

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 11.

THE DEAD CHILD.

BY DR. E. CASE.

Thou of the pallid cheek,
Thou of the stilled brow,
Thou whose fair beauty, touched by death,
Hath not departed now,
Thou of the stilled years,
Thou of life's sunny hours,
Thou whose voice was that of a bird
Heard in the spring-time bowers,
O'er thy slumbering clay
What a mystery has passed!
Silent and cold and speechless now,
Yet beautiful to the last.
Into the upper life,
To the inner glory gone;
Escaped from the earthly cares and strife
That our older years have known.
Safe from the thorns that pierce
Our weary, way-worn feet;
Safe from drinking the bitter cup
For every joy we meet.
The false and the unkind,
The base and the untrue,
The stains that mar the immortal mind,
Fair child, are not for you.
Beyond the sphere of these,
Beyond all ill of time,
Thou art passed, like a ray that speeds away
To some fairer, sunnier clime.
To thee the spell is broke;
The bitter hour is o'er.
Thou knowest the light of the flowery clime
And life of the flowery shore.
Thou treadest the regal halls,
Where the departed dead,
In the city of the Living God,
In the Land of Spirits, tread.
The wisest and best of earth
Know not what ye now know;
Earth's proudest kings and conquerors
Are poor, fair child, to you!
What are their gems that shine,
Or the clorets on their brow,
To the fair coronals that bind
Thy shining tresses now?
What are the flowers that breathe
Around their casements rare,
To the flowery asphodels that bloom
Where the deathless Edens are?
What are the wreaths they braid,
The chaplets they entwine
For the proudest, fairest, bravest here,
Compared, fair child, to thine?
And what, oh, what of us?
When shall we come to thee?
How long must we wait at the golden gate
Ere we, too, shall be free?
Must we strain our tear-dimmed eyes
Through the mists before our sight,
To catch a gleam of the spirits borne
Beyond the stars of night?
Must we beat about in grief,
While time and distance bars
The golden gate where the watchers wait,
In the mansions of the stars?
Well, so let it be!
Thou Kingdom of the Blest!
Ere long our bark, o'er the waters dark,
Will moor in thee, at rest.
On the sunny isles that rise
In the far and shining main,
Where 'neath the palms the children play,
Fair child, we shall meet again.
Lafayette, Ind.

THE END WILL BE WELL.

BY B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D., DEDICATED TO HIS
FRIEND, J. F.

Deep down my soul is sunk in more
Than deathless gloom;
No longer banish one joyous ray
Of hope or love;
Darkness and cold shrouds every thought,
Even the tomb
Presents no charms, nor angels cheer
Me from above.
Life's path is planted every inch
With piercing thorns,
On which I tread at every step
With bleeding feet;
Weary in want my spirit wails
With inward groans,
And naught on earth save peaceful death,
To me seems sweet.
Did Jesus suffer for my sake?
Or only give
A painful pattern to my soul
How it must die?
Say, can we only through much grief
Learn how to live?
And will it fit us for a world
Of bliss on high?
Within my soul a sweet response
From heaven comes;
Hark! while it sings, "Each earthly cross
Will gem a crown,
Like flowers fair, our trials here
A garland form;
While wisdom hides a smile of love
In every frown."
Thus, while without the raindrops fall,
And nature weeps,
Within my soul the storm has broke,
The bow appears;
And joy, like laughing rills, through all
My being leaps;
Tears are but dew, a holy calm
Quells all my fears.
Trust, doubting soul, the unseen power
That rules o'er all;
Is not thy life of greater worth
Than lilies bloom?
Behold His loving hand who checks
The sparrow's fall,
And from this moment banish all
Thy faithless gloom.

Literary Department.

(Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1866,
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Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.)

JESSIE GRAY.

Written expressly for the Banner of
Light, by Mrs. A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER V.

Jessie's Diary Continued.
"I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!
And it was all a dream!"

There was great mourning in Dalton when Judge Perry died, but on Woodside the shadow of death rested very heavily. No one spoke of a summer trip now, and within and without the house there was the hush and gloom which death always brings. The impulsive nature of Mrs. Perry was now evident. She was not selfish in her grief, and commanded herself in the presence of others, but she moaned and wept incessantly when alone. "I am desolate and bereaved," she said, "for I have lost father, husband, guardian, all in one!" She had always leaned upon him, and felt incapable of acting for herself.

When I would go into her room to smooth her hair and read to her and try to comfort her, she said, "Oh, Jessie, if I could have died, too! or if God had taken me and left him! I cannot, cannot live without him!" My only hope was in the very intensity of her grief, that it might not affect her like that slow, silent sorrow which, like the worm in the bud, destroys before we are aware of its existence. She made me promise I would stay with her for the summer, and I could not refuse. But before autumn I received letters that my father's health was failing, and Dr. Ward wrote that if I wished to see him alive I must hasten home. "Go," said Mrs. Perry, "go, by all means, at once, but come back to me, Jessie, come back, for we shall be indeed sisters in sorrow."

Dr. Barton called to see us shortly before my departure, but I had not then heard of my father's illness. He was not staying at Greenwood, but at the hotel in the village, which we thought very strange, and we urged him to remain with us. He did not remove his luggage, but retained his room at the hotel, and still nearly all his time was passed at Hillside. He talked and read and played with the children; and he selected Mrs. Perry's favorite music for me to sing and play, and was so kind and gentle in his way, so full of sympathy, never avoiding to speak of our loss, but referring to the Judges as belonging to us still, only having passed "over the river" first, and then he would sing with me that sweet song, "Over the River," (he had a rich bass voice and there was something soothing in its tones,) till Mrs. Perry felt the influence of this comforter and was more like her genial, cheerful self. I have seen the Doctor's eyes follow her as she moved about the room, with such a look of earnest sympathy, as if he read all her sorrow.

"Ah, Jessie," he said, "no wonder she grieves! her husband was one of those rare men whom to know was to love. Save my own father, I should feel no one's death so keenly." And yet, he let business keep him from the funeral, and he had not come to us in all these days of sorrow. I could not understand that.

Mr. Selden was away from Greenwood now; perhaps that was the reason the Doctor did not go there. One day Peter handed him the key of the den.

"No, Peter, put it back in the old box under the ground. If I wish for it I will tell you."
"Your rooms are all in order, sir," said Peter. "Master John told me, if you came, to say that he hoped you would occupy them."

"I shall not need them, Peter. I have a room at the hotel this time."

I was sorry to have the time come for him to leave, for the house was so much brighter when he was there, and the children were so fond of "Uncle Jim," as they had learned to call him. They had their regular recitations now during the day, so that I saw the Doctor only in the evening, but I could hear his voice about the house, sometimes singing, sometimes reading, and beguiling Mrs. Perry by long talks of their travels on the continent.

I remember one day—it was very wicked in me to have such thoughts—I was sitting by the window in my room, and the Doctor and Mrs. Perry were in the garden, gathering pears for dessert. She had thrown her bonnet aside, and I thought as she stood there I had never seen her look more beautiful than in that plain black dress and widow's cap; and the Doctor—to me he seems one of Nature's noblemen, worthy such a woman as Mrs. Perry. And then for the first time it occurred to me that perhaps—yes, perhaps he would win her for his wife. He had always thought her superior to any other woman, why might it not be so?

Oh, Jessie Gray, I said to myself, why should this thought give you pain? Then I remembered all that Dr. Barton, Sr., had said to me, and, on looking into my own heart, for I determined to look there at the risk of great self-mortification and suffering, I found that Dr. Barton had occupied too much of my time and interest; and then I bowed my head in shame and grief, and afterwards rose bravely and looked at myself in the mirror—a small, plain, pale, little woman, and I wondered that I should have been so led astray by the affection and kind wishes of the good old Doctor and his wife. The dressing bell rung for dinner, but I was afraid I was not yet in a right mood to go down, so I closed the shutters and, in the silence and darkness of my own room, thus I prayed: "Oh, God, hear the prayer of one who would love thee supremely. Help me to say, Thy will be done, and in all the changes of life, to submit cheerfully to the dispensations of thy

providence, resigning all into thy hands, and knowing no will but thine." Then I arose calm, and with a clear insight into my own heart, and a knowledge of my duty. I think I was happier that day than I had been for a long time. I wondered that I had not seen before how like a brother the Doctor had treated me; but my watchful eyes detected his admiration, amounting almost to worship, of Mrs. Perry. She did not see it, I was sure then; but since I have had proof that she never suspected it. No, her thoughts at that time were all dedicated to the loved and lost.

When the Doctor left he said to me, "Jessie, I hope you will remain with Mrs. Perry. She loves you very much and you are a great comfort to her. I will write to you after my return to Columbus." How thankful I was then that I had been so faithful to myself that day, for now I knew that he would write to me only that he might hear from Mrs. Perry. He did write, and I answered it immediately, telling him nothing of myself, but all about my dearest friend and the children.

Then I had my letter calling me home, and I forgot everything else in my own grief lest my father would die. My brother Henry met me at the Woodburn Depot and said father was more comfortable, and Dr. Barton hoped he might live for some time yet. I was very thankful for this, but it made me sad to see him so worn and emaciated. He was so glad to see me that he shed tears. Aunt Betsey was a capable manager of household affairs, but not a gentle, quiet nurse; the stillness of the sick room was very tedious to her, and she was glad to have me take her place, that she could send away the "shiftless, good-for-nothing hired girl," as she called the poor creature that she had hired at cheap wages to do the drudgery of the kitchen. All winter my dear father hovered between life and death, but he did not suffer greatly; it was a gradual failing of the vital powers. It was a great privilege to be with him. It was like going down to the River of Death with "Christian." And when spring came I saw him put on the shining garments, but my eyes were dim and I could not see him on the opposite bank ascending to the Golden City.

Mrs. Perry and myself had corresponded during the winter—she had been very sad and lonely. She mentioned that Dr. Barton had been to Woodside, but she said nothing else about him. But in two or three of her letters she had mentioned John Selden. He had been at home some weeks during the winter. "Poor John," she wrote. "I never saw so great a change in any one—he is still very sad but not morose. He has taken to Willie wonderfully; and every day the child seems to be winning him from his misanthropy. Madam Homer and Mrs. Selden are spending the winter with Mark Homer in New York."

Again in another letter she writes: "Dr. Barton has been here again, but did not go to Greenwood; and when he met John here, they were very cool and reserved—at least Dr. Barton was so toward John. I cannot understand it; they have from boys been such intimate friends. 'Poor John!' There it was again. I did not quite like so much compassion for poor John! I thought if Dr. Barton was displeased with Mr. Selden, he had good reasons for it. But then I had little time to think about the matter, for this last letter came the week father died. He died in his sleep; and though I sat by his side, I knew not the moment when the spirit left the body. His face never looked so beautiful as in that sleep, when the angel of death with one touch of his shadowy fingers brought back the beauty of his manhood. We laid him to rest in the churchyard, under the trees which his own hands had planted over my mother's grave.

He was very much loved by the people whom he had served for fifty years; but the evening of his burial, my brother and myself stole away from the kind friends who had come to the parsonage to sympathize with us, and took our farewell by the grave. Henry was going South to teach, and must hasten away to fulfill his engagement; he was already a week behind his time. He left that evening in the cars. I was alone in my room, alone in the world, and henceforth dependent upon my own exertions. I knew—for my father had told me—that we were poor. All I possessed in the world, was a little furniture which once belonged to my mother, and a deed of the pasture lot which my father had caused to be made out in my name. I could go back to Dalton; had promised to do so, but I had now made up my mind that Dr. Barton had a design in visiting Woodside, and when a suitable time arrived, he would be master there. I did not dream that even Mrs. Perry, beautiful as she was, would refuse Dr. Barton; and if the marriage should take place, why, I would rather not be the governess for Nettie and Willie. It was perhaps wrong in me, and showed that I was not quite so strong as I ought to be.

I was not surprised when I stopped at the station near Dalton, to find Dr. Barton and Nettie waiting for me. The Doctor was very kind, and looked concerned and sad when he saw how pale and thin I had become. He wrapped his shawl round me, for the night was cool; and Nettie slipped her hand under the shawl and held my hand in hers. "Oh Miss Gray," said the child, "I am so glad to see you again! I have been so lonely." There was the real pathos of suffering in the words, and I did not understand then nor till long afterwards, why the dear girl was so lonely and sad. Mrs. Perry was watching for the carriage, and she covered me with kisses, and held me in her arms, and made me so welcome that I was glad to be with her again. What a loving, impulsive nature she had!

It was now nearly a year since the Judge's death, and I thought that evening that Mrs. Perry's sorrow had not worn upon her as I feared. There was much of the brightness of old times about her, and I sat drinking in the beauty of her face that evening, and wondering if I should ever find another woman as lovely. Dr. Barton

felt it, too; I could see that the very ground she trod upon was sacred to him. He left the next morning, and Mrs. Perry said to him on leaving, "Come often to see us, Doctor, now that Miss Jessie has returned," and he threw back his wavy hair, with that gesture of his hand which I knew so well, then turned and kissed me. "Yes, Jessie, I will come often, and we will be children again and go out into the woods together when the nuts hang brown upon the tree." The words were addressed to me, but the last glance was for Mrs. Perry; and I read James Barton's heart then, for had not I known him from a boy? When we went into the house, Mrs. Perry said: "He is a noble fellow, Jessie. Has he proposed yet?"

Now she was either deceiving me or was deceived herself, I could not tell which, but I answered, "No, Mrs. Perry, nor do I think he ever will."

"Ay, Jessie, he is too social in his nature to live an old bachelor." I turned and went up to my room—somehow I could not hear that she should speak thus to me. That very evening I heard John Selden's voice in the parlor, and Mrs. Perry was singing to him, and I knew by the sound that it was his piano not ours that she was using, and I wondered somewhat. I did not go down again that evening. But I was unhappy, I could not tell why, but I fell asleep weeping.

We were very regular and systematic in our school duties that summer. The piano had been moved from the parlor to the school-room, and Mr. Selden's instrument, as I have before hinted, brought to Woodside. Mrs. Perry consented to my receiving two or three music pupils, which occupied my time, and afforded me additional compensation. I was very glad of this, for I had used all my funds at the time of my father's funeral. Mrs. Perry often brought her needle work and sat in the school-room with us. She was very lonely. Mr. Selden came in frequently, and as the days became shorter and the evenings lengthened, his visits were more prolonged. I can hardly tell how it came about, but after a while I passed most of my evenings in my own room with Nettie, while Mrs. Perry, Mr. Selden and Willie, remained in the parlor. I think this was my fault—if fault it was—for when Mr. Selden asked me for music I excused myself, because I was employed so many hours during the day at the piano. Then I was, like most Yankee girls, expert with my needle, and the new morning toilet made many changes necessary. Nettie was crocheting a breakfast shawl for her mother, and wished for my instruction. Thus we were thrown much together, and I found my little companion a comfort in my sorrow.

I was surprised at the change in Mr. Selden. Whenever I met him he was less melancholy, and exerted himself to be friendly and social; but, strange to say—though I believe such is the perverseness of our sex—I ceased to feel an interest even in his great sorrow. Not that dear little Birdie was forgotten, for we all cherished her memory; none with such reverence as Peter, who still made his daily pilgrimage to the tomb; but I now thought of her loss more in connection with others than with the father. I think I am given to extremes, for, from ceasing to feel a sympathy for Mr. Selden, a positive dislike grew upon me; and the more I studied his features, the stronger this feeling became. I noticed that when he spoke he never looked the person whom he addressed fully in the face; then there was a little cast in the eye, which gives to many faces a sinister look—it certainly did to Mr. Selden.

That winter little Dalton became very ambitious, and emulated larger towns in raising a liberal subscription for a course of lectures from our best speakers. Chapin, Beecher, King and others of less note were invited. Mrs. Perry was interested, and very liberal in her subscription. Every lecture evening the carriage was brought round, and Mrs. Perry, Nettie and myself attended regularly, and soon Mr. Selden came to occupy the vacant seat, or we went in his carriage, which was a little more commodious; and as Peter was the more careful and experienced driver, he was preferred during the winter season.

I remember one cold snowy evening I felt a little troubled as we came out of the Hall, and Peter stood at the carriage door with some extra wraps upon his arm, to see, while I was waiting for Mr. Selden to assist Mrs. Perry in the carriage, Madam Homer and Mrs. Selden pass, walking to their own home. I could not see the expression on Madam Homer's face, for the night was dark, but she turned and watched us a moment, and I could easily imagine what her look might be. I did not like the appearance of the thing myself, and turned over in my own mind how I might avoid being one of the party; but I am a poor diplomatist, and all I could do was to tell Mrs. Perry that I wished to make a call upon a friend in town, and would go with her to the lecture. Unfortunately a storm came on and there was no lecture, and Mrs. Perry, who knew Mr. Selden came from his office in the buggy, asked him if he would be kind enough to fetch me home. Thus all I gained by my ruse, was a ride with Mr. Selden, passing Madam Homer's house, when she and Mrs. Selden saw me from the window.

I then resolved that I would perform my duty and let matters take their course, though there were many uncomfortable hours for me that winter. Poor little Jessie! That was a wise resolution perhaps, to let matters take their course, but we have more knowledge than yourself what that course was, and we will enlighten the reader, though perhaps he has already seen for himself. We will enter the family one of those long winter evenings, when Miss Jessie and Nettie are sewing by the fire in the governess's room. Nettie's breakfast shawl of purple and gray worsted is nearly completed, and she hopes by the next day to present it to her mother. Her friend and teacher is at work upon a black dress for the cold

weather; they have enjoyed the evening, for they have alternated in reading aloud Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*, which is new to Nettie, and her companion has enjoyed the keen interest of the little girl in poor, lonely Hepzibah. The book, the dress and the shawl are all to be finished that evening, and they therefore indulge themselves in sitting up an hour later, and then they linger awhile to talk over this strange, apt-tale, and to their surprise the clock in the hall strikes twelve before they are in bed, and just afterward they hear an enter door below open and shut. Nettie is timid, she is sure there are robbers in the house, but Miss Jessie, whose ear is more acute, is certain that the step is outside of the house, and she raises the window a little and sees some one going across the garden to Greenwood. She thinks she knows the step, but she does not tell Nettie so. The little girl, reassured goes down stairs and finds her mother still in the parlor sitting by the table leaning her head upon her hand, and evidently in deep thought. Nettie goes very quietly to her mother's side and kisses her; then Mrs. Perry is aroused from her reverie and returns the embrace very tenderly, but says in some surprise, "Are you up, Nettie? my daughter must not keep such late hours."

