

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XVIII.

{ \$3.00 PER YEAR, }
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1866.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }
Eight Cents.

NO. 19.

Original Poetry.

"ECCE HOMO."

[The following inspirational poem was delivered by Miss Lizzie Doten in Hope Chapel, New York, on Christmas Eve, Dec. 24th, 1865.]

"When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith in the earth?"—*Luke xviii: 8.*

The merry Christmas time,
With song, and silvery chime,
Had come at last;
And brightly glowed each hearth,
While winter, o'er the earth,
Its snows had cast.
High in the old cathedral tower,
The ponderous bell majestic swung,
And with its voice of solemn power,
A summons to the people rung.

Then, forth from lowly walls,
And proud, ancestral halls,
Came rich and poor,
And faces wreathed with smiles,
Thronged the cathedral aisles,
As ne'er before.

Rich silks trailed o'er the marble pave,
And costly jewels glittered bright,
For gilded arch and spacious nave,
Were radiant with excess of light.

The deep-toned organ's swell,
Like billows rose and fell,
In floods of sound;
And the "Te Deum" rung,
As if by angels sung,
In space profound.

Forth the majestic anthem rolled
In harmony complete, and then
Pealed forth the angels' song of old,
Of "peace on earth, good will to men."

As the full chorus ceased,
Up rose the white-robed priest,
With solemn air;
With hands toward heaven outspread,
He bowed his stately head
In formal prayer.

Then, like some breathless, holy spell,
Upon the hushed and reverent crowd,
A deep, impressive silence fell,
And hands were clasped, and heads were bowed.

"Saviour of All!" he cried,
"Thou who wast crucified
For sinful man!
We worship at thy feet,
For thou hast made complete
Salvation's plan.

Come to thy people, Lord, once more,
And let the nations hear again
The song the angels sung of yore,
Of "peace on earth, good will to men."

As if his prayer was heard,
A sudden trembling stirred
The walls around.
The doors, wide open flung,
On ponderous hinges swung,
With solemn sound.

And then, straight up the foot-worn aisle,
A strange procession made its way,
In garments coarse, of simplest style,
A strange, incongruous array.

The first, most rudely clad,
A leathern girdle had
About him bound.
The next, in humblest guise,
Raised not his mournful eyes
From off the ground.

And next to these the dusky bowed,
And others, flushed with sin and shame,
And women, with their faces bowed
In deep contrition, slowly came.

No voice was heard, or sound,
From the vast concourse round,
Outspreading wide.
But onward still they passed,
Until they gained at last
The altar side.

Then said the lowly one, "Oh ye!
Who celebrate a Saviour's birth,
Should he return again, would he
Find faith among the sons of earth?"

Quick, with an angry frown,
The haughty priest looked down
Upon the crowd.
"Who are ye, that ye dare
Inveigle this house of prayer?"
He cried aloud.

"This temple, sacred to the Lord,
Not thus shall be profaned by you:
Your deeds with his do not accord—
Begone! Begone, ye vagrant crew!"

The lowly one replied—
"These, standing by my side,
Came at my call;
Nor need they have one fear,
With me to enter here—
God loves them all.

Thou hypocrite! thou dost reject
Me, through thy most unchristian creed,
And making truth of none effect,
Thou dost dishonor me indeed."

Around the stranger's head,
A radiant halo spread
Its glories bright;
His meek and tender face
Beamed with transcendent grace,
And heavenly light.

There, mighty in his power for good,
So gentle and divinely sweet,
The "Christus Conolorator" stood,
With weeping sinners at his feet.

"We must go hence," he said,
"To find the living bread.
Come, follow me!
My Father's house above
Is full of light and love,
And all is free."
High in the old cathedral tower,
The brazen bell majestic swung,
As if some straggling, mysterious power,
To sudden speech had moved its tongue.

Oh Christ! thou hope of men!
When thou shalt come again,
Through Truth's new birth,
May all the fruits of peace,
Be found in rich increase,
Upon the earth.
Then shall the song of sweet accord,
Sung by the heavenly hosts of yore,
To hail the coming of their Lord,
Sound through the ages evermore.

Original Essays.

DIVINE CAUSES.

BY NOEL.

A belief is widely entertained, by advanced minds, that all of being and existence is in the order of Divine Economy; that all that has and now does exist was necessary to the development, unfoldment and progression of the human spirit; that wars, revolutions, all inharmonies of the human kind, all false theories, all the evils resulting or growing out of a perverted social system, had, and have, a mission useful and necessary for man's growth to a higher and better life.

Let us examine and see if this be true; because, if true, it must necessitate an entire revolution of all advanced ideas of the Divine Intelligence; the economy of that intelligence in the use and end of all manifestations; and also of man's aspirations, hopes and desires to improve himself, and advance to higher conditions, and so reform society.

If, as the above belief implies, all the misdirections of man, and all his fallacies and errors were necessary, in the Divine thought, to the subsequent progression of the human spirit, it would prove Divine wisdom to be as imperfect as the human, and that there were no universal and uniform established laws which rule and direct throughout Nature's domains.

If, as it is asserted, all the fallacies, errors and evils have their uses, have a mission to fulfill, then they must have formed a part of the Divine plan. What! necessitate the propagation of error in order to establish Truth? Necessitate strife, antagonisms, wars, to produce harmony? Necessitate oppression and injustice in every form and degree, that justice may prevail and liberty be gained? But it will be said that if these errors and evils were not necessary, they would not exist. That is a hypocritical assumption, and would prove that the Divine had not the wisdom to make his work perfect.

The aspiration of every soul to advance to a higher plane, and the desire to improve the conditions of society, are positive proofs that these evils ought not to exist, and consequently could not exist, and that there were no part of the Divine plan as necessary to the development of man's interior self.

The above belief implies that God interferes in the affairs of mankind. If he does, he does not act by and through unchangeable, immutable, eternally established laws; he cannot be all-wise. If God interferes in the affairs of men in any one particular, he must in all; therefore the condition of society which compels labor to be subordinate to capital, which causes the wide distinctions among men in social life, which obliges the masses to suffer all the consequences of ignorance and poverty, must also have formed a part of the Divine plan. And all these evils have a Divine mission to fulfill, and are necessary to the progression of the race, does it not argue that God is unjust, is partial? or would it not be a legitimate inference that he had not the wisdom to foresee the consequences of certain acts or thoughts of his children? that he left all to the direction of chance, and in the event of misdirection and pursuing a wrong course, that he would then interfere and cause good to be educted out of the evil?

Does not such a belief have its basis in the dogma that God fore-ordained everything from the beginning?—all that is evil and false, and therefore the author of all evils and fallacies? The inconsistency of such belief is apparent in the variety of theological systems and forms of governments. It proves that God is inconsistent, is insincere, has no consistent or established object in regard to the attainment of that which we believe to be the ultimate of all things, the individualization of the human spirit.

The Divine Intelligence has established laws immutable, unchangeable, eternally active, and uniform in their action, throughout the boundless universe, which laws are constantly exerting their forces to produce the best results from operating causes; exerting their forces to restore from the abnormal to the normal condition; exerting their forces to produce the legitimate effects from all and every cause. The mind capable of taking a comprehensive view of God, looking up through Nature to the Divine, of conceiving of boundless universes and worlds inhabited by human beings as our own, cannot conceive of the Infinite as interfering in the affairs of man, only through the operation of laws uniform in their action throughout all spheres and planets. It cannot be that the present condition of mankind is the result of Divine direction, and therefore the best and highest they could have obtained.

Conditions have made man what he is individually and collectively. These conditions he has created himself. In the highest department of his nature—the religious—he has tacitly submitted to be controlled and governed in the spheres of thought and action by a wily and misdirected priesthood. To the teachings of the priesthood all the activities of man's nature were subjected. The mind being enslaved by these teachings, which assumed to regulate all the affairs of life—the social system embracing the commercial, judicial, civil, military and all the relations of man with and to man—formed the conditions in which he has for many centuries, and does now, move and live. Man is a progressive being, and therefore is not chained to the car of Fate. His human nor his spiritual life were—in all the events of his being—predestined by the Divine Intelligence which the belief that God interferes in the affairs of men presupposes. The belief that God interferes in the affairs of mankind, or directs, and that therefore all the results have a Divine mission, has its basis in the popular idea that God is all in all; that he exists everywhere; that there is no place where he is not; that he is the moving principle in all the activities of man's nature; that in him we live and move and have our being, consequently he must be the controller and director in all of the affairs of men. Such conclusion is illusory. We are so apt, in speaking of Nature's manifestations, to say that God is seen in everything—in the pebble and in the cloud—that he is heard in the thunder and in the wind—that we really associate the idea that there is intelligence, if not consciousness, in everything in all the lower kingdoms and all of the phenomena of Nature.

God is only manifested through the operation of uniform and universal laws. Only through the manifestation of these laws will man ever know what God is. These laws must be uniform in their action, or else God is not the perfect being we believe him to be—uniform not only throughout time, but all spheres in his infinite, boundless domain.

If all of being and existence is the result of Divine direction, the laws of God cannot be uniform in their action. Man is, every moment of his life, subject to such laws, operative on the conditions in which he has placed himself. The conditions he creates. They are the result of the direction of his associations, and these are determined by his sphere of thought. Man can change the direction of his thoughts and his associations, and consequently change conditions to a higher or lower plane. Man sows the seed; it contains the germinal principle; the plant will grow and come to maturity, good, bad or indifferent, according to the conditions; that is, according to the proper care in its cultivation. In either case, good, bad or indifferent, the laws of Nature act uniformly and in harmony corresponding with the kind of cultivation. As with the vegetable, so with man. God lives through all life, in every condition, but he does not exercise his power in influencing man or directing him, any more than he does subordinate Nature. He only acts through laws, and under whatever laws man places himself, he yet lives and moves in harmony with the Divine Intelligence.

The child, in its infancy and growth, is surrounded by good or bad associations; in the one or the other of these conditions he is educated, and his mental and moral growth will be in accord with the conditions surrounding him, and in either case, subject to immutable laws. The associations in which he is educated he is not responsible for, and neither blame nor praise can be accorded him; but to affirm that these associations and conditions were of Divine appointment as an inevitable necessity, is absurd in the extreme.

The wisdom of God is perfection. In the world of matter the laws of attraction confine planets within their orbits; and in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, affinity and attraction rule; but man is so constituted that he can accommodate himself to circumstances so as not to be controlled by affinity or attraction. He can change his surroundings. In so far as he is free to act, and can place himself either under the influence of good or bad associations. If he was involuntarily attracted toward the one or the other, without the ability or capability of changing for better or worse, in obedience to inexorable law, there could be no improvement in man's condition. But the child and youth, when he arrives at man's stature, has the power, if he so wills, to change his associations for better or worse; and this limited freedom which man possesses he avails himself of frequently, as we know by experience and observation.

It is universally conceded that God acts by and through immutable, unchangeable, eternal and universally uniform laws. If, therefore, every act of man's is by Divine appointment there can be no such thing as progression. The law of necessity means nothing, if it does not mean that everything is by Divine appointment; and no other conclusion can follow the belief that all the misdirections of mankind have a useful and necessary mission in the Divine economy. There can be no fixed, immutable laws in the Divine Being, if the law of necessity be true. The one contravenes the other. Besides, man would be simply a machine, and his state and condition would be a matter of indifference to him, if he was entirely controlled by the Divine Intelligence.

It is not absolutely conclusive that because the Divine spirit "breathes through all life," therefore all the activities of man's nature are controlled and directed by the Divine Being. When we speak of the Divine Being existing in all things, we mean that his laws are operative throughout his universal temple. Man has not only the power to change his physical conditions, but also, his mental, moral and spiritual. To infer that because man will seek bad associations, or because these associations exist that they exist of necessity and by Divine appointment, is as logical as to assert that the physical evils and inconveniences we suffer and are subject to, are beyond our ability to remedy. Man will ever, throughout an endless eternity, remain in the condition in which he is, if he does not change. How change? By God directing him to exerting in-

fluences to control him? Which of the Divine laws is the most potent? Is one more powerful than another? The laws controlling the cause of misdirection are as universally operative and of equal power with those controlling in another direction. God would not be true to himself, would be neither perfect nor all-wise, if it was not so.

The attractions to be happy are equally powerful in every sphere, and man seeks happiness where he is most strongly attracted. If he believes he can be more happy by changing his associations, he will do so. There is no absolute necessity that blinds him, nor is he directed by the Divine Mind. The impressions stamped upon man's consciousness are his own; they are the acquisitions of his growth, the experience of his life; and neither, in acquiring a fondness for tobacco or stimulating drinks, nor choosing bad associations, is he directed by the Divine Power; nor have the use of stimulants a useful and divine mission, nor are they of Divine necessity.

