautiful girls and boys as you meet in any Eastern Lyceum.

Col. Moberly, Col. Blood, J. O. Mellen, Esq., merchant, Mr. Coloney, editor, and their excellent wives, are among the officers chosen to carry forward this educational system. Indeed, the entire Society here take hold of this beautiful revelation of Summer-Land with one mind and one heart. Col. White, although confined to his house and bed for over two years, with a paralytic in the pneumatic nerve, paralyzing his entire lower body, is nevertheless patient and gentle with all his sufferings and deprivations, and is one of the best living illustrations of what spiritual principles can do for and within the human heart. And his noble wife, the mother of beautiful children who attend the Lyceum, stands by his bedside and unceasingly administers to his needs, like a perfect guardian-angel. His soul is full of divine warmth, as his mind is full of divine light; and I pray that the goodly citizen Spiritualists of St. Louis may never forget that, if they have sometimes no speaker at the Hall, they can hear and see a "Sermon on the Mount" of patient suffering, by calling upon our patriotic and harmonious brother, Col. White.

In the foremost ranks, I find here Bro. Outlay, Levy, Stagg, Cook, Miltenberger, Anderson, Osborne, (whose gifted wife sang, entranced, the spirit songs at the recent festival) and many others less known to the public, but of equal intelligence and value to the grand principles of Spiritualism.

What a glorious enthusiasm this Children's Lyceum does awaken! There can be no doubt of the spiritual inspiration and strength that the Summer-Land inhabitants send down upon all who heartily and wisely enter upon the organization of this Progressive School for the young people of earth.

Let the Spiritualists of America not too long delay the good works arising in the path of wisdom before them. No man can explain, unless by admission of the facts of spiritual intercourse, how it is that, as it were by magic, a Lyceum can be filled with children, where only a few Spiritualists are known to have young folks who are ready to join.

Here, for example, on my arrival, I asked those who should know, "How many children can you count up among the Spiritualists?" They answered, after counting over the families, "About twenty." I replied, "Well, let us begin with twenty."

The board of managers voted that "Bro. Davis be authorized to inaugurate a Children's Lyceum during his stay in St. Louis." At once the work was begun. On the first Monday eighty-three children joined the Lyceum. The leading Spiritualists were so much surprised as delighted. "Where did the young folks all come from?" was asked by every one. Answer: "Children are sent into Lyceums out of the street, and out of Orthodox schools by their guardian-angels." Of course, besides this impulse, there is at once felt the goodness and the attractive beauty of the system itself, and children are rapid in "spreading news" among their playmates in the homes and common schools. And thus it grows.

I would like to say something of the progress made here financially, and in the formation of a Library for the Lyceum children. Perhaps some other pen will give the information. I am to be succeeded next Sunday by our excellent sister, Mrs. Currier, and she will be followed by Miss Lizzie Doten; the people are ready for these, and yet other workers and teachers of the best and holiest principles of religious and philosophic truth.

You will see that "Santa Claus," of St. Louis, gave me a beautiful gold chain for my celebrated watch, that was given by friends in Hartford, Ct., in 1854.

Your friend,

A. J. DAVIS.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 27, 1865.

In a letter of a later date, Mr. Davis speaks more fully of his labors in St. Louis, and makes some good suggestions.

HOW TO WORK FOR CHILDREN'S LYCEUMS.

Three weeks ago, when I arrived in this vigorous city of the opulent Valley of the Mississippi, the five gentlemen, with the exception of some four or five gentlemen, were not only "asleep" on the subject of a Children's Progressive Lyceum, but what is harder for a warm-hearted advocate to encounter, they seemed to be impervious to "different" to the new mode of educating the bodies and minds of their children. The children of our leading Spiritualists were interested in the popular "Sunday Schools," and their parents did not want to say a word to "influence" the children of their households to leave their Sunday School associations.

Nevertheless, the half dozen friends who were not fast asleep to the subject, said, "We will try,"

and at once authorized me to purchase equipments to shape.

Now look at the result. In less than fourteen days from the inauguration, a full Lyceum was organized, with competent officers and leaders—before personally strangers to one another—working together gracefully and harmoniously; and next Sunday some five of the original Groups will be duplicated—thus laying the foundation for "Lyceum No. 2," in St. Louis, which is the future New York of this vast, opulent and magnificent part of free, progressive America.

Of course the work two weeks ago was so new, that it had not even one publicly avowed friend, and not one dollar in the treasury; but the few fearless ones said, "We will furnish the funds to start with."

Subscriptions began at once, and funds came from "outsiders," and from hitherto lukewarm "insiders;" and next an impromptu "Progressive Sociable" was put on the programme; and next evening I glanced over the Treasurer's "cash," account in behalf of the Children's Lyceum, which showed, in cash receipts, four hundred fifty-one dollars and forty-five cents, besides subscriptions to be paid in a few days, carrying the amount up to five hundred dollars within the few days since the birth of the Lyceum in this city.

During these few days, also, the Lyceum officers and leaders, aided by their efficient friends, have paid out sixty dollars for the use of Verandah Hall for one night's festival; they paid forty-five dollars for a band of music to enable the children to perform the "Banner March," and to stimulate the feet of older children in many beautiful dances; they purchased presents for the children, to the amount of fifty dollars and upwards; they have equipped the school with first quality flags, badges and targets, all in a complete "Banner Chest," where they are kept safe from Sunday to Sunday; they have provided for the entire institution "Manuals," plain bound for the children, and leather and gilt for the use of officers and leaders; and not only is all this paid for, but there are enough dollars left in the treasury to pay for a good library case; and lastly, they have had donated to the library many very excellent books, sufficient to form the nucleus of a large catalogue of reformatory and anti-sectarian reading for both young and old.

MORAL: "The Gods help those who help themselves."

In this connection let me say to our friends everywhere, no matter how utterly dead and "played out" they may now feel, that if they would but take hold of this educational work in a kindly, unselfish and resolute spirit, they will experience in a few weeks the truth of a "Bodily Reurrection," which in the course of months would be truly "spiritual."

We have among us several young men and young women, teaching under inspiration from Sunday to Sunday, who are capable of assisting communities in starting Lyceums. Let Spiritualists call upon them to aid, by suggestions and otherwise, in the organization of these institutions for the rising generations.

TERMS: If I were rich in purse I would devote the next two years, "without money and without price," to my fellow men, in organizing these children's regiments—these "Galvany" armies, to battle against error and injustice and superstition. But as it is not in my power to freely donate my time, I will "split the difference" with the generous, and charge for my time twenty-five dollars per Sunday and "found," with the understanding that the central object of my visit to a city or community, shall be the organization of a "Children's Progressive Lyceum." And I feel that, once for all, I ought positively to refuse to lecture in any place where such a school is not, or where one is not designed. (Religio-Philosophical Journal please copy.)

I think some of our rich friends might, Peter Cooper-like, make their "Will" note, setting apart some portion of their large possessions to pay efficient persons a decent salary for devoting their whole time and best inspirations in behalf of Children's Lyceums. If any benevolent, public-spirited, sincere Spiritualist feels inclined to such a deed of kindness, he can communicate with me, or with any of the faithful women and young men who are every Sunday working to spread the gospel of progressive love and wisdom.

Fraternally, A. J. DAVIS.

P. S.—Letters for me addressed to the Banner Branch Publishing House, No. 274 Canal street, New York, will be forwarded.

Hammon, N. J.

In answer to the very many letters which I am receiving from Spiritualists in all parts of the country—which letters I am unable to answer for want of time—I wish to make a few statements for their information through the Banner:

We are not a grand free love community, ignoring the laws of God and man, but simply law-abiding citizens. All attempts to form a community in our place have utterly failed, for the simple reason that we have but a very few Spiritualists here who endorse such ideas, as we believe in the monogamous marriage, of one man to one woman, and are looking anxiously for the "good time coming" when the ranks of Spiritualism will be purged from "free love," "spiritual affiliations," &c., &c., and hope that the next National Convention will exclude all such delegates from its deliberations. There are some sixty families in our settlement who are Spiritualists, and we have meetings regularly every Sunday, which are well attended. In a population of four thousand, there are, of course, every kind of belief, but the general tone of our settlement is liberal and progressive. We are located on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, thirty miles from Philadelphia and ninety from New York. The best way to come here from New England or the North, is to take the steamer Jesse Hoyt, Pier No. 3, North River, New York, and thence by Baritan and Delaware Bay Railroad to Jackson Junction, and Camden and Atlantic Railroad to Hammon.

Our land is slightly rolling, sufficient for drainage. Unimproved land can be bought for thirty dollars per acre within a mile and a half from depot. There are improved places for sale for men of means. Our main business is fruit culture, and from five years experience, I believe it to be the best location for fruit culture in the United States. The average receipts this year, from strawberries alone, were over four hundred dollars per acre; and other fruit pays equally as well.

A committee of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, New York City, who recently visited this section, reported that "they never saw a finer growth of wood, or more healthy trees anywhere in the country." We have good common schools, and hope to have a good Union School next season. There is a capital opening here for a Female Seminary, something on the plan of Miss Belle Bush's school, at Norristown, Penn.

We have no plans for a grand industrial college here, as we have not the means to build one, and can hardly hope that the time has come among the Spiritualists of the United States, to sustain such an institution. The climate here is peculiarly favorable for all diseases of the lungs

and throat. Many persons have been restored by the climate alone. Asthmatic persons find immediate relief; and persons suffering from rheumatism are greatly benefited. There has never been a case of diphtheria known here; and during a residence of five years, in a population of four thousand, there has been less than twenty deaths. Water is soft and pure, and found from ten to twenty feet. Soil, a sandy loam, and in the language of Dr. Trimble, the able chairman of the above-named committee: "The subsoil is a yellow sand, mixed with clay of the same color, and without any hard pan or other stratum, tenacious enough to prevent the settling downwards of the rains, or the upward excretion of moisture in dry weather, thus insuring, in a great measure, against drought."