"Only to-night mother, see!" and she threw the shawl over her shoulders. "You will wear it to-morrow morning, will you not?"

"Yes, darling," and the mother holds her for her bosom a moment, and looks into the sweet, young face, when a sudden paleness over-spreads her own features. "Why, Nettie, how much you look like your father!"

"Do I, mother? I am so glad, dear, dear father! we shall never get used to living without him, shall we? Oh, mother! I would like to die and go to father; death does not seem terrible now he has gone from us."

The mother answered not a word, but there was a closer embrace, and they parted for the night.

When Mrs. Perry found herself alone, she rose and walked the room, and it was not until long after the household were wrapped in slumber that she sought her bed.

It was Selden's step that Jessie heard, her ear was not mistaken, and it was with a feeling of triumph which he had not experienced since boyhood that he entered his own home. "I have triumphed!" he exclaimed, as he closed the door of his own room, "a long fought battle, but victory at last!" Now in the prime of her glorious womanhood she is mine! mine!" he exclaimed, as he, too, walked his room, unable to sleep from the very excess of his joy.

Yes, that evening John Selden had told the story of his early hopes to Mrs. Perry. He had gone in, as was his habit, now almost every evening. Carrie had merely tolerated him at first from sympathy with his great loss; a community of sorrow had made her still more lenient to him in his misanthropy. She had striven to draw him from it. Her hope had been to reunite the severed hearts of the married, but not mated. John had invariably avoided the mention of his wife's name, and preferred to turn the conversation to the scenes of their childhood, and early home. Carrie never wearied of this topic. Step by step he had gained ground, Carrie all unconscious whether he was leading her. This evening he had found her at the piano; she was alone, Nettie had been dressing her mother's hair that day, and it was no longer confined beneath the cap, but the heavy masses were wound round her head as in years gone by. The open sleeves fell back from her white hands, looking still more delicate from the heavy jet bracelets on the wrists, the beautiful slope of the round white arm was visible while she played. As Carrie Perry sat there she was more beautiful than in her girlhood. John Selden felt this as he stole noiselessly to her side, and stood till she had finished the sonata.

"Carrie," he then said in a low tone, "give me that again, please."

She complied, merely saying, "It is beautiful, isn't it, John?"

He gazed upon her face with the feeling that he had never known before how lovely she was; then upon those fair, round arms, full passion, such passion as only those strong, reticent natures know, was aroused within him. His arm stole round her, "Carrie, forgive me, look at me!" She turned, John Selden was transformed before her! Admiration, passion, intense love burned in his eyes. "Hear me!" he said, deprecatingly, as he saw her look of mingled surprise and terror. "Hear me, Carrie, before you condemn." You were the ideal of my boyhood, and I have loved no other. When Judge Perry came between yourself and my love, I felt that life henceforth had no charms for me. A passing feeling of admiration, a belief that Anna Homer loved me, made me a captive to her wiles; for you well know I was more passive than herself in bringing about that marriage. I hoped I might forget you—you know the result. But when Birdie came, I knew again what love was; love that filled my whole soul. I began even to believe in God, in heaven."

"John!" said Mrs. Perry, laying her hand on his arm, "begin to believe in God?"

"Yes, Carrie; but I have now neither faith nor hope; there is no God, no happiness, no heaven for me, unless you will lead me to it. Hear me a little longer; do not send me from you in despair just yet. You loved Judge Perry, loved him as the child the father, as the young girl her faithful guardian, and with a father's love he loved you; but it was not like my love; the passion of a life, the fever that will never be cooled till Death lays his cold hand upon my pulse. We are both free now, be mine, lead me to peace and goodness; and he stood before her in all the humility of a suppliant, while the words, the voice, the tone, the eyes full of feeling, told of the deep, warm passion of the strong man.

"John," said Carrie, "can this be so, that all these long years you have loved me, and I never suspected it? And is it this that has made your life so—so unlike what I had hoped for you? God forgive me, John, for my mistrust and want of sympathy."

"Give it me now; make of me what you wish; your love will purify, exalt, redeem me!" Again he ventured to take her hand and look into her eyes, which, however, could not return his gaze, for they fell beneath those burning glances.

"John, give me time; let me think. Go now."

"But come again?" he said, in a low tone.

"Yes, John, come again; but give me time. Oh, John, it is a fearful thing—such love as this!"

"Carrie, it was terrible to think of dying, and never revealing it to you! I will go, if you command me, but I must come again!"

They parted—but we all know what is said of the woman who hesitates. Ay, Carrie Perry, was there no guardian angel to warn you? Was there nothing in your heart that made you shrink instinctively from the touch of that hand? Was there no memory of that dying prophecy—of those clear, calm eyes that pierced the future and foresaw this scene?

Once that evening there was a still, small voice, but only for a moment, when she looked at Nettie, and saw her father in her eyes. There was something in Carrie's warm, impulsive nature that responded to such love as that which John Selden felt, and to lead that suffering, stern man to peace, was a task that she almost desired.

No wonder John Selden sang his psalm of victory! No wonder he thus forgot the lone, divorced, childless woman, who, in a humble home not far from his own, was brooding over her wrongs and her sorrows, and thought only of the beautiful one whom he hoped soon to call wife! Sleep on, John Selden, but Nemesis is swift-footed and clairvoyant!

Spring had come again, and nowhere did she find a sweeter welcome than from tranquil lawn and whispering trees and swelling buds, than from the hill where Greenwood and Woodside reposed in such quiet beauty. Years of wealth and taste and toil had made them very beautiful, and Dalton was very proud of those homes, always directing strangers to them, as unsurpassed for beauty in the West.

Miss Jessie sat in her favorite bay window, one morning, looking at the scene which never wearied her, but soon her thoughts wandered, and her brow was troubled. War now filled the land, and her brother Henry had, in the very first excitement at the fall of Sumter, enlisted in the Union Army. Jessie would not have had it otherwise; but, nevertheless, there had entered into her heart an anxiety which she could not quiet. There was no one in Woodside or Greenwood to do battle with the foe—no one liable to draft, save Jim, and he told Peter "if the war was against our England, he jabsbers, if he would n't stand a draft, and volunteer, too, and whip the old country till she didn't know London Bridge; but as for fightin' for them murderin' niggers, to set 'em free, as 'Squire Hall said, by St. Patrick! he wouldn't do it."

"And you need n't," replied Peter. "The Lord's a comin', and he haint nuffin to say to Ireland yet. He's a comin' to set his people free, and all he asks of such as you is not to stand in de road. But if yer found dere, de chariot wheels of his glory will roll over you."

Jim made an exclamation of contempt, and moved away with his hoo to a distant part of the garden.

Jessie was tempted by the soft spring air to walk in the garden, and as she walked, she was still musing and longing—as many a woman beside Jessie Gray has longed—for a strong arm to strike for her country. She was so absorbed that she observed no other person in the garden, till a voice near her said:

"Good morning, Miss Gray!"

Jessie turned, and saw Aunt Hannah. Now Jessie had a great regard for the good old housekeeper, and gave her a smiling greeting.

"I hope I do n't intrude," said the housekeeper, with a little hesitation in her manner, "but I have come out to say a few words to you, which I hope you will take kindly, as it is meant."

"To be sure," said Miss Jessie, who wondered a little at the introduction.

"Suppose we go into the summer-house, where we shall be out of sight and hearing," and she stepped back for Jessie to precede her.

"There, now, Miss Gray, you are an orphan, and my heart often aches for you in your trouble, more especially as you have no one to tell you if you go wrong, or shield you if you make a false step."

This last expression disturbed Miss Gray, and she was about to rise and leave, when she thought that this woman could not feel any ill-will against her, and she would hear her through.

"I see you start, and there's a flush on your cheek; but I mean no harm, Miss Gray. I am your friend, and I know you are not suspicious, and are ignorant of the slander and gossip there is in this village."

Jessie began to understand now, and she was pale and silent, but listened patiently.

"Now, Miss Gray, I wish from my heart that Mr. John had seen you first. I do, indeed! Your gentle ways and your sweet voice would have made us all love you; but seeing things as they are, and that terrible Madam Homer for your enemy, I can't advise you to marry him. No, I fear you will only have a life of sorrow; the whole town is full of the gossip, and I do n't like to have them talk so. Indeed, Miss Gray, I love you too well not to tell you all this, and advise you to do something. I can't tell what; you are wiser than this poor old woman."

"Marry him! Marry who? I do n't understand, Miss Hannah!"

"Why, Miss Gray, has n't Mr. John been visiting at your house near all winter? and is n't Dr. Barton going to marry Mrs. Perry some time, if he can persuade her to change her name, and a very sensible, good man he is, and I can't blame Miss Carrie? But you and Mr. John! It don't seem exactly right; and if the matter isn't all settled, I wish you would think about it longer, and not be hasty."

Miss Jessie had heard all now; she had been patient, but she could endure it no longer.

"Miss Hannah, you are right in saying that Mr. Selden has visited Woodside often; for six months he has been a constant visitor there; but in all that time, I do not think I have passed two hours in his society. Marry Mr. Selden! not while God gives me reason!" and she turned away to hide the tears which were flowing freely.

"Do n't be angry with me, my dear Miss Gray! I mean kindly."

Jessie turned and gave her hand, but she could not speak, then hurried into the house. She performed all her school duties faithfully, and it was not until seven o'clock in the evening that she had time to lock herself into her room and think. She looked around upon the room that had been such a pleasant home to her, but could be such no longer.

"I must seek another home at once—but where?" Poor child! she had none. Then she remembered of her musings in the morning, and some pleasant thoughts came into her mind, for she smiled. But tears soon followed the smile, and when she was calm again, she knelt and prayed for guidance and wisdom.

One thing was made very clear to her: she must leave Woodside. Hour after hour passed, and while she sat there John Selden came into the house, and she heard his voice in the parlor: then Willio's step on the stairs, going to bed. She opened the door to bid him good-night and give him his evening kiss. It was a bright, happy face, and he said:

"Miss Gray, I am not afraid now; whenever I begin to be, I say the verse you taught me, and the fear all goes away: 'What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee.'"

She held him a moment in her arms. "Always trust in God, Willio; he will never forsake those who trust in Him."

[Conclusion in our next.]

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

"We think not that we really 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
LEON HEYR.

(Original.)

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

NUMBER TWO.

"Here is a warm, sunny seat, auntie," said Will; "just behind the hill to keep off the wind, and in front of the old forest, shorn of its leaves. I like the trees best when they are leafless, don't you?"

"Sometimes I think the leaves hide a great deal of beauty," said Aunt Zera. "Look at the delicate twigs against the clear sky, they form a beautiful network. And see that arch over there; they say that the graceful Gothic architecture was suggested by the forests, where the trees make beautiful temples, with their pointed windows and lofty domes—the best of all temples to worship in."

"Is n't it strange that everybody doesn't try to find some form of beauty to imitate when they build a home?" said Grace.

"They generally do," said Will; "like a pumpkin or squash. There's Mr. Adams's new house, it looks for all the world like a pumpkin father raised last year; flat on one side, sloping on the other, and a general dumpy all around. That's imitating nature for you."

"You know what I mean," said Grace; "beautiful things in nature always speak to us, and I always think of great and good men and women when I look at a forest tree. But, Aunt Zera, are we to have another true story out here?"

"To be sure we are. It is a place made purposely, one would think, for story telling, so quiet, and yet with such a view of the far-off valley along the river, as if we could send our thoughts out to the world. That forest over there crowning the mountains makes me think of those grand old forests of Lorraine, that sloped down the Vosges mountains. They were said to be haunted by fairies, but they could not be more beautiful than is that one with its purple tint against the grand mountain."

"Oh tell us about them, the fairies, I mean," said Kate.

"But I was to tell a true story," said Aunt Zera.

"Well, I know by your looks that there is a true one coming out of those forests. So begin, do please, while we are all so warm and comfortable here in the sunshine."

"Are you sure you are warm enough?" said Eunie. "Let me wrap the shawl a little closer about you;" and she spoke as if Aunt Zera was left in her care, and several years younger than herself.

"It is as warm as the house and far pleasanter," said Aunt Zera. "And now for the fairies of Lorraine."

That must have been a beautiful country in the province of Lorraine, just under the shadow of the Vosges mountains, and watered by the river Meuse, where dwelt the poor laborer Jacques Dare and his wife Isabella. From the door of their home they could see the old oak forest that had been so long one of the favorite haunts of the fairies. But close by was the church, and the priest did not think that the fairies were Christian neighbors, so a mass was said every year to drive them away.

But there soon came to dwell in this humble home several children, and they loved well to hear the stories of the little ladies in the woods, but their mother loved better to tell them the stories of the Church. One of her little daughters was an eager listener to these stories. Her name was Jeanne, and she was both beautiful and good. She stayed often at home with her mother while her brothers and sisters worked in the field, and she learned to spin and to sew.

But few of the poorer people in that region learned how to read or write, and Jeanne did not learn a word; but all the sweet stories of the Church, of Jesus and Mary, and of the sainted and holy men, were told to her by her loving mother, so that Jeanne thought a religious life was as pleasant as her life at home; and to serve God as pleasant as to serve her loving, gentle mother.

And so she spun and worked at her household duties, and often cared for the sick among her neighbors; and she never forgot to feed the hungry, or give to those who needed. They called her the best girl in the village.

"What village was it?" asked Kate.

"Don-Remy," continued Aunt Zera; "and the villagers all loved her and admired her beauty, and wondered at her piety. At this time—the reign of Charles VII. of France—frequent wars devastated the country; and as the village of Don-Remy was frequently between the contending parties, Jeanne early learned the terrors of war. She often gave up her bed to some poor fugitives who sought shelter from the hordes of brigands that swept over the adjoining country. Once her family were obliged to fly, and returned to find their home destroyed by fire."

Jeanne could not understand why God permitted all this misery, but she had perfect faith that He had the power to raise up a redeemer; and so she prayed often to him and to the angel Mary that they would bring a time of peace.

One day, about noontime, she went out in her father's garden, which was close by the church. It was a fast day, and her thoughts were more than ever given to heavenly things. There suddenly shone a light, brighter than that of the noonday, close by the church. Its brightness dazzled her, and as she looked toward it, a voice spoke to her, "Jeanne, be a good and obedient child, go often to church."

She knew that the voice was not a human voice, and that the light was not the light of the sun; and into her heart came a new joy, and yet she was almost afraid. She had never thought that an angel could speak to her, a simple girl; yet those few words were to her heart like the gleaming of a star through her chamber window, they drew her thoughts away from all other things. That spot in the garden became a favorite place to her. She loved it as if it had been made holier than other places.

The angel paid her still other visits, speaking to her sweet words of counsel; but she only saw the light and heard the voice. But one day the radiance seemed more glorious than ever before. Her gentle heart almost trembled as she beheld the great glory. In the midst of the brightness she beheld many figures, and one that seemed like that of a wise and noble man. Her whole being seemed to reverence him, and she felt both awe and love for him. "Jeanne," said he, "go to the succor of the King of France, and thou shalt restore his kingdom to him."

What strange words were those to be spoken to a young girl who knew nothing of the world save what had come to her in her quiet, simple life.

"Sir," she replied, "I am only a poor girl, and know not how to lead men in arms."

The angel gave her directions what to do and endeavored to encourage her. It proved to be none other than one of the old saints; and he came again to her to inspire and encourage and to beg her "for pity for the Kingdom of France," to obey his words. Then there came beautiful women clothed in white, and with gleaming lights about them, and their voices were soft and sweet as they spoke to this sweet child and encouraged her faith. "I longed," she said, "for the angels to take me away with them!" and no wonder, for she must have been near heaven in that garden by the church.

"Now, Aunt Zera," said Will, "if I did n't believe you always told the truth I should assert that you were romancing a little. I've read the history of Joan of Arc, and there was none of that humbug in it. No doubt she thought she heard something, but she was a visionary."

"I am giving you a true history of a beautiful life," continued Aunt Zera, "and he who doubts its truth will not believe the angel appeared to Mary at the sepulchre."

"Or took Peter out of prison," said Jeanne. "Yes," continued Aunt Zera, "angels have always been close to the simple, the pure and the good; and Joan D'Arc had a holy mission to perform to her country. Her father and mother had many doubts about her visions, and they bade her stay at home and be a good girl. But there was a power about her that she could not resist. It bade her leave the home she had loved so well, to forget the entreaties of her gentle mother, to disobey her father's command, to go among strangers and encounter peril. It was a long, long time before she could make up her mind to do all this; but at last the spiritual influences were stronger than all others, and they led her forth. None of her own family trusted in her visions, but she had an uncle who listened to her story and believed that heaven had indeed called her to do a great work. He took her with him to his own home, and accompanied her to Vaucouleurs, where, after a time, she had an interview with Baudricourt. She told him to send the Dauphin word to be firm, for the Lord would send him succor in Mid-Leut."

"Baudricourt was a captain, was n't he?" asked Will.

"Yes, and a skeptical one, too; and he thought the easiest way of disposing of the matter was to go to a priest. The priest said prayers over Jeanne, and bid the devil depart from her. But the common people heard about the matter, and heard gladly, as in olden times, and believed and flocked in crowds to see her. To one gentleman she said:

"The Dauphin has no succor but myself, and I must go to him, though I would prefer staying and spinning with my mother. But this is no work of my own; I must go and do it, for it is my Lord's will."

"Who is your Lord?" asked the gentleman. "God!" replied the maiden of great faith."

"What year was this?" asked Will.