If the evils of society necessarily exist, because they do exist, they must be of Divine appointment and fore-ordained, and, consequently, therefore, as a part of the Divine plan, the very best which the Divine Being could conceive in his infinite wisdom for the spiritual perfection of the finite beings formed after his likeness. In the unfoldment of matter up to man, as far as human wisdom can perceive, the very best means are used to attain the required ends. The laws of progression uniformly operate to unfold to higher and higher conditions. There is no variation or deviation from the known laws of progression in the unfoldment of matter through the various kingdoms, up to and including man's physical organization. But here, according to the theory of necessity, the uniform operation of the laws of progression ceases, and a system of special legislation by the Divine interferes, which takes the place of immutable and eternally established laws.

Human wisdom, in the production of any work or theory for the reform or improvement of man, will devise the very best means and the most direct; but, according to the necessity-theory, it would seem that the Divine Being adopted another than the best plan for man's progression to higher spheres. We have projected theories for the elevation of man, the basis of which were to improve his condition, but the necessity-theorists urge that degradation, imperfection and misdirection are a part of the Divine plan for the improvement of man. The belief that God, as a being, exists throughout all nature, or that the totality of nature is God, is incomprehensible. An existence diffused throughout the entire worlds of matter and throughout all space, is no existence at all, but something mythical, fabulous.

It is said the Divine Being produced all that is, which is incomprehensible, yet it is the only conclusion which the finite being, in his present advancement, can come to. Matter, it is said, is as eternal as God—never had a beginning. That is also incomprehensible to the finite mind. If matter has existed coeval with God, is it unreasonable to conclude that it possesses, in its essence, all the attributes and qualities which we ascribe to the Divine Being? What is God? No one can tell. No voice in all the past ages has revealed to man what God is. Is he the myth diffused throughout all matter and space? If so, he is constantly changing his existence, as matter is ever changing and forming new combinations. New worlds are constantly being born, which, in their development through the ages, become new spheres for human beings.

As new worlds are born, so, probably, old ones decay; and thus it will be eternally. Matter having existed eternally is to exist forever, having no beginning nor end, ever in motion, unceasingly changing, and, in the progression of forms, utilizing the human with capacities for intellectual growth, may it not be possible that sometime, in the distant future, other beings may be generated, in obedience to the laws of matter, as far superior to man, physically and intellectually, as man is superior to the animal? Where mark the line where matter is subordinate to any higher power? As a logical deduction, if the necessity-theory be correct, matter in its essence and God must be the same—if God is everywhere, in everything, diffused throughout all space. And, in such case, it may be true that all of man's acts have a divine, useful mission.

As every act of man is the result of some moving cause, the necessity-theorists trace the chain of causation, from the effect, in successive links, to God. Thus God would be the active principle in all the manifestations and phenomena in all nature. That is, Nature, in all its wide, eternal extent, is God; there is nothing existing that is not a part of God; all and everything forming, in their totality, the Divine Being.

That God is the cause of every effect throughout all the infinite ages, is certainly a great stretch of the imagination. It is a part of the theological dogma, that not a hair falls from the head but what God does and knows it. He must be an unaccountable busybody, especially if we take into consideration the everlasting activities of the ever moving panorama on this globe we inhabit; and there are countless other worlds full of ever changing phenomena. In addition to the thought that God is the cause of every effect, the "all-seeing eye" is everywhere present and sees what is done. So says theology, and the necessity-theorists cannot avoid that conclusion. Hence, God doing what is done, and seeing that all is done, there is no necessity for universal laws. What need of laws? The wide universe is God, a personal unit. "All are but parts of one stupendous whole." He is the sole actor; he has no superiors, and there are no inferiors. He is all in all. What need is there for the instinct of the animal which warns him of danger? What need of those premonitions which tell man some injury will befall him? Is he not a part of God, moved and directed by him—the head? Not as the poet says, "Whose body nature is, and God the soul," but he is head, body, and all, and hence everything is right, because God does it; and because he does everything, all is necessary.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

SIXTEENTH PAPER.

TEMPORAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO ITS EVOLUTION, AND HOW TO REMOVE THEM.

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS.

FOURTH SECTION.

The Moral Precedence of Woman.

The character and temporal sphere of Woman are subjects of growing interest and frequent agitation among reformers, having engaged the attention of several capable authors, yet with little perceptible tendency to settle the varied difference of opinion which seems to prevail over the insight and comprehension of the most advanced minds. The natural sentiment of her equality with Man has steadily gained upon the earlier notion of her inferiority, since the first question of the latter, which, as a mere brat of full-voiced assumption on the one hand, and dumb admission on the other, is dying out of mind with other relics of barbarism. At least, such was the apparent course of inquiry and probable result of investigation, in the very middle of this nineteenth century, till the year 1864, when the tongue of feminine constraint seemed to be suddenly loosed for self-defence and the opposite extreme of masculine disparagement. The late Mrs. Eliza Woodson Farnham devoted her best efforts for twenty-two years to the proposed task of discovering to her own mind, and wrote the first and the larger portion of the second volumes of her last and almost posthumous work for the express purpose of commending to other minds, her cherished thought of WOMAN'S SUPERIORITY TO MAN. In the end of the third part of her five-fold labor, she concludes with the following propositions:

"Thus Woman is acknowledged and has been shown to be, the type of the highest good, and of the greatest evil known to humanity."

Wherefore she is the most perfect embodiment of the moral or earth-life; is its sovereign de jure, and destined to become its sovereign de facto."

What a misnamed deduction is here! and is it the voice of Woman—that gentle, amiable being whom the author elsewhere designates as the sole exemplifier of LOVE, in contradistinction from "the ruling self-love of Man"? Is the substance of this latter reference the true discrimination and gauge of masculine and feminine character? and if so, then is Man *admitted* to remain thus degraded—never to be converted, but merely subjugated by Woman? The thought is preposterous, and its insinuation hurts the modesty of womanhood no less than the pride of manhood. It is *teratological* as a finality, and savors too much of manish spunk not to find its match in every sprig of the old Adam. It was no matter of surprise, therefore, when a writer with a lawyer's seeming came out in *The Friend of Progress* for December, '64, with "A Plea for the Masculine," contending very manfully, yet with becoming gallantry, for fair play to the sexes and no precedence of either. He says Man and Woman are equal, and for these two reasons: Woman is *better* than Man; but Man is *greater* than Woman. Ergo—may it does not follow; though, by his own showing, the express fault is not in the premises. These are predicated upon the inherent distinctions of sex, as deduced from the attributes of ideal perfection toward which humanity progresses, whereof it is conceived that "Quantity is masculine, Quality feminine;" which deduction is confirmed by the observation that "Man's brain excels in magnitude, Woman's in fineness of texture;" that the physique of the one represents *majesty*, that of the other *beauty*; that the masculine mind, though, like the masculine body, slower in its motions than the feminine, is more comprehensive and less penetrating, more rational and less intuitive, the former being *concentrated* in scope and action, the latter *concentrated*; for which reason Man's affections also are general, Woman's special; and finally that the works of Man are characterized by comparative *grandeur*, and those of Woman by peculiar *nicety* of aim and execution.

Now, admitting all this to be very true, though it is better said than conceived, is it not singular that a writer capable of positing so many distinctive traits in respect of which Man and Woman are found to be *unlike* each other, should have based upon this discovery "an argument demonstrating the equality of the sexes"? For what is equality, but "sameness of degree or rank," that is of like things? Unlike things are essentially *unequal*, having no common basis of commensurability, it being very awkwardly said that one is as great as another is good. Two peas may be equal, but a pea and a bean never, except in reference to the single quality of their likeness, that is of sameness. So a gold dollar is equal to one of silver only in imputed value. Man and Woman may be equally indispensable agents of human education, yet with as little equality of function and endowment as hand and foot, head and heart, or body and soul. Therefore the question of superiority, whether as claimed by Man for ages without reason, or as beginning to be claimed by Woman with reason, is not settled by this modest "plea for the masculine," that "growth and development are equally important modes of progress;" and that, since "Man's refinement and development are attained chiefly through the mediocrity of Woman; Woman's expansion and growth principally through the mediocrity of Man," therefore "they are servants of and sovereigns over each other, and will be concurrent eternally." Yet, in the spirit of this conciliatory tenet the champion of feminine superiority is confidently met and seemingly discomfited in a single paragraph of the cited essay.

"As an exponent of the feminine, and an auxiliary to the elevation of Woman, both in her own esteem and the esteem of Man," Mr. Dickerson says "Mrs. Farnham's work is of incalculable value."

• Julius Dickerson.

value, and cannot be too highly praised; but we might, with reason, deplore our fate as men, had we to receive it as a perfect exposition of the masculine. The fact is, it can hardly be said to define masculinity at all. It exposes masculine perversion, but will hardly totally ignore masculine excellence. It considers development and progression synonymous; the feminine as a high grade of development, (which is right); the masculine as a lower grade (which is wrong); hence the sexes are made to appear, not as walking side by side, but one behind the other. It must be plain to all where Mrs. F.'s error lies, namely: not in overrating Woman; not in asserting that "sex is a grade of development," and the feminine the superior, for such it certainly is; but in considering development as the all of progression, instead of what it is—but one thing thereof. Development means, the unfolding of that which is. It is the feminine method of progress toward purity. This process will bring us nearer the perfect state, the unfathomable nature of Deity; but not one inch nearer the boundless, all-embracing, all-comprehending God. The other wing of progression is growth, which means increase—the adding unto that which is. We see then, that the truth advanced by Mrs. F. has a counterpart, viz: Sex is a grade of acquisition, expansion and growth, and the masculine the superior. Neither one of the sexes is the result of a defect, but each is the crown of an excellence.

Thus Mrs. Farnham's work is represented as an attempt to substitute her partial discovery for the whole truth of human nature and destiny. Probably most of her earnest readers have come to a like conclusion. She evidently carries her point by covertly comparing Man as he is with Woman as she is to be. Her pretext for avoiding a contemporaneous parallel is, of course, feminine disability under masculine domination. But this notion is vulgar and abominable. Her argument, without suggesting any intent of sophistry, is transparently defective. Assuming that the current age of humanity is properly the era of masculine supremacy, and that the next stage of human progress is no other than "the era of the feminine," and, committed to the ungodly sentiment that Woman's present inferior position is due to Man's inherent selfishness and lawless usurpation; she reasons with greater presumption than research, and with more pugnacity than suasive effect, that Man must subside in proportion as Woman rises from obscurity, and that her future elevation will therefore be in spite of him, rather than by his aid and agency. I am happy to know that this is not, and never will be, Woman's opinion of Man. The more palatable as well as demonstrable truth is, that the sexes are mutually dependent, being about equally indebted to each other for what they jointly are; and accordingly that the temporal lot of women is as natural and self-appointed as that of men. Without stopping, however, to contend in a formal way with either of the forecited authors, though dissenting somewhat from both, I hasten to maintain, that *absolute and unalloyed superiority is not predicable of either sex; because Man and Woman are so respectively endowed by the Creator that each is partially superior to the other; that the fallings of one sex are offset by equivalent though unlike fallings of the other; and that this is what constitutes their putative equality; the error of which is the thought that MAN AND WOMAN, IN WHATSOEVER SENSE THEY MAY BE REGARDED AS TEMPORALLY UNEQUAL, ARE DESTINED TO BECOME EVERLASTINGLY EQUAL.* To have a clear conception of this truth, it is needful to consider first, wherein Man and Woman are temporally unequal; secondly, wherein each is partially superior to the other; and thirdly, wherefore and whereby they are prospectively equal. This analysis of the proposed inquiry will lead to the establishment of three or more corresponding propositions, as so many pillars of support to the comprehensive statement here presented.

1. That Man and Woman differ, and yet resemble each other, in respect to all the essential attributes of Human Nature.

The truth of this proposition is very neatly manifested without a paraphrase or rational commendation. Its only apparent exception concerns the physical constitutions of sex, wherein Man and Woman differ uniquely, or with the least observable resemblance. But this apparent exception assumes an aspect of importance when we recollect that it has been made the basis of an argument for the integral superiority of Woman. The first and most specious of all the imposing syllogisms which Mrs. Farnham seems to have pressed into the service of her pen, has no other real or alleged validity than the dubious assumption that "sex is a grade of development," conjoined with the still shallower thought that the special rank of every sentient being is determined by the mere number of its organic functions, with no regard to either their class or caliber. This, without constraint of logic, would dub the old giants, with their extra toes, superior to Solomon and the sage of Bamoo. But let us see the argument. She says:

"Life is exalted in proportion to its organic and functional complexity; Woman's organism is more complex and her totality of function larger than those of any other being inhabiting our Earth; Therefore her position in the scale of life is the most exalted—the sovereign one."