I think it the best place in the country for any one to emigrate to, if they are not well satisfied and contented where they now are. To Spiritualists who are looking for a genial climate, in a progressive settlement, where the resident Spiritualists do not endorse nor practice "free love," and are not seeking for their "affiliations," I say, come and see for yourselves. SAMUEL B. NICHOLS. The Cottage, Hammon, N. J., Jan., 1866.

Matters in Iowa Falls.

With your permission I will give the readers of the Banner a short account of what we are doing out in the far West. We have just been having S. P. Leland among us. He gave six of his lectures, as he called them; but to me they were some of the simplest feats any juggler ever performed before an enlightened audience, and in connection with that, some of the grossest misrepresentations that ever came from the lips of mortal man. After the close of his lectures, which lasted for six evenings, he gave out a challenge for any Spiritualist to meet him in debate. We made arrangements with J. L. Potter, of Cedar Falls, to discuss the question with him for four evenings, commencing Wednesday, the 29th of November, and closing Saturday, Mr. Potter affirming, and Mr. Leland denying the following resolution:

Resolved, That as history, Bible, and human experience furnish evidence that disembodied human spirits have communicated with the inhabitants of earth in older times, we, as believers in the truths of Spiritualism, do affirm that communications are likewise made to the inhabitants of earth in modern times, including the present era.

Mr. Potter conducted the affirmative of the discussion in an able and gentlemanly manner, bringing facts from every accessible source, and last of all, quoted Leland's own words, when he said, in his discussion with Mr. Warren, "that he saw and talked with spirits daily."

Leland's arguments consisted of ridicule and misrepresentations from first to last. The excitement ran high, and we have been made stronger; are better able to meet opposition now than at any time previous.

Right on the heels of Leland's "Death-blow to Spiritualism," we have organized a society, to be called the First Spiritual Society of Iowa Falls, in Harding Co., Iowa. The papers of incorporation have been duly stamped and acknowledged before a notary public. The officers are as follows: President, E. Higgins; Vice-President, J. O. Bump; Secretary, Julius Austin; Treasurer, Homer Stevens; Corresponding Secretary, E. B. Collins.

Our aim: The object and aim of this association is the investigation of the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism, and the development of its members into a higher life in harmony with those facts, together with the instruction and education of the children of the present generation, with a more exalted and enlightened view of the present and future life. We number between thirty and forty members already, and expect accessions to be made, as people are constantly moving in and making this point their home. We see no trouble before us that can prevent the spread of this great truth: communication between the gone before, and earth's inhabitants. We are making arrangements to keep up meetings, and believe we can do it without impoverishing any of its members. We feel that a great step has been taken in organizing, for we become a power under the laws of the State; and mean to start a Progressive Lyceum as soon as practicable, so you may look for a good report from us in the future.

At a meeting held by the Spiritualists after the discussion, the citizens of this place passed the following preamble and resolutions, with a request that the same be forwarded to the Banner for publication:

Resolved, That there has been a joint discussion between J. L. Potter and S. P. Leland upon the subject of Spiritualism—J. L. Potter affirming the same to be true, and S. P. Leland denying the same as being true, either in manifestation or doctrine—the citizens of Iowa Falls, after listening to the arguments produced by both speakers, without sanctioning or condemning either side of the question, but as law-abiding citizens and members of a united society, have no hesitancy in signing the following resolutions, proving to our neighbors and friends our loyalty to truth, and an acknowledgment of good argument, and showing our appreciation of gentlemanly demeanor in public as well as private life.

Resolved, That we are able and gentlemanly course pursued by J. L. Potter on the affirmative of this discussion. Resolved, That at the same time we openly condemn the ungentlemanly, low and vulgar course pursued by S. P. Leland on the negative of the question, and pronounce the same as unworthy of a refined lady or gentleman to hear.

Signed by J. C. Waldron, Justice of the Peace; H. A. Davis, teacher; Captain O. Ellsworth and lady, E. E. Wentworth, Homer Stevens, Joseph Collins, J. Austin, T. A. Austin, Miss Sarah E. Bump, and thirty others that are willing to defend the right. Respectfully, E. B. COLLINS. Iowa Falls, Harding Co., Iowa, Dec. 6, 1865.

Letter from Missouri—Condition of the Country, etc.

Having received letters either from or for the benefit of nearly one hundred and fifty of your readers, you will confer a favor by allowing me to respond to their many inquiries through the columns of your most excellent paper.

Harrison county is geologically situated in the upper part of the coal formation, and geographically located in the northwestern part of the great free State of Missouri. The soil of this whole grand river country is extremely productive, yielding on an average from forty to sixty bushels of corn per acre, and the distribution of timber and prairie cannot be more desirable.

The surface is gently rolling; drains well, and has no swamps, consequently the people of this vicinity are healthy. The climate is mild, and the winters are generally open and changeable. All kinds of fruit, except peaches, do well; and many kinds, such as plums and grapes, grow wild in great abundance. Raw prairie is selling at from three to five dollars per acre; and woodland is worth about ten. Good farms, well fenced, with houses, stables, young orchards, &c., are now selling at from eight to ten dollars per acre.

The people are mostly northern, and very radical, giving Mr. Lincoln more than one thousand majority in this county in 1864. Our county court grants no draft-shop licenses. We have free schools, a school fund of more than sixty thousand dollars in this county, and school land yet unopened. Our markets are poor, and that is one great reason why land is cheap here. But when our railroad system is completed, we expect to be well connected with the best markets in the world. Soon we hope to be able to ship our surplus produce on the Galveston and Lake Superior Railroad to the cotton fields of Texas—or via the great Pacific Railroad to the golden regions of Colorado.

Persons desiring further information, can obtain it without charge by addressing the undersigned with stamped envelope redirected enclosed.

Truly yours, O. S. ABRAHAM.
 P. S.—I am answering individually by letter as fast as my time will permit.
 O. S. A.
 Bethany, Harrison Co., Mo., Dec. 18, 1865.

A Word about Rev. Mr. Foss.

In your last issue we have introduced, by Bro. Henry C. Wright, the long and well-known name of our beloved brother, Andrew T. Foss, and for "and lang yins" I hardly need say to those who know him, a truly representative man. Of late no name has been announced so ennobling, inspiring my heart in stillness before God to be thankful, as has the name of that truly noble old war-horse, A. T. Foss. God bless him! God bless him! and let all the people say, "Amen!" and so it will be.

Now that the noise of battle and the thick smoke is clearing away, in the retrospect we marvel at the stupendous labor, thick and fast, in preparing the way for this most glorious yet terrible day of the Lord. There have been many laboring in the mountains, much noise of hammer and chisel. All have been needed. Then Bro. Foss came on; and where now are all your old conditors? It has long been the wonder that we have not seen them doff their old harness and put on the new, as Bro. F. essays to do. But one by one they come.

B. FRANK BISSILL.

P. S.—I can hardly refrain from reverting to an incident when last we met with Bro. Foss:

While on an agency, as an anti-slavery stager, some six or seven years since, Bro. F. chanced to find his way among us, in Pontiac, Mich. On his arrival there he found Doctor Nichols with flaming handbills out for a course of lectures, with a large audience assembled at the court house, in hard labor to immortalize his new faith in Catholicism as the only true faith, the only true religion. Having thrown down the gauntlet, the strong nerve of Bro. Foss met him there in a two or three days' combat, greatly to the discomfort, if not the total vanquishment, of the formidable but much mistaken brother, Doctor Nichols.

Should our good Bro. Foss perchance, at any time, pass this way, we would most gladly receive him at our house. Greatly to our inconvenience, and as much for the sustaining of Spiritual meetings as other things, our place is nearly three miles from Ballston Spa Village.

B. F. D.

Lowell, Michigan.

Judging from my own experience, perhaps it will be interesting to you, and the readers of your inestimable paper, to learn of the doings and progress of the friends of Spiritualism in this vicinity, thereby adding one more link to the chain which is eventually to encircle the earth. Having held regular circles, with occasionally a lecture, during the first of the summer, it was resolved to form an organization for the regular transaction of business, which was carried into effect similar to other organizations, with a constitution and officers, with a clause in the constitution preventing any member from ever being introduced as a test of fellowship. Since that time (July) the society has increased in numbers to about fifty members.

On the 19th and 20th of August we held a two days' grove meeting, with a good attendance. Addresses were made by Rev. Moses Hull, Mrs. Kutz, and others, in which they set forth many of the truths and beauties of Spiritualism. Mrs. Kutz has also lectured a number of times since, and the cause is slowly advancing in this vicinity. Some three or four media have become developed for speaking in circles, and some very good and convincing tests obtained, which tends to enliven and strengthen the minds of those who are free to see and think for themselves. Not having a large amount of funds on hand, we cannot promise to fill the pockets of speakers who may give us a call, but our homes are open, and we will promise to supply the body with good wholesome food, and they must trust to the author of all good for the balance in "greenbacks."

Lowell, Mich., 1865.

H. B. ALDEN.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

BY RICHARD TRAYLER.

A happy New Year! A happy New Year! How pleasant it sounds as it falls on the ear! We wish all our friends, and we wish all our foes, A HAPPY NEW YEAR, from beginning to close.