"It was in 1229; sixty-three years before the discovery of America. At last, after many efforts and failures, she succeeded in starting on her journey to the French Court. It was a journey of much peril. She was a young and beautiful girl, but she was too pure to have any fears. When others feared for her, she said:

"Fear nothing; God guides my way! It is for this I was born."

At another time she said: "My brothers in Paradise tell me what I am to do."

And she did pass through all danger in safety, and was at last received by the king. He received her in great magnificence, as if he expected to overawe her by his surroundings. Fifty torches lighted the hall and three hundred knights surrounded the monarch. But she entered the imposing scene with all the simplicity and grace of a child. The king kept himself among his courtiers, that he might test her powers by seeing if she would recognize him. She went immediately to him and addressed him. He was much moved, and it is said, took her one side, when she showed her clairvoyant power by telling of a circumstance known only to himself.

There was by this time two parties: one favored her, the other were her bitter enemies. Therefore she was sent to the Doctors of Divinity, in the great city of Poitiers. She sat down on a bench, and with all the simplicity that had governed her in her home, she replied to the questions of these very reverend men. She related to them her visions; told them about the angels, and what they said to her. The Doctors were so very wise, that they wished to displease neither party, and finally decided that it was not unlawful to listen to the maiden. Some of her examiners began to quote to her from the writings of Doctors. She replied:

"There is more in God's Book than in yours. I do not know either A or B, but I come commissioned by God to raise the siege of Orleans, and to have the Dauphin crowned at Rheims."

At last it was decided to listen to her, and she was equipped. A brave knight attended her and two pages, and also her brother, Pierre Dare. She rode a black horse, and wore white armor; at her side was the sword of St. Catherine, which she had designated where to find, and a small axe. In her hand she bore a white standard embroidered with fleurs-de-lis.

"How splendidly she must have looked!" said Grace. "I can almost see her now. Did she wear a dress like a woman's?"

"No; she wore a costume like a man's, but her modesty and purity enveloped her like a protecting veil. Everywhere she went people felt the power of her sincere devotion, and when she entered Orleans, the crowd was so eager to see that it was with difficulty that she passed through the streets. They desired even to touch her horse, as if she and all about her were holy."

And now I would like to tell you how the attack on the English was renewed; how jealousy made the commanders plan a secret attack, which failed; how, at last, led by her the French recovered, in a great measure, the glory of their nation. The siege of Orleans was raised, and Charles VII. crowned king in Rheims. But I wanted only to tell you the beautiful story of Joan of Arc while she talked with the angels, and obeyed their commands."

"Oh!" said Will, "do go on! do go on! I begin to believe."

"It would take me till nightfall to tell you of her triumph, and then of her martyrdom; for you know she was cruelly betrayed, and at last burned at the stake. It is a history so full of interest, that I trust you will all find it and read it."

"But, Auntie, did she forsake her faith?" asked Kate.

"At the very last, while the flames curled around her, she cried out, 'Yes, my voices were from God; my voices have not deceived me.' But there had been times when she lost faith, when she was frightened into doubt because the Church condemned her—the Church that she had so revered. I do not like to think how the poor child must have suffered in prison, with no friends to protect or encourage her."

"And was the king mean enough to forget to help her?" said Will, indignantly.

"He left her to die, when he knew she had saved him his crown. Would you rather have been the king that could do that, or the simple maiden with the trusting heart? Who seems greatest now?"

"But I do think," said Will, "that it was rather mean in the angels to forsake her!"

"Perhaps to them the glory of her martyrdom was greater than that of a crown. Sure I am, that I am thankful for her death and sufferings, as well as her life."

"Come," said Eunie, "it grows cold with the sun behind that cloud; let us go in and hunt over the library for the rest of the history of the fair Maid of Orleans."

"Which I will do myself the pleasure to read aloud," said Will, "while the old back-log sends out its warmth, and Aunt Zera takes a turn at my scarf. Forward, march!"

Arithmetical Enigma.

A curious sum I'll give to you,
So set your wits to work,
And puzzle out the answer true,
Nor think the task to shirk.
'Tis nine from six you first must take.
Don't wag your head in scorn,
Ere I get through I'll surely make
You see it can be done.
If you succeed in doing that,
You'll very quickly see,
How ten from nine you can extract
Without much mystery.
Take fifty from forty, and now I'm done;
Ye wise ones, pray explain,
How, after this queer figuring,
Just half a dozen remain?

Answer to Flower Puzzle.

One-fourth part of five is (V.)
My second only one, the numeral (I)
Add nothing for the third (O)
Add fifty for the fourth (L)
My fifth is a fourth part of five (E)
My sixth the letter (T)
My whole—VIOLET.

To Contributors.

A true story by Lilly Day will appear soon.

A PRAYER.

BY HENRI GUY DANIELS.

Let him not wildly mourn,
Making his days forever comfortless;
Grant him, when I am gone,
To wear his grief with holy gracefulness;
Inform him with pure piety to see
Upon my grave, tear-blinded though he be,
The anadom of immortality.

Fix in him faith, I pray,
To meet the shadowy changes as they fall,
Seeing, day after day,
The darkness gathering that endeth all.
Until the last, oh let him linger near!
And through the dark transition let me hear
His prayerful voice, to strengthen, if I fear.

When Hope is weariest,
And Faith, despondent, on affliction feeds,
And life looks, at the best,
A troublous tangle of disordered creeds,
Heal in his heart the wounds that make him faint,
And pour the spikenard of pure self-restraint
Upon them, quieting his wild complaint.

With voices faintly sweet,
And visions fair, his loneliness adorn;
Let angels lead his feet
Through ever radiant avenues of morn;
That, when he wakes, his grief may lighten
Upon his soul, than Autumn on the spray,
Or evening on the eyelid of the day.

The Memory of Pierpont.

I was pleased to notice your just criticism in the BANNER of Nov. 3d, relative to the work purporting to be "The Life and Character of the Rev. John Pierpont." To me and to all honest lovers of the truth—especially the ten million believers, in the United States, in our beautiful spiritual religion—the work referred to is simply an abortion and an insult to the good old man's memory and his now bright spirit, as well as an insult to Mr. Pierpont's numerous spiritual friends in Europe, now numbering some millions. If I had the requisite funds, I would forward them to you to publish a correct Life and Character of Rev. John Pierpont; not having them, I can only suggest that those worthy Spiritualists who feel the spirit of truth of our Spiritual Philosophy, will not be dilatory in furnishing abundant means to publish an elegant, truthful, illustrated biography of "the old man eloquent."

I would further suggest that such a work should be in the highest style of art. The engravings to be mezzotinted, representing portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont, his birthplace and Medford home; also the Hollis Street Church, of which he was formerly pastor, and was shamefully obliged to leave because he dared to preach against that curse of curses, INTemperance. Pierpont's defence on that occasion is well worthy republication. The work should aim mainly to give very concisely his best gems of prose and poetry, and particularly his radically ignoring aristocratic, unspiritualized Unitarianism, and bravely lending a helping hand to sail God's spiritual ship over this planet, until he himself departed for the Summer Land.

DR. THOMAS J. LEWIS.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 4, 1866.

One of the new boulevards in Moscow has been named the Boulevard Amerikanski.

Lycium Gymnastics.

In the July number of that very interesting advocate of the Children's Progressive Lycium, "The Little Bouquet," is an editorial on "The Genius of the Lycium," in which reference is made to the Lycium in this city. As my remarks would have very little interest to the young readers of that paper, I would like through your columns to reply to the same.

The Lycium, as I understand it, is an instrument for the purpose of developing the child's natural methods, to a more perfect manhood; the interchange of thought, and for free discussion between experience and inexperience, so as to stimulate in the child a quickening of all its natural powers and capacities to an even and healthy growth. Now, how can this best be accomplished? If the Lycium is designed to benefit the rising generation, it must be practical. The question is not what it ought to be, and might be made another generation, but what it is and can be made in this. Were the Lycium an every day institution, I should heartily accord with the writer in regard to its capacity for a complete system of education; but it is not. If, as he says, it is not a Sunday School, neither is it a week day school.

The session of the Lycium with us, generally consumes about two hours; and of all this time only about twenty minutes can be given to the all-important part—the development of the moral nature of the child through the conversation. About fifteen minutes are given to singing, five minutes to the Silver Chain recitations and twenty minutes to the marching. This leaves about an hour, which is consumed in the necessary labor incident to the working of the Lycium; such as calling roll, appending and removing bad changing library books, distributing tickets, dues, &c., and of which no portion can be dispensed with. The singing and the Silver Chain recitations are important, both for the harmonious feeling they produce and for the principles they inculcate, and they cannot be omitted or curtailed. The marching is one of the prominent features of the Lycium, and to visitors the most interesting. When the national emblem is used—as I think always should be—it inculcates a love for flag which is incalculable in its results; it gives variety to the otherwise monotonous routine of Sunday School; it teaches the children to keep time and to march; and above all, it brings them into the Lycium, where they can be surrounded by the influences and teachings of a better and truer faith.

Thus it will be seen that no amount of time can be devoted to any other exercises unless the session is made too long, or some other exercise of labor is shortened or omitted. Are gymnastic exercises of sufficient importance to crowd any of the others? Almost all children run and play all the week. What amount of additional muscular development would ensue from ten fifteen minutes extra exercise on Sunday? I really trust that the "positive demands of education" require it?

But the Lycium is a Sunday School, held in no sectarian sense. Its sessions are held on no other day in the week, and it is a place of instruction. It is not practical or possible in one short hour allotted on that day for the purpose, to take up every branch of mental, moral and physical education. By endeavoring to do so, it strikes me that we will signify fall in accomplishing anything. The world is awakening to the necessity of a more natural and thorough system of education. Gymnastics and object lessons are being introduced into all the public schools. If the Lycium has in any perceptible degree to these results, I shall be glad to learn it; even in this event, wherever they are introduced, the mission of the Lycium in that particular direction will have been accomplished.

We may gain something by consulting the proved methods of instruction that are rapidly obtaining in the public schools; but I think the Lycium has a higher work to do, than to develop any portion of its brief Sunday hour in the attempt to develop the physical well being of child by gymnastic exercises. It is our duty, well as our blessed privilege, to teach the young minds committed to our care a better and a system of philosophy than is taught elsewhere; higher faith in the wisdom and goodness of Creator; clearer views of his providence, and broader charity toward our fellow men. This can at least attempt to do, with the certainty of some measure of success.

Although I cannot claim a long experience in the Lycium, yet I must be permitted to say I am satisfied that our present prosperity is largely solely owing to the very restrictions which the writer says have been the occasion of the failure of Lyciums elsewhere; among which is the omission of the calisthenics. Our Lycium was opened last October with only thirty members, which number has gradually and steadily increased, until we now have an average attendance of over one hundred children. We have a population of about thirteen thousand, and a few cities of the size can show the same result as to numbers, or the same interest in the community.

Having the interests of this blessed nursery heart, I cannot but express my conviction that we earnestly desire to bring the children within the scope and influence of its teachings, we have to modify the Lycium method as originally adopted, not only in this particular but in that could be mentioned.

Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 10, 1866.

Spirits Came to Him.

The following lines were suggested by words of a little boy of this town, (Hudson, Mo.) who died recently. For some months he had dictated the time of his death. Laboring hard shoe manufactory during his hours of school creation from school, he earned enough to pay his life to the amount of one thousand dollars payable on his death to his poor mother. At time, though delicate, he was in good health, often spoke of seeing the faces of those who formed his family on earth—brother and sister bending over him, when with closed eyes he lay in his little bed at night; yet not in a dream as he in boyish description said, "Making around me appear as on a bright moon night." These few lines were written after his death, Nov. 1st, 1866.

O'er me at my evening's rest,
From the spirits of the blest,
Comes the heavenly influence
Lighting up a wondrous scene,
Then it is in waking dream
Angel faces round me beam;
And while closed the mortal eye,
Friends in immortality
Still I see, in forms of air,
Bending o'er me in prayer.

Subjects for conundrums being nearly exhausted, one desperate joker has gone back to "our parents," and inquires "Why was Eve not at the meales? Because she'd Adam."

A round of pleasure sometimes renders it out to make things square.

Original Essay.

SPIRITUALISM IN EUROPE.

BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE.

One of the most remarkable proofs of the peculiar wisdom and adaptation of "means to ends" which the spiritual movement has manifested, is the wonderful mobility with which it appeals to every phase of national and individual character. In Methodism, Moravianism, Calvinism, and, in a word, every form of theological belief and sectarian doctrine, there is a stern, unbending law of control, which asserts its force upon every variety of intellect alike, and compels the obedience of every variety of mental condition. "Believe or let the anathema of the Church shut you out of the pale of eternal salvation," is the utterance of an universal theological language. "Believe if you can, and as you can, and because I adapt my teachings to your capacity of reception," has been the only form of appeal by which spirits have sought to impress mankind with the fact of their presence, state and opinions. The result has been that Spiritualism, whilst appealing to persons of different nations, classes and grades of intellect, has made more progress in twenty years than many other forms of religious belief in a century. The heterogeneous character of the results, however, would appear discouraging to a superficial observer of the movement, if they only contemplated its aspect in the present time, or without attempting to follow it into future results.

Spiritualism, at present, appears to have produced anything but the harmonious blendings of nations, societies, castes and sects, which has been expected of it. On the contrary, its operation appears to have been chiefly to externalize the regular points of special characters, and develop, in many instances, wavering opinions into marked energy and prominence. Thus the strong religious tendencies of certain minds amongst the European Spiritualists have been so deeply energized, that they cherish their old sectarian opinions with a fervor that almost amounts to fanaticism. I do not mean to say this is invariably the result of Spiritualism in Europe, but it is so in a large number of cases.

Thus I have received assured information that there are circles held in France where a fair share of "easy going religion" has been deepened into fervid Catholicism under the influence of spirits. A very interesting account was given to me of circles held by a large party of prominent and highly informed persons in Lisbon, where the medium, a Reverend Abbe of the Catholic Church, celebrated regular spiritual masses for the repose of souls, and prescribed penances under the direction of spirits for the expiation of sins.

There are circles held in Nantes under the direction of a gentleman who was once a rigid Catholic, but who now is a regular Jacobin; and, under the influence of Jacobin spirits, declares "God is a myth, and Nature alone an entity," &c., &c. I had myself some very interesting correspondence from Hungary, in which I was assured "the spirits" were all Hussites, and a gentleman long a resident in Turkey, showed me a thick book of communications obtained through circles held in harems, where "Mahomet presides," and Mahometanism is prescribed in large theological doses.

In England, one of the most common and beautiful manifestations of spirit-power is that which is least regarded amongst ourselves, namely, that of drawing pictures of allegorical or symbolic character. I saw or heard from some hundreds of persons during my residence in England, most of whom displayed to some extent this faculty of drawing mediumship. In some cases these drawings were very beautiful, and often highly significant; in others they seemed too meaningless to be worthy of the spiritual power that was claimed for their production; but it appeared to me that the very great abundance of this form of mediumship, was quite in harmony with the reserved and intellectual character of the people. There was a curious phase of this drawing-medium power which came under my observation, developed in a very amiable and interesting lady of my acquaintance, in which a rude and almost grotesque attempt was made to show the development of form, life, and the growth of animated nature, from the heterogeneous and chaotic elements of this globe in its primeval state. The medium drew mechanically, and her performances were generally preceded by the selection of some appropriate text of Scripture suggestive of the order of creation, and accompanied with pain and suffering, typical of the struggles of Nature to elaborate form and order out of chaos and void.

There are many interesting forms of Spiritualism in England, some of them of a very high order; but from the fact that the mediums are generally of a rank of life which courts seclusion rather than publicity, their valuable mediumship is not acceptable to the public, and a description of it would be useless.

Suffice it to say it generally partakes of some of the phenomenal phases common to ourselves; but that it tinged, in most instances, with strong, devotional feeling and sectarian tendencies, the result of which is greatly to disparage the worth and value of American Spiritualism, which promotes free thought, free inquiry into all religious affirmations, and teaches generally, though of course not universally, a religious belief founded only on the revelations of God through Nature, and only partially accepts the dogmatic utterances of men as mouth-pieces of God's so-called "Word."

Hence, also, the American literature, asavoring of "infidelity," is not acceptable to English Spiritualists, and hence very little, if any, attempt is made to propagate the belief in Spiritualism through the rostrum. It seems to me that Spiritualism commences its appeals to the human reason first through phenomena. It captivates our senses, convinces our judgment and assures our reason of its spiritualistic origin, and identifies itself with the presence of the individuality of souls of departed or enfranchised human beings. In the next place, and where the nation or the individual is able to bear the revelation, it appeals to our religious sense and reason by showing us a future state of life, not determined by sectarian beliefs, outward observances or theological dogmas; not transmitted from the allegories of the astronomical religion and Sabianism into diluted philosophies, and again transmogrified into Christianity by other names to suit the prejudices of the time, and in order that the Scriptural allegories of old "might be fulfilled," mixing up Pagan rites and ceremonies with Christian personalities and worship, until a heterogeneous commixture of pagan myths and possible history is evolved, which sanctioned its antiquity, and made "sacred" by age and mystery, must not be tampered with for fear the whole structure should melt beneath the clear sunlight of reason, but consisting of plain descriptions of a state of being in which church rites and theological beliefs have no place, but wherein every state and every degree of happiness or suffering is solely outworked by the good or evil deeds done by the spirit in its earthly

pilgrimage. Of course such a teaching as this never represents any sinful soul cleansed from its sin by the efficacy of a vicarious atonement, or any infidel spirit made to subscribe to church dogmas, suffering from his lack of reverence to the said church.

The plain common sense of the American Spiritualist has discovered that if their spirit friends are to be trusted at all, they are neither better nor worse off from the effects of their church beliefs or infidelities, but that they are better or worse off solely on account of their earthly performances or failures to realize their life's practical duties. Now this renders American Spiritualists not only indifferent upon the vexed questions of sectarian beliefs, but somewhat hard upon those who mislead the world in attributing merit to them, and desirous to show that the origin of old theological systems is based in myth, and their pretensions to influence the conditions of immortality are utterly groundless.