But why ignore the fact that Woman's present and past position in life is not, and never has been, "the most exalted"—is far from being "the sovereign one"? This question is not foreclosed by the discriminating phrases "de jure" in the present and "de facto" in the future, with which the same conclusion is finally qualified, as seen in my first quotation from the author; because the inference is not to be drawn in a different sense from that implied in the premises. The syllogism must be either wholly literal or wholly figurative—cannot treat of the real in one part and ideal in another. But the premises are evidently literal and quite externally significant, else they would be nonsensical. And since the conclusion is logical, yet opposed to fact, the converse inference is that the premises are false. But let us look at them distinctively, and see with what purport of truth they seem to stand alone.

That "life is exalted in proportion to its organic and functional complexity," is a novel thought to me, notwithstanding our author's saying that it "would seem, at the first glance from even unlearned common sense, to be a self-evident truth." I have always supposed the bias of common sense to be decidedly the other way; and that the value of *voluntariness* is commonly estimated directly as to its utility but inversely as to the number of its organic parts and complications. That is the grandest machine which performs the largest service of wisdom in the shortest and easiest, and therefore simplest way. But we must look at the text more narrowly.

If life were "exalted in proportion to its organic and functional complexity," then a sheep would be superior to a horse; for a sheep's foot is more complex than a horse's foot. So is the digestive system of a sheep more complicated than that of a horse, provided as it is with an extra stomach, or the added function of rumination. And doubtless the ruminant quadruped is better qualified to

subsist on coarse fodder; but is its sensuous life exalted thereby as a whole, and is a sheep superior to a horse? The argument is properly tested in this application. We may truly say that a sheep's organism is more complex, and that the totality of its functions is larger, than those of a horse; and if we cannot as truthfully add, that therefore its position in the scale of life is more exalted, then the argument under consideration is worthless.

For it is precisely in this partial sense that I admit the minor premise, that "Woman's organism is more complex and her totality of function larger than those of any other being inhabiting our Earth." It is with exclusive regard to a non-essential part of Human Nature that this is true. It is not true with any reference to the mind, the immortal part of Woman; but in effect of the sheer physiological expressions of sex. The brain of Man is neither more nor less complex than that of Woman. The same phrenology applies to both as to the number, classification and allocation of organs, and therefore each is charged or chargeable with the same variety of mental functions. The same is true of the entire male and female organisms, which represent respectively the same complexity of organic structure and the same variety of physiological functions, with the single exception of a distinctive sexual physique. But herein they differ uniquely, which fact of itself suffices to demonstrate that sex is not a grade of development, but a merely temporal phase thereof; for I take for granted that Man and Woman are both human beings; that is, that each is endowed, though partially and diversely, with all the essential attributes of Human Nature; and therefore whatever element of character is found in one and not in the other, must be non-essential, external and transitory. That human development is quite independent of sex, is certified by the observation that its lineaments are commonly well-defined in idiotic persons. Moreover, if sex were a grade of development, every man by its process would have to become a woman, or else every woman a man, according as one were naturally superior to the other; because all the several grades of development are consecutive, in the serial order of birth, infancy, childhood, youth, manhood and angelhood, which are necessarily traversed by every soul. Now it is obvious that the two physiological expressions of sex are not consecutive, since they are concomitant with all the real grades of sublimary development; and seeing their functions cease with age and verge to extinction in death, it is reasonable to conclude that they appertain to the mortal part of humanity, and that in the world of disembodied spirits there is neither male nor female.

Let not Hymen's fondest devotees fall in heart at this announcement; for though Shakerism will surely decrease on Earth as the mere fore-runner of a Messiah that shall increase above the skies, yet it is foolish to doubt that Man and Woman are betrothed by Nature to that very happy marriage in the world to come which human lovers have an earnest of.

[To be continued in our next.]

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

NUMBER TWO.

BY F. T. LANE.

We propose to show in this article that the common affirmation, that "with spirits Time and Space is annihilated," or that "they do not reckon time as we do," is fallacious. First, our mode of reckoning time is not artificial; it is not man-made, but man-discovered; in a word, it is Nature's method—the Mathematics of Nature, and the Mathematics of man, being in perfect correspondence. This is clearly demonstrated by the accuracy of the Astronomer in predicting an eclipse, or the appearance of a comet, &c.; hence, if the spirit Astronomer continues his profession, he must use the same calculus he did on earth. Let the reader attempt to ignore time and space, and he will at once find himself incapable of a single intelligent action. WHEN, WHERE, and HOW he will act, is at once beyond his power of cognizance. This statement is equally applicable to a spirit, who is still finite—its powers being enlarged, but not indefinitely extended.

It is a common statement that "the telegraph annihilates time and space," but in reality, it requires us to observe the laws of time and space, with greater exactness. To illustrate: the telegraph operator can carry his message along the highway, with comparative inattention, but when he uses the wire, he is necessitated to be precise, both in regard to the time and order of his operations. This illustration confirms the simple rule that the shorter the time, and the less the space, the more exact must we be in observing the laws thereof. Manifestly, the laws of motion are the same, universally, whether we apply them to a steam engine, the physical mechanism, or its duplicate, the spirit-body.

Supposing a spirit's powers are equal, in point of celerity, to the operations of the telegraph; they both come under the same law, and, as we have shown that the telegraph operator, instead of annihilating time and space, is necessitated to observe more closely the laws thereof, we predicate the same facts of the spirit's activities.

The exact Sciences are axiomatic, and from their decisions there can be no appeal. It is not the legitimate province of mediumship to determine a question which Science settles with MATHEMATICAL precision. Time and Space is a question of this character; hence, mediumistic testimony, whether *pro* or *con*, is entirely superfluous.

But it lessens the value of mediumship, when it does not corroborate a simple truth of natural Science. The issue we raise, is not whether spirits communicate, but whether they do so correctly. We think we have shown, conclusively, that in regard to time and space, mediumistic testimony is exceedingly fallacious. But, if spirits communicate ERRONEOUSLY, they can, under favorable conditions, communicate CORRECTLY. WHEREIN and WHY communications are erroneous, will be the object of these papers to elucidate.

Lawrence, Mass.

Dewdrops.

The voice of love is the effusion of the heart, breathed forth in accents audible to the affections, and meets a sweet response. It is the language of the tenderest sensibilities, and is understood and felt by all.

It is better that thy children disobey thy commands, than thou shouldst use deceit to secure obedience. Reason with them, and the justice of thy cause will teach them to respect it, while hypocrisy shall teach them to distrust and despise thee, and to be hypocritical themselves. Show thy civility to them, and they will learn of and respect thee. Command in thy dignity, yet in accents of love, and never distrust that they will obey thy commands.

Soft words to the afflicted are like a medicine. They cool but little, and yet they are of great value. When the troubled sigh for the sympathy of friends, it is just to yield a response. Their knowledge of thy pity soothes the anguish of their heart.

Set little value on the friendship that seeks to know your mind and affairs, and yields not its own in return.

Children's Department.

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

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

VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER IX.

The last days of April had come full of sunshine, springing grass and blooming trees. The very air seemed laden with beauty, and to hold treasures which it bestowed on every living thing. Wild apple trees beside the road sent their soft snow-petals down, hoping to beautify one spot of rough, hard soil. Little violets with their velvet garments lifted their heads with a half-bold modesty, because they wished to show how, among pine trees, and in unlovely places, God's sweet breath had come and brought blossoming words from the dark soil.

Beside the streams the little blue-eyed grass, with an eye as tender as the sky when it looks down on a little grass pushed over its pretty cups nearer to heaven, looking a little more of its beauty and its sweetness. The fragrant saxifrage put out its healing leaves, trying to be an angel of health, and the azaleas talked together in the woods, and every word was a sweet breath.

And Virginia looked on this beauty as she had never looked before. There was something tender in it, something sad, and all the gay singing-birds did not once make her laugh, and run with merry step to listen, or to watch when the new nests were to be built.

There were strange sights throughout the country. Men were hurrying to and fro, and scarcely an hour passed that horsemen did not gallop past the gate that opened from the avenue to the main road. Hugh had learned to be familiar with the dread word *war*. Hugh was made captain of a company, and Morris was his lieutenant, and they rode over the whole country searching for volunteers to suit them; for Hugh declared he would have no "poor white trash," but only real gentlemen. He told Virginia of the glorious times they should have; of the great armies they were raising, and how finely all things were working. But Virginia had ears, also, for other speech. She heard in the quiet night Milly praying the Lord to come in his might, and set his people free. In her simple speech she told of all their wrongs, until Virginia trembled, and yet she felt that every word was true.

Sometimes as she listened to Milly, she could hear the tramp of horses' feet, and she wondered if Hugh was not riding his spirited horse, and looking up the avenue with a thought of her. Hugh always insisted that by-and-by there would be plenty of work for her; and that he should hold her to his cause as tightly as he held his horse to his will. Virginia did not say a word in reply. She knew it would be useless; but she kept all the time wondering if the way up the mountains was the way that Hugh was going.

One day Hugh and Morris came dashing up the avenue, both in high glee, laughing and exulting. Virginia had just come in from the woods, and had covered herself with all kinds of wild flowers.

"Ah, this seems like old times," said Hugh. "I've half a mind to call you 'Tina,' and kiss you. We have great news, Virginia. We scared 'em half out of their senses at Baltimore the other day, and now we are ready for—but I mustn't tell secrets, even to a good girl as you. Morris and I wanted to say good-bye, and rode around this way. You be a heroine, and stay at home and pray for our success, and we'll be the heroes and fight the battles. Do you agree?"

"I agree to stay at home until something tells me to go, and I shall pray for the success of—" Virginia hesitated, for she feared Hugh, and she saw the hot blood rise to his cheek.

"Speak, or you are a coward!" said Hugh.

"For the success of the right," said Virginia.

"Of course that means us," said Morris. "What are you getting angry for, Hugh?"

But Hugh read something in Virginia's look that Morris did not see. The little girl that yielded her will to his was not there, but in the place was a hero-soul brave enough to do the right.

"The only way," thought Hugh to himself, "is to make her think I am right. Can I do that? I wonder? Who would have thought little Tina would have dared to be so much like a woman? But don't she look handsome with the fire in her eye?"

"Like enough I shall be terribly wounded," said Hugh, aloud; "then I shall send for you. Will you come?"

Tina's cheeks grew pale in a moment.

"Oh, Hugh," she said, "must people fight and do such cruel things?"

"Oh, that's nothing!" said Hugh; "we are fighting for our rights. It is for our homes we raise our swords;" and Hugh drew his from the scabbard, and flourished it high in the air.

"He believes it," thought Tina, "and perhaps it is true."

She felt the power of Hugh's thoughts even, and she was ready to urge him to go forth and fight for the right. But a little voice within her said: "Perhaps, perhaps Hugh is not right."

Morris began telling a long story about their adventures with their spirited horses, until Virginia and Hugh were both tired, and the young men mounted their horses and rode away, while Virginia watched them through the bushes that bordered the roadside, and she felt as if great chords were drawing her after them.

But she was true to one feeling. She determined to forget Hugh and all else, and to find the very best path toward the noble and right. Virginia was yet young, but she had been so much alone that she had received many thoughts in her quiet hours that only older people gain after many years, if they are full of the bustle and care of social life. Virginia did not hear any voice speaking to her, but thoughts came to her as if the winds had breathed them, and so she wondered about many things that other girls never think of. And yet she was like a trusting child, full of simple, childlike thoughts and wishes.

Virginia dreaded to think of the time when Hugh would really leave that part of the country. Her thoughts kept winding themselves about him as the sweet convolvulus wound itself about the stronger branch.

Many days passed, and she saw no more horsemen riding back and forth, but the country seemed deserted. In vain Virginia tried to interest herself in the springing flowers and singing-birds. Once in awhile she went over to the little cabin to see how her friends, the children, were getting along; but since the spring had come, the younger ones were happy playing in the borders of the forest, and the older boy was away from home; so Virginia felt less care of them, and had more time to herself.

Estelle, too, had gone from her uncle's, because Hugh had declared that he would not leave her there. She had gone to stay with some relations not many miles away, but too far for Virginia to visit her. The days were as lonely as possible to Virginia. She went up to the hill and looked far up and down the road, hoping to see something to interest her, but only the fine old forests, the distant mountains, and the floating clouds met her eye.

"How can I ever be anything but a dull, stupid girl?" she thought. "How can I ever ascend the mountain, when I know of nothing to do?"