We wish all our friends may be faithful and true—We wish all our foes may their hatred eschew—Which if they will do, one thing is quite clear, This year will to each be—"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

We wish for our country that she may be right—That war may no more turn her day into night; That peace and its blessings may ever dwell here, Which will make for our country—"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

We wish for mankind, wherever they may be, That from sin and from sorrow they all may be free; That each may so live that when years end here, They may all find in heaven—"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

Boston, Mass., Jan. 1, 1866.

A Dog Story.

A friend of mine, a good farmer in the upper part of Maine, has a smart little dog, ever faithful to his master, in all his outgoings and incomings. When my friend goes to church in a carriage, Skip can go, for he will stay by and take care of the horse and carriage, while his master and mistress are at worship. But when his master walks to meeting, Skip insists upon walking with him. One Sunday, my friend shot the dog up in the house, whilst master and wife went to meeting. From that time henceforward, every Sunday morning found Skip perched upon a hillock behind the house, waiting for the family to start—no inducement can draw him into the house—and running across lots, cuts them off ahead, maintaining his position until he arrives at and enters the church. The sagacious animal never fails to be on the hillock every Sunday morning, as sure as the day comes round; and when he sees the carriage, he will follow it; but on the contrary, do as related. Is not this something more than instinct?

CYNON.

FORGIVENESS.—Hath any one wronged thee, be bravely revenged—Alight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished; he is below himself that is not above an injury.

Love—an emotion much written about by novelists, and much dreamed of by school girls, but nearly obsolete in practical life.

"Where shall I get a panel?" said the sheriff to the judge. "Why, I suppose, sir, that you can get enough panels out of doors."

Matters in Providence.

At the opening of the New Year I open a correspondence, which I intend to keep up with some regularity for a time, at least, that you may be advised of matters here, when there is anything worthy of notice, and also have some leaves from my note-book, which will be facts within my knowledge, spiritual and psychological.

OUR MEETINGS.

Since the resumption of our meetings following the usual summer intermission, they have been very well attended, and our Sunday services have been interesting and profitable. Of our speakers in September, October and November, I have already written you. Bro. Fish has been with us during December, and he has, as usual, gone to places in the vicinity where there were openings to dispense the truths of Spiritualism. He spoke in Woonsocket, and held several interesting meetings; also, in Swansea, where there are earnest souls enough to kindle a fire upon the altar. At the latter place several came a distance of five and seven miles, in the evening, too, to hear the good Gospel. Bro. Fish is one of the workers; his pruning-hook is ever in hand, ready to prune the vineyard. It is really too bad to keep such even itinerating, as we do. What is four weeks in a place? A speaker who is on the move, cannot exert a personal influence only to a limited extent. He is shown of half his strength, and the cause loses immensely by such a policy. It is time for some permanency now; the time for up-building has come. In the struggle which is to be, when the sects discover that their craft is to be overthrown, we shall need strong walls and buttresses to resist the charge they will make in the desperate struggle they will enter upon to retain their supremacy over the minds of the people. We shall never thoroughly consolidate and cement till our energies are localized, and we shall adopt a more thorough system of operations than is possible under our present management.

THE NEXT NATIONAL CONVENTION.

A meeting of the congregation Sunday evening, the following Resolutions were adopted: Resolved, That the National Convention of Spiritualists be held in the month of August next, in the city of Providence, in the month of August next. Resolved, That if the invitation be accepted, we recommend that one day be devoted to an excursion on the waters of our Narragansett Bay; and we will tender to the Convention the free use of our hall for meetings, a fraternal greeting, and kind hospitality. Resolved, That copies of the above Resolutions be sent to the BANNER OF LIGHT and RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for publication. The friends here have most cordially sent out this invitation, and will be much gratified if it shall be accepted.

THE EDDY FAMILY.

The Eddy Family and Dr. Randall were here last week, and each evening held sances in Pratt's Hall. The audiences were not large; the weather was unpropitious, it being more or less stormy most of the time. Friday evening there was a good audience, and the impression produced was such, that had it not been stopped Saturday evening, the hall doubtless would have been filled. The manifestations every evening were excellent, though varying in strength and intensity from evening to evening, according to conditions. There was no evening when there was not some manifestations of such a character that their explanation must be referred to an agency outside of the mediums. Of course, it is unnecessary to enter upon their details, as it would be but a repetition of what has been many times heretofore described. Friday evening one of the committee was sea-captain, Mr. R. H. Purinton, and the tying was most thorough and complete in every respect. Neither of the mediums could move half an inch either way, the ropes thoroughly confining them to their seats, the final fastenings being to the staples in the floor of the cabinet. Both gentlemen were utter skeptics in spirit-power, or spirit-communicating; but they publicly expressed themselves from the platform perfectly satisfied that the manifestations were not made by the mediums. When someone in the audience spoke of the hands which were seen at the aperture, Capt. Purinton remarked, "I know that hand was not put out by either of the persons inside the cabinet." There were many skeptics present; but never did I see skepticism so thoroughly silenced as on that evening. The conditions of the mediums were so palpably opposed to the possibility of fraud, and the committee, also, being so thorough and honest, there was no chance for an argument, and hence the greater part of those present went away wondering, besides having seen exploded most effectually the charge of humbug. I am informed that on one evening, a gentleman belonging to one of the Methodist Churches in this city, who was present on invitation of some friends, recognized a face which was seen, remarking, "If I ever saw the face of my child, I say it at the aperture in the cabinet." The Eddy Brothers and Sister are remarkable mediums, and I trust are destined to do a good work.

And now a suggestion. When there are public sances of this kind, would it not be well, nay, is it not the duty of every Spiritualist to attend one evening, say the first, to influence the public, and get attention directed to it? What if the manifestations have been seen before? Is nothing to be done for the sake of the cause? Is everything to be done on a personal, selfish plane? It appears to me that in everything which is to bring before the doubting evidences so convincing, all should interest themselves, and do their utmost to secure an audience at the outset, for that generally tells.

But I am encroaching on your columns, and must not further trespass. Fraternally thine, Providence, R. I., Jan., 1866. W. FOSTER, JR.

Challenge Accepted.

Editor of Banner.—In the Banner for Dec. 23d, I find the following:

"In conclusion, allow me to say that Elder Grant is hereby challenged, and all other clergymen with him, to discuss with me, in any city in New England, during the next three months, the same resolution we discussed at Philadelphia, viz:

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

Address me at Providence, R. I. J. G. FISHER, Providence, R. I., Dec. 6, 1865."

I accept the challenge, but shall not be able to attend to the discussion before the middle of February, on account of previous engagements. MILES GRANT.

Indisposition of Miss Emma Henson. In consequence of a severe throat trouble, induced by constant lecturing, I have been obliged to break my engagements in the West, and come home for rest, and to recover my health; and will you be so kind as to omit my address in your paper, until further advised? The cause of Spiritualism is spreading rapidly in the West, and the demand for lecturers is very great. It is with regret that I am unable to longer labor in our cause of truth and right, as I deem Spiritualism to be. The Banner meets me in almost every household, and seemed a familiar friend, and is considered an indispensable visitor there, as well as here in the East. That it may continue to find its way into the hearts of the people, is the earnest wish of EMMA HENSON, Manchester, N. H., Dec. 20, 1865.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMDENWELL, LONDON, ENGL.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1866.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Theology and Christianity.

We dwell in a recent article in these columns, on the broad fact that Spiritualism, was in no sense in contravention of Christianity, but only its true development and illustration; that Spiritualism makes perfectly plain very many matters of which Christianity gave no more than a hint; and that, in the language of the noble and saintly John Pierpont, a "Christian Spiritualist" was not only an exalted character, deserving of all men's aspirations, but the flower and crown of Christianity itself.

We shall now, in as brief a limit as possible, look at some of the great distinctions that separate Christianity from Theology, inasmuch as the latter not only arrogates the entire possession of Christianity to itself, but presumes to warn off Spiritualists and everybody else together.

Whatever pioneer work Old Theology may be claimed to have done in the past—digging and breaking and felling the trees and building the bridges—it is to plain that that work is about done. All the special conventions and monster church contributions and grand ecclesiastical jubilees that can be planned now, will not reunite flocks and pastors long separated, nor bring back the old-fashioned attachment that used to bind each to the other firmly through life. The foundation of the system has been subverted. Time has been the great instrument in doing it—Time, that brings along with it so many and uncalculated events.

Now we are on a new threshold. We approach very near to a new order of things. Old things are really passed away for us all. The dawn of the brighter morning is fast stealing over the world.

Old Theology does not suit the needs of Christianity, simply because it is not supplied from its inspiration. Spiritualism is—and there is the great general difference. The dogmas of Old Theology concerning the state of those who have gone out of the body, are, in general, too barbaric and inhuman to be allied to Christianity, which comes to bless, to enlarge and strengthen the faith of man, and to develop the aspirations and desires of the spiritual nature to the utmost. People cannot always be persuaded to be entirely happy in the belief that God has "elected" a certain few to be "saved," while all the rest, an innumerable host of his own children, are turned over to the terrors of a damnation that is at once merciless and without aid. The human heart revolts and insists on escaping from belief in such a terrorism by the nearest way. Hence comes Universalism, Unitarianism, and all the other sects, which, to this one important point at least, stand for organized and powerful popular protests against the cruel reign of such a spiritual tyranny. But Spiritualism alone—the last and best, the larger because it breaks over all barriers and includes all human souls—supplies a protest more impressive than all the rest together. It is the most effectual of any yet made by mortal souls. Instead of sending away innumerable souls to a hell of whose pretended torments no created being can entertain a conception, it opens the way for the intercommunion of the living and those who are styled "dead," and satisfies any one that the same experience for the spirit, under far more favorable conditions, is going on in other spheres as here. It preaches true Christianity, not the unscriptural dogmas that ambitious or distorted intellects have managed to deduce from its plain precepts.