The European Spiritualist, on the contrary, (and in general observe,) is mightily concerned for the reverence due to his myth. He is greatly afraid that Spiritualism will, in some mysterious way, upset his Bible, damage the foundations of his impregnable church; above all, sweep away the convenient theological support of that vicarious atonement which has for ages rendered the famous doctrine of Martin Luther so precious to the fallible nature of man—namely, "what is the use of having the substance of a Saviour unless we have the substance of a sinner?" But as spirits, on the Western Continent at least, have not yet been able to show that the substance of sin has been swept away by the substance of a Saviour, as sinners, according to them, are in the penalty of their sins despite of a "Saviour," and saints get on very well without one, so American Spiritualists do not find much favor with European "Saviour" doctrinaires, and American spiritual literature is most denounced as bordering upon infidelity.

Still there are many noble minds in Europe who are perfectly willing to administer "milk to babes." Like Paul of old, "to be all things" in their Spiritualism "to all men," and who realize that the believers in the spiritual phenomena have advanced one grand step by that belief alone, and that to take their doctrines, (i. e.,) their idols, from them at present, would be to reform a corrupt and superstitious system, by uprooting the foundations of religion with its errors. The fact is, the American Spiritualist has passed through the phenomenal phase of the movement, and being "a very go ahead character," with the true, eager and pioneering spirit of his nation and time, has rushed violently into the doctrinal part, also. The phenomenal, of course, is only taught by the spirit circle and individual experiences—the doctrinal through trances or inspirational speaking and the public assembly. Now the European Spiritualist, more slow, cautious, and conservative, has not even diffused his phenomena as yet. The spirit circle is more than private, it is absolutely exclusive; hence his phenomena, though abundant, are but little known beyond exclusive circles. As to doctrine—public assemblies are not even dreamed of. So that on the Continent of Europe, doctrine, as an outgrowth of Spiritualism, is not recognized. The cautious fear it, the pious repudiate it, and the fanatic cling with desperate devotion to their old myths, lest heretics should overthrow their already tottering Church systems. And so American Spiritualism has rushed through phenomena and plunged into doctrine, somewhat, I must confess, too wildly and impulsively for the steady permanence or rational growth of either; while European Spiritualism, restrained by sectarianism and divided by caste, has only yet begun slowly to master the truths of phenomena, but shrinks back aghast from the prospect of doctrine, except indeed such as endorses its own deeply cherished and venerable prejudices. Still there is a middle course wherein the real growth and safety of the glorious truth will be found at last to anchor. In this I trust; of its ultimate attainment I am confident; and to its noble pioneers, both here and in Europe, I say "God speed! Success must crown your efforts;" and I conclude by adding, I rejoice to have found many brave, self-centred souls in both continents.

I quitted America, leaving behind me true-hearted men and women in almost every State who did not think they knew everything; who were and are ready to learn; who felt that Spiritualism was but in its infancy; that phenomena were the means and doctrine the end of the movement, and that as yet, we only see the first faint glimmerings of the science of the one, and the religion of the other. These firm hearts are still as earnest as ever, and their hands as willing to hold the mighty plow as when I left them. And in Europe, beneath all the external, frothy, enthusiastic, fanatic, and bigoted displays which the surface of the movement presents, there is the same untiring and deeply-seated reverence for, hope, trust and faith in the movement.

Earnest hearts are watching and waiting, striking, when time serves, a blow for the truth; working as opportunity offers for its success and growth; and whilst the infinitely varied forms of spiritual phenomena assure me the wise spirits are appealing to each nation and person—not in one stereotyped form but in the mobile and plastic aspects of truth appropriate to all—deep in the hearts of every earnest American and European Spiritualist, I find the conviction seated that we are as yet but on the threshold of one of the grandest, because one of the most universal revelations of truth, that has ever yet been vouchsafed to man; and in the dawning of the most sublime, because the most spiritual of any movement that has yet prophesied the solution of all the mysterious problems of creation; namely, the evolution of a science carrying us into the realms of religion, and a religion based upon the immutable principles of science. I am happy to add, then, that whilst in England, mere phenomenal truths are still indisputably proved by the fine, long continued and widely diffused mediumship of Mr. D. D. Home, the public and valuable services of Mrs. Marshall and her family, and other less remarkable mediums, the universality philosophy and fundamental truths and beauty of the science, is nobly advocated by the deep research and learning of those most fearless and able champions of the truth, William Howitt, the talented editor of the Spiritual Magazine, and author of the admirable little volumes, "Spirit Drawings" and "Revivals," that most excellent and candid writer, Theodore Brevler, author of the "Two Worlds;" the distinguished Professors, De Morgan and Gregory; the amiable and learned Doctors Ashburner and Elliottson; and on the Continent, by Allan Kardec, Count Gasparin, and hosts of writers, who ably and fearlessly conduct papers devoted to the exposition of the philosophy, and by their standing, learning and advocacy, offer the highest authoritative example to the timid and ignorant to search into, and avow their belief in the science of spiritual communion. If the paths of life are rough and rugged, and new reforms require grooves to be fashioned, in which the feet of the fearful and weak may run

without fear of stumbling, no belief can boast of stronger pioneers or nobler advocates than Spiritualism. And it is in the mighty individualities which its leading minds display, and the universal adaptability of its great central facts to all minds and all capacities, that Spiritualism will ultimately and inevitably become the church of the divine humanity, at whose altar all nations will sacrifice; beneath whose broad and ample dome all creeds will be fused, all sects pulverized, and all peoples worship the Great Spirit and universal Father of the race.

8 Fourth Avenue, New York, Oct. 30, 1866.

PEACE CONVENTION.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

A Convention of the Universal Peace Society was held at the hall of the Franklin Institute, in Philadelphia, commencing on the 10th of October, at 3 o'clock P. M.

The President—Alfred H. Love—on taking the chair, gave an interesting history of the movement which resulted in the organization of this society in May last, in the city of Providence, on the principle of universal peace.

The absence of the Secretaries, L. K. Joslyn, of Providence, and Mrs. C. C. O'Connell, of Valley Falls, R. I., were chosen Secretaries pro tem.

Valuable letters were read from Ezra H. Heywood, Henry C. Wright and Joshua P. Blanchard, expressive of unalterable faith in the principles of peace and love, the duty to suffer wrong rather than inflict it, and to die rather than kill, and the importance of the various reforms needed for the promotion of peace on earth and good will to men.

The venerable J. P. Blanchard, of Boston, declining, from extreme old age, to serve the Society any longer as Treasurer, Robert F. Valcutt was appointed in his stead, and the following preamble and resolution were adopted:

Whereas, The Treasurer of our Society, J. P. Blanchard, of Boston, one of the oldest advocates and most zealous workers for the cause of peace, has declined the honor of continuing to serve the Society by the death of his wife, and has resigned his office.

Resolved, That we tender him our thanks for his integrity and devotedness to the cause, and contribute to the Universal Peace Society, and we earnestly wish for him, personally, the peace, harmony and happiness he has labored so long and so successfully to promote.

Reports were read from Massachusetts and Rhode Island, of the organization of State Societies auxiliary to the Universal Peace Society. Also, the report of a movement in Europe, holding its meetings at Antwerp, in favor of peace throughout the world. The reading of these reports was followed by remarks from L. K. Joslyn, Alfred H. Love, and F. Stevens, of England, Lucius Mott and the Rev. H. C. Malcolm, President of the American Peace Society.

Mr. Joslyn belittled the progress of peace principles in Europe to be in advance of our own, especially since the commencement of the late war in this country.

Mrs. Stevens advocated the importance of woman's interest in this movement, and her labor for the cause of peace.

The President heartily responded to the sentiment, that the works which make for peace are peculiarly the labor adapted to woman, so great is her influence in molding and educating the intellect and the affections of mankind.

Mrs. Mott spoke at considerable length on the general subject, in which she desired that while we leave to individual conscience the decision of the question how far one may for peaceful purposes cooperate with the government, we should steadily maintain the absolute truth that the principle of peace requires of us entire abstinence from all participation in any preparations for war. And she thought there was much evidence that the various efforts in behalf of peace, which have been made in our country, have not been without their effect in the change which is really taking place in the public mind, and she declared that the spirit of violence is less violent than formerly. She said that as in the Anti-Slavery movement, the legal emancipation of the slave was effected before the whole people were imbued with the anti-slavery spirit, so it may be hoped that the settlement of difficulties will be effected by moral means, even if we do not find the whole world adopting our radical views.

Mr. Malcolm said he was a non-resistant, for he believed in self-defense. But he was glad of this radical movement, and he deplored the stupor of the society of which he was President.

Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia, addressed the Convention.

He declared that the heart of the people—the real sentiment of men, as standing at the head of our nation, is on the side of peace. It is only when the animal passions are excited, that mankind are in favor of war. The intellect and the moral nature of man are against war. Therefore the necessity, the duty of our holding out the torchlight of our principles that so we attract others thereto, until, finally, the animal may become subservient to the intellectual and the spiritual, and men learn to love one another.

Mr. Joslyn, Mr. Love, and A. H. Love followed in further elucidation of the power of good in overcoming evil.

The Convention adjourned to 7 o'clock P. M.

Evening Session.—After the addition of several persons to the Executive Committee, the discussion of finance, and the best methods of bringing our views before the public.

Mr. L. K. Joslyn, of Providence, addressed the Convention, in affirmation of his own radical peace principles; taking up and stating clearly, illustrating largely by facts and statistics, and maintaining in a forcible manner the following propositions, viz: That what is wrong for an individual to do by himself, it is wrong for people to do in masses. The commission of theft, robbery, arson and the like, by an individual, is punished by crime, while the commission of the same crime by masses of people, is, by the war principle, popularized and justified.

War is subversive of liberty, and annuls the Declaration of Independence.

War is terribly cruel.

All moral obligations are annulled by the spirit of violence which governs in war. In time of war, all benevolent undertakings are suspended, the whole soul of the nation being absorbed in the passion of the hour.

Although for many centuries the Church has sustained war, yet, in the early days of Christianity, its followers refused to fight.

Although our late war was declared to be a holy one, yet the increase of crime shows it to have been terribly demoralizing.

Believing in the brotherhood of man, no power can give one a right to take the life of another, because he belongs to another nation.

Dr. Child, James Mott, Dr. Teach, Mrs. Mott, George W. Taylor, Jonathan Magill and John West continued the discussion of the general subject, each according to his peculiar views, until a late hour, when the Convention adjourned to 11 o'clock on Thursday morning.

Thursday Morning.—The President opened the morning session, by a most interesting address, on the depressing influences which surround us; in the apathy and opposition to our movement, as well in this city of William Penn and Quakerism, as everywhere throughout our land. He drew, however, from these facts, the conclusion that for us there is a work to do, which ought to be zealously prosecuted.

A letter was read from Gerrit Smith, endorsing our movement in part but not in the whole, which elicited interesting remarks from Jonathan Magill and others. The following resolutions, adopted at the meeting held in Boston, in March last, were then taken up singly, and thoroughly discussed, and after being amended were adopted as follows:

1. Resolved, That all human beings are the offspring of one Father, and that they all belong to the same general family; that, as individual entities, they are all of unequal value; and that, though distinguished by manifold differences, they are all essentially equal in their natural rights.

2. Resolved, That all human beings are the bondmen of God, and that they are bound to love Him with all their powers, and each other as themselves; and that this love worketh no ill.

3. Resolved, That a clear distinction ought always to be made between man proper and his imperfections, whether good or evil; and that the good and evil of man are always to be held absolutely sacred; that man's imperfections alone are to be resisted, resisted and overcome by the good; and that the good of man is that which legitimately promotes the highest good of all parties concerned.

4. Resolved, That, in the treatment of human beings, whatever is evil for any one cannot be for the good of another, or for the general public good; but that the highest good of each and all must ever be the end of all our actions.

5. Resolved, That all force exerted by man on man, the natural effect of which is to destroy or to impair organic life, is prohibited.

6. Resolved, That all conscious, voluntary inflictions of death by force by man on man positively disregard the good of the suffering party, and therefore must be greater or less transgressions against the law of God.

7. Resolved, That all attempts to subvert human beings, where the parties resort to deadly force, are of the nature of war, and that the same is the case in the case of individuals, or combinations, or individuals, and that all war is inherently sinful and contrary to the law of God.

8. Resolved, That no organization of human society, acting for the purpose of subverting human beings, and seeking to subvert the right to act as individuals, can be the subject of love, or to render it the absolute duty of one individual to kill, injure, harm or oppress another.

9. Resolved, That governmental organizations are possible which shall be constitutionally confined to the use of benevolent means only; that they are destined to the aid and ultimate supersede the existing war-sustaining institutions; that it is our highest duty, as well as privilege, to prepare the way for them, by the subliming preparatory work, for the sake of promoting some special good, by operating the warlike machinery existing among nations, and by sacrificing human lives in the process of subverting the war system.

10. Resolved, That no governmental organization is likely to be better than the general sentiment and character of its supporters; and therefore it is not to be reasonably expected that rulers will ever conform to radical peace principles so long as their constituents, especially the individual classes of the community, are war-sustaining.

11. Resolved, That the cause of Universal Peace is based upon and should be advocated on essentially divine principles of righteousness, and not on mere expediency of policy; that its success demands the combined influence of all that religion and Moral Philosophy can do for the elevation of mankind, and that to transfer to secular all religious and philosophies that sanction war with their power and higher ones which insist on the supreme, divine law of love in its application to all human beings.

12. Resolved, That we are not bound to show that a nation or person wedded to war-measures can practically avoid all real evils, and that the highest and best degree of happiness where there is no war is no way; but that we are able and willing to show how a nation truly converted to peace, and to the love of mankind, can do for the elevation of mankind, and that the world will be benefited by the adoption of the Peace Principles, with far less sacrifice than is necessitated by the war system.

13. Resolved, That we acknowledge the impossibility of establishing universal peace on earth without a higher moral development of mankind, we believe such development can be effected by the highest and best degree of devotion to the Peace Principles; that we deplore the dreadful decision which culminated in the additional union of the Church with worldly expediency and compromise, in the fourth century, whose contamination has propagated itself through all succeeding ages; and that we reverence the faithful minority who have remained true to the original Peace Principles, from generation to generation, in spite of grievous privations and persecutions.

14. Resolved, That the teachings and examples of Jesus Christ, as set forth in the Scriptures of the New Testament, and as faithfully illustrated by the primitive Christian Church for two centuries, gloriously exhibit the highest degree of devotion to the Peace Principles; that we deplore the dreadful decision which culminated in the additional union of the Church with worldly expediency and compromise, in the fourth century, whose contamination has propagated itself through all succeeding ages; and that we reverence the faithful minority who have remained true to the original Peace Principles, from generation to generation, in spite of grievous privations and persecutions.

Adjourned to 7 o'clock P. M.

Evening Session.—President Love in the chair.

The Executive Committee, presented the following report, which was adopted:

The Executive Committee recommend that when this society adjourns, it be to meet in the city of New York, during anniversary week, in May next. That we recommend, in the interim, to the State Societies, Officers, Executive Committees and members of this society, active and zealous labor for the cause, by correspondence with all known friends in this and other countries, by holding public meetings for lectures and discussion, in different localities, by judicious distribution of the society's publications, and by securing to the cause a hearing through the public journals of the country.

A letter was then read from Anna E. Dickinson, expressing regret at her inability to attend the meeting.

A letter from John West was also read, filled with the spirit of love which brings peace.

Robert Evans, of Philadelphia, while declining himself a firm believer in the principle of peace, expressed some dissent from the ground on which we have set forth our principles, as not affirming the absolute truth of the Christian religion. Considering himself as already belonging to a Peace Society, he was not prepared to endorse a Society which did not found its declarations on the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ; and yet he was glad to see any movement in favor of peace, and he therefore bade it God speed.

He was replied to in a very earnest and impressive manner, by Henry C. Wright, who wished to see a movement based on the broad ground of humanity and justice and right, irrespective of people's theological or sectarian prejudices, a movement to which we can invite both Christian and Heathen; into which all who love of peace can come, whether they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ or not. If they are true men, if they are lovers of peace, he bade them to follow his labors.

He hoped that this great cause, which belongs to humanity, would ever be kept out of the dominion of sects. Every one who utters the word peace, with a strong desire to have it prevail, every honest, earnest soul whose aspirations go forth for the coming of the day when peace shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, is doing something to promote this good work.

The meeting was then adjourned, for an hour, by the President, Alfred H. Love, in a speech of great power and solemnity, commending the claims of this great principle of love and good will to men, to the serious attention and constant practice of every lover of his kind, and placing it on the broad ground of humanity, outside and far above all sectarian or selfish interests. He was listened to with great attention. Some discussion followed, and the society adjourned, to meet in the city of New York, in May next.

E. B. CHASE, Secretary pro tem.

Correspondence in Brief.

Dr. W. P. Durall, the Healing Medium.

The gift of healing is a subject upon which much good has been said, and might be profitably said, in many places, and at present I only have a small space in the columns of the dear old BANNER, to say a few words in favor of a worthy friend and brother, Dr. Durall, of New York city, who has been directed by his spirit-guides to take up his abode in the city of Buffalo for a short time; where he is restoring the lame, giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and sanity to the lunatic; in fact, of whatever nature the ailments seem to be, he is relieved by his magnetic touch.

I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Durall has great healing powers; and has been signally successful in their application in this city and other localities. This fact may be made evident by any amount of testimony. Indeed, I feel impelled, in justice to suffering humanity, to make a statement of a case which came under my own observation.

In June last, I attended a Spiritual Convention in Gowanda, Cattaraugus County, and while there had the pleasure of an introduction to a lady by the name of Mary L. Cockle, who told me that she had been troubled for five years with paralysis in her back, and other difficulties peculiar to her sex. She was unable to stand or walk for five years. She was brought to Buffalo four days ago, and this Doctor had his hands upon her, and in five minutes she instantly sprang to her feet and walked across the floor, and up and down stairs. This is only one case of many hundred patients, who visit the Doctor daily, and are also quickly restored to health.