One evening when she sat in the doorway listening to the whippowills and the katydids, she heard a horse advancing at full speed, far down the road. Tramp, tramp, came on the steady feet, beat, beat, went her heart against her breast. Could it be Hugh? she thought. Had he come, after all, to say good-bye? Yes, it was he, now she was quite sure. How glad she was. She would put her arms about him and kiss him, and make him stay with her. He should not go to war, but live with her and be her dear brother. And Hugh came riding at full speed up the avenue, reined in his gay horse, and in a moment he was beside Virginia.

"I came all the way for this," said he; "I begged and begged, until I got leave of absence, and now I can stay only an hour. Let me walk up by the hill, and then I will tell you what glorious times we are having."

And Hugh held Virginia's hand as he used to when a little girl, and he told her about great armies gathering, and fortifications and camps, until she was quite bewildered. Then he told her of all he wanted her to do. To gather beautiful flowers and adorn her hair, and keep the little path to the spring well trodden, by going often to feed the pretty ducks that he had brought over to live by the little stream back of the house. It was pleasant for Virginia to be told of something to do, and she was sure she should forget nothing that Hugh wished. And now they had come to the high fence, and looked over to see the cattle quietly chewing their cud.

"And while I am away, Virginia," said Hugh, "you will do just as I wish, and you will never help our enemies, or pray for the wicked Yankees. And you mustn't visit the niggers, or let them think they can ever be free, for they can't. Now you promise to be my darling Tina, and do as I say, and I will come home and we will hunt flowers, and have the dear old times all over again."

Virginia thought it would be very easy to promise, and perhaps she would; but as if a light had shone from heaven, there came across her path one of those brilliant meteors that seem such mysterious visitants. Virginia had never seen one so near. She thought it was the beautiful star that she had always called her mother's, and in a moment the memory of her made Hugh's words seem only like a dream. She seemed to feel the very breath of some one close to her, and she forgot to promise him.

"You don't answer, Tina," said Hugh, "and I must go; perhaps I shall never see you again. I may have my arms shot off, or my legs, or I may be killed; perhaps I shall die all alone, and then I shall think of dear Tina, and I shall be glad that she wanted to do all that I said."

"Oh Hugh, don't, don't talk so," said Virginia, with some spirit, "you want to make me cry. Perhaps I shall die, and like enough I shall be all alone, but I shan't wish that you were doing as I said, but only that you were doing right. I'd be ashamed to want folks to do as I said."

Hugh felt that Virginia was no longer to be led about by a little cord like a little pet lamb, and he was angry that he could not do it.

"I bid you good-bye," said he. "When I am gone, you will wish you had some one to care for you. I can find a plenty of girls that will be glad to do as I wish."

"Oh Hugh," said Virginia, "don't be angry! I am sure I shall wish to get flowers and feed the ducks, as you said, and I shall think of you every night, and pray the angels to cover you up with a great mantle of love to keep you from all harm."

"But you won't promise not to help the Yankees and niggers. I believe you are on the side of the North, now. If you are, you'll have to be taken care of. I can report you at headquarters, and you'll be snapped up and sent nobody knows where."

"I am on no side," said Virginia; "I like Milly and Jo, and Ann, and I should be on their side if they had one. But if you are angry with me, you can tell all I say, and I'll go to prison and perhaps die there. I ain't afraid to die."

Hugh found that his threats did not frighten Virginia, so he seemed to decide all in a moment to leave her in a friendly manner, and they walked back together down the hill. Hugh lingered a moment, as if unwilling to leave Virginia without getting some power over her; but she stood so still and calm in the soft starlight, that he felt that she was like the beautiful stars, full of a brightness that was her own, and shone from her pure soul, so he kissed her tenderly and bade her good-bye, and the horse's feet struck against the macadamized road, and Virginia listened until not a sound was heard but the mournful breathing sound of the tree-toads, that seemed to her like many sighs.

Virginia had never felt so distressed in all her life. Hugh had gone, and, for one moment, she wished that she had told him that she would do everything he wished. Then she was glad she promised nothing, for he was selfish and unkind. Then she felt the warm kiss on her cheek, and she wondered if those other girls that he spoke of would always do as he said.

Virginia felt again that great struggle between the wish to please others, and the wish to satisfy the inner voice of right that children and grown people constantly feel. How pleasant to feel that one we love is satisfied with us, yet how much pleasanter is the feeling that we are satisfied with ourselves. Virginia was confused by the two feelings, that governed her, and she went up to her little room and leaned her head on the low window, and wished that some one would come to her and tell her if she should always try to please Hugh.

She sat a long time, and at last fell asleep. The sound of Milly's voice awoke her. She was praying earnestly on her knees beside the bed in her room. But Virginia had left the doors open and could hear every word.

"Oh Lord, we be bound in chains—come an take dem off an' let us go free. We tote de corn and de taters, an' our backs be broke, but nobody care; an' we work all day, an' nobody care; an' we be sick, an' nobody care. But de Lord, he care; an' if he come, he'll give us corn ob our own and taters, and we won't be licked any more. An' we be like good children, we work; but de heart be light an' we sing; an' de heart be glad, an' we have ole John back and live together, and nebbber be sold down in Georgia any more."

Virginia had never heard Milly speak of her husband before, though she had heard that she once had one. Could it be that her father had sold the faithful Milly's husband, and that she

had been obliged to toll on alone Virginia had something to think of now, besides to wonder whether Hugh could find a plenty of girls to do just as he wished. She felt her heart glowing with pity and love, and holy wishes that she might make the wrong right, soothe her to sleep.

[To be continued in our next.]

To Correspondents.

S. C. C., ANN ARBOR, MICH.—It sometimes takes the hand a long time to do the bidding of the heart. Your cheering words deserved an early answer, but sickness, cares, anxieties, all have put up their strong barriers to prevent. Many thanks for the inspiration of such true wishes. No word is lost.

Truly your friend, L. M. W.

A FRIEND.—Did some pure spirit whisper little words in your ear, and tell you something that only the dear angels know, and then did you fulfill their wish, never letting the right hand know what the left performed? Or was the angel in the breast an ever beautiful guest, prompting to holy deeds? May the sweet return come back before many days. It will, says the spirit.

L. M. W.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THANKSGIVING, 1865.

BY LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

There's a vacant place in our hearts, mother,
In our heart of hearts, to-day;
The table is spread, the welcome is said,
But thou art gone away.
We were wont to meet at thy home, mother,
Where first we drew our breath,
But the Reaper came and bore thee away,
That terrible Reaper—Death.

We know that our weeping for thee, mother,
Thou wouldst chide as wicked and vain,
But thy tears will fall, as Thanksgiving is here,
And we greet thee not again.
Our father is here in our midst, mother,
We see thee not at his side,
Yet here thou may'st dwell, unseen by us all,
Thou—fifty years his bride!

The snows of threescore and ten, mother,
And the sunshine of them, too,
Had gathered upon thy pleasant brow,
And made thee fair to our view;
Thy good old motherly face, mother,
We miss it more and more,
And naught can ever heal our wound
Till on "the other shore."

In thee were the virtues combined, mother,
Of mother and wife most rare;
Thy family's joy was thy desire,
Thy endless weal, thy prayer;
And not alone in the circle of home
Were thy dear labors found:
To the poor in spirit or purse a friend,
In all the country round.

We had thought to make thee a home, mother,
Within our little band,
And we struggled long with the Angel Death,
As he took thee by the hand;
For we loved thee earthly form, mother,
As well as the spirit brave;
Our hearts could not, like thine, be calm,
But still we could not leave.

And father is lone without thee, mother,
His spirit is drear and chill,
We strive to entice him from thoughts of thee,
But thy place we cannot fill;
But thou art not from thy spirit-home,
His darkened path to cheer;
Oh! make him strong to feel and know
Thy loving presence is near.

And wilt thou come to us all, mother,
Come to thy children dear?
For each one of us was dear unto thee,
And came to thee without fear;
And what could bring to us greater repose
Than to know, when the night shades fall,
That thou wilt come to our household bands,
And spread thy blessing o'er all.

And one of these beautiful days, mother,
When Azrael's summons shall come,
We will glide away from these dusky shores,
And find thee, mother, and home.
And close by the side of the River of Life,
'Neath the palm tree's cooling shade,
Our woes shall be quenched in the balm of the leaves.

"For the healing of nations" made,
There shall be no more sickness nor death, mother,
No tear in a single eye,
And joined to the loved one gone before, we will rest
In the angel's home on high.

* Our mother, Mrs. Aenneth Sayles, wife of Nicholas Sayles, of Pascoag, R. I., left us Sept. 8th, 1865. A worthier hand than mine should write her memorial.

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY WILLIAM A. SIMPSON.

It seems to have been only a little while ago that I was chasing the butterflies from flower to flower with childish glee; but now I am in the prime of life. Yet a few more years, and the bloom will fade from my cheek, old age will come on apace, and this frail yet wonderful structure, this "tenement of clay," will return to its mother dust, my spirit to the God who gave it, and I shall be known no more among men, save in the memory of a few friends. Such is life!

The genial warmth of spring glows on the tender twig; the vital fluid begins to course its delicate fibres, and the bud putteth forth. Soon the blossom appears in all its beauty, pleasing the fancy and charming the eye for a few days, until touched by the finger of Time, when it fades, loses its vigor and beauty, and finally decays, and is known no more. Such is life!

The sun—the golden orb of light—rises in the morning, and, peeping over the eastern hills, sends his glowing rays over the earth to enliven and to cheer; but soon he reaches the zenith of his glory, where his beams become more powerful, scorching, burning the earth with his heat. But ere long the King of Day begins to wend his way down the western skies, his power becoming less, until finally he sinks behind the western horizon, and is lost to the sight. Darkness soon ensues, and all Nature is wrapped in the dark mantle of oblivion and night! Such is a picture of human life.

Youth is the morning of existence, when all is hope and aspiration in the budding mind; manhood the noonday, when the physical and intellectual powers are fully developed; and old age is evening-time, when the sands of existence are nearly run out—when the sun of the soul sets—and the body disappears beneath the sod, and the individual is lost in the oblivion of death, and quickly—alas! too quickly—the darkness of Forgetfulness closes in upon the scenes of earthly pilgrimage. Such is life, and such are its vicissitudes!

London, Tenn.

CHILDREN.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Come to me, oh ye children,
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are birds and sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah, what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have hardened into wood,

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, oh ye children,
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your carresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

NUMBER THREE.

BY LOIS VAISBROOKER.

COWARDICE.

Is a term of reproach that none of us like to have applied to ourselves, and yet there are but few, if any, who do not sometimes deserve it, being afraid to come out boldly and say what we know to be true, lest we should be accused of acting from personal pique. Now this is just the position I find myself placed in; but I must be bold and courageous, and fear not the devil of misrepresentation, if I would be true to the calling I have chosen. A trance medium once filled my lap with an invisible something that she called pibles. She said that they were for me to throw and hurt people; and when they fall into a stagnant pool, she continued, in her plain, unvarnished, Indian manner, "they will make a stink." Now I consider this a very disagreeable and thankless task, but if I must I must, and so here goes a handful against what I call

BIG GUNNIM.

A homely and unladylike term, but it expresses just what I mean. Now I want it expressly understood that I am uttering no word of complaint for myself; I am willing to go to my own place and to do my own work. I want no undue expectations raised in my behalf, through the partiality of friends; and here, dear Banner, let me hit you, or, at least, try to. I do not know when I have felt more chagrined than when, in a well-meant notice, you called me "a favorite lecturer." I have my friends, and good ones, but I am not, and have not been, a favorite lecturer. I am but a babe in the field, and have my reputation to earn; but work I must, and work I will, and if I cannot fell the tall trees, I can pick up chips and burn brush, and this work is needed as well as the other; but to the work in hand, to wit: the prestige that Spiritualists have for great names, to the neglect or ignoring of those who might become stars of brightness with proper encouragement:

I know of more than one noble but sensitive soul whose talents, if brought forth to the sunlight of appreciation, would shine to warm and to bless, but who are kept in the shade because they have not a great name; and they cannot get a great name because they are chilled into silence, or so poorly paid that their families must suffer if they continue to work for those who kill them and then kick them because they are dead. My mind, at this moment, reverts to one whose love for his family keeps him from reaching that position his talents deserve. He is poor, and cannot leave them to suffer while he serves an apprenticeship for nothing, or next to nothing. I remember his telling me once of the rich man who invited him into a distant neighborhood to speak. He went, spent half the day Saturday to get there, half of Monday to go home again, and then, minus the vitality he had given off on Sunday, he must work at the shoe bench the remainder of the week to earn bread for his family, for the rich man and the housewife had invited in to be both instructed and entertained by the stranger, never so much as said "THANKS, SIR!" "Well, brother," said I, "why did you not do justice to yourself, and tell them that you must have bread as well as the words that proceed from the mouth of God?" "Yes, and have it said that money was all I was after!"