We consider for ourselves—and we know very well that all others do who are Spiritualists—that the fact of the communion of spirits with mortals, or, rather, of spirits out of the form with those in it, is the one distinguishing, desirable and immortal fact of our faith, made clear by evidence with which all investigating minds and sincere hearts are perfectly satisfied. That, too, is the great fact that Theology constantly preaches; but its discourses are aimed at it, not for the purpose of making it a familiar and constantly inspiring one, but to work with it upon the instinctive fears of minds not yet let into the liberty of truth, and, by working thus, to build up a system of its own, with material power and enjoying material prosperity. Such a spirit must of course succumb before the silent influences of Truth in the end. And that result is just what we are witnessing all around us to-day. Theology employs the state of the departed as a means to excite the imaginations and fears of men; Spiritualism, following close upon Christianity, and actively allied with it, works with it as a means of touching the soul, keeping alive the influences that reach and move the higher part of man's nature, exalting and expanding and finally saving the soul. The one would save by condemning, the other by appealing. The one works by threats, the other by fact. The development of fear within us is the destruction of spiritual life and growth; the establishment of genuine faith is the true means of strengthening what is good and noble, and finally of subjecting all the elements in the character to the rule of reason and right. What sort of positive Christians is made by Theology, the very disaffection that it may be allowed to show; what sort of Christians are making every day by the influx of a Faith that is a reality instead of a creed or a theory, time will show, and time has shown already. It is nothing against the power and effectiveness of that faith that Spiritualists are denounced and maligned by journals and speakers that do not even pretend to be Christian. That example was a prominent one so far back as the establishment of Christianity itself.

Let none of us faint by the wayside now, however loud the threats may chance to be. Those who have stood fast through this long term of social obloquy, until the little plant has become a spreading tree, should be more filled with faith than ever. The day of a general illumination is upon us. There will be no "miracle" about the process, but all will be done according to the great law. Let us be thankful that we were allowed to take part in the work at all.

A Lesson to be Learned by Spiritualists.

Now that the subject of supporting free Spiritual Sunday meetings in this city is being agitated, we deem it not an inappropriate time to call attention to the efforts being put forth by some of the adherents of old theology.

The Methodists have raised six hundred thousand dollars during the past year, for lengthening their ecclesiastical ropes and strengthening their stakes; and next year they propose to raise a million, and will do it! One man, a rich Methodist broker of New York, has already promised to head the list of contributions with a quarter of a million dollars! Memorial churches are going to be built; debts are to be wiped out; universities and divinity schools are to be increased and established; and a higher grade of ecclesiastical life is to be reached, if money will help in doing it, by the entire denomination. The Congregationalists of the country, too, numbering some three thousand churches in all, have put their hands in their pockets and taken out two hundred thousand dollars for denominational purposes. Next year, they intend to increase that fund by five hundred and fifty thousand. So things are going.

Meanwhile, what are Spiritualists doing, boasting as they do of being five million strong in the nation? They must see from these very plain hints of the sects that, when a thing is desirable to be done, all the aids possible to accomplish it are brought into instant operation. Money is a mighty lever in these social undertakings. The Methodists and Congregationalists see and understand it—the Spiritualists do not. To be sure, they are not moved by similar desires, nor do they set before themselves like designs; but what they do purpose may be advanced with marvelous rapidity by a judicious use of the same common instrumentality, and it should be sought for and put to instant service. As our religion is more exalting and liberating in its effects on the human spirit, so ought its influence to take hold of men and women with all the greater power in comparison of the creeds and denominations.

The Spiritualists should, first of all, see to it that really first-class newspapers are nobly and constantly sustained in their interest. Then, that a first-class, healthy, well-winnowed spiritual literature is steadily provided for all minds by their special care and endeavor, and, if need be, at their individual cost. And lastly, places of public worship should be erected in the many important cities of the Union, where people may at all times go to hear the ablest and most impressive expositions of the Religion of Spiritualism. Why not make an immediate concerted movement among believers to these ends?

The Davenport Brothers and Mr. W. M. Fay.

These extraordinary mediums are again in London, says the Spiritual Times, and we are pleased to say that they will commence on Monday next, Dec. 18th, at the Hanover-square rooms, a series of five sances. After passing through the rough treatment of cabinet-smashing, &c., in the North of England, and visiting France, being "exposed," so termed, for the hundredth time, and appearing before the Emperor of the French and the Imperial Court, the Brothers and Mr. Fay, still in the prime of their mediumship, are prepared to submit the phenomena which occur in their presence to the most searching scientific tests. What will the *Flancon* of the Star say now? Surely he will feel some slight dissatisfaction that this is not "the last" of these mediums. We must await another issue to report phenomena.

It further adds that Mr. W. M. Fay gave a sitting on Monday, at the Lyceum, to a few of his private friends, including Mr. Cooper, Dr. Nichols, Dr. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Powell, and one or two others. The spirit "Kaile" talked freely for several minutes, and every one present was touched by a hand in various parts of the body. Mr. Fay has shown satisfactorily that his medium powers are of an extraordinary character. It is expected that the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay will again present themselves before London audiences.

The Banner of Light and the Religious Philosophical Journal.

The Spiritualists of the United States, who are now numbered by millions, should see to it at once that these journals, the organs of their beautiful Philosophy, are fully sustained. The cohorts of old Theology are being marshaled in battle-arrays against you; and it behooves the friends, everywhere, to organize the armies of TRUTH to effectually do battle in the sacred cause we all have so much at heart. The angel-world expects us to do our duty. See to it, then, that none loiter by the way. Let AMPLIFIED SUPPORT be given to the journals devoted to the grandest faith ever vouchsafed to the people of earth. Enable us to lift the sombre mantle which old theology has placed upon the shoulders of mortality, that the bright and genial rays of the sun of modern Spiritualism, inaugurated in the nineteenth century, may shine upon them, to bless and prepare them for the life eternal. Let it shine with such splendor that the now dark entrance to the tomb shall become a pleasant avenue to the Spirit-Land. Then indeed shall death be swallowed up in victory, and our spirit-friends with joy indescribable will welcome us to our heavenly home.

Return of Seth Himeshaw.

In a recent number of the Banner we alluded to the departure to the spirit-world of the venerable Seth Himeshaw, one of "Nature's noblemen," and a true friend to humanity. Last week his spirit visited our free circle, took control of the medium and addressed the audience. He said he had intended to visit the circle while in the form, but had failed to do so; but he knew he could come after he had left his body. He said he was very happy; to him the spirit-world was more beautiful than language had ever portrayed; spirits do return, and give the best account of it they can, but not complete. He wished he had more fully lived up to his belief, although he thought he had done the best he knew how; he now sees wherein he could have done better. He wants all his friends to be kind to the poor, and deal justly by all humanity, and when they come to the spirit-world they will find their names written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Coal Gas.

There are far too frequent cases of suffocation in sleeping apartments from the escape of this fatal exhalation. One single fatal instance ought to serve as a sufficient warning. It should be understood, once for all, that no coal fire should be kept in a sleeping apartment. The gas generated by anthracite or charred coal is of the deadliest character. What is the greater wonder, even when such dangerous fuel is made use of, all the windows are closed tight before individuals go to sleep, which would seem to be a special invitation for death by that very way.

The Children's Lyceum in St. Louis.

We publish on our third page letters from A. J. Davis, giving an account of his inaugurating a Sunday Lyceum in St. Louis, and also some timely suggestions in regard to forming Lyceums elsewhere. The papers there generally speak well of the new mode of teaching. In one of them we find the following remarks in relation to a "progressive sance," as it is termed:

"The members of the Children's Lyceum held a Sociable at Verandah Hall Monday night, at which were present over two hundred children, ranging from four to sixteen years, most of them members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, lately inaugurated in this city by Andrew Jackson Davis."

The famous "Banner March" was performed beautifully by the children, eliciting repeated rounds of applause from the spectators. After the march was over the "Queen of Beauty and Gifts" was led to the beautiful bower erected for her, the children formed in two lines lengthwise of the hall, and the veritable old Santa Claus made his appearance, borne down with his packs of presents, amid the shouts of the children and spectators. About one hundred and fifty packages of presents, neatly put up in white paper and inscribed with the donors' names, were placed upon the Queen's table by the children-loving, liberal old gent, and by her distributed as per inscription.

Mr. Davis was remembered among the other children, and received from old Santa Claus a very handsome watch chain, valued at fifty dollars.

After this gay scene was over refreshments were served and dancing commenced and was continued until a late hour, the older misses and young gentlemen remaining to enjoy this fascinating feat of the feet, and the little shavers going home. It was a very successful and fine affair, and never did children more thoroughly enjoy themselves than upon this occasion.

During the evening a lady medium sang a very beautiful song, claimed to have been given under spirit-inspiration. The instrument was a wretched affair, and did not at all do credit to the lady's sweet voice and fine execution.