The poor are treated without money and without price; and the rich according to their wealth. Generous, frank, and kind-hearted, the Doctor's sympathies go out spontaneously to suffering humanity.

The Doctor thinks of remaining in this city about two months longer, and then he contemplates visiting other localities in the far West.

IRA DAVENPORT, SEN.

Buffalo, Oct. 23, 1866.

F. V. WILSON writes, under date of New Boston, Ill., Nov. 8th, 1866: Having to write you on business, and not occupying all the paper at my disposal, I thought you would like to hear from this section of the great West.

New Boston is situated in Mercer County, Ill., on the banks of the Mississippi river. Mercer County is one of the finest farming counties in the State, and settled by an honest, liberal, industrious people, and amongst them a good sprinkling of Spiritualists. Theology has but a poor hold here; supporting only one Church—Methodist—of about twenty-five members. In a midst of a wealthy population of some two thousand inhabitants, we have here many who believe in Spiritualism, who do not express an opinion publicly.

The Society of Spiritualists here is young, but full of enterprise and commands respect. It embraces some of the wealthiest men in the country. I am lecturing here to fair and increasing audiences, the Sundays of this month, and shall extend my labors to the country districts. On

week evenings we hold seances, which are attended by earnest and intelligent inquirers after the truth. I feel that I am doing good here with my peculiar phase of mediumship and system of soul-reading. At least, I am having more than I can do.

W. H. L. GLASSBORO, DEL.—I send two dollars, which will pay for the BANNER some time. I would freely send fifty, if I could afford it. My family are Catholic. They read the BANNER with interest, and enjoy the advantages of the Spiritual Philosophy without the "sin" of believing in it. Many think that Spiritualists are lawful prey for wild beasts, and endeavor to get away all their money, and would most willingly make them outcasts from every comfort and convenience of life.

The above correspondent writes that he was the master of a schooner, and in Norfolk, Va., in 1859, was imprisoned on the charge of carrying a man from slavery, and after eight years cruel confinement, was set at liberty again. He is a Spiritualist. Since his release, with a large family to support, he has, in poverty, worked hard to make an honest living, but has been continually rebuffed, put back and hindered by the spirit of oppression and cruelty that comes of religious bigotry.

C. B. THOMPSON, ST. CATHARINES, CANADA WEST.—THE BANNER OF (SPIRITUAL) LIGHT is unfurled weekly to the Canadian breeze. We have neighbors who have become very fond of perusing our numbers as they arrive, and, at the proper time, I shall give them a gentle hint to subscribe for the BANNER. In the meantime I shall allow every one and any one to read ours. Many are carefully inquiring after the new manifestations, but still fear "what the people will say." Thank fortune, I fear no one nor any thing whatever in these matters; but there are thousands upon thousands who are dependent on others, and, therefore, in the worst kind of bondage; fearing to manifest their own true and ardent feelings. And I fear it will be thus as long as society and business is conducted with the present erroneous principles.

A. DOW, GRASS VALLEY, CAL., writes that a young woman applied for admission into a roll-goods society. She confessed her sins, as required, but still seemed to be much troubled from the invisible workings of her own conscience. While in this state, M. D. S. Curtis, an excellent and very pure-minded medium, was deeply entranced by the deceased minister of that society, who said, "This young woman must not be taken into our society, for she has murder on her soul. She killed her own infant by pressing a hot iron on the soft part of its head." The young woman was greatly alarmed, and confessed, and was let go with the promise that her crime should not be made known to the authorities.

CHARLES NORTON, TRAVELER CITY, MICH., writes very earnestly, requesting lecturers to visit that region.

Dr. J. R. Newton at Newport.

As we informed our readers last week, this extraordinary healer has permanently located at Newport, R. I., and opened an office at 281 Thann's street, where he has resumed his noble work for suffering humanity in good earnest. The multitudes are flocking to this new Bethesda daily, and are sent away rejoicing. One day last week over five hundred patients arrived at Newport on one train, and were all treated by the Doctor.

We copy the following voluntary tribute to the wonderful healing powers possessed by Dr. Newton, from the New York Dispatch. It is written by a well known New York merchant, in regard to a case which came under his personal observation:

NEW YORK, Oct. 2, 1866.

DEAR SIR:—Having seen in the Tribune of Sept. 10 an account of "Healing by Magnetism," I cannot, in justice to Dr. Newton, or to my own feelings, refrain from giving a true statement of the most wonderful and impressive scene that I have ever witnessed in my life of nearly fifty years. The daughter of my brother, a farmer, residing in New Boston, N. H., for the past three years, been one of the greatest sufferers, and for six years an invalid, suffering from spinal disease and other ailments. Her father has labored by day and night to secure for her the services of eleven of the best physicians in the neighborhood of his home, but her disease had defied the most expert skill, and they had left her to linger and die, declaring they could do no more for her.

The father, in agony of heart, wrote me that he knew not what to do. Deeply sympathizing with him, and being about to visit some friends in Vermont, I wrote to him that I had heard of one Dr. J. R. Newton, (but I had never seen him) who was reported to have performed some wonderful cures, and if his daughter wished to come, I would bear the journey of two hundred and fifty miles, and would write me while in Vermont, I would go to his home and bring her home with me to see Dr. Newton. The answer was in the affirmative, and I went to see my niece; but when I entered the chamber of the sick girl, and looked upon her wan and emaciated body, that had wasted since I last saw her from one hundred and twenty-five pounds to less than seventy; when I recalled that she had labored for the last two long years, depending for every motion upon kind and gentle hands, my faith left me. I did not believe that she could be moved, much less cured.

She was, however, willing and anxious to make the attempt; and when we laid her carefully upon a narrow bed, and carried her down stairs and placed her in a carriage to ride eighteen miles to there, it seemed to me the height of folly to start on such an undertaking, with such a charge, with such a faint hope on human life.

When she reached the cars, she said it seemed as though all her strength was gone, and that she could not live much longer. She was, however, restored by the use of stimulants, and we went on. She was taken one hundred and seventeen miles by railroad, and one hundred and fifteen by stagecoach, and arrived in New York on the morning of August 30. The patient had suffered intensely through the whole of the journey. It was with great difficulty that she was carried on a stretcher to the house of her friends. She reached them, however, but not to greet them. Her father and two weeping sisters, with others, stood around what all supposed to be her dying bed.

Dr. Newton had been informed of her case, and in the unbounded kindness of his heart (true to his practice) he left his home, and his table, already spread for refreshment, and hastened to the sick girl.

The solemnity and impressiveness of that scene will forever be remembered by all who were present, but it can never be described. In a manner (as the Doctor truly says) peculiar to himself, he treated the unconscious and apparently dying patient, and in less than three minutes she sat up in bed. She then arose to her feet and walked the floor, with the Doctor's assistance.

Her pain and suffering had all gone. Her spine, which had not been touched for years without giving her intense pain, could now be roughly handled by all present. Food was immediately ordered, and amid the solemn silence of the room, where there was no sound save the sobs and fast-flowing tears of joy, she partook of the food. She ate heartily and rejoiced, and enjoyed such a meal as she had not done in five years.

I am forced to look back, by day and by night, with wonder and amazement at the above-described scene, and am bound to acknowledge that it is beyond the reach of my mind to understand. I have only to say that her pleasant voice and cheerful smile greets us at the table of the family circle daily. She has continued to improve from that hour, and stands to-day a living witness, ever ready to testify to the power and goodness of her Heavenly Father as extended to her through the kind-hearted and benevolent Dr. Newton.

MORRIS CHERRY, No. 380 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

Sin leads to pain, and pain repentance brings; Thus sin, though evil, is a saviour.

For in the truth comes knowledge of those things That are good and holy, fruitful of all things Of conscience here, and wisdom brings The pledge of future good behavior.

Blessed be Darkness, then! It bringeth light From out the darkness, brighter glowing! Blessed be Evil—for it bringeth Right, As day is more effulgent after night!

Blessed be Sorrow—for it begets the might, To set life's truer current flowing.

[DANIEL NORTON.]

Winding In.

Slowly, step by step and day by day, the year 1866 (as reckoned on our time tables), is winding in its few remaining weeks. Slowly, too, and with equal certainty, I am winding in and closing out my few remaining engagements, which close with or before the year. Friends over eight hours ride from New York city, need not apply to me to lecture after this date, or until further notice of a renewed itinerary—which I do not expect to renew. For over fifteen years I have traveled over our country, or parts of it, embracing twenty-four States, and during that time lectured constantly on our philosophy; and during the war, also, on the condition and prospect of our country. During the time, and before it, (for I have been twenty-one years a public advocate of Spiritualism,) I have witnessed the increase from a little group that would not fill a good sized school-room, to at least two millions—probably nearer four, as the best estimates now range from three to five millions. My traveling experience would fill a large volume of interesting items, both of tests and facts; but they are passed, or will never be recorded, save the few sketches I have noted and published as I passed along the journey.

I am weary not of life, not of labor, not of the contest in which I have always been victorious and successful, not of my agency and instrumentality of spirit influence—for by it I have always been blessed, never deceived, cheated, lied to or abused—but I am weary of traveling, traveling, traveling on railroads, coaches, boats and omnibuses, in which I have almost lived for years; and ever paid full fare, and never been injured or robbed, nor lost by accident even property to the amount of five dollars. I have been treated well in all parts of the country, and never can repay the thousands of kindnesses I have received at the hands and homes of my many friends scattered over the country, from beyond the Mississippi to the down east of the down east, and from the upper lakes to the lower gulphs of the nation. Thousands who have seen and heard me will see me no more in this form; and thousands of my friends will only read my scribbles, but see my face and hear my voice no more. I have injured my voice so, it is not easy to speak as it once was; and my age precludes my calculation on future or further routes of travel. I intend to lecture occasionally, perhaps nearly every Sunday, but only in reach of my office.

I have succeeded in life beyond my expectations, and beyond the success of most men; not in riches, for it has never been my pursuit, but in rearing and settling a small family, out of which—four children—two happy families have arisen—one son still in school. Four little grandchildren smile on us, and we are all blessed in health and happiness. Not a discordant note sounds in our circles, and not a spark of Christianity, in any sectarian form of expression, encounters or befalls one of our number, embracing the two added as wife and husband; and not a quid or whiff of tobacco disgraces our households. Whiskey, profanity, orthodoxy, vulgarity and slander, are like foreign from our hearts, heads and homes. I note these items because we have been slandered, abused, vilified and lied about incessantly, during my itinerating labors in this cause, and partly for my open attacks on churchianity and Christianity before I became a Spiritualist. I have lived through and conquered years of poverty and hard labor, and reached a condition of comfortable prospects; but I have never been intoxicated, never been sued, never been converted, never used profane language; nor since the age of Spiritualism, tobacco nor rum have contaminated my person. We are all healthy, harmonious and happy, with plenty of religion, but no sectarian Christianity, and I trust it will never darken the soul doors of one of my posterity. The disinterested reader will pardon me for this personality, since there are many to whom it will be interesting, and to whom I cannot otherwise convey it. My address and business will be duly announced for next year.

Since my return West, I have been so constantly occupied by lectures in Chicago and Wisconsin, and my visits and letters to friends, that I have not filled out my usual share of rambling correspondence for the papers; but I have never been more successful in my labors, nor better appreciated by the large audiences and many friends I have met. I retire with heartfelt satisfaction from this itinerary in our cause. I cannot stop now to foot up the number of lectures or amount of compensation, but I have done all I could and been well paid—especially in kindness, love and sympathy of friends, and abuse of enemies, both of which are useful to a reformer; one as a stimulant and the other a soothing salve. I have never been mobbed, nor ever had a meeting broken up or disturbed. Have lectured on Spiritualism in churches of most sects of Christians that have churches, but usually in the rural districts, where the people are more intelligent and liberal in the aggregate than in our cities, as is abundantly proved by our elections and the temperance cause. If old Simeon could rest satisfied with his labors and patience, I am sure I ought to with mine. To many distant friends, FAREWELL; and to many who can call on me, a cordial greeting.

WARREN CHASE.

Davenport, Iowa, Nov. 10, 1866.

California.

J. B. Hall writes as follows: Our cause in this State is rapidly advancing at this time, under the telling lectures of Benjamin Todd, Esq., and the accomplished Mrs. Laura Cuppy. The celebrated Dr. Bryant has just arrived at San Francisco, and I learn through the press, that he has made some most important cures by "laying on of hands." He has been here but a few days, but his cures have already established his reputation as a wonderful medium.

Mr. L. Armstrong, writing from Sacramento, under date of Oct. 20th, says: The Spiritualists of this city have a lecture or conference every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and a lecture in the evening at 7 o'clock. The Children's Lyceum meets at 2 1/2 P. M., every Sunday. It was commenced one year ago yesterday, with about twenty-five scholars, and has been increasing in numbers nearly every Sunday. The regular attendance the last three months has been from ninety-five to one hundred and seventy. The Lyceum elected their officers last evening. The old officers were re-elected for another year. Dr. H. Rowman, Superintendent, Mrs. Dr. Rowman, Musical Director, Miss A. G. Brewster, Guardian of the Group. Our meetings and Lyceum are held in the Tuna Verein Hall, on K street, near Tenth. Spiritualism is increasing in interest here, and mediums are multiplying. Our speakers are citizens in business here—Mr. Lyon and Mrs. Dr. Upham, and they are much liked.

Rev. John H. Burdett informed the people of New York in the papers of Tuesday morning, that the shooting stars were in fulfillment of prophecy, and that after they have continued five days "all will be chaos." The time has passed; but the chaos is all in the reverend gentleman's brains.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1866.

OFFICE 154 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 2, 1st Floor.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WM. WHITE, C. H. CROWELL, I. B. RICH,
LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

Spiritualism is based on the capital fact of spirit-communication and influx: it is the effort to discover the truth relating to the spirit world, its nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

"Liberalism" against Spiritualism.

In our issue of last week our associate in the Western Department of this paper, referring to the liberality of certain journals in their treatment of Spiritualism, remarked of one as follows: "Take the Gospel Banner, published in Augusta, Maine. It has shown great fairness and impartiality relative to Spiritualism."

We regret to see that the compliment thus awarded has not been justified in the remarks in the Gospel Banner of Nov. 17th, in reference to the withdrawal of the Rev. S. C. Hayford from the Universalist ministry. In his letter, explaining his reasons for leaving the ministry, Mr. Hayford, after declaring his belief in the philosophy of Spiritualism, remarks:

"I believe in a present inspiration, and cannot consider the Bible as an absolute and infallible authority. I believe we may draw from the same founts that prophets and apostles drew from; that true religion is reliance on our own internal power of communion with God and angels. I believe firmly in the central thought of Universalism, viz., the dual holiness and happiness of all mankind. But I reject their relics of old mythology I regard Universalism as one great step in the advance of Orthodoxy, and Spiritualism as a step still further in advance."

Upon this simple, manly, and eminently Christian declaration, the Gospel Banner comments as follows:

"This, then, is his religion, all there is of it. Reliance on our own internal power of communion with God and angels. It is not to do any thing, nor believe anything. He would go to the drunkard, the thief, the libertine, and say, 'Religion is indispensable to your happiness, and consists in your internal power of communion with God and angels.' This is the sufficient and all essential thing."

Now, with precisely as much justice, liberality and good sense, as are contained in this passage, might the Pharisee of old time have said of Jesus Christ, "This, then, is his religion—all there is of it! Reliance on our own internal power of communion with God and angels!"

For was not such the reliance of Christ? And did he not rebuke in scathing words the spirit now breathing forth in the above most unfair perversion of the language of Mr. Hayford? "Ye hold," said Christ, "the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups; and many other such like things ye do. Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition."

"It is not to do anything nor believe anything," says the Gospel Banner of Mr. Hayford's religion. "It is not to wash pots and cups, nor to believe the traditions of our sect," said the Pharisees of Christ's religion. And they might have added, almost in the very words of the Gospel Banner, "He would go to the drunkard, the thief, the libertine, and say, Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!"

Who taught us to rely on "our own internal power of communion with God and angels," if not Christ himself? Who was it that said, "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, ye shall receive?" Prayer to whom? To whom but God? "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," said Christ to him who had remarked, that more than burnt offerings, and more than sacrifices, was love of God and one's neighbor.

On what principle of fair literal construction can the Gospel Banner charge it upon Mr. Hayford that because he finds true religion in reliance on the divine grace sent down to seeking souls, he therefore repudiates all doing and believing? With precisely as much fairness might it be said of Christ, that because he tells us the pure in heart shall see God, he therefore regards morality and beneficence as non-essentials.

But the disingenuousness of the Gospel Banner is still more strikingly displayed in another part of its article. It lets fly a shaft at Spiritualism; and does it by quoting a part of one of our articles (taking pains to omit the qualifying context), and then drawing a most unwarrantable conclusion in these words:

"Now from all this we gather these simple facts: 1. That the spirits are most audacious and awful liars and profane and impious creatures; and 2. That hence no reliance can possibly be placed on what they say. This is not our assertion, but the deliberate declaration of long tried believers in the manifestations."

All which is utterly false in spirit so far as it is based on our remarks.

We said that "the best and purest medium may be made the instrument of uttering mendacious or profane communications." Immediately before, in the same article, we had said: "There are on record an ample number of cases proving that truthful communications have been received." * * All be (Judge Carter) can fairly say is, that a certain proportion of the so-called spiritual communications are—especially when they refer to temporal and secular matters—untrue." Thus cautiously and carefully did we fence round our admission. Nay, after saying what the Gospel Banner quotes, we immediately added, as a sequel to the admission: "This does not in the least militate against the fact that perfectly reliable communications from the spirit-world are given," &c.

And from this the "liberal" Gospel Banner deduces that it is "the deliberate declaration of long tried believers in the manifestations" that "the spirits are most audacious and awful liars and profane and impious creatures, and that hence no reliance can possibly be placed on what they say!" So much for the ingenuousness of the Gospel Banner of Augusta, Maine! It suppresses one part of a declaration in order to give undue stress to another!