Well, let it be said then. Those who can bring such an accusation against an earnest worker in the field of reform, have souls so small that they might feed at a free crib forever and not digest enough to give them perceptible growth. Free salvation! How much has this dogma done to belittle the souls of the people! *Something for nothing!* The laws of nature eternally forbid it, and the sooner we learn it the better. And this same brother sent word to another place that he would come there some Sunday if they wished, and the reply was that "none but the very best could do anything there." *The very best!* Heaven pity our Spiritualists if they have become such epicures! "Oh," says one, "it is not for ourselves, it is for others; we can do no good unless they will hear, and they will not hear unless we have first-class speakers." And so you are going to benefit the public by adopting their standard, instead of bringing them to yours; a strange way that! The real fault, however, is not in the public, but in Spiritualists themselves; it lies in their desire to show a fair hand—to do a big thing—to do to the world that they are as good and as smart as anybody, instead of doing justly, relying on eternal principles, and abiding their time.

I will relate a bit of my own experience, to illustrate this point more clearly: In the latter part of the summer I had a particular desire to attend a Grove Meeting to which some of my friends were going, but previous arrangements made it impossible. I consoled myself, however, with the thought that I would visit the place some other time. After a while I sent an appointment, which was accepted, and I went at the time specified. It was a beautiful day. I had read glowing accounts of their Grove Meeting, and I looked for a good audience. Some half an hour after the time appointed there came in about a dozen, and that was all. Now I have seen the time when I should have been so discouraged, that I could not have spoken at all to the purpose; but, somehow, I felt as independent as you please. Those who were there seemed pleased, and wished me to speak

again in the afternoon; some two or three more came in, and, at the close, I was desired to leave an appointment for the evening; did so, and had about thirty persons for auditors. It was then desired that I should leave an appointment for some evening in the week. I named Wednesday evening, provided it did not storm. Wednesday night came, and I sat and laughed to see it storm; and it stormed all the next day, too, but the word on all sides was, "Oh, we are so sorry it stormed you would have had a houseful!" "Well, I am glad of it," I replied; "Sunday was a pleasant day." "Yes, but the people did not know it; the appointment was not half circulated."

True, but did I know that if some speakers I could name had sent the appointment, it would have been well circulated in half the time? When people circulate a notice so faintly that it hardly reaches the ear, it is not very apt to be taken up and repeated. It is a principle in law that one is considered innocent till proved guilty; and it would certainly be no more than justice to consider speakers worth hearing till they have proved the contrary; and if the friends would act upon this principle, they would save more than one sensitive soul from the mortification of a failure of what, under the right conditions, would have been success. But it is not speakers alone who suffer from these things: the people at large grow lean and barren thereby. They appoint their two or three days' meetings, get their first-class speakers and have a good time once or twice a year, and that is all of the matter; get the fuel together, make a splendid illumination, get good and warm, and burrow like bears the rest of the year. Now I have no objection to these grand gatherings, but I would like to see them tied together a little stronger. To have them so few and nothing between, seems too much like an old-fashioned log-house with the chimneys all out.

Not long since I received a letter from a friend, in which it was stated that—meeting was a failure, on account of the sickness of some of the speakers, and the failure of others to come, and I said "I am glad of it." And why? Because I was not invited? No, for I could not have been there; but because I knew that there were those near by, who had been overlooked—those whose moral integrity was like gold tried in the fire, and whose talents, if appreciated and compensated, were sufficient to keep any meeting from being a failure; but they have been driven back into silence, or sent to some other field of labor. Spiritualists are thus burying and leaving to rust the instruments that will soon be needed in the great harvest-gathering that is coming, and all for the sake of the phantom, popularity. "But it costs so much, and we are poor, we can't have speaking only once in awhile." This is, in some instances, true; but taken as a whole, I am willing to make the assertion, and leave facts to sustain or disprove it, to wit: that there is no class of people who pay so little for public speaking as do Spiritualists; that is, in proportion to their wealth and numbers.

COULD NOT TAKE THE HINT.

I will simply state the fact, and leave others to philosophize upon it: I never saw a rich man that I loved, or really liked. Well, not long since I met one of this class, one worth a hundred thousand or more. His first appearance repelled me, but on conversing with him awhile I discovered a fine spiritual nature beneath the crust of business, and such natures attract me always. Calling himself a Spiritualist, I felt anxious that he should manifest his faith by his deeds, and therefore talked to him of the vast amount of good he might do with his wealth, etc., etc. A few days afterward he said to the friend who was present at the time, "I signed for the paper because I wanted it, but I could not take the hint, as to anything further." Oh when will rich men cease to prize their wealth above themselves? And when will Spiritualists in name become such in deeds and in truth? when learn to lay up their treasure in heaven by a judicious use of their wealth for the benefit of humanity, and the advancement of the cause they profess to love?

HAVE TO DO IT ALL.

How often do I hear it said, "We used to have speaking, but two or three had to do it all, and we got tired of it." Yes, and I don't blame them; for the more you do for people who are able to do for themselves, the less they thank you for it. I find, that in nearly every place I go, a few have to do it all, or nearly so, while others, who are just as able to pay, and just as glad to listen, put ten or twenty-five cents into the hat, and think they have done wonders; but such people get their reward in a way they little think of: their mental digestion becomes dyspeptic for want of action through their pockets, and when they put off the body, they will then see how exceedingly small and lean they are.

PASSING ROUND THE HAT.

If there is one custom more than another that I abominate, it is this. It may do once in awhile upon extra occasions, but for Spiritualists, who know the value of the new gospel, to make a practice of inviting the public in to hear, and then begging them to help pay, before they have heard enough to know whether they want it or not, is, to me, exceedingly annoying, and I sometimes think I never will be paid in this way again.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

Why, unite together, like people of common sense. Don't let creeds do you more harm than they have already done, by permitting the shadow thereof to keep you from acting at all. Unite together, and work as though you had something to work for. If there are not enough in one place to support speaking all of the time, let two, four, or even eight points be selected, that are somewhat near together, and let the friends of progress pay into a common treasury, in advance, what they can afford for six months or a year, and then employ a speaker through a committee chosen for the purpose; by giving four lectures in a week, such a speaker could visit eight places once in two weeks, or two lectures in four places, as often, and in this way the detestable practice of passing the hat could be avoided, and twice, yea, five times the amount of good be done as now.

Our Methodist friends who established the system of itinerancy were not all fools. They possessed spirituality and financiering, but failed for the want of philosophy. We have more philosophy than spirituality, and shall fail for the want of financiering, if not careful. Our trinity must include a due proportion of the three, if we would not have the vineyard taken from us and given to others. But let I make this article too long I will close, and leave some of my pebbles till another time.

A pious mother was showing her little son the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was. He seemed deeply affected. "Ma," said he all at once, "oh, ma! just look at that poor little lion way behind there; he won't get any!"

The vessel that no woman objects to embark in—a courtship.

Correspondence.

Interesting Facts in Spiritualism.

In perusing the pages of the Banner it is a pleasing thought to find so much interest manifested by Spiritualists throughout the country. There seems to be a general awakening to the realities of the New Dispensation; not many are being brought out from skepticism a knowledge of the immortality of the soul and the communion of spirits.

Some of our numerous readers may be glad to know that Rockford, this "Garden City" of the West, is not behind her sister cities in spiritual advancement, although, for some time past, dark clouds have seemed to hang over us. Yet we could not feel that we were sitting, perhaps waiting for the dawn which was usher in a brighter day.

Some three or four years ago, a circle was formed at the house of Mr. Henry Carpenter, of this city, it being composed of a few persons: Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, Mr. D. Bartlett and family, and Mr. Samuel Smith, as these families live in the same neighborhood, it was pleasant for them to meet in this manner every Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Soon after the circle was formed Mr. Smith became infirm, and, at each sitting, was taken through a course of education entirely new to him, as he has, I believe, at the time, a member of the Methodist Church. He also had to battle with the opposition of his family, as well as the demons of ignorance—tobacco, spirits and Orthodoxy. He was often taken possession of by undeveloped spirits, some of a boisterous and ungovernable nature, others anxious to learn what they could from the circle. After a while his wife was induced to attend the circles, and, thereby, became a medium, also. She has since then passed his spirit-life, and often makes her presence felt by her husband. Soon after the circle was formed her members kept coming in, until the numbers increased so much that Mr. Carpenter's house was not large enough to accommodate them. Consequently, about a year ago the public circle was broken up; but a private one was still held by the few who first commenced, with the addition of a few others—some who had become mediums during the former sittings. Mr. Smith is now the principal medium, and through him many valuable ideas are given. His old contending influences have been cast behind him, and the new man has put on the armor of Spiritualism and is ready to battle for the truth that makes us free. He is controlled by a great variety of spirits, and speaks in diverse tongues.

Dr. E. C. Dunn, formerly of Battle Creek, Mich., now a resident of this city, often attends the circles; his presence gives great interest to the meetings. His mediumistic powers are of a high order, both in healing and as a public speaker.

About the time the large circle was broken up, the Spiritualists of Rockford seemed to be under a cloud; still, however, a few were gathered, and the little circle, though few in number, was very strong in the good old faith that where two or three meet in harmony a blessing will be the result. They thirsted for the living waters of life, and drank continually fresh draughts from the fount of inspirational truth.

During one of these sittings, Mr. Smith became entranced, and gave the directions to Mr. Bartlett for building a room in which to hold circles, and, giving the location and size of the building, twenty-one by thirty feet, twelve feet high, capable of seating one hundred and fifty persons. Mr. B., anxious to carry out the wishes of his spirit-friends, went earnestly to work to procure materials with which to put up the building, and which is now completed. It stands but a few feet from his residence, and is within his garden enclosure. The surroundings are very pleasant and the scenery quite picturesque.

Three weeks ago the building was dedicated to the cause of truth and liberty. The opening address was delivered in a very impressive manner through Mr. Smith, followed by Dr. Dunn, through whom an eloquent address was given, also. Mr. Bartlett has generously put up the building at his own expense, hoping, from the fullness of his heart, that hundreds may be blessed thereby.

While conversing with him, he told me he considered the Orthodox religion had proved such a curse to humanity that he had concluded to do all in his power in opposition to it. He says his building is free for all to come without charge. The word money is never to be mentioned inside its walls. A public circle is held in the building every Sunday evening. Two evenings in the week, however, are devoted to the study of the rest of the time it is free for any who may choose to meet to hold circles. Many will join me in thinking that Mr. Bartlett has set an example well worthy of imitation, and I know there are many noble and generous souls, interested in the progress of humanity, with enough of this world's goods to spare, who will be moved to do likewise.

We have a very regular series every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. Dunn, and Rev. Mr. Parks have been, so far this winter, our principal speakers. Many persons abroad have tested their power and ability to interest an intelligent audience, and must know that we are fortunate in having such speakers in our midst.

We would like to write about our new Progressive Lyceum, which has just been organized, and is in a fair way to become an institution to be proud of, but I fear I have already trespassed far upon the editor's patience, and will conclude, wishing the Banner every blessing in its glorious mission.

M. MOULTON.

Rockford, Ill.

Spiritualism and Spiritualism.

"For he is carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

My design in penning these few lines, is to call the attention of the readers of the Banner, and especially mediums, to Brother Peebles's place, in Jan. 6th, on "Spiritualism." It is a subject that I have been impressed to write upon for several weeks, but as he has done so ample justice to it that I cannot but feel that I have a great deal to say between *Spiritualism* and *Spiritualism*, and I heartily endorse his beautifully written thoughts. I have long been convinced that a person may believe in the fact of spirits returning to earth and communing with earth's children, without its having any ennobling, elevating or purifying influence upon their lives. This might be termed a belief in *Spiritism*, or they might be termed *Spiritualists*. But a true *Spiritualist*, as Bro. P. says, must not only cultivate that moral quality which lies in the religious constitution of man, awaiting harmonious development. A true *Spiritualist* will and does not only believe in the phenomena, but labors to cultivate spirituality of the soul, the inner life welling up and out into the outer, to conform his life to the wholesome and truthful utterances which the beautiful angels, and our heavenly parents, friends, etc., who have crossed the river, seek so earnestly to bestow upon us. The more belief in spirit-phenomena, with many, is no more than a belief in a creed, or a particular version of the Bible by the Orthodox Church.

We have often been asked, "Do you believe that a person can be a medium and not be renewed, quickened into new life? or, in other words, a truly spiritually minded person?" We answer, emphatically, Yes. Our everyday experience proves this to be a fact; and on account of this very fact, so many of the enemies of our beautiful faith take advantage, and point the finger of scorn and derision to such examples as H. M. Fay, and others we might mention, who have sold their birthrights and blessings, not for a mess of pottage, but for gold, for popularity, and other selfish gratifications.