Complimentary Expression.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists in New York, passed the following complimentary preamble and resolution, at one of their meetings in the early part of December, expressive of their appreciation of the labors of A. J. Davis:

Whereas, Our friend and brother, Mr. A. J. Davis, late President of this Board, and of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists represented by us, has labored long and faithfully in this city for the promotion of the objects had in view in the formation of our Association; and

Whereas, Circumstances have caused his withdrawal from his official relations to us; therefore, Resolved, That we deeply and sincerely regret the necessity that exists for this step on the part of our brother, and while, under the circumstances, we cannot with him in the wisdom of the course he has taken, we still hope that before many months have passed we shall be able to recall him, improved in health and vigor, to this, his accustomed field of labor. P. E. FARNSWORTH, Secy.

Meetings in the Melodeon.

Mr. F. L. H. Willis closed the old year with two very superior lectures to large audiences in the Melodeon, before the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists. The four lectures which he has given during his engagement, were received with great satisfaction by the auditors. Mr. Willis is one of the ablest lecturers on the spiritual philosophy now in the field, and we hope opportunity will be given him to be heard oftener here.

Mrs. CORA L. V. DANIELS, the most popular lecturer of the day, is engaged for next Sunday.

Children's Lyceum in Chelsea.

The Society of Spiritualists in Chelsea have become well established. They have regular Sunday meetings, and procure the best speakers. Order and harmony prevail in their midst. On the last Sunday of the old year they inaugurated a Children's Lyceum, and they enter upon the labors of the New Year with a fine prospect of establishing the largest school in the city. Already a goodly number of bright, loving and happy children have joined in this new mode of education, by which "the inner life unrolls, flower-like, beneath the sun of intellect." Success attend them.

Geological Lectures.

Mrs. N. J. Willis gave the fourth lecture of her course of ten on Geology, in the Melodeon, on Wednesday evening last. These lectures purport to be given by the spirit of the late Professor Siliman, the medium being fully entranced during the delivery. The interest in these remarkable lectures increases each evening. The next will be given on Wednesday evening at the same place. It may be well to state that Mrs. Willis is entirely unacquainted with the subject of Geology, hence the more wonderful performance.

"Every Saturday."

The above is the title of the new weekly journal issued on the commencement of the New Year, by Ticknor & Fields, 124 Tremont street. It contains thirty-two large octavo pages, handsomely printed in double columns, with an engraved title page. Price \$5 per year, or ten cents single copy. It is made up of choice reading selected from the current literature to be found in the English and Continental Magazines. The publishers' names are sufficient guarantee of its success. It has our best wishes.

The Holidays.

The holiday season has passed with more than its usual pleasantness. We have not seen so much gladness in a long time. Almost every face wore a smile. Gifts and gifts never abounded so strikingly. It is a beautiful custom, this, of renewing old friendships and establishing new ones, by those tokens of kindness and good will. May none of the pledges recently exchanged come short of their full meaning.

Mental Freedom.

Old Theology has, with her inexorable will, bound in mental chains the people of earth too long; and the time has now come when JERICOVAH ordains that his people shall go free! Let every act, every motive of your lives, Spiritualists, show to the world that you are sincere in the great work entrusted to your care, and your triumph will be sure—your reward certain.

The Freedmen.

Sir Morton Peto, who has recently returned to England from a tour in this country, refers to the Freedmen at the South as follows:

"Have no fears for the future of the freedmen, unless they are driven by harsh laws to array themselves against the whites. And if the South produces less in the future than she has done in the past, it will be because she does not legislate wisely. The barbarousness of Jamaica to-day is due to the harsh legislation which drove the negroes from the plantation to their mountain patches, where what they produced was their own."

The Eddy Family.

These mediums for physical manifestations are holding public sances in New York. We learn it is their intention to visit Washington during the winter.

Niagara Falls Canal.

Mr. Horace H. Day, a prominent and thoroughly "irrepressible" citizen of New York, has recently produced a decided sensation among the commercial men of Boston by his proposal for getting steam vessels through the Falls Canal by a plan which is a marvelous improvement on the old "lock" system, and which we do not presume to doubt was impressed upon his brain by the higher intelligences. The new plan contemplates the construction of a series of what he styles "double inclined planes," the vessel all the time remaining encased in the water, and the vessel and movable lock are carried through together. The idea impressed itself, with the aid of Mr. Day's clear explanation, with such force on the minds of the members of the Board of Trade, that they passed him a resolution of hearty thanks for his timely suggestion. The plan will doubtless be submitted to a practical trial soon.

Another Lecturer in the Field.

In our list of lecturers the reader will find the name of Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, widow of the late Col. Alexander M. Mitchell, of St. Joseph, Mo., and formerly of Ohio. She refers to Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Chicago, the well known writer and lecturer. Friends give her a chance to be of service in the good cause.

New Music.

We have received two new songs, published in Philadelphia, entitled, "The Soldier's Dream of Home," words by Chas. Slater, music by Felix Schelling, and "Maiden's Eyes," words by Festus, music composed and arranged by Felix Schelling.

A New Book.

Hudson Tuttle's new work on "The Origin and Antiquity of Physical Man, Scientifically Considered," is just issued from the press. The subject is handled in an able manner. We shall notice the book more fully in our next issue.

Mrs. Chamberlain.

Annie Lord Chamberlain has gone to New York for the purpose of holding musical circles. She will remain there four weeks. Her address is at 274 Canal street.

Many of our earth friends desire questions, such as they may propose, answered by their personal friends in the spirit-land. Now we would say to one and all that their friends are at liberty to come and manifest at our public circle whenever the conditions are favorable. We never call upon any particular spirit to speak. This matter is controlled exclusively by the spirit-guides of the circle.

New York Matters.

Spiritualism still progresses in this city, without regard to the opposition from the press and old theology.

Miss Lizzie Doten speaks at Elbitt Hall this month. She was exceedingly well liked at Hope Chapel last month.

Mrs. Bullene speaks at Hope Chapel this month; her meetings at Elbitt Hall last month were well attended and were highly instructive.

The Tribune of to-day pays both speakers a high compliment, in regard to their ability to instruct and interest the public. They will give a series of lectures at Hope Chapel, on Thursday evenings; Miss Doten commencing to-night.

H. Melville Fay has been trying to "humbug" the public with what he terms "exposure" of Spiritualism, in the way of physical manifestations. There is no use wasting paper and ink on him, as no one that knows him gives him a casual thought. The article in regard to his course, in last week's Banner, does him justice.

The Eddy Family and Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain have commenced their sances here in a hall on Broadway, styled "The Temple of Truth." Last evening their manifestations were powerful and satisfactory. The hall is not at all what they should have in this city. I want to see them in "Cooper Institute," with a full house; this is what their manifestations richly deserve. A person who came a long distance to witness their manifestations last evening, was selected as one of the committee to do the tying, &c. He had also been to see Fay, and was on the committee to tie him. He told the audience last evening that the manifestations through the Eddys were entirely different from Fay's, and that he was perfectly satisfied the manifestations through the Eddy Family were accomplished by a power outside of them. SHAWMUT. New York, Jan. 4, 1866.

Spirit-Messages.

I read in your Banner of last week another communication from my aunt, and if anything was needed to confirm me in my belief of modern Spiritualism, this communication would have done it. She speaks of her friends having charged me with having written the first, which was published in November last. When that communication was first published, I was on a visit to Massachusetts. One evening, while at a near relative's, (a sister) the question of its origin was discussed, and I was, half-jocularly, and half earnestly, charged with writing it. I did not mention the conversation, nor did my sister, consequently I can come to no other conclusion than that my aunt was present and heard what was said. My aunt was also always an opponent of Spiritualism; and the earnestness with which she endeavors to enforce the fact of her return, I consider to be very much like her. ALFRED HORTON. Washington, D. C., Dec. 31, 1865.

ANOTHER.—Mrs. Susan M. Bridgman, of Belchertown, Mass., writes to us that she was in our free circle room at the time the communication was given from the spirit of Louis Bridgman, (printed on our sixth page) through Mrs. Conant, and that she is the mother the spirit alluded to in such affectionate terms. The general tenor of the message, and the prompt manner in which it was spoken, were characteristic of him.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

In very many places there is a great interest felt in the question of some means for the education of the young, in some form better than the Orthodox Sunday-school affords. Many have heard of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, but have not seen it, and have no definite idea of its nature, and still less of the *modus operandi* of carrying it on. Indeed, it is necessary to have the aid of some one acquainted with the subject, in order to a successful commencement. The undersigned is prepared to give an exposition of the principles and methods of Children's Lyceum, and assist in their formation. Spiritualists who wish to engage in this good work, can secure his services by addressing him at Boston, care of the Banner office. The New Year is a good time to begin in this good work.

J. S. LOVELAND.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken 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; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

Invocation.

Oh, thou whose love prevails
Over all the ills of life,
Whose mercy never falters,
When we are weary of the strife
That comes of human weakness—
By some called human sin—
Whose wisdom opens Heaven's gates,
That all may enter in;
We would sing thee glad hosannas,
We would join the earth and air
In their everlasting chorus,
And their one eternal prayer.
For all that life can give us,
For all that hath been given,
For every tear of sorrow,
And every hope of Heaven,
We thank thee, oh our God. Nov. 14.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—In compliance with your usual custom, we are now ready to consider whatever questions you may have to present.

Ques.—Will not our spiritual bodies resemble our earthly bodies?

Ans.—Forms change. This is inevitable. The bodies that are called spirit-bodies, are but forms, and therefore subject to the law of change. Immediately after passing out of the human form, the spirit-form resembles that human form. But after a time, the resemblance is lost, for you are all growing, progressing, unfolding; and these human forms are by no means the highest that life can produce.

Q.—Can the spirits of our friends make themselves known, or seen?

A.—That is a question that the manifestations of this nineteenth century have answered—emphatically answered.