It is well known that the doctrine always taught in our columns has been, that as there are many "audacious and awful liars and profane and impious creatures" in this sublimity sphere, there are likely to be many such characters in the spirit-world. The good men and wise and true among one's own acquaintances may generally be counted on one's fingers, while the foolish, the unthinking, the undeveloped may be counted by hundreds. What folly to suppose that the same proportion does not exist in the spirit-world! If these undeveloped spirits were not permitted

to manifest themselves—if none but holy and advanced spirits were allowed to communicate—we might, as an ingenious correspondent (Mr. W. P. Gates) well remarks, have our doubts of the continued existence of these poor erring ones, and fall into the Second Advent doctrine, which conveniently consigns all such to annihilation.

"The spirits are most audacious and awful liars," &c., says the Gospel Banner; intending obviously to convey the idea that we had declared that ALL the spirits communicating with mortals were liars, &c.; a declaration just as unreasonable, and as much at variance with our teachings, as it would be for us to say that all men are "lying, profane, impious creatures!"

If the Gospel Banner can derive any satisfaction from such manifestly unfair and unwarrantable garblings, perversions and deductions, we think it will do well to seek a little of that light which it objects to in the case of Brother Hayford, and rely more on that "internal power of communion with God and angels" at which it now scouts so indignantly.

What is Instinct?

In some remarks recently in reply to the Investigator, we observed: "It is no answer to our reasoning, therefore, to say that because all men do not desire immortality, the argument drawn from instinctive aspirations does not hold."

We gave our reasons for this opinion; but the Investigator, without condescending to answer those reasons, simply reiterates its dogma in this wise:

"The teachings of instinct are spontaneous, intuitive, innate, universal, and of course depend not upon reasoning or instruction for their acceptance and acknowledgment. Now as all men, without exception, possess instinct, would they not all be believers in immortality if it were taught by instinct? Undoubtedly."

In order to understand what we are talking about, let us inquire, what is instinct? Instinct is simply intuition. The Latin *instinctus*, from which the participle *instinctus* is derived, simply means to instigate. A good definition is given by Paley: "An instinct is a propensity prior to experience, and independent of instruction." This definition is very near to that implied in the quotation from our contemporary.

Now it by no means follows that the "teachings of instinct" (if teachings they can be called) should, according to the Investigator's assertion, be "universal," in the strict sense of that word. One man may instinctively shun what another man may run his head against. One man may instinctively have a fondness for cats, and another an aversion. One man may instinctively aspire to another and a better life; and another man may be wholly indifferent to the subject. One man may be instinctively jealous, and another quite the contrary. The whole purport of our article was to illustrate the great fact which the Investigator quietly ignores in the inquiry it puts, "Now as all men, without exception, possess instinct, would they not all be believers in immortality if it were taught by instinct?"

With quite as much reason might it be asked, "Now as all men, without exception, possess instinct, would they not all be haters of cats, if the repugnance were taught by instinct?" And yet nothing can be better established than the fact that the aversion to cats with many persons is purely and ridiculously instinctive; so much so that they will become aware of the animal's presence before it is seen, heard, or smelt; so much so, that no reasoning can overcome it, no instruction can uproot it. One dog is instinctively a setter, and another a pointer. The Investigator's question would be just as reasonable in the following parody: "Now as all dogs, without exception, possess instinct, would they not all be setters, if setting were taught by instinct?"

The Investigator says: "Now it seems to us that if we are to exist in a future life, we ought to have of our present existence, if, as our friend says, the coming life is taught by instinct." We have not said that "the coming life is taught by instinct." What we have said is, that the instinctive aspirations of humanity toward continuous life, and especially toward reunion with the loved ones gone before, are an earnest of immortality and of the truth of the revelations of seers, mediums, and spirits in this respect. The Investigator demands from instinct "a positive assurance." But it is of the very nature of instinct to instigate and not to assure, to suggest and not to reveal, to feel and not to reason. To ask that instinct should give us the same "positive assurance" of our future existence that we have of our present, would be more unreasonable than it would be to demand of instinct that it should make us feel the shadows of an event ten years ahead as distinctly as we might feel those of one immediately impending.

Instinct does not deal in arguments or in reasons. It is quite as irrational as the poet who did not like Dr. Fell:

"I do not like you, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this indeed I know full well,
I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

The Investigator says: "Man has no innate ideas about anything." Here the great question that has puzzled all the philosophers, from Aristotle down to Locke, and from Locke to Sir William Hamilton, is settled by a single stroke of the pen. *Voila une opinion*, as the polite Frenchman said. Since much may be said on both sides, we shall not set our foot within that vortex at present.

The Investigator concludes that "the argument from instinctive longings does not prove immortality." We never said it did. All that we ever contended that those "longings" prove, is that man is interiorly fitted, by his aspirations, his wishes, his thirst for knowledge, his affections reaching beyond the grave—for an immortal existence.

We, as Spiritualists, however, do claim one thing as proved, and that the materialists and the "secularists," as well as the sectarian, are always swift to dodge or to ignore, in the face of the accumulated testimony of ages and of hundreds of thousands of intelligent persons now living. We claim that there are, and always have been, such persons as seers, prophets, mediums, who manifest powers wholly transcending all that can be predicated of our mortal senses, and who must derive those powers either from spiritual faculties of their own, superseding the natural, or from intercourse with outside spiritual intelligences. The facts upon which these convictions rest are of daily occurrence and patent to all; and the so-called science that refuses to look them fairly and squarely in the face, is simply charlatanism, whether it range itself under the banners of orthodoxy or of "secularism."

The spirit of Mrs. Eliza Smith, who passed to the spirit-world two weeks previous, mentioned in last week's BANNER, manifested through Mrs. Conant, at our Free Circle, on Monday, the 10th. She expressed great pleasure in being able to come back so soon, and bear testimony to the truth of our beautiful philosophy. She said she had met all her dear spirit friends, and was very happy.

John Neal on John Pierpont.

Mr. Neal furnishes the Atlantic Monthly for December with a fine analysis of his friend John Pierpont's character, although his reminiscences are even more interesting. How Mr. Pierpont became a lawyer, how a merchant, how a minister, and how a poet and platform orator, is well told by Mr. Neal, who knew his friend intimately and well. Mr. Pierpont's changes in life remind one of what Emerson says of the genuine New Englander, throw him down anywhere, and he will fall like a cat on his feet. But it is instructive to note how very lightly the living writer touches his deceased friend's conversion to the truths of Spiritualism. He admits the fact, where he finds a stopping place large enough, that he was a Spiritualist, "or rather"—as he chooses to phrase it—"a believer in the phenomena that used to be called witchcraft in the days of Cotton Mather." This is certainly very kind in Mr. Neal, and not a little thoughtful. It was a good idea for him to allude—if no more than to allude—to a great change in the mode and basis of his faith, which formed, as he confessed in his noble speech before the Providence (not Philadelphia, Mr. Neal,) Convention, the culmination and crowning satisfaction of his long and glorious career.

There is a single passage, however, in which Mr. Neal gives a grudging admission to the reality of his friend's belief in Spiritualism. We will extract from the same so far as our space permits. Says Mr. Neal, after alluding to Mr. Pierpont's conscientiousness, and his unswerving following of evidence, wherever it led him:

"What was he to do? There were the facts. They were not to be controverted; they could not be explained; they could not be reconciled to any hypothesis in physics. If he was given over to delusion, to be buffeted by Satan, whose fault was it? That he was by nature somewhat credulous, and, though patient enough in his investigations, rather too fond of the marvelous, what then? His conclusions might be wrong, his inferences faulty, though honest; but how were they to be controverted? That he sometimes took too much for granted, I believe, nay, more, I know; because I myself have seen him grossly imposed on by a woman he took me to see, whose impersonation were thought most wonderful. But then he was a devout man, a close observer, an admirable logician, accustomed to the competition of opposite analogies and to weighing evidence; and if he misunderstood the facts, or misinterpreted them, or inferred the supernatural from false premises, why then let us grieve for his delusion, and wait patiently for the phenomena which led him astray to be explained."

Just so, Mr. Neal. And how long do you suppose that you and others like you will have to "wait," if you care no more for the explanation than you betray in this paragraph? You may believe it more "popular" for the present to ignore, or to slur, these manifestations, but we beg leave to tell you that it will make no difference whatever with the great truths that are continually operating on men by natural laws. Take your own time, we beg you, to look into these "facts," and to study their "explanation;" but believe us, that the loss is nobody's but your own, and no damage done to the cause you now approach so devoutly. Mr. Pierpont's courage and independence carried him triumphantly through. He had no vanity and no fear above his faith. He was true to himself, and sought truth wherever it was to be found. If those who criticize him would go and do likewise, they would have a far better claim to be heard in judgment upon him.

Quakers and Friends.

Whichever title we give them, they are at bottom Spiritualists. The silent prayer in public or at the family table betokens it. The season of speechless quiet before they begin their public worship, points directly to it. They are a people who believe in the receptive condition of the soul, as necessary for securing impressions from the superior world. The founders of the sect pronounced openly for the doctrine of personal and immediate inspiration. That was genuine Quakerism at the start. The soul of George Fox was opened to inspiration, in the midst of the erratic and impulsive religious methods of his time, and he declared to his fellow men only what it was distinctly given to him to utter.

We see a statement that the Quakers in England are abandoning many of their original tenets and convictions, and coming over to practices which are more fashionable and popular. This will, of course, bring them to the end of their organization as a distinct sect. The moment a class of persons, who have received illumination, begin to peddle their light around for some personal comfort or advantage, the conditions on which they received their light are reversed and the influx ceases altogether. Self-seeking soon puts a stop to all good. Divine endowments fail to come to us when we seek them for the purpose of building up our own power. The real spirituality of the order of Friends vanishes before the attempt to turn it to worldly profit. Still, we insist that the original birth of the sect is to be ascribed to causes very nearly allied to genuine Spiritualism.

Spiritual Meetings in Boston.

We mentioned last week that Miss Lizzie Doten would deliver a lecture, in Mercantile Hall, in this city, each Sunday afternoon, commencing quarter before three o'clock, during the month of December. Bear in mind that she does not speak in the evening, as the hall is used by Mr. Gaylord's Society forenoon and evenings.

Miss Doten has just closed a successful course of lectures in St. Louis. On Tuesday, Nov. 13th, she gave a lecture in Hannibal, Mo., of which the editor of the Hannibal Daily Courier says: "The lecture of the unrivaled orator, Miss Lizzie Doten, was received with the profoundest attention, at the Court House, last night. Of her lecture we must content ourselves with but few remarks. For elegance of diction, chastity of style, classical beauty and freedom of utterance, we do not remember when we have heard her excel. Her subject, 'The True Faith,' was well adapted to the occasion, well expressed, and altogether highly creditable to her head and heart. Her theory, in our opinion, is unexceptionable, and her ideas will doubtless live when the present generation have passed over the turbulent waters of death." She was to give another lecture on the following Thursday evening. Miss Doten is fully appreciated in the West as well as in the East.

The State Association—Next Meeting.

January 9th and 10th is the time appointed for the next quarterly session of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists, to be held at the Melancon, in this city. The Secretary has issued a printed circular, embodying the object and aims of the Association. Friends who receive a copy are requested to take action in the matter, as suggested in the Secretary's note accompanying the circular. Much good can be effected by this Association, if the people will contribute their mite to sustain it financially.

Our readers are referred to a letter on our third page, written by a prominent citizen of New York; giving the particulars of the astonishing cure of his niece, by Dr. J. R. Newton.

Thanksgiving.

The President led off with Thanksgiving meditations, and the Governors of nearly all the Northern States have followed a pointing the same day—the 29th—for the festival. There are few persons whose do not sensibly warm to the association memories of this time. It calls up agreeable meetings of two and three generations around the same hearth and the same table. This is the occasion when those who have old home hives and gone out into the world without their troubles, eager as children to the old familiar scenes and faces, and over with silent gratitude for the active life and enriching endowments of the social sense. An anniversary gathers charms to itself. Every year brings its special contribution to its worth, making it of more value in the eyes of the spirit. This is largely true of such an anniversary as Thanksgiving. It touches at every point on the vest feelings of the heart. It preserves the precious fruits of our experience, embalming for personal possessions for all time.

All the boys and girls will be home this no matter how far they may have scattered at the call of interest and duty. The old will be ready and eager to give the return of a sincere greeting. The grandchildren full to ecstasy—those of them who have kept on the old homestead, and those who made but few yearly pilgrimages as yet spot whence their father or mother sprung, a bubbling up of genial talk there will be the familiar rooms! What choruses of de laughter, as nature which have been kept so long, impinge again upon the plane another's experience! How the eyes of father and Grandmother will brighten and in the corner! What a world of sunshine break out in rooms that perhaps have been up for the greater part of the year, and in rare will seem the life that starts up glad scene! It would strike one who has casually upon it, that there was the very center and the social universe. Here full sufficiency for the heart which it costs the globe to find, and makes the search in.

Remember the poor this week. Let without some token of the gratitude and which we are supposed to feel. If we have ourselves been bountifully dealt by, then gratefulness overflow where it may bless. The secret of giving is in the return it they are indeed more blessed who give, than who receive. We can enrich our own joy in this anniversary very greatly, if we sent to divide with those who are less than we.

We devote this season to thankful gratitude for the bounty of nature, and the latter rains not having failed us, granaries being now all full. Just before winter shuts down with its frosts and snow of all things meet that we should pause to our joy at the generous harvests which carry us safely through.

Accumulation of Catholic Churches.

The Roman Catholics are very active in building spacious churches in this country. The last few years they have probably built new churches than all the other religious institutions. The foundation is being prepared for a large cathedral, on Washington street, in the city. The edifice will not cost less than two thousand dollars. A new church, of this nearly completed in Cambridgeport, located Harvard street. The corner-stone of a man Catholic cathedral has just been laid in Columbus, Ohio, by Bishop Rosecrans. The architecture selected is the "Victorian" style, and the entire cost is estimated at three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. The energy is exhibited by the Catholics all country.

Dr. Bryant in California.

Dr. J. P. Bryant is creating a great stir in San Francisco, where he has performed "wonderful cures by the laying on of hands." The papers are teeming with the "miracles" effected by him. Among the first was the wife of a well known attorney, Daily Eagle, after giving the particulars, says, "Here, then, is a subject worth the subtlest metaphysicians; but it is too complex to be entered on here. We do not demand the process of the healing, nor 'know the way of a bird in the air.' But know that, after four years' helpless prostration the invalid can now walk, and, also, that can fly." The doctor's visit to California, timely, and much good will result therefrom.

Maximilian Caught.

The Austrian in Mexico played a little "sum" with the French General Bazaine, to get out of the country and leave his of in the lurch, with nothing like a throne. But Bazaine got wind of what was going overhauled his errand Emperor before he the Austrian frigate that was in waiting. The consequence is that Max. has got to in due form, acknowledge the stability throne, and name a successor. But it is very little difference, any way. Napoleon to take the French troops away, and then up the business.

Magazines.

THE RADICAL for November has a varied list of contents, the leading one E. C. Towne, which is a sort of spiritual rhapsody, and of course of deep interest. The papers will repay a thoughtful perusal. ADAMS & CO., 21 Bromfield street. BEADLE'S MONTHLY for December is bristling with vivacious, running over with fresh tales, essays, notes of travel, and poems. Inducements to subscribers are very liberal. Likewise the intention to employ more talent on its pages for the coming year.

Mercantile Library Lecture.

Judge W. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, an exceedingly interesting lecture before association, in Music Hall, last Wednesday on the growth, development, resources of our country. On account of Thanksgiving Mr. Beecher cannot be here to speak on it as previously announced, but will fill his ment on the 10th of Dec. The next lecture course will be given by Henry Vincent, Wednesday evening, Dec. 6th.

The Quebec Sufferers.

We acknowledge the receipt of five dollars from the Quebec sufferers, from Mrs. P. ton. The Quebec subscription in London had reached \$12,500 sterling. Queen Victoria addressed a letter of sympathy to the collecting funds, and contributed \$300 to

phal through a medium, W. P. Anderson, and drawn to
present, in the Spirit-World, a once noted New Jersey bo
who, about the year 1814, married a Russian General, five
high life in Europe for many years, and finally died in C
in 1861. The original picture with copyright in value
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No. 122 South Clark street, CHICAGO, ILL. 3wis-Nv.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 128 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Our Father, thou Wondrous Spirit who pervadest all mind and all matter, thou who guideth and ruleth nations and souls, worlds and atoms, hear thou our prayer, and by thy ministering angels lead us nearer, still nearer to thee, until, finally, we shall be able, even in our darkness, to comprehend thy light; even in our ignorance, to understand somewhat of thy wisdom. Amen.

Oct. 1.

Question and Answer.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your queries, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider.

Ques.—By H. W. Timney: Where there is a world-wide anxiety to know the fate of a certain person—Sir John Franklin, for instance—why does not he or some other spirit give information that would elicit the facts in the case. Or, in the case of murder, or other great crimes, why does not the spirit of the murdered person give facts and circumstances that would lead to the detection of the criminal? This would do more to prevent crime than all things else.

Ans.—Speaking with reference to Sir John Franklin, we will take advantage of our being born on Yankee land, and ask a question, instead of answering one. Is your correspondent sure that Sir John Franklin has not given such information concerning himself? No, he is not sure. We are certain he is not, because he cannot be by any possibility. Now, with regard to the latter part of your question, we might preach a long sermon upon it, and still leave you in outer darkness. It is not always wise to tell all a person knows, or even a small portion of what he knows. It is not always wise to return, giving such information as would eliminate any individual, and cause them to be executed upon your American gallows. Spiritualism proposes to leave you as nearly independent as is possible for you to be. Spiritualism does not propose to send emissaries from the land of souls to tell you this or that, that you had better remain in ignorance of. You are yet little children, and you ask for more than you really need. But thanks be to God, there is a Supreme Intelligence that hath all wisdom, who guideth the affairs of men and women always; and whether they will or not, they will always be guided finally aright. There are many instances where persons who have been suddenly sent upon the unseen side of life by some person or persons whom you call your murderers, have returned, pointing out their murderers. Do you eliminate them always because such information is given? Is the world ready to receive Spiritualism upon its records of jurisprudence? By no means. So the inhabitants of the unseen world are hiding their time, and waiting always for those higher than themselves to guide them. You are all links in the great chain of human life; each one acting upon every other one. You are bound together; and when one suffers, or when one is joyous, all the rest are correspondingly so. You should remember this. And we think when you know this, you will seek to make all those connected with you happy, as a means of obtaining happiness yourselves; for the only true way to become happy, is to seek to make everybody else happy. You cannot do it by placing one upon the gallows. You cannot do it by forcing knowledge upon any one soul; for if you do, it will return back upon yourselves. But that that is sought for, you may be very sure the person is ready for.