A person may belong to the Baptist Church, have been immersed in the water—which is a very inglorious, unchristian and yet if that moral quality which lies in the religious, moral and spiritual department of man's nature, is not cultivated, has not been quickened, even as the grain which is put in the ground, warmed by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, or watered by the heavenly dew which descends from the sphere of love and wisdom, of what avail will it be that the body descended into the watery grave? And so exactly with us, who by our organizations can be used as mediums by the spirit-world. It is like putting on a garment and taking it off again.

A medium of communication between the heavens and the earth, above all people, should be *renewed*; renewed, I mean, in the principles of change and growth; should be so consecrated to the great work in which they are used as instruments to effect, by the spirit-world, that nothing could change them; no circumstances or conditions induce them to swerve from the right path;

remembering that only by overcoming, as Bro. P. remarks, can we obtain victory, and a mansion of happiness in spheres above. Let us be fully persuaded, by my own experience and observation, that as mediums become spiritually minded, elevated in their desires and affections, unselfish, consecrated to truth, to high and holy principles, that just so far will they be more or less useful to the inhabitants of earth. And as the masses begin to realize and prize a true and beautiful inspiration, and in their midst, and with help to lighten the burdens under which many a one is staggering, giving them time and chance to cultivate their gifts and powers, and improve their physical as well as their spiritual natures—just so far will they be blessed with healthful, pure and spiritually practical thoughts, ideas and instructions, from said mediums.

Let us, beloved brothers and sisters, who are enlisted under the mediumistic banner, be indeed watchmen giving a certain sound. Let us be light-houses whose bright, clear and transparent light will faithfully warn the mariner off from the rocks and shoals of this tempestuous life, and light the weary, wandering, sorrowful and afflicted souls to find rest and peace in those heaven-born teachings which the angels and ministering spirits are seeking to pour upon earth. May we constantly bear in mind that if we are of the earth, early, we shall only reflect that which comes from earthly or undeveloped spirits; but if we are of heaven, or heavenly-minded, we shall reflect and bring heaven's choicest gifts to man.

ELIZABETH MARQUAND.

97 Walnut street, Newark, N. J.

Angels' Visits to the New York Lyceum.

For two Sundays past our Lyceum has been favored by the presence and inspiring utterances of Mrs. Emma Fay Hallowell. On the Sunday just preceding New Year's Day, she gave, under the influence of guardian powers, a glowing and eloquent description of the groups of spirit-children who were attracted to the Lyceum during the joyous holiday period, and were present that afternoon to inspire the hearts of their little earthly friends with happiness. They came, she said, each bearing the "badge," or emblem of a Group—some exquisite flower or cluster of flowers, or a dove-like symbol, the description of which was surpassingly beautiful. Not only so, but the entranced speaker seemed baptized with the spirit of holy love, and most tenderly did she convey to the hearts of those who listened glad tidings from the inner life. The hall was filled to overflowing. Breathless stillness prevailed throughout the entire audience, and it was delightful to see even the most fastidious and reserved listen with parted lips, large wondering eyes and eager faces to those beautiful descriptions and impressive lessons from the Summer-Land. It made the other world seem real and very near to be told of the graceful evolutions and heaven-born melodies, of which the seersess was cognizant, among the radiant and shimmery beings even then in our midst. One fair-haired little girl, clothed upon with angelic beauty, was recognized by the description given as the departed darling of a young mother present; and a noble boy, who had gone from one of our Lyceum Groups to the Summer-Shore, came with the light of celestial love beaming from his dark brown eyes to greet his playmates and parents and little sister, by whom he was easily identified. The yearning heart could not but exclaim, in the words of our silver-chain recitation—

"Wait! my little one, wait!
Then you reach the celestial strand;
For the rest of us will be tugging up
To the heights of bliss and glory land;
For the years that fall like molten lead
On the hearts of those who dwell on earth,
Will pass like the light of a beautiful dream,
And you will be older than I."

Mrs. Hallowell closed with an impressive appeal to the members of the Lyceum, calculated to arouse their moral energies to the attainment of the highest possible good. "True Courage," the subject for the day, was alluded to most happily, and in a tenderly loving and nobly winning manner the change called death was held up to view wholly divested of its terror and gloom. Mr. Hallowell followed with a very appropriate poem, given under inspiration.

Last Sunday was the date of our regular monthly Convention of the Groups, when the time is passed in more general exercises than usual, such as recitations, declamations, dialogues, singing, etc. The members acquitted themselves well, but on these occasions the presence of the absence of our beloved Conductor, and indeed on all occasions. Our sister Emma, however, again kindly favored us with her welcome presence, and in tones clear, sweet and womanly, gave us, during the session, a charming description of an Italian flower girl who came in the glory of the immortals to make manifest her interest in the spirit-culture of the Lyceum children.

The influence of the angel-guardians who love our cherished ones, and seek to pervade other meetings at Exhibit Hall. On Sunday morning last, our sister, Lizzie Eaton, during her eloquent and touching lecture on the "Worship of the Beautiful," was attended by a youthful Group from the Morning Land, and her heart was warmed, her soul refreshed, and her lips framed to "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," by the divine baptism of love, the sweet, pure, transforming love of the little children who dwell in light.

Fraternally, MARY F. DAVIS.

New York, Jan. 9, 1866.

"Government of Force."

I was very much pleased in reading in the Banner the article upon "Government of Force," by Dr. Child, and still more so in knowing that one public journal had the moral courage to print it.

Most of the journals formally issuing light to the world upon the true position of governments, and their effects upon those who make them, have sold out to the devil, and in the matter after they broke out, their whole attention being absorbed in the overthrow of slavery by force of arms. I make no complaint of their zeal in the overthrow and final destruction of all power to buy and sell human beings. The only mistake is in the weapons employed to do it, viz: votes and bullets. Votes precede and authorize bullets. Voting increased, and spread slavery nearly all over the continent of the United States, swelling its numbers to four millions. They voting created war to stop its extension and final destruction. Voting has, according to Dr. Child's statements, slaughtered one million of our sons and put another million in jeopardy, and still another million sent home to die an early death, together with the destruction of millions upon millions of property, of which he speaks. This is the work voting has done, in building up and tearing down the monopoly in one single article, viz: property in man.

If voting is the method by which all monopolies are to be crushed out, we may make up our minds for the universal destruction of the whole race of mankind. Efforts should now be made to throw light upon this most important of all subjects at the present time. Much is expected from the Child, Haywood, Ballou, and many others of kindred faith, in this work.

Where is the spirit of N. P. Rogers? We want him; and not only him, but hundreds of others that have had a clear sight to the workings of corrupt human governments, and a foretaste of a government of love.

The true work of man is to govern himself, then he will feel out of governing others with votes or bullets; his own life will be his weapon of defence, and reformatory influence upon others.

North Easton.

Spiritualism in Wrentham, Mass.

An announcement has of late appeared among the "Notices of Meetings," affirming that the Spiritualists of North Wrentham have effected an organization, and are holding meetings. And feeling a few words are due the many readers of the glorious Banner concerning an movement, we, the undersigned, have in brief an account of our proceedings. Spiritualism here, in the past, has been very dull; no regular meetings have been sustained to give it life and influence with the people.

In this condition we were found two months ago by our friend and brother, M. Henry Houghton, who came into our midst for the purpose of delivering a lecture on our beautiful philosophy; and it must be owned, he pointed the way, for his discourse gave great satisfaction.

We being so much pleased and benefited by the effort, invited him to return as soon as he could arrange matters and hold another meeting. He came, and with rare eloquence and logic he spoke with appreciation, and much to the furtherance

of the cause. And we Spiritualists, feeling the time had come for the establishment of regular meetings, immediately effected an engagement with him to speak for us to the end of April.

We consider that Bro. Houghton has far equalled as a lecturer and worker in our ranks. He is quite young (not twenty yet), and we bespeak for him a glorious future.

His lecture last Sunday afternoon, on the "Past, Present and Future," in which he compared the Moral Dispensation with the Spiritual Dispensation, was a fine production, and every believer and unbeliever ought to have heard it. In addition to his speaking, he gives philosophical and psychometrical readings of character and events, which prove to be very correct.

Our plan of organization is a harmonious one; not little opposition having been raised against it, or the officers chosen. The ethical part of the constitution is as follows: "To aid the angels in their reformatory work all we possibly can. To open the mind and soul to the regenerative teachings of spiritual instructors, and to practice charity in all places."

We have a large and convenient hall for our meetings, located in the central part of the town.

MRS. EMILINE BARNOWS, President.

JASON N. WHITE, Secretary.

A Word to the Wise.

D. J. Mandell, the well known reformer, says that sympathy must be fused up and concentrated into quick discrimination and moral force and cleansed before it takes the genuine style and quality of charity. He affirms that in the progress of the individual and society it becomes necessary to be more than the gentleman, and that even the stern, uncompromising, moral innovator and disciplinarian must have the expression of "good will to men," that the merely soft, tender, kindly indulgent nature, which so many admire as the utmost refinement or perfection of man, and demonstrates this by a class of examples like the following:

A ship, having a very amiable captain, and a true, noble-hearted mate, was set on fire at sea by a hired agent of the owners, who intended, by the destruction of the vessel and contents, to secure an extra large investment in the insurance money, an amount much greater than the actual value. The passengers, especially the ladies, were frightened, and the captain, surrounded and seized by them, was unable to free himself from the fair dames who were frantically imploring him to save their lives. He was helpless, when in rushed the brave, earnest-hearted mate, who, thrusting the ladies aside, using them rather roughly, scolding them severely for hindering him, seized them by the head, and enjoining the crew they succeeded in extinguishing the fire and saving the ship. Now the question of Mr. Mandell is, Which was the truest and most noble in the spirit of kindness—the susceptible and pliant captain, or the inflexible and manly mate? The mate was no less courteous and delicate in his character than the captain, but was every way stronger and truer, and his actions and inclination to be kind was built up into a determination that nothing fatal to the welfare of those entrusted to his charge, and whom he regarded, should for a moment stand in his way if he could avoid it. He did not consider it "all right" to stand idle when death and danger were knocking, nor to let those whom he loved stand blindly in the way of the deliverance for which they were yearning, or could any true man or woman think otherwise? Every vigorous and genuine reformer, in his actual quality and character, is the most genial and kindly of men, in the place and relations where those elements belong, and is more sensitive than are those who are fond of parading their superior sensibility and amiableness. And do not the very sympathies themselves, with their metaphysical theories of "what the heart feels," see, every day of their lives, those true magnanimous natures urging and helping humanism onward to a better condition, by a close understanding and assertion of the truth that some things are not "right?"

HAWTHORNE MORGAN.

North Putnam, N. Y.

Age.

Once more the cold month that brings the New Year has brought that fifty-sixth year, which my clock of time strikes its annual birthday hour, and now reminds me that I have been fifty-three years on this little cold globe preparing for a warmer life in another world. It also announces thirty-nine years of married life, in which others have shared my joys and sorrows (mostly sorrows) in the struggles with poverty, competition and strife, and constant efforts to establish new and better principles for social, political and religious life, but with little success, but great promise for the future. I have seen the anti-slavery principles triumph, and shall see the woman's rights triumph, also, but probably not while I stay in this form, but, over with Father Hallowell, I may view the great change that is as important to woman as freedom to the slave. When I look back to my boyhood, and recall the time when no church in Boston would admit Garrison to lecture on abolition, and the hall of the United Abolition Kneeland was opened for him, and when even temperance lecturers could not get churches to speak in, not even as many as Spiritualists can now, and when it was all a woman's life was worth, and more, to forsake a drunken husband, however badly he treated her, and when divorce, now so common, was so few and rare as to excite the curiosity of the court, and when the poor clothing that now escape through courts and divorce had no alternative but the grave, I am astonished at the changes, and see great signs of hope and promise for the future for the true-hearted reformer. I look forward not to the day when marriage shall be abolished—for it cannot be, and ought not to be—but to the day when law shall protect a wife against the abuse of a husband, as it now protects an employer against an employee, and when the rights, powers, duties and protection with him, and no longer allow a man, because he is a husband, to make a slave of his wife and treat her as a prisoner, or as he does his horse, or any other property. I know some men are too good to do it, but as all have the right, some are bad and use it, and others do not need the law, and such should join the oppressed and change the laws of marriage and abolish another slavery.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 6, 1866.

From Eastern Maine.

Your smiling face greets me as an ever welcome friend, and his blessed teachings meet the real wants of the soul, as much so as a loving mother meets the wants of her child. And it is a great pleasure to me to know that wherever I go there seems to be an earnest awakening, a spirit of inquiry manifested, to know something of this beautiful philosophy, even among Church members; and many are the questions asked, and I see the many homes in the farming districts of this far-off "down East" region. And so far as lies in my power do I strive, in my humble way, to teach all who sincerely desire the A B C of Nature and her divine teachings on those and other subjects. May your glorious folds ever float above the heads of America's now free sons and daughters.