Q.—When we pass to the spirit-world will our friends wear such forms, or spiritual bodies, as will enable us to recognize them as we do here?

A.—Spirit does not recognize spirit by its form. It recognizes spirit by the law of spirit; that is independent of form. You need not fear that you will fail to recognize your friends after death. You certainly will. The law of your own being and their's will prohibit such a calamity.

Q.—Is it right for an individual to surrender his own convictions of right under any circumstances?

A.—By no means. You should always obey that which is right to you, so far as you are able to.

Q.—Will those endearments, ties and affections, such as exist between parent and child, brother and sister, be recognized in the spirit-world? If so, in what form?

A.—They will be an outgrowth, a perfection of that you have here in earth-life; a something more beautiful, yet corresponding with what you have here.

Q.—Is the spirit conscious while the body sleeps?

A.—Always.

Q.—Is it possible for the body to know that when it awakes?

A.—No; it is your human consciousness that slumbers, not the spiritual, not that inner consciousness that belongs specially to your inner lives. That never loses its consciousness, is always wide awake.

Q.—If spirits are cognizant of earthly actions, are they not concerned and troubled when we sorrow?

A.—Sometimes your sorrow reaches them, and their sorrow, in consequence, is far more keen than yours. But it is always modified by the knowledge that you will pass beyond it; that there is sunlight in the distance.

Q.—Is it possible for all to find communion with departed friends? and will they be successful, if they earnestly seek for it?

A.—Sometimes the conditions and circumstances intervening between you and them, prevent their coming into clear, intelligent rapport with you. But the more earnestly you seek, the more sure you will be that your prayer will be answered. It is by no means an impossibility for any spirit to return, holding communion with friends on earth. It is only a question of time and conditions.

Q.—Is not much of our social unhappiness the result of that feeling that falls to acknowledge and see right?—in each individual's acting up to his highest conceptions of right?

A.—Yes, certainly. The law of might is still exorcised by our humans, and so long as it is, so long you will have sorrow in consequence. Until you shall be willing to yield obedience to the laws of right, in all cases, and under all circumstances, you will dwell, at least, upon the boundaries of hell; for hell is but a condition of unhappiness.

Q.—The Hindoo mother sacrifices her child. Is it right?

A.—It is right to them. And they present to you one of the sublime forms of worship the human ever presented. They yield up their treasures to it. They give it their best and brightest gems. How many of you are willing to do as much for your religion?

Q.—May it not be true that the spirits who sympathize with mortals, often use their influence to warn us of approaching danger, and guide us, lest we err, and we not be aware of it?

A.—This has always been the case. The friends who have passed beyond are all able, under certain conditions, to see you, understand what you are doing, to warn you of danger, to alleviate your distress, wipe away your tears, and point you to that better land beyond the tomb. But you are all unconscious of this, at least many of you are. The nineteenth century has opened a book in which the angels are writing their names. And many a one has read therein the name of some loved one, and has been lifted, in consequence, above the sorrows of earth. Their crosses have been made light, and their pathways have been strewn with flowers. Nov. 14.

Lucy J. Garcia.

It is twenty-two years this present month since I closed my eyes upon earthly scenes. I was very hard to go, for I was leaving my infant child, I was leaving a dear companion, was leaving a loved mother and father, one sister, two brothers, and many dear friends. For then I never thought it would be possible to even know of the existence of our friends after we had left them in death. But I am confident that but a few hours had elapsed between the time of my death and my awakening in spirit-life, and I was equally conscious of the condition of my earthly friends as I was of my own condition.

Since my boy has grown to manhood, he has many, many times regretted that he was deprived of a mother's love. Oh, could he have seen, could he have known how near I was to him, even then, in some of his hours of sadness, he would not have chided the great Eternal Father for removing me from his presence.

A few days since, in one of the Southern cities where my son sojourns, I heard him make this remark: "If this great delusion of modern times has anything of truth in it, why don't some one who has loved me, return from that wondrous hereafter? If they should, I would believe; but being as they do not, what have I to pin my faith to? Surely, nothing."

Oh, then I prayed so earnestly for power to return! And to-day my prayer is answered. I was born in the western part of New York State. My parents left me when I was a child, and I was then adopted by kind ones whom I always recognized as my own father and mother—they were such to me—and I knew no difference between them and my real parents, until the angel-world revealed the fact to me. Then I looked back upon those who were as my own to me when here.

Early in life I married one Thomas Garcia. When this son was born of whom I speak, I passed to the spirit-world. All these years I've watched over him; all these years I've led him, as far as I was able to, away from sin, that wily tempter; all these years I've tried to bless him, but he's been unconscious of it; he's many times upbraided the Great God for removing me from him, for he said, "if I had had a mother's love I should have been saved from this or that sin." But oh, he has not seen what wisdom what the Father has done for him. To-day I ask that my son, William Garcia, hear me; understand me; and know that, although I left him, a willing infant, twenty-two years ago, I am his mother still. I love him still, and will give him the opportunities many give their friends, I will cheer him, I will talk to him, I will give him that assurance that no one else can give him, that we can return and commune with our friends on earth. Lucy J. Garcia. Farewell. Nov. 14.

Henry Wirz.

I said if the light you gave me was true, I would come back and say so to the friends who handed me that little bit of paper in your city. I have found it all true. Henry Wirz, dead and alive.

They told you I murdered your soldiers. So I did; but by other authorities than those within me. I was an instrument, a tool. I was a soldier, and obeyed orders just as your soldiers do. I have sinned, but God Almighty knows I have suffered for it. I expect to suffer, and I receive my suffering and drink it in, knowing it's just. It may be for many ages that I shall have to suffer, but I am assured by the same Power that assured me what I was to see and know hereafter, that it will not be eternal. So I'm satisfied. Thanks for your promptness in sending me what you did. It is true. So say to those who were kind enough to give me the information. Nov. 14.

Sewall Armstrong.

The revolving machinery of life turns out strange events sometimes. I was Sewall Armstrong; at one time was confined at Andersonville, under the special protection of the gentleman who has just left. He says he expects to suffer, and is willing to. Very glad to hear that, because I should be rather sorry to see what he'll have to go through forced upon him. The law of compensation is exceedingly active on our side. He's going to receive his pay with interest there.

I was from Titusville, Pennsylvania, where I have friends residing who would doubtless be very glad to know how I died, where and when, &c. I was among those who were on the list for exchange, but there was something like a week or so delay, and during that time, I could not stand up under the hard treatment, so I concluded to die. I did not suffer half as much as some did who were in the same division of the prison with me; but I suffered enough. For all that, I would not care to make any one else suffer because I was made to, if I was put to the test. However, there are a great many of the boys who say they are determined to put those through that put them through. I don't know but it's right enough, for they certainly deserve to suffer.

I did not know anything about this way of coming back before I died, but I am very glad to know it now. If the folks will hunt up somebody I can use, I should be right glad to talk. I am Sewall Armstrong, just as I was when here. I am not conscious of being any better, any worse, or any different—except the loss of my body. That I've not got; all the rest I have.

I was private in the 9th Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, and I can't exactly understand how it was I got nabbed at the time I was; never could understand it. We were told that the enemy was not within six or seven miles of us. There was some mistake, and we were thrown into confusion and a good many of us were bagged.

I am very well satisfied with everything where I am. I have no wish to come back, that is, to stay. I've only been very earnest to communicate with my friends, but don't care about living here again. Good-day. Nov. 14.

Anna Caffey.

Please to say that Anna Caffey comes. I do not want to say much, because I don't want to stay long. I lived here nine years, one month and a little more—over nine years. I lived in New York. [City?] Yes, sir. I don't want to talk here. [Don't you want to say something to your friends?] Yes. My mother went to a medium in New York, and I wrote then that I'd come here to prove that I did come there. She went to see if she could hear from me, although she didn't believe in these things. But I said I'd come, I'd come here. Nov. 14.

Invocation.

Our Father, we do not ask that our prayers may reach the great white throne in the Christian's far-famed new Jerusalem. We only ask that they may reflect something of truth, of holy endeavor, not alone upon these children, nor upon this one world, but upon all souls, all worlds. We ask that through our prayers and holy endeavors humanity may be made better and wiser and happier. We ask that, by our return, their feet may be led into pleasant paths, their thoughts turned into holy ways, and all their being strengthened

with holy purposes. Let us prove to thy children that there is but one Father, one God, and so all men must be his work, so all men must have come from one source, all must revolve around one centre; therefore all are in these. We ask that we may teach these children to forget caste, to forget color, and station, to forget all in the holy recollection that thou art their Father, and all men are their brethren. Let us teach them to pray from their inner lives. Let us inspire them with a consciousness that thou art ever with them, blessing them; ever shedding thy love upon them, at all times, in all places. Though clouds sometimes come between the earth and the sun, yet the sun is shining all the while, and the earth feels its power. So all souls feel thy influence, all being rests in thee. Oh, again, we ask that we may make humanity better by our coming. Oh, may the earth grow better with the knowledge that the angels do return; that death is swallowed up in life; that the tomb is no longer the house of the dead; that all places are filled with life. Receive our praises, bless our utterances, and unto thee be all honor and glory and praise forever and forever. Amen. Nov. 10.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—By Mrs. D. H., of Leavenworth, Kansas: What course, (if any,) should be pursued to induce spirit-influence?

Ans.—"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and you hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it comes, or whither it goes." So is all spiritual influence. It is impossible to tell what circumstances favor the coming of spirits. There can be no general standard that will answer for all time. Sometimes certain circumstances favor the return of the spirit. Sometimes certain other circumstances favor its return. But it is always well to live as near natural law as you are able to. This will aid you much in this respect.