Q.—Will the controlling spirit give his opinion as to the truth or falsity of the following statement which is going the rounds of the daily press? "Astronomers consider light as the vibration of a fluid pervading all space. This fluid being a material body, must obstruct and retard the movements of bodies passing through it. Consequently the moon, in its revolutions round the earth, must constantly be moving more and more slowly, and must at last come into contact with it. Then the crust of the earth will be broken up, the impact will generate an immense heat, and the two planets will be melted into one. Then cooling will begin, and a new earth will form. In the same way the earth and all the planets must eventually be absorbed into the sun, which perhaps is but the satellite to some greater central sun, and is, in its turn, destined to be absorbed, till at length the whole material universe is combined in one mighty mass."

A.—The theory is altogether too absurd for any sound, thinking mind for a moment to believe, for it would entirely annihilate the theory of individualization. Light is a distinct and positive principle. It exists in all forms, in all places. Even darkness is not devoid of light. It holds within itself the principle. The earth, as a satellite, has performed its distinct journeyings throughout all the past eternity. We do not believe it ever was created, or ever will have an ending; and when we say this with reference to the earth, we mean it may change in its manifestation, but will still be an individualized earth. We do not believe that the earth will ever be folded in the embrace of the sun. The sun does not infringe upon the law of the earth, nor the earth upon the law of the sun. They are two distinct bodies, moving in their own orbits, living their own lives. Each life is entirely distinct from the other, yet dependent upon the other. The time will yet come when new—did we say new? we do not mean so—when old, but new to you, and startling theories with regard to the heavenly bodies will be presented to you. And at first, we predict, save with the exception of a very few minds, you will ignore the theory as entirely incompatible with all you've learned. But the same Power that taught a Galileo, will be sure to impart information to some one dwelling upon your earth to-day.

The same Divine Power that guides the destiny of your earth, will give you information concerning it, and will be sure to do it as fast as you are ready to receive. Oct. 1.

Alfred Roenow.

Will you be kind enough to report the appearance of Alfred Roenow, from Cleveland, saying he is in a condition to report to his friends, if he has any here. Be kind enough, also, to say that his exit from earth was not so distressing as his friends have heard. Instead of lingering a long while, and being taken prisoner, he was shot dead almost instantly. Report me, sir, from the 9th Ohio, Company I. Be also kind enough to say I find myself here in this mysterious and unseen world; am satisfied with my condition, and would not return even if I could, except as I return this way, to go back to my native element of soul; for you will all find when you pass through death, that you return to your soul element; and you'll be as happy—that is, if you are situated as I am—as ducks are when in water.

Tell my little sister that I remember her with a great deal of tenderness. If her little heart is not afraid to meet her soldier brother as a ghost, I'll be glad to meet her. I speak of little Annie. They say she's mourning herself to death over my loss. Very well, if that is the case, I shall have her with me all the sooner. However, the earth has need of such more than I have, so I'd rather she'd stay here. Farewell. Oct. 1.

Margaret Somers.

I am Margaret Somers. I was a medium myself, and I knew about coming back to earth. My uncle used to write through me, and a great many spirits used to rap through me, and move things. I was born in Connecticut, and died in New York City. I have a mother and two sisters here, and I said I should come back when I died. They do not believe that it was the spirits that wrote and made noises through me. They do not believe it. But I said I'd come back; and they said if I did they should believe. That was what I came for. I knew I was coming here, though it's a good while since I saw your paper. I got it once. I went down to Great Jones street for it. I aint seen it for a great while—yes, I have seen it on the stands, but I had no money to buy it because you ask more for it than you did then. But I told mother to buy it every week, if she could, and I should come. [Has she done so?] Yes, sir, except one week, when she was sick. She had her rent to pay, and had been sick. She didn't have it then, but she's had it ever since. She buys the paper every week now. She's had two hundred dollars come to her, and she can have it now all the time.

I want her to know it's true we can come. And I'd like Esther to sit—she was always awful afraid of it, but it's because they would no sooner rap through me than she'd begin to shake, and she'd get afraid, and she'd go away; and I want mother to coax her to sit, and I'll fix her so I can come myself at home. [You can do that.] Yes, I can. [She ought not to be afraid of it.] She won't be, when she knows it's me. But she thinks it's the devil. I'll tell you, mister, what makes her think so. Once when I was sitting—we used to, first, for fun—the table tipped up against the door, and my sister could not move it and I could not. I tried and she tried to open the door, and she said it was the devil, she knew, and she should die—she should go into fits. Oh, she made such a noise that the folks came up from down stairs. But they could not any of them push the door open. No; the table was against it, and we could not get it open, not until I coaxed the spirits to take it away; then I opened it. I knew what it was. I wasn't afraid; never was. They say it was that that caused my death. Oh, it was n't! I should have died just as quick without it. It did not hurt me at all. [It helped you, did it not?] Did; because I want afraid to go, knew where I was going—so I want afraid.

I'm real glad to come, because I've been waiting and got most tired. I shall do better when I go home. I am fourteen years old; yes, I'm over fourteen—fourteen and about eight months. [Can you tell how old you were when you passed on?] Yes, sir, I was over twelve, most thirteen, sir. My mother will tell you exactly. You can ask her. [We can't find your mother very readily, but you can.] Oh, yes, I can. I feel just as I did when I went away. I don't feel that I'm any older than I was when I went away.

Well, you'll print my letter, won't you? I've told you all true. Oh, I had my sister with me when I went to buy the paper. She's three years older than I am. I had her most all the time. Sometimes I had other girls. Oh, yes, the spirits told us where to go to get the paper for mother. And she said it was the devil, and the devil lied, and we run off down there and got it to see; and when we got there, we forgot the name of the paper we wanted, so all we could say was, we told a man about it. He said, "Oh, it's the BANNER OF LIGHT you want." We said yes, that was it. We remembered it when we heard it. My mother was once a school-teacher. She's poor now, and she has n't taught school for a great many years. She taught school in Connecticut.

Good-by, mister. Don't forget to tell about Esther, because I rather go home than go anywhere. She always liked to be with me, only when I'd let the spirits rap and move things. When I did, then she was frightened, and would go away from me because she had an idea, you know—well, she was thinking of dead folks, and was afraid. My mother always said I was a strange child, for I wasn't afraid of death, and I was wasn't afraid of spirits. So you tell her I'm in one now, and I've come back just as I said I would. Oct. 1.

NOTE.—We wish the mother of this child would inform us whether any part or all of the above statements are correct, as we have no information upon the subject, other than that given by the spirit at our public circle.—PUBL. BANNER.

Alexander Tanner.

Stranger, I would like to send a little information home to my friends. As I'm not much acquainted with these things, I shall have to be brief.

Perhaps you'd better say that Alexander Tanner, of Tannersville, Ohio, has reported himself here, and would be very glad to report himself nearer home. I was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Atlanta—understand?—and died very shortly afterwards. Good-day. Oct. 1.

Patrick Fearing.

Well sir, taking it all round, I'm pretty well. Now I suppose from all accounts this is Boston? [Yes.] Well, I hailed from Manchester. [New Hampshire?] Yes sir; that is to say, before I shouldered the musket to go out and fight the battles of America.

I've been dodging all around the corners, never was in the rear, but was many times in the front. I want to do something for those I've left. I've been many times on the point of coming here, sir, but it's a long way. Ah, it's a crowd that's here, and you have to fight your way through; and it takes an Irishman to do that. I can

fight just as well now as I ever could. Yes, sir, and I'm Patrick Fearing. I was an Irishman, in the yard of the Stark Mills. I was employed wheeling waste, and doing anything that was to be done. I was always to the front. I was no coward, I wasn't like some chaps I seen, who stayed at home because they didn't like the pills they might be obliged to take; no, sir, they didn't like them at all.

And, by the way, there is Mr. Pollock. Oh, he's there; sure I know he's there. He and I had some trouble before I went to war. And when he heard I was going, he said, "Pat, I'm glad you're going. Oh, you're better fitted to go to war than to stay here." "Ah, bedad!" says I, "if you were like myself and not a coward, you'd be going too, yourself, and not staying at home paying for a substitute." He'd not got me for his substitute. I'd seen him as far down in the lower regions as he was far out of it, before I'd gone for him; and he'd waited a long time before I'd gone. And the chap what did go, was killed, too, so if he wants me to say anything to him, I'm ready to, and to give him a thrashing, too, into the bargain; yes, sir!

The most I come here for, is to get some kind of a chance to send word to my wife, Mary. I want her to know that I'm about somewhere, and can help her along a bit. And I want her to know its folly for her to be spending money to get my back pay, for there is none. Now that's sure; there is none to get. So every dollar put out in that direction will have nothing coming in; that's it. Now, sir, that's one thing brings me here. Oh, I got many things to say, would I have those with me who knew all about me.

This is the first time coming, and I only got a very little time to myself, but I was determined to come. Now me compliments to old Pollock, and tell him I'm just as much alive as I ever was. (To the Chairman.) Good-day to you, and a happy going to you, when you come out the way I come. Oct. 1.

Circle opened by William E. Channing; closed by Andrew Berry.

Invocation.

Thou Holy Spirit, who speaketh unto us through the mediumship of this handsome day, let the gentle dews of thine inspiration fall upon our souls like the breath of sweetest lilies, for, without inspiration, science and art, philosophy and religion, appeal to our souls in vain. In vain do green fields smile, in vain do brooks babble, in vain do earth and skies send out their voices in praise of thee, if the echoes within our souls are not awakened by the voice of inspiration. Oh, then inspire us this hour of communion, and let us drink from thine everlasting fountain. Though we do thirst again, though we do again ask for living waters, to-day let us drink therefrom. And oh, our Father, and our Mother, too, while we ask for these gifts for ourselves, we would not forget all others who are in need. And especially, oh Spirit of Eternal Justice, we ask that an outpouring of thy soul may mantle the soul of him who sits at the head of this great nation. Oh let him learn of thee, for thou art Justice; oh may he learn of thee, for thou art Mercy, tempered with Wisdom; guide his feet in wisdom's ways; open his ears unto the sounds that fill the air from the spirit-land; turn all his thoughts away from self, into the channel of suffering humanity everywhere, so that he may live nearer thee, not only in his own conceptions, but may live nearer to thee in truth and in deed.

Father, we beseech of thee that the prayers of the nation may go out in behalf of all who have need. May they pray for peace. May they seek earnestly to court peace. May they put war far away from them, and learn of thee, for thou art wise, and holy, and true.

Our Father, and our Mother, while we see the dark tempest-cloud that lowers around this nation, we can but ask that guiding angels may come, and come quickly, to those who are in power here. May they feel their influence, and be made better and wiser by their coming. But whatsoever cometh, our Father, and our Mother, we know that thou wilt finally lead us into thy Courts of Wisdom, where we shall understand thee better, and serve thee more truly. Oct. 2.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Was Adam the symbolized embodiment of the earthly nature of humanity?

Ans.—That view is at least an acceptable one for your speaker. He can only answer for himself. Inasmuch as Nature has taught him, in his researches through her laboratory, that there never was a first man and first woman, he, perhaps like many others, is prone to look upon the subject from a spiritual standpoint. Men and women of all ages have ever, and no doubt will ever, continue to have certain ideas concerning the past, with regard to what they term the creation of the world. It is very natural for the limited vision of man to suppose of a beginning of the things by which he is surrounded. But as the vision expands, as he unfolds himself, so these things will unfold. Instead of believing in a veritable first man and first woman, he will be very likely to believe in them as symbols of human life.

Q.—Can the personal existence on earth of Jesus Christ, "the Lord," be linearly traced to any individual?

A.—Yes; that is as easily done as it is easy to trace out our own lineage. There is no mystery about this man Jesus Christ, nor is he a myth, but a distinct, positive reality.

Q.—By A. Brosius: "If spirit is matter, or substance, by what means do spirits live?"—or, in other words, are they obliged to labor in order to subsist?

A.—Nature—or the Power by which Nature exists, we should say—furnishes supplies for all needs. Inasmuch as the spirit of man must be sustained, the sustaining power is in existence and within his reach. Spirit is indeed but refined matter; but it is so far removed from the matter that makes up forms by which you are surrounded in human life, that you can scarce see any analogy between the two; and yet there is no separation. Mind, so called, and matter, or refined and crude matter, must be inseparably bound together. The spirit-world has just as much need of this earth, with all its crudities, as the earth has need of the spirit-world. There is a continual action between the two. You subsist by the power of spirit, and the power of spirit subsists by you, also. Give and take is in the order of things always. Oct. 2.

Lieut. William Saunders.

I am not sure that I am actuated by the right spirit in coming here to-day. Be that as it may, I am here; and as I can't—should I wish to—sail under foreign colors, I must sail under my own; speak as I think, whether it be acceptable or otherwise.

My name was William Saunders. I was born in Massachusetts. At the time of my entering the

army, I hailed from Ohio. I was Lieutenant in the 2d Ohio Cavalry. I was taken prisoner and conveyed from one point to another, until at last I found myself—with some of my comrades and many other Union soldiers—at Castle Thunder. It would be folly for me to go over the ground and tell of all we suffered while there; but I will say that the man Turner, who was commander-in-chief of that place, was, in my estimation, as good a got-up fiend as could be found within the human body. I once appealed to him in behalf of five or six sick comrades, who were dying by inches for want of a very little of the milk of human kindness. After I had made my appeal, he turned to me, and says—to use his own language at the time—"You d—d infernal Yankee, do you suppose that I've got any heart for your folks? If you do, you're greatly mistaken. The more of you that die, the better we are satisfied. You can't have no change here; and if you ask again, I shall order you out for a shooting-match."

Well, the boys who went on our side (died, as you call it,) with myself, in consequence of such treatment at his hands, have lately heard that the gentleman is pardoned, kindly treated, and hoisted up by the very Government that we died defending!

Now in God's name, men of the North, where are your souls? What are you thinking of? Why, you are folding your hands, resting on your oars, and waiting for the breakers to overtake you, which they most surely will!

I was here a few days since, when one intelligence remarked that "Andrew Johnson had a Tennessee backbone in him." He's got more than that: he's got Tennessee brains, and very means ones at that; and if you will only seek to look through the man, you will see that he is a greater traitor than Jefferson Davis ever thought of being. And he rules! So to our mind the rebellion has succeeded. The South are virtually victorious so far, and the North are down—not in their own estimation, perhaps—but really down. The South has her man in power, and the North has been most outrageously fooled. There it is! I speak not only my own sentiments, but those of thousands and tens of thousands! It is no matter of speculation with us; 'tis real!

Well, you're hoping for peace. God grant it may come to you. A Libby prison has forced me into the spirit-world with thousands of others; and I, in common with others, have left those who had need of my services. This being true, you cannot wonder that, being human still, and being allowed to travel over the ground at pleasure, we cannot feel exactly at rest when we revert to the past, and compare it with the present, and with the future, also.

Why, we should rejoice that we have died fighting for our country, if we did not see that in many respects we have fought in vain. But enough of this. My chief purpose in coming is to inform my wife and one aged parent that I can return, and that I would be very glad to give some definite manifestation to them personally. If they would know how I am engaged there, in that unseen-world, I would say to them I am doing my best to defend the right wherever I go; and I hope I shall ever be so occupied. I defended what to me seemed to be right when here; I am doing the same now. And so far as I am concerned personally, I would not return; but when I perceive their condition, see how much they have suffered and are still suffering, 'tis not in human nature, either before death or after it, to feel exactly at rest.

(To the Chairman.) I am under obligations to you, sir, for your kindness. Oct. 2.

Alfred Brooks.

The gentleman who preceded me made the remark that the South were virtually victorious; that the North were down, and that the South were in the ascendancy. Now although I did not come for the purpose of making a political speech, yet the remark he made has induced me to make a few upon the same subject.

I for one do not so understand it, since Mr. Johnson is the man of your choice. Your Republican party put him in office, or gave him the Vice-Presidency, and perhaps a Wilkes Booth gave him the Presidency. But at all events, he was a man of the Republican party. The North gave him place and power—not the South. But when he says that he is a man of Southern choice, he talks what we of the South know is not true. It's very possible Mr. Johnson may be playing into the Southern lap, but I don't so understand it. All have a right to their own opinions, you know, and I have a right to mine. Perhaps I see quite differently from the gentleman who preceded me. Being a Southerner myself, I would be very likely to see not exactly like him.

I was a personal friend of Mr. Davis, and I am quite sure that during the activity of the rebellion—they say 'tis not dead yet; well, perhaps it is not—but when it was in activity, I am sure there was no reciprocity of feeling between Mr. Davis and Mr. Johnson.

Indeed, Mr. Davis once said this much to me concerning Mr. Johnson, in speaking of him. I asked what he thought of him as moving in the direction of the Vice-Presidency, being a Tennessee man, and he says, "I know him to be a miserable, ignorant blackguard, not fit for any office." Now, then, I cannot see that he is in power by Southern choice. But never mind; they say he's showing his hand very fast, and you'll be likely to see the whole of it by-and-by.

It is customary, I believe, to give one's name in coming here? [Yes, and facts to prove their identity to friends.] Well, my own name was Alfred Brooks, and I am from Richmond. I am disposed to be honest, and tell you that I was your opponent during the rebellion. Though I never entered the field against you, yet I did all I was able to for my country. It seemed to me I had no sympathy for the North; but I had for the South, and very naturally fought for it, and believing I did right. The disturbances that grew out of the rebellion—domestic disturbances—brought sickness and death upon me. I do not regret having died. I am only sorry I did not know more of your Spiritual Philosophy before death. Then I should not have been kept away as long; then my family might have been expecting a return. Now they are not, and I must make a bold push, if I ever meet them, until they, too, die and are free.