No lectures have ever visited this part of the country, but, judging from the dear notes I have just received from you, I think a good one would get a very respectable hearing in any of the villages in this part of the State; and I am positive that a good hearing would be very much needed, and would be employed here, should one see fit to come.

O. N. B.

Addison Point, Me.

THOMAS PAINE'S RELIGION.—The great objection to Mr. Paine, among Christians, seems to be his religious opinions. If you claim merit for him on the score of his Revolutionary services, you are met with the response—"Oh! but he had such horrid sentiments on religion!" Now what were Paine's religious sentiments? In his "Age of Reason," page 6, he uses the following language:

"I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy."

Dr. U. Clark's Health Institute.

Any method of preventing and curing disease without medicine, will prove the greatest blessing to mankind. Such a method, combining all the virtues of the Magnet, the Gymnastic and the Electric cures, is now reduced to a remarkably successful practice by Dr. U. Clark, at his Institute, 18 Chauncy street, in this city. He began to exercise his gifts many years ago, and performed cures so wonderful, ignorant bigots accused him of witchcraft. After years of experience enabling him to be positive as to his ability to treat every form of human infirmities, he established himself in Boston, and has already well earned a reputation attracting numerous patients in the city and vicinity, and from various parts of the country. He treats all his patients thoroughly and legitimately. Though he recognizes the all-potent agencies of the unseen world, he leaves his patients in no doubt or mystery or anxiety as to their condition, as to what to do, and he gains their confidence and gives them entire satisfaction.

Though he performs some instantaneous cures, he never pronounces his patients cured till they have carried out the course of treatment he prescribes. If patients cannot be helped, he does not take their money or hold out false hopes. He guarantees cures to all who are curable, and benefit to all who come under his treatment. He treats the poor free on Tuesday and Friday forenoons, and many of his most astonishing cures have been in behalf of the poor, several of whom have come to our office to tell the story of their joy and gratitude.

Dr. Clark is endowed with peculiar gifts enabling him to reach the deepest sympathies of his patients, and he ministers to the mind as well as body.

Mrs. Lovina Yaw, of Brattleboro, Vt., aged thirty-two, was brought to Dr. Clark's Institute, Nov. 15th. She had been an invalid eleven years, and for nearly two years had seldom been able to dress herself or to walk more than a few steps at once. She was almost incessantly confined to her bed, and having resorted to various physicians in vain, was at last pronounced incurable. She was brought to Dr. Clark on a mattress, unable to stand or walk alone. In about one week she was able to dress herself and walk alone, and in between two and three weeks walked down two flights of stairs to her meals. In four weeks she was able to leave the Institute, dressing herself, walking down to the carriage and riding off alone.

We have in hand a certificate from Mr. Wm. A. Boss, of Hope Valley, R. I., who states that his limbs had been so paralyzed for twenty years he had not been able to walk many steps without stumbling or falling. He went to Dr. Clark, Nov. 8th, and stayed one week. After the first day, he was able to walk without either stumbling or falling, and better than he had been able to walk for twenty years. Within two weeks he walked nearly two miles at once, without faltering or feeling any inconvenience. Mr. Boss writes: "My wife says she never walked out with me before, without my stumbling and falling every little way. Some mockingly say I am deceived, and after a little while I shall be as bad as before, but that as it may, I tell them, like the blind man of old, 'Whereas I was once blind, I now see.'" Mr. B. also says he went to Dr. C. A. Baptist, but left a Spiritualist, though no effort was made to proselyte him.

In order to conclusively satisfy ourselves that other cures said to have been performed by Dr. Clark were not fictions, we addressed notes to quite a number of his patients who had returned to their homes in various parts of the country. From some we received unsatisfactory answers—that they were partially cured, etc. From others we received very satisfactory answers. Specimens of such we give below:

WALPOLE, Nov. 5, 1865.
MESSRS. WHITE & CO.—Dear Sirs: I received yours of the 31st ult., and, in response to your inquiry, I hardly know whether to regard the cure as permanent yet, but will state the case briefly, and leave you to draw your own inference. July 1st I was carried to Dr. Clark's on a mattress placed in a carriage, (after having been confined to the house nearly six months,) suffering from rheumatism and partial paralysis contracted while in the United States service. On arriving at the Institute, I commenced to improve almost immediately, and after remaining there less than three weeks, was able to come to Walpole in the cars without any assistance, and here please notice that I was unable even to hear my own weight on my feet when carried there, and, previous to that, I had the attendance of two different physicians nearly three months each, without receiving any apparent benefit. And since that time I have been gradually gaining in health and strength, until the present, am able to work most of the time. Taking all these things into consideration, I cannot do otherwise than ascribe my recovery to the treatment of Dr. Clark and his efficient assistant, Mrs. H. G. Hill. If any further particulars are required, please write.
Yours truly,
N. W. FISHER.

NO. MONTPELIER, Vt., Nov. 14, 1865.
Wm. WHITE & CO.—Sirs: Your note of inquiry I have received. I am most happy to inform you that I consider the benefit I received through the instrumentality of Dr. U. Clark, permanent. I have not been as well, however, of late, but I attribute it wholly to my own imprudence.
Respectfully,
N. B. MERRITT.

We could, if our space permit, give other affidavits corroborative of the above. As Dr. Clark is now permanently established in Boston, and holds himself more responsible than as though he were here temporarily, he hopes to receive that share of the public patronage in the healing line that his talents and assiduous attention to business may warrant. Dr. Clark is an educated man, author, editor and lecturer, and brings his varied abilities to bear in his new method of eradicating disease from the human form. Success to him.

Children's Lyceum in Providence.

A grand entertainment was given to the Children's Lyceum, in Providence, R. I., on Christmas Eve. The occasion was a very happy one. After the exercises by the children were over, they were introduced to a Christmas tree, which was loaded with presents for each one. They were then addressed by Mr. J. G. Fish, in one of his happiest moods, and all seemed to listen with much interest to what he was said. He also addressed the parents on the necessity of training up their children to something noble and good, telling them that he was but a child himself even yet, and that he could learn more from a child than he could from all the higher teachings of men.

After a few more recitations, songs, &c., the presents were distributed to the children. Mr. Fish was presented with a large volume; also, the Conductor with a medical work—a rare edition—which will be of benefit to him, he being a physician; and all the Teachers received handsome presents. Mrs. Robinson, musical director, who is beloved by all for her interest in behalf of the meetings and the Lyceum, was the recipient of many very valuable presents. To see the children gathered together in groups to inspect each other's presents, with faces radiant with joy, was a scene for a painter. Such a picture partakes more of heaven than of earth.

We are indebted to J. C. Saxon for the above information.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis.

We made mention, in our last paper, of the New Year's present received by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis, from their friends, of a purse of six hundred dollars. Since then we have received a note from Mrs. D., tendering her grateful thanks to the donors, from which we make the following extract:

"On New Year's morning one of the friends placed in my hands a large envelope, which, on opening, I found contained the sum of six hundred dollars. As you may imagine, I was over-coming with emotions of surprise and gratitude; and then how I regretted that my beloved Jackson was not here to enjoy with me the beauty and fullness of this testimonial, for not only had money been donated freely by generous hands, but the letters which contained it were filled by loving hearts with the blessed words of divine affection. But the pen became my swift agent, and as soon as the fleet steam-boat could span the thousand miles of airy space 'our Jackson' was apprised, in far St. Louis, of this great benefaction from angels in the form. His response is filled with the spirit of grateful affection for all who have united in this noble expression of confidence, appreciation and love. Since that memorable New Year's morning two hundred dollars more have been received by letters still arriving, making a sum of eight hundred dollars contributed by one hundred and seventy persons. This arduous and encouraging work can but labor more worthily and with new hope, energy and devotion for the spirit-culture of the young and the progress of humanity.

Yours fraternally,
MARY F. DAVIS.

Miss Emma Hardinge's Winter Soirees.

The January number of the London Spiritual Magazine says Miss Hardinge has delivered seven addresses at these private gatherings, which have been attended by the leading Spiritualists and others, who have been attracted to the full extent of the accommodation which the rooms could afford, to hear this noble and highly-gifted woman. Each successive address has only created a higher interest in the unparalleled beauty and force of Miss Hardinge's eloquence. The last address on "Hades" was a masterpiece of touching pathos and powerful illustration.

Miss Hardinge is to speak for the first time in public on Saturday, the 13th January, at 3 o'clock, in the Great Hall at St. James's, Regent street, when we hope there will be a large attendance to welcome her.

Paper from Grass.

It is now stated, though not for the first time, that a species of grass has been found in Spain, easily and profusely raised, from which printing paper of the best quality may be produced. We are heartily glad to hear it. On the subject of cheap paper, readers not less than publishers are especially interested. Newspapers are put up to a good deal higher price than they otherwise would be, on account just now of the scarcity and high price of cotton, and cotton rags; but the free introduction of a new article for manufacturing stock may set all right again very soon, and, even when cotton becomes plentiful again, leave all the more of that and its rags for other purposes. Grass for paper would be exactly the thing. Publishers could not well do better than to "go to grass."

Canada Cattle.

The order of the Government to stop the importation of cattle into this country from Canada, is received with not overmuch favor on either side. It is claimed that there need be no earthly fear for the cattle distemper from any creatures that may be brought over the Canada line, while the proscription does tend to send up the price of beef at the very worst season of the year for popular needs, and to make the supply but indifferent in quality at best. Stories are in circulation about prominent politicians favoring the measure, in order to make money out of some schemes for driving cattle across the plains from Texas. If so, it is an outrage on the people of the country, deserving a sharper punishment than would be entailed by its simple failure.

Spain and Chili.

It is hard to say just what Spain wants of Chili. The latest story says that she has raised the blockade of Chilean ports in order to have all her time and strength to attend to Peru. So that that old sore is reopened. The most Spain can bring to bear against Chili will do no permanent harm. She has to bring everything three thousand miles across the Atlantic, and around Cape Horn besides. Chili has already put her privateers on the high seas, and Spanish commerce is being sharply looked after. Spain will surely get the worst of it.

Lecture on Geology.

We understand that Prof. William Denton, of this city, is about to deliver a course of lectures on Geology and the mineral resources of the country, before the Mercantile Library Association, at their hall in Summer street. The precise day for the opening lecture has not yet been fixed. Mr. D. is well versed in the subject of which he treats, and no doubt the tickets for the course will be secured speedily when the announcement is made that they are on sale.

Annie Lord Chamberlain.

By reference to a notice in another column, it will be seen that Mrs. Chamberlain, the renowned and reliable physical medium, is to resume her musical séances at her rooms, 153 Washington street, on Tuesday evening, and continue them each Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, and Wednesday afternoon. Here is an excellent opportunity to investigate the phenomenal phase of Spiritualism.

Lectures Next Sunday.

L. Judd Pardee is engaged to speak in the City Hall, Charlestown, next Sunday afternoon and evening; and N. S. Greenleaf speaks in Mechanics' Hall, to the free meeting, in the same city.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes is to lecture in Taunton the first and second Sundays in February, instead of the third and fourth, as previously announced.

Spiritualism never was progressing faster than it is at this very moment; and that, too, without "revivals" of any sort. Old Theology stands looking on, amazed at its rapid strides, and its advocates are silently asking themselves whether their ancient creeds are not built upon sand, instead of the "rock of ages," which the mighty waves of Spiritualism are dashing against and washing away? It is even so.

It goes against the grain, awfully, for us to soil anybody; but there are some things in this world that need stirring up in order to work the bad out of them. They are so deuced mean and cheeky, Justice should take the place of Mercy in such (hard) cases—therefore let Justice be done.

The Great Spiritual Remedy seems to be working wonders. See very interesting report on fifth page, fourth column.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We shall publish in the next Banner the splendid lecture delivered at the Melodeon, in this city, on Sunday evening, Dec. 31st, entitled, "The Old Year," by F. L. H. Willis, M. D., of New York.

The Eddy Mediums have returned to their home in Vermont.

THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM in Putnam, Conn., held a festival on the evening of Jan. 11th. The school already numbers seventy-five pupils. The children had a merry and happy time. The usual exercises took place, much to the gratification of the audience. The whole affair was a success.

"Oh, the poor printer!" soliloquizes the rag-picker; "if it were not for me he could n't live at all!"

The Boston Courier is deficient. It was a bitter opponent of Spiritualism. The Evening Commercial has taken its place, and is an ably conducted paper.