Q.—By M. C. M. P., of Manhattan, Kan.: Some eighteen months since, on returning from a séance held in this city, I beheld a phenomenon which I have been unable to account for. It was a white object resembling a board or plank, some eight or ten feet long; was in the road some thirty yards distant, when first discovered, coming toward me, gradually rising from the ground as it proceeded, and when passing me, it took me in the face, almost depriving me of breath. Now, was this a spiritual manifestation, or was it merely a vapor? If it was a spirit, could it not have taken a human form, and thus have convinced me of the possibility of spirits coming back to earth? Or was it some of my spirit-friends wishing to convince me, and yet fearing to alarm me if they came in the form of the flesh?

A.—We should judge that the latter conclusion was most correct.

Q.—Many honest seekers after truth are often perplexed by the generalities and the vagueness of the descriptions of spirits, as to the how, or mode of living in the spirit-realm. We should be very thankful if the spirit controlling to-day would throw some light on the subject by discoursing awhile on the details of life in the sphere following death here; that is, present to us a homely, inside view of the life of a single spirit, for instance, and tell us how it is sustained—what it does, &c.

A.—All spirit is simply embodied thought. Now it so happens that your thoughts concerning the reality of things that exist in the spirit-world are so vague and indistinct, so mixed up with the unnatural teachings that have been forced upon you through your educational process, that it is difficult to give you a just conception of spiritual things. Spirit is thought. Do not forget that; embodied thought, or thought having form. Now, because it has form, that implies a necessity for a place wherein to live, exist and outwork the capabilities of that form. That all spirits do possess the characteristics that were theirs in earth-life after death, is a fact that has been demonstrated again and again by the returning spirit. This being true, their desires, and the ways to outwork those desires, are furnished the spirit in spirit-life. Yet, inasmuch as mind or thought differs from the machine or body through which the spirit outworks its desires in earth-life, so the outworking of thought differs from the outworking of material things. The tree grows, the flower puts forth its bloom, and sheds its fragrance upon the air. Your spiritual senses take in their beauty. Your human senses, also, take in, analyze, and feed upon thoughts. But these thoughts that the spirit feeds on, must first be passed through human realities, material sources, and by that process become materialized, so much so, that they can be harmonized with material senses. Therefore they can understand them, and realize that they are material. What would a thought be worth to you if it was not projected through sensuous life? Nothing. So, then, you pass through experiences in spirit-life, similar to those here. The things you love here, you still love. That which you were attracted to by virtue of your spirituality, you will still be attracted to materially in the spirit-world. All these things by which you are surrounded have their spirit. This table has its spirit. Your dwellings have their spirit. The sun, moon, stars, every blade of grass, tree, every running stream, every ocean, everything that mind can conceive of, has its spirit. Therefore this world is the spirit-world, and these things that appeal to your human senses have their spirit. This is the spirit-world. The spirit realizes that by which the human body is surrounded, and through which it outworks its mission, viz: material forms, or substance; and still more, it makes use of the inner life of these forms for its own growth. Nov. 16.

Lulu Hooper.

I want to go to my mother, yes; sir. Uncle Charles said, perhaps my mother would let me come home if I come here.

She says I'm with the Saviour, but I ain't. I—I ain't. I—I want to go home—I want to go home. [And talk with your mother?] Yes. [Where does your mother reside?] Jamaica Plains. [You'll have to ask her to go to some medium.] She don't believe I—[Your coming here may induce her to give you an opportunity to speak.]

Uncle Charles brought me here. He says I must pray that the angels—that's my teachers—will break the crust of religious superstition that's around my father and mother, so I can come. [What is your name?] Lulu Hooper. [Give your father's name?] Richard Hooper. [Your mother's name?] Helen Louisa Hooper. [What was your age?] Most seven. [Can you tell how long you have been in the spirit-land?] Yes; only a little while—last summer. (It was very difficult for this spirit to speak freely and connectedly.)

My Uncle Charles was blown up with a torpedo. [Was he? out South?] Yes, the—the transport was—[You'll feel better the next time you come.] I had a fever. [Did you have any brothers or sisters?] Yes, one. [A brother?] Yes. Oh I want grandmother Hooper to help me, so I can go to mother and father. I'm going. [Come again, if you don't succeed this time.] My

uncle's name was Charles O. Muzzey. [Was he an officer?] Yes. Nov. 10.

Louis Bridgman.

I'm Louis Bridgman. I brought little Susie here to learn how these things are done here.

My father and mother live in Belchertown, Mass. I go to them there; but I said a good while ago I was coming here, but I never could get a chance to come till to-day.

Now I only happened in because Uncle Bridgman—the doctor what used to live here—is here. He's going to speak pretty soon to somebody what he used to know here. He will say that my father and mother, that's in Belchertown, ain't my father and mother. They're all the father and mother I know, all I want to know. Yes, I have got another father and mother in the spirit-world; but those here are my father and mother, and I love 'em dearly, too. I would n't give 'em up for anybody. That was Susie's father and mother, too.

I'm happy in the spirit-world, and I'm going to be an artist—an artist! I'll paint worlds what I shine, I will, when I get learned and get a good medium that I can paint and chisel through; then I'll do things that'll make the world believe we can come back. I know I will; yes, I know I will, because my teachers in the spirit-world say God always furnishes means for the earnest soul to work through. I'll be earnest, I know I will. Good-bye, mister; much obliged. Nov. 16.

John Colton.

'Tis very hard for a man who's always been of the opinion that there wasn't any coming back, or any life after you died, to come back at all—I say it's 'ard to say.

I kept the Good Will House in Liverpool for seventeen years and better.

My name was Colton—John Colton. They used to say that I would give you the best piece of roast beef, and the best cup of coffee to be found in all Liverpool. Now the place has gone into other hands, but I often go there to try and materialize myself, so I can come somewhere and speak. I go there to take my starting point. I've left two sons, and it is for them I am making this attempt to speak. I taught them in their boyhood and babyhood that there was no life after death. I come to take away all that, and give them something better.

I am John Colton, just as I was here. Now because I know this, I want somebody here to know it, too. I sow bad seeds in the hearts of my boys. I want to uproot it. That is well, I suppose. [Did they believe as you did?] Oh, they did.

I was a practical individual when I was 'ere, and I am so now; so I'll say what I've to say, 'aving no more to do.

These folks—mediums—it's one of them I want my boys to seek out—one whom they find I can speak through, and I will come; you see? [Yes.] I, John Colton, want my boys to go to them and sit down with them and talk with me. If I can, I will come. [If they do not succeed with one medium, they must try another.] Try. I leave enough money to try with, if that's wanted. Try; if it's not found in one, try two; if not in two, try four. That is what I want.

I had first an affection of my right foot. It came up and swelled until it come across me here (stomach); then I went out. That's what I did with you—you'll 'ave it died, so died it must be. Nov. 16.

Dora Edmondton.

I suppose the most real sorrow the spirit experiences after death, is that that comes in consequence of the grief of our friends because they have been separated from us, as they think. We seem to be so thoroughly baptized in the sorrow of our friends, that sorrow is so quickened by our own spiritual state, that it is far more intense than that they experience. So when the time comes, if it ever does, that those who remain in the body learn that there is no occasion for sorrow, so far as the freed spirit is concerned, then, indeed, that will be a happy time for the dwellers in the spirit-world.

For the last two years and a half I have been so thoroughly immersed in the sorrow of my friends, that it has been almost like a lake of fire and brimstone to me; and I know if they could only have known what sorrow they were forcing upon me, by indulging in grief, they would have stayed it, even at the cost of their natural lives. They did not know it.

Some of my friends, whose sorrow is the keenest at my loss, have no permanent hopes of a tangible spirit-world. They have an indistinct realization of a life hereafter; but it is so indistinct, and so vague, that it does not benefit them much. And so they say it may be that we shall never see our friends again, and the thought is terrible. But if they only knew what many of you who are blest with this Spiritual Philosophy know, how happy they might be.

I lived but seventeen years here, and for the most part they were years of happiness. During your recent Convention in the city that was my birth-place, I was almost a constant attendant, hoping that I might induce some of the bright stars in your spiritual firmament to yield to my influence, and let me send one cheering word to those of my friends who were in sorrow at my death. I only succeeded in paying the way for this place, something that is a great blessing, and I fully appreciate it.

I was Dora Edmondton, daughter of Timothy and Rachel Edmondton. I would that my friends dry their tears, stay their sorrow on my account, and know that there is a beautiful hereafter; that they are surrounded by their friends even now; that the change is not so great, the distance between them and me is not so great as they think.

I would like that they seek some means by which I can speak to them. I will try to wipe away their tears, bind up their wounds. I will show them that there is a life after death, a blessed world in which we live, and in which they are to live after death. Nov. 16.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Nov. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Madam Hannah Murray, to her family; Daniel Magoun, to his brother, Peter Magoun, of this city; Colonel Timothy H. Bradley, of the 7th Georgia Infantry, to his wife Margaret, and his uncle, George de Clare, to his mother, in New Orleans, La.

Thursday, Nov. 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Joseph K. Edmunds, of Cleveland, O., to his relatives; David Andrew, to his friends, in Carleton, Ind.; Elizabeth Truman, of Rochester, N. Y.; Mary Henderson, to her husband, M. C. Brooks, to Lieut. John Brooks, late on board the "Shenandoah."

Friday, Nov. 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; The spirit who controls the Eddy Boys; Wm. Livingston, Superintendent of the Lowell & Lawrence Railroad; Elijah K. Olive, a free dealer, who lived on Sea Street, Boston, to his son, Annie McCarthy, who lived in Jackson Court, to Father Mc Carthy.

Tuesday, Nov. 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Edson, of Bridgewater, to his brother, Rev. Theo. Edson, Pastor of St. Ann's Church, Lowell, Mass.; Father Letre, of New Orleans, to his wife, Mrs. Letre, in New Orleans, La.; Augusta Moore, to her mother, in New York City.

Thursday, Nov. 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Oliver Watson, who died in New Orleans, La., to her mother, in Halifax, N. S.; Lieut. Wm. Hudson, from Fort Laramie, to his brother, David Hudson, at last accounts in or near Littleville, Ala.; Miles Thompson, of Guiana, Gu., to his two sons, at the South.

Monday, Dec. 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Evelyn, daughter of James K. Sawyer, of Savannah, Ga.; James Smith, a Protestant Irishman, to his wife, Mrs. Ann Smith, to the Father in her town; Tim Bridges, horse jockey, to his father, a grocer, in this city.

Tuesday, Dec. 5.—Invocation: Leader C. Stinson, 6th

Maine Vol. to his mother, in Oldtown, Me.; Louis Grey, who died in Baltimore, Md., to her mother, Elizabeth, in Provincetown, N. S.; John J. Smith, to his wife, Mrs. J. J. Smith, in New York City; James L. Smith, to his friends, in Georgetown, D. C.

Monday, Dec. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Friends in Brooklyn, N. Y.; James Murdoch, an actor; Sarah James Taylor, who lived on Sea Street, Boston, to her son, John Taylor, who lived in Jackson Court, to Father Mc Carthy; Anst. Norton at Fort Darling, desires to communicate with friends at home; James Murray, to his cousin, Ellen Murray.

Tuesday, Dec. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Carlos Heintz, under invocation, to friends; Major Geo. K. Tyler, 2d Virginia, to Wm. Tyler, in Richmond, Va.; Charles Dearborn, 2d Mass. Vol., to friends; James Martin, drummer boy, 3d New York, to Gen. Robert Ould, and relatives in New York.

Thursday, Dec. 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Edward Harrows, a driver, of New Orleans, La., to his friends; Charles Osgood, of Cleveland, Mass., to his parents; John Shannon, of the 31 New Hampshire Vols., Co. C; Joseph Thompson, of Boston, to his friends.

Monday, Dec. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Caroline L. Wiseman, to Samuel Wiseman, of Portsmouth, Va.; Major Wm. H. Dixon, of Georgia, to his brother, Augustus James Welch, who resided in High Street, Boston, to his wife Mary; Arabella Stearns, whose father keeps a store in Canal Street, to her mother, New York City.

Tuesday, Dec. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Osgood Eaton, of this city, to friends; John Gilcrease, to his mother-in-law; Ebenezer Francis, to some of his distant relatives residing in Boston.

Thursday, Dec. 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Lieut. Allen Davis, to his father, in New Orleans, La.; Thos. Williams, (colored), cook on board the "John Edin," to his wife Maria, in New York City; Annie Sledge, of Thompsonville, O., to her mother; Harry Stanton, of Pittsburgh, Mass.

Tuesday, Dec. 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Frederick Lane, of Union Park Street, Boston, to his children; Mary Sullivan, to Patrick and Mary McCarthy, of this city; John Frost, to his brother, Walter Frost; Hiram (Colt.) Tubbs, to his grandfather, in California.

Thursday, Dec. 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Frank Williams, (son of John Williams), who lived at No. 11 Louisa Street, Boston; Wm. Paul, of Brownville, Ind., to his sister Sarah Ann, and friends; Charlotte Taylor, of Warrington, Va., to her mother, Henry Taylor, and friends; Anthony Burns, to his friends in Scotland and America.

Monday, Jan. 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Joe Pick, 2d Wisconsin, to his friends; Lieut. Henry C. Smith, bridgeport, Mass., to her parents and sister Lizzie; Horace Taylor, to friends.

Tuesday, Jan. 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Seth Hinckley, of Greenboro', Ind.; Agnes Leach, to her sister, in New York City; Maggie, a slave, to Alice, a slave, and her former master, Major Henry Olyse.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Strange Phenomenon.

By some means unknown to me, many have received the idea that Spiritualism was less clear to me than formerly; and as many inquiries are sent me concerning the matter, I have at last determined to answer them wholesale through the columns of the Banner.

I love the philosophy which Spiritualism teaches, and through it have gained a knowledge (not belief) of immortality, for which I can never feel too grateful. I have been what is termed a medium from my earliest recollection; but I am opposed to ascribing to spirits in the objective world what belongs rightfully to those in the subjective. I do not believe or have the smallest faith in the origin of a thousandth part of the so-called spirit-manifestations, whether given by myself or another.

Enough, however, has been given to satisfy me that humanity exists beyond the grave. If such an admission makes me a Spiritualist, so be it. As regards the great questions of the day, I can truly say that hand, heart and head are with every needed reform, either political, religious or social; but I do not like the lewdness of many styling themselves lovers of truth and liberty.

As strange phenomena meet me outside of that called spiritual, as well as within its sacred circle, I will relate an incident, hoping that those who have seen and comprehended more of the workings of the human mind than my humble self will explain what to me is a mystery.

Some time since I met an old friend by the name of Clarence Henry; his family and friends always call him Henry; but, owing to his extremely fine organization and feminine tastes, I had abbreviated his first name to Clara. After sitting and conversing with him a little time, he suddenly changed in looks and manners; his eyes closed for an instant, then opened—but such a change! a mightier spirit than mine must wield the pen which describes the spiritual beauty that for an hour lit up that earthly countenance.

Fancy a disembodied soul standing out alone, and saying to every discordant element of life, "Be still!" and you will have a faint picture of the reality which stood before me. On speaking, he said, "I am Clara; Henry has gone to sleep; we (Clara and Henry) are two souls in one body; Henry has will, but I have not; I am nothing but attraction and repulsion. Henry, though he will to do ever so earnestly, can do nothing that I am much repelled from, and must do that which I am greatly drawn to, though he desire ever so much not to do it." He went on to say that "he (Clara) had never fully manifested himself before, and could do so now only through my presence, and that at any time I had only to wish for Clara and he would come and give me the signs by which his identity would be known."

On his appearing this time I am unconscious of using any will-power whatever to induce him to do so, and he came totally unexpected. But afterwards, when to test the matter, my will was exerted, Clara always responded, but could succeed in holding control only for a brief time. No thought of mine could be kept from him; and he would also reveal any secret thought of Henry's, who he now termed his brother. He went most pitiously "because he and Henry were in constant warfare;" but he added, "when he dies and goes to the world of

BY O. A. B.

While the various Pagan and Christian systems—the so-called false and true religions—give, in theory, at least, undue prominence to the cultivation of the religious side of man's threefold nature, at the expense of the others, Spiritualism seeks to indicate the need and necessity of mathematical education in the harmonious blending of all. In such a conjunction or equilibrium of the *religious*, the *philosophical* and the *practical*, there is found not only the proverbial strength that is born of Union

On the broad ground of use and economy, this bullying world of ours is being daily forced to acknowledge, against its will, this inescapable fact.

These gentlemen happened to be of the spiritual faith, and met many times in a circle formed by themselves, Mrs. Caroline Jordan, a writing medium, and Mr. Abraham James, hereafter referred to. The meetings of these persons and the holding of circles were apparently accidental, and

For many past favors kindest thanks; and

TO ALL MY FRIENDS AND FOES, WITHOUT DIS-
TINCTION OF COLOR OR CREED.

During the year I have lectured one hundred and twenty-one times, as follows: Five in Washington; three in Baltimore; three in Philadelphia; thirty-seven in New York, of which five were in the city; thirty-five in Vermont; twenty-four in New Jersey; thirteen in Pennsylvania (all in Philadelphia); four in Delaware, and three in Connecticut; for which my receipts were: For Washington, \$50 (\$10 each); Pennsylvania, \$32 (\$1 each), for two of which I received \$50, others \$1 each; New Jersey, \$24 (about \$4 each); New York, \$250 (about \$10 each); Vermont, \$75 (\$5 each); Delaware, \$20 (\$5 each); Connecticut, \$13 (about \$5 each); total, \$425, or less than \$5 each. It has taken a good share of this sum to pay my traveling and other expenses, owing to the increased prices, based on the currency of the war debts. My income tax never troubles me, and probably none of our speakers are greatly troubled with it.

WARREN CHASE,

New York, Jan. 1, 1866.

Boston-Melrose.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists

THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday, morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall No. 33

LECTUREES' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER
OF LIGHT.

WARREN CHASE will speak in Washington during January; in Philadelphia during March, and spend next summer in the West. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

MRS. FANNIE B. FELTON will speak in Lynn, Jan. 21 and 8; in Haverhill during February; in Taunton during March, address South Malden, Mass.

J. G. FISH will speak in Lowell, Mass. during January,

Mrs. ANNIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Willimantic, Ct., Jan. 14 and 21; in Charlestown during February. Address as above, or East Braintree, Vt.

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Troy, N. Y., during January; in Bridgeport, Ct., during February; in Lowell during March; in Boston, April 1 and 8. Will appear

MRS. MARY L. FRENCH, inspirational and trance medium, will answer calls to lecture or attend circles. Free Circles Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Address, Ellery street, Washington Village, South Boston.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.
Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will take sub-
scriptions for the Banner of Light, as usual.

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26