The Millennium Tableau are exhibiting in Washington, with great pecuniary success, pictures of God, Jesus and the Devil, the Fights in Heaven, Scenes in Hell, Creation, Adam and Eve, the Serpent, and the Naked Fall to Shame; making, if possible, modern theology more ridiculous than heathen mythology.

UNBORN INFANTS IN HEAVEN—The editor of the San Francisco Golden Era has again been to hear Mrs. Laura Cuppy lecture on Spiritualism, but was somewhat astonished to hear "the speaker assure childless mothers that their unborn offspring would meet and recognize them in heaven." The idea that "premature children have souls," seems incomprehensible to him; and he soliloquizes thus: "We are fearfully and wonderfully made, and if we are not entirely made, it does not make a great amount of difference, according to the spiritualistic doctrine." There is much interesting knowledge to be gained in regard to the next life, and we advise our editorial friend to continue his search after it by attending spiritual meetings.

The wife of L. B. Nelson, of Rockford, Iowa, recently poisoned her little boy, two years old, sold the furniture of the house during the absence of her husband, run in debt and borrowed money, and then eloped with a man named Davis.—*Davenport Journal.*

The Journal does not give all the particulars, or name the religious denomination or Church she belonged to. Had she been a Spiritualist, such an omission would not have been overlooked by this "respectable daily," we suppose.

Brave old Massachusetts' war expenditure was little short of twenty-eight million dollars.

MAN'S JUSTICE!—A man who was guilty of a great crime near Albany, N. Y., has been all the time at liberty on bail, and finally escaped altogether, while his victim was kept in prison from May until January—eight months—as a witness. Wonder what Church the man belonged to?

"Well, Bridget, if I engage you, I shall want you to stay at home whenever I shall wish to go out." "Well, ma'am, I have no objections, provided you do the same when I wish to go out."

Once give your mind to suspicion, and there will be sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the wakeful ear that is resolved to hear them.

Much of the sporting was frozen up in Washington during the extreme cold, from January 4th to January 8th, but it is open again and running now as usual, especially in the Capitol.

"HAMMER OR BE HAMMERED!"
Strike, or be struck! That is the tune
The world has sung for ages:
From history many a fact I'll praise,
To show that in all stages,
From savage to enlightened sense,
Instinct has ever clung:
For good and ill one recompense,
"To hammer, or be hammered!"
To be the iron it were good,
To be the hammer, better;
One shapes the other to his mood,
To honor or to fetter.
So choose your place! You know the truth,
Which every tongue has stammered,
Though it work good or it work ruth,
And "hammer, or be hammered!"
—*Hudson Tuttle.*

Saxe, the joker and poet, was once taking a trip on a steamer, when he fell in with a lively young lady, to whom he made himself very agreeable. Of course he made an impression upon the damsel, who said at parting: "Good-bye, Mr. Saxe, but I fear you'll soon be forgetting me." "Ah, Miss," said the inveterate punster, "if I was not a married man already, you may be sure I'd be forgetting you."

Great talent renders a man famous, great merit procures respect; but kind feeling alone insures affection.

Which sea would a man like to be in on a wet day? Adriatic; (a dry atty.)

When Miss Thurdett Coutts became the heiress of Mrs. Coutts, who had been Miss Mellon, the actress, her fortune was computed at thirteen tons of gold. It has been growing ever since. She cannot spend her income, nor even give it away, with all her benefactions. It employs several active secretaries to read the begging letters sent to her.

Charles Lamb, when a little boy, walking with his sister in a churchyard, and reading the epitaphs, said to her, "Mary, where are all the naughty people buried?"

"That's a pretty bird, grandma," said a little boy. "Yes," replied the old dame, "he never cries." "That's because he's never washed," rejoined the boy.

Why is Buckingham Palace the cheapest ever erected? Because it was built for one sovereign and finished for another.

If the white be superior to the black, there can be no danger of their changing situations; but if the black be equal to the white, he will make it manifest, and that is the whole matter in a nutshell.—*Phrenological Journal.*

It is an insult to the shrewdness of Americans to ask them to buy the mawkish mockeries of Paderewski's got up here, when the sovereign excellence of Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" is admitted even in the foreign cities where the genuine extracts are made. Sold everywhere.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]
H. B.—Photograph received. We can suggest only one word—"Perseverance." By perseverance you will overcome all obstacles. Truth must prevail over Error, sooner or later.

G. G. MEAD.—Correspondents are inquiring for Mr. Mead. The last time we heard from him he was in Chicago, Ill., address, P. O. box 1055. If he is not there now, will he please inform us of his whereabouts?

K. A. P. BIRMINGHAM, MICH.—For further information in regard to the system you refer to, write to J. Madison Allen, Rockland, Me., box 70.

Business Matters.

Ada L. Hoyt, writing and rapping test medium, San Francisco, Cal.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere.

THIS IS THE BRONCH when sore throat, bronchial affections, diseases of the lungs and kidneys are most prevalent. A slight cold, or a hacking cough, will be quickly relieved by a few pieces of Haden's Candy, while for incipient consumption it has no equal as a remedy. All nervous diseases yield to its gentle influence, and expressions of gratitude, from those who have suffered, are heard in every quarter.

Special Notices.

FRESH, NATURAL FLOWERS, Put up to bear sending 300 or 400 miles, perfectly. Telegraph or write us, or instruct your expressman.
HAIRIS & CHAPMAN,
Jan. 6-4w 130 Tremont street.

When the delicate frame of the Lungs once becomes diseased, the progress of it is scarcely swifter or more fatal than it is if the disease is permitted to go unchecked. When cough, pain in the lungs, or oppression first sets in, resort to Allen's Lung Balsam, which will surely cure you. For further particulars, see Circular, No. 1, Boston, 2w-Jan. 27. Also, by the dealers in Family Medicine generally.

DR. URIAH CLARK'S**HEALTH INSTITUTE.****CURES WITHOUT MEDICINE!**

18 Chauncy street, Boston, Mass. Dec. 6.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. RABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No time is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.
B. T. RABBITT,
61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73 and 75 Washington street, New York. Oct. 14-1y

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. Children of both sexes, from Liverpools and Lancashire, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies, light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face of a young girl than a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of either; and any preparation that will effectively remove them without injuring the texture or color of the skin, is certainly to be desired. Dr. B. C. PERRY, who has made discoveries of the skin a specialty, has discovered a remedy for these discolored spots, which is at once prompt, infallible and harmless.

Prepared only by B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49, Broad street, New York, and for sale by all druggists. Price \$2.00 per bottle. Call for

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

Perry Davis's Pain Killer.—It rarely happens that in our editorial capacity our readers find us premeditatedly and with malice aforethought engaged in pulling any patent medicine, but during our late visit to Pittsburg Landing, there was one medicine which we found in the hands of nearly every soldier, giving relief wherever applied, whether internally or externally. We refer to Perry Davis's Pain Killer. PAUL KELLEY. All spoke loudly in its favor, and the kind-hearted surgeon of one of our Indiana regiments informed us that he believed it was the only thing that saved at least half of his regiment from dying of dysentery during a long march; and we cannot help suggesting to our friends among the army sutlers, that it is one of the remedies they should never be out of.—*Lafayette (Ind.) Daily Courier.* Jan. 25.—(10-2w)

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

THE GREAT**SPIRITUAL REMEDY!****A NEW ERA****FOR THE****SICK, DISEASED AND AFFLICTED!**

Natick, Mass., Dec. 31, 1865.

DR. SPENCE—Sir: Your Positive and Negative Powders are wonderful. I do not know what to make of them. They charm—they make you well without making you sick.

I had a lame neck for years, and could not cure it; also, very weak eyes, so that, last winter, I gave up reading entirely; also, a bad throat—a bronchial difficulty—for many years; and also, the Dyspepsia, together with general prostration and loss of vitality.

About five months ago, I commenced taking your powders, and my condition is well, my eyes are well, my stomach is well, my throat is gaining fast, and I think will be well soon; I have recovered my strength and vitality, and I have not been so well for fifteen years. My cure is wonderful; for I am now sixty years of age. The world will yet bow to the Great Cure, Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders.

As to the mode of action of your Powders, they do not seem to affect particularly any part of the body; but I seemed to get well almost without knowing it. The first thing I knew, my whole system seemed lifted up, and I was well.

The above is the report of a body of high standing in this place, who, from private reasons, being unwilling for her name to appear in print, has authorized me to send you the report for publication. The report I know to be true in every particular, and I correspond to it, therefore, vouch for and certify to under my own name and signature.

Yours truly,
E. T. TILDEN.

All diseases rapidly yield to the magic influence of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. See advertisement in another column.

Liberal Terms to Agents, Druggists and Physicians.

Mailed, postpaid, for \$1.00 a box; \$5.00 for six. Money sent by mail *not* our risk.

Office 97 ST. MARK PLACE, New York City. Address,

Prof. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., General Delivery, New York City.

Jan. 27.

HAMMERED!!

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A MOST PLEASANT, EXHILANT AND VALUABLE MEDICINE.

151 Washington Street, Boston.

Jan. 27-3w

MICROSCOPES \$60 GTS.

THE FRENCH TUBULAR MICROSCOPE!

A VERY powerful instrument, sent by mail for 60 cents. A box for \$1.00. Address, GEO. G. WASHINGTON & CO., Box 800, Boston, Mass. 3w-Jan. 27.

WANTED.

The address of one or two ladies in every Town and Village in the New England States, who desire a profitable business to fill their leisure time. Also, a few young men, for particular notice. Address, M. C. BURRILL & CO., Box 90, Boston, Mass. 4w-Jan. 27.

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S MUSICAL SEANCES.

MUSICAL SEANCES held THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY EVENING, at 7 1/2 o'clock; also, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3, at 153 Washington Street, Room No. 7. Jan. 27.

Jan. 27.

MRS. SPENCER, France Test Medium, No. 111, Springfield, Boston. Hours for sittings from 1 to 4 p. m. only. Engagements must be made one day in advance. Terms, \$2.00 per hour—\$1.00 to be paid at time of making engagements.

WANTED.—To know of the friends of Prof. Allen, who would be a good place to commence a first-class HEALTH INSTITUTE. Please direct to H. B. M. C., Rochester, N. Y. Jan. 27.

PHOTOGRAPHS

OF MR. AND MRS. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

CHATEAU DE VESTRE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE above-named persons, taken in the year 1845. For sale at our Boston and New York Offices. Jan. 20.

A REMARKABLE BOOK!**DR. KANE'S LOVE-LIFE.**

HIS COURTSHIP AND SECRET MARRIAGE. A Memoir and History of the Courtship and Secret Marriage between Dr. E. K. Kane (the Arctic Explorer) and Miss Margaret Fox; together with correspondence, facsimile letters, portrait of the lady. An extraordinary work. 12mo, beautifully bound in cloth.

PRICE.....\$1.75.

THOUSANDS OF COPIES ALREADY SOLD.

THE LOVE-LIFE OF DR. KANE,

AND

MISS FOX, THE SPIRITUALIST.

"Here we have a most characteristic episode in the history of Spiritualism."—*Chicago Christian Advocate.*

"This is a strange, uncommon story. It will take a first rank for many years among the literary and social romances of the world. Such writers as Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Harriet Martineau find in the materials for such a story, and yet none of them can tell the story for so graphically, more interestingly than it is told in these 'episodes,' that form with the deep emotions of their author."—*Albany Evening Journal.*

"Though long delayed, the book will not fail to interest the public. It is a book of the most romantic and charming interest, and every one who has read anything of the celebrated Arctic Explorer, who has any desire to read the outpourings of a great and true heart, will peruse it. There is also a portrait of Mrs. Kane, 'beautiful as a dream.'—*Portland Transcript.*

"Another history is disclosed in a volume of letters just published by Catlett, of which, it is said, fifty thousand copies are already called for. There is the usual romantic personality of the passion at the bottom of the story. The persons of the E. K. Kane, of the E. K. Kane, whose Arctic discoveries have a world-wide fame, and Miss Margaret Fox, well known as one of the original Rochester Seances, or 'Mediums' of spiritual communication."—*New York Herald.*

THE LOVE-LIFE OF DR. KANE.

"This remarkable book will be sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the regular price."

For sale at the Banner Office, 153 Washington street, Boston, and the Branch Office, 274 Canal street, New York, Jan. 27.

This Day Published, January 2d,

An Original and Startling Book!

THE ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY

OF

PHYSICAL MAN,

SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED,

PROVING MAN TO HAVE BEEN CONTEMPORARY WITH THE MAMMOTH; DETAILING THE HISTORY OF HIS DEVELOPMENT FROM THE DOMAINS OF THE EMU, AND DISPERSION BY GREAT WAVES OF EMIGRATION FROM CENTRAL ASIA.

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