Now I would like that Mrs. Mary Brooks, Nellie, or Charlotte, or James, or any of my family or friends, give me a kind invitation to return home and manifest.

Mr. Chairman, I am deeply sensible of your kindness toward all who come to you in this way. I know that you know no North or South, no East or West; that all are welcome; for which we all thank you, and will pray earnestly for your protection. Farewell. Oct. 2.

Nellie Harris.

My name is Harris—yes, sir, Nellie Harris. I'd been ten years old now if I was here. I was most nine when I—when I died. And I lived in Brooklyn, [New York?] Yes; I did. [Do you remember what part of Brooklyn?] I lived in Walnut street.

Do you know what I've come here for? my mother has been to a minister, and asked if he believed that the dead could come back, and he said "that modern Spiritualism says so, but for his part, he was not prepared to say whether they could or not. He'd no doubt but what they could, but he didn't know about their coming back; wasn't sure of that." And I was and I heard it. I wanted to tell my mother she did live, and I lived, and could come back.

And I want her to go to Mr. Flanders, tell her about it. [Is she acquainted with him?] No, she isn't; but I want her to go to him. He'll tell her about it, because I've been to him a minister, and he'll tell her all about folks can come back, because he knows can, for he sees us, hears us, and so he does n't he? Well, he preaches in New City. And you'll tell her to go to Mr. Flanders, and he'll tell her what to do, where to go to hear from me. Oh, I reckon I'll get n't be n't? She's read books and the papers, and been told over so much about folks coming back and she wants to believe it, but do n't know and he'll tell her how.

You do n't let anybody go to their mother, do you ever? [Not with this medium.] Well, she'll go there, he'll advise her, tell her he believes. You know she's a Universalist, and believe; so she'll believe what he tells her. Oh, good, he is, and he won't tell her anything. So you need n't be afraid to send her there. Your mother take the BANNER? Yes, and Mr. Flanders, too. He has it, too. And my n'buys it.

Oh dear, I—. [What's the matter?] No, only I was thinking if I could only fly away I'd whisk off before you knew it. [With thud!] Yes; then I'd come back again, you missed me. [You can do so when you're free from the medium.] Oh, yes, I can then. I can't talk to my mother so she'll understand me. I could talk to Mr. Flanders, but he couldn't talk to my mother, he's a preacher; he's a Universalist preacher, and he knows about our coming back, too, he says he does.

You would n't never let me go, would you should come again? [If you can get the urn's consent.] Oh, well, I can do that, you? Oh, yes, I reckon I can. [Come some and show yourself to the medium.] Well, I will; 'tis n't only a little ways, you [The medium could n't get there without trouble.] Oh, I could get her there. [Could take her to your mother's house?] Yes, I yes, I could; because I could ask folks to come to the ferry. Then when I got there, I'd be there.

(To the Chairman.) Well, when you die I you. Yes, and I'll go and show you then my mother lives. I'll take you there. afternoon, mister.

Circle conducted by Theodore Parker. I answered by Charles A. Davis.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Oct. 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Laura, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Monday, Oct. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Mary, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Monday, Oct. 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Mary, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Monday, Oct. 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Mary, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Monday, Oct. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Mary, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Monday, Oct. 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Mary, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Monday, Oct. 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Mary, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Monday, Oct. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Mary, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Monday, Oct. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Mary, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Monday, Oct. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Mary, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Monday, Oct. 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Mary, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Monday, Oct. 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Mary, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Monday, Oct. 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Mary, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Monday, Oct. 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Mary, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Monday, Oct. 31.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Mary, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Monday, Oct. 31.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. By the spirit of Mary, a gentle, gentlemanly, nection: Francis S. Sawyer, of Orange, N. C., a well-known of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to Little Bel, a brave, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

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I THE SOUL OF THINGS ;
ON,
PSYCHOMETRIC RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES
BY WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH M. F. DEXTON.
This truly valuable and exceedingly interesting work
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Spiritualist and all seekers after hidden truths should receive
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158 W. Washington street, Boston, and at our branch office,
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THE REV. JOHN WEISS,
ON
"OUR RELATIONS WITH THE SPIRITUAL WORLD."
BY F. T. LANE.
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Office, 158 W. Washington street, Boston, and at our BUREAU
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NEW UNFOLDING OF SPIRIT-POWER!
DR. GEORGE B. EMERSON,
TREATING MEDICINE, developed to cure diseases by drawing the evil out upon himself, at any distance; can examine the prostate, treat the eye, cure the lungs, dislocate the joints, at the same time, (see examination 81); ten exercises to treat patients; 83s; thirty for 010; Manipulations, 42 each; Treats patients at a distance by letter, by including the same in your correspondence and address. Please address DR. GEORGE B. EMERSON, No. 1 Winter Place, on Winter street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A. Send from T. A. M. to G. B. M. Nov. 24-29*

THIS MAY CERTIFY that Dr. George B. Emerson, commenced to treat my sister who had been suffering from heart and lung troubles, and was unable to get up to die by physicians of almost every school, about six months ago, without ever seeing her.

Three months after commencing her treatment, her head raised one inch without fainting, and every movement was expected to be her last. Two weeks ago to-day she took supper in the dining room, and could walk to the door.

firmly, a well trained, I passed on to patients and the children, and could really realize the change. By what power was I enabled to do what I did? I do not know, but I will tell, and I learn it out an act of simple justice to Dr. H. H. Davis, and power through which such wonderful results were obtained, to acknowledge them before the people of the world.

Place of business, 45 Vendôme street,
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Nov. 21-24*

RHEUMATISM CURED IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!

DR. R. C. CHERRINGTON,
Magnetic Physician,
Office, 216 Third Street, between D and E Streets, South Boston.
THE DOCTOR has had several years experience in the treatment of Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Palsy, and all at- tending nervous disorders, and has been successful in the cure of which he has met with great success. He has the most extensive cases have yielded to his skill. Office from 12 A. M., and from 5 P. M. to 9 P. M. (If you wish to be devoted to such as are unable to pay.)

Nov. 10.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,
AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please en- close \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age.

Oct. 6.

MRS. R. COLLINS
STILL continues to heal the sick, at No. 19 Pine Street Boston, Mass. Oct. 6.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, Magnetic and Clair-

MISS F. A. JONES, (totally blind), Clairvoyant, and Medium, treats all diseases, at her Rooming, 83 Carroll street, Boston. Hours from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. Every day. Sunday and Holy Days, by Appointment. Terms \$1. Office, 292 Washington street, Boston. Oct. 13.

MRS. COLGROVE, Clairvoyant Physician, and Medium, treats all diseases, at her Rooming, 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. Every day. Sunday and Holy Days, by Appointment. Terms \$1. Office, 292 Washington street, Boston. Oct. 13.

MRS. PLUMB, Clairvoyant Physician, Test Medium, and Medium, treats all diseases, at her Rooming, 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. Every day. Sunday and Holy Days, by Appointment. Terms \$1. Office, 292 Washington street, Boston. Oct. 13.

MRS. NELLIE STARKWEATHER, Writing Test Medium, and Medium, treats all diseases, at her Rooming, 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. Every day. Sunday and Holy Days, by Appointment. Terms \$1. Office, 292 Washington street, Boston. Oct. 13.

SAMUEL GROVER, Healing Medium, No 13112 Place, (opposite Harvard street). Oct. 6.

SOUL READING, Or Psychometrical Delimitation of Character.
MR. AND MRS. A. R. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit their person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, the latter will give them a full and complete description of their character and the quantity of disposition; marked changes in past and present life, and the future, with prescription therefor; and that business men are best advised to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those in business to their position, and the best way to attain it.

Seven years' experience warrants them in saying that they can do what they advertise without fail as hundreds are will

the Doctor. Skeptics are particularly invited to investigate. Everything private, confidential, yet strictly accurate, is furnished. Under a Declaration of Character, in blue and red stamp. There are calls and letters will be promptly attended to by either one.

Address, MR. and MRS. A. B. SEEVERANCE,
Oak 6 Whitewater, Wauwatosa, Wis., Wisconsin.

HEALING THE SICK,
BY
LAYING ON OF HANDS!

DOCTOR PLEMONS, late of the Dynamic Institute, Milwaukee, who has treated over 250,000 persons within the last three years, and who has been so often so often surprised in the world's history, will hold the sick at

TOWNA, CITY, at the CRUMPHY HOUSE, for twenty days, from Nov. 12th to Nov. 24th.

At the SCOTT HOT EL, HAVENPORT, IOWA, for one day, Sunday, Dec. 2d, 1907.

At the BAY STATE HOUSE, MONMOUTH, ILL., for 20 days, commencing on Tuesday, Dec. 10th, to Nov. 17th.

DR. J. P. BRYANT
WILL HEAL THE SICK,
BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS, AT
FITZGIBBONS' HALL,
CORNER OF KEARNY AND FIRST STREETS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
FROM 9 A. M. to 11 A. M., commencing FRIDAY, October
12th continuing each day, Sundays excepted. FREE TO
ALL. After the above hours he will receive patients at his
residence.

DR. W. A. CANNDEE,
THE MAGNETIC HEALING PHYSICIAN, who operates
by taking the hand of his patients. Some of the most miracu-
lous cures ever being performed by man or beast. Fits, In-
sanity &c., cured by a simple treatment. Rheumatism, Head-
ache, Toothaches cured, and the Lung weak, &c. Super-
natural healing influence in all cases. The cause of disease be-
comes known by one treatment. Dr. Canndee's expe-
rience makes him entitled to one treatment. Dr. Canndee before
known as the originator of the Pain Cure King's-
land cure, and the only one of all others. He has taken the
other patented before the public. He has taken the Pat-
ent of house No. 383 Madison street, LOUISVILLE, KY.
For particulars apply to Dr. Canndee.

HEALING INSTITUTE, PHYCOLOGY MASS.
THIS HOUSE, owned by Mrs. J. K. B. BOWEN,
1st, 1864, as a pleasant home for Spiritualists and Thera-
peutists. Board with or without treatment. Those in need of
the healing powers of the mind are invited to visit the heal-
ing Powers. Also, medical prescriptions given clairvoyantly.
We claim the aid of progressive minds in a work for the bene-
fit of humanity. WASHINGTON STREET, near centre depot,
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DORMAN & WILLIAMS,
Clairevoyant and Magnetic Physicians.
No. 8 New street, Newark, N. J.

MRS. A. D. GILBERT,
DERMATOLOGIST.

WILL HEAL DISEASES or Teach the Art of Healing by the New Clearing Method. All necessary instructions furnished. No charge for instruction. Office hours from 9 to 4. 400ce, rear room of the Bank, No. 1, CABOT, PLACE, corner Block and Laurens streets, NEW YORK. 5c-17. Nov. 17.

PSYCHOMETRY AND CLAIRVOYANCE
MRS. ANN KIMBALL, 4240 Broadway, entrance on 12th St., New York, N. Y., gives readings and clairvoyant communications from spirit friends. Diagnoses and Proscriptions for Diseases. Persons enclosing \$2.00 and 3-cent stamp, with lock of hair, will receive pamphlet on clairvoyance. 5c-17. Nov. 17.

HEALING THE SICK!
DR. D. A. PEASE, JR.,
No. 265 EIGHTH AVENUE, DETROIT, MICH., cures all forms of diseases without medicine. 5c-17. Nov. 17.

DR. L. E. WADE, Medical Electrician, N. W. Washington, D. C., has been successful in curing all the PA. Students of the several Medical Colleges of the United States, and other gentlemen and ladies who wish to adopt this popular and successful method of curing all diseases, and Instruments, on liberal terms. 5c-17. Nov. 17.

MRS. L. G. RICHARDSON, Magnetic Clairvoyant and Medium for Developing and Healing both the Physical and Mental, by the laying on of hands, 94 Madison street, New York. 5c-17. Nov. 17.

WANNAR WADIMAN DANFORTH, 16

REMARKABLE Natural Clairvoyant and

DR. W. will Answer Questions on Hudnos, Sickles, Fremont, etc. Enclose \$2, photograph, or lock of hair to H. B. Hammer of Light, 301 Broadway, New York. 20r-Nov. 24.

MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR, Business and Lect.
Medium, No. 1 Carroll Place, corner Bleecker and East
9th, 3d floor, New York. Hours from 2 to 6 and from 7 to 9 P. M.
Nov. 24.—8r

JOSHUA GROVER, Healing and Personating
Medium, No. 2 Whittop street, Charlestown, Mass.
Nov. 17.—8r

MRS. COTTON, Successful Healing Medium
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MRS. M. SMITH, Healing and Developing
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DR. N. P. ALLEN, HEALING MEDIUM, LECTURER
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Banner of Light.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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The New Covenant—Judge Carter's "Lying Spirits," and Bro. F. L. Wadsworth's Estimate of Mediumship.

The editor of the Chicago New Covenant has recently made copious extracts from the BANNER OF LIGHT, and also from its excellent neighbor, the R. P. JOURNAL. This is commendable. Its readers find in rich, rare articles. Fresh fruit is more palatable than dried, though plucked from the shadow side of the tree. Spiritualism, yet in the flush of early youth, has around its outlines sombre surroundings, like some of those magnificent pictures of the old masters. Sectarists see, or seem to see, these shadings only. Bazzards ever look. Cranes wade in mud and marsh. It is their nature. Emerson says, "Only that which we have within can we see without. If we meet no Gods, it is because we harbor none. If there is grandeur in you, you will find grandeur in porters and sweeps. There is an adjustment between the animal and its food."

Bro. D. P. Livermore is exceedingly skillful at finding such articles in Spiritualist papers as are headed "False Communications," "Dark Circle Mediums," etc. In his issue of Nov. 26, prefacing the quotations from Judge Carter's communication on "lying spirits," are these words: "We know nothing about these mediums and communications, except what our Spiritualist friends say." What a confession of ignorance! God may now, as in Bible times, "wink at it," we will not. As a professional teacher and educator of the public mind, he ought to "know" something about mediums and their communications. This is tremendous Peter over again. "He denied with an oath, saying, I do not know the man." But the editor's statement is not literally correct. He has not mediums, seen their manifestations, listened to communications; ay, more, he saw in our own library-room Bro. E. C. Dunn entranced; had an interview with the purporting controlling spirit, and expressed himself deeply interested, though not accepting some of the teachings.

As to "lying spirits," our position is this: pre, present and past existence constitute one endless chain of being. Spirit-life is a continuance of this, one step up the shining stairway toward the Temple of the Eternal. Dying does not destroy individuality, nor change the essential qualities of the man, any more than falling asleep in a hotel and waking in Harvard College would make of an unlettered lumberjack a linguist, or bleach to snowy whiteness the bloated face of an inebriate. Earthly predilections reach beyond the river. That men on earth live, we know, and passing to spirit-life it is perfectly natural that they should return before having learned the full dialect of truth. Death is no creative sponge; earthly tendencies are not blotted out in the twinkling of an eye, and accordingly the good St. John enjoined upon us to "try the spirits."

Shall we, then, as Judge Carter suggests, "have nothing to do with these communications"? Let us test this logic. Some telegrams are false; therefore have nothing to do with any. Some telegraph operators have sent lies along those magic wires; therefore receive no more telegraphic communications; let it rest and rot in ocean depths. Would sound judgment dictate such a course of procedure?

Individually, we propose to continue telegraphing from city to city as oceanism requires, and also receiving communications from spirits. As to what they say, or teach, or promise, we shall exercise our reason and our judgment, accepting no authority outside ourselves. We meet many truthful men for a single lie, and see a thousand smiles for every tear, and hence consider it "safe" to continue holding social intercourse with humanity. We never consult our circle relative to lost property, the gold market, or politics. They bridged their own rivers, fought life's battles, meeting its diverse experiences, and they prefer to have us do the same, knowing that earthly defeats lead to heavenly victories, and that bitter disappointments are often better for the soul than shouts of triumph.

The Covenant of the previous week contained the following from Bro. Wadsworth: "He (F. L. Wadsworth) apprehended that the great weakness of Spiritualists consisted in receiving manifestations as true, without sufficient investigation as to the conditions required; that they had swallowed without chewing, appropriated without digestion, and the consequence was, that they had a great degree of the psychosis in the phenomenal department of their movement. It was his conviction, and he fearlessly expressed it, that at least seven-tenths of the manifestations termed spiritual, presented before the public, could be accounted for by causes that were not spiritual."

Upon the above, the editor of the Universalist New Covenant facetiously comments in the following style:

"Mr. Wadsworth is connected with the Spiritualist paper of this city, and we suppose that he knows whereof he affirms. But if it is true, as he here asserts, that seven-tenths of the spiritual manifestations are impostures, how can we know which of the three-tenths are correct, when one part seems as genuine as the other? If he has already reached the conclusion that seven-tenths of the communications of mediums can be accounted for on other principles than through departed spirits, we think a little closer investigation will reveal an earthly cause for the other three-tenths."

This "conviction," which we consider an unwarranted misjudgment, afforded rich satisfaction to the New Covenant. It was really a sectarian feast—wine on the lees and fat things full of marrow. Though not purposely, we think Bro. Wadsworth, in his "sifting process," made use of a sieve with too large interstices. A wind too sweeping and furious destroys the wheat as well as disperses the chaff. It is not strange that Bro. Livermore should infer that a "little closer investigation," or sifting, will let the other "three-tenths" of the spiritual manifestations through.

He would doubtless give the sieve a good shaking gratuitously. Sisters and slaves, builders and buildings, artists and their paintings, bear to each other certain correspondential relations, as well as bespeak soul-genius and the most hidden aims of the inner life. While warning the enthusiasts against the hopper that takes in everything; the too credulous against receiving all as genuine that is thrown into the market labeled Spiritualism, we also advise sifters to lessen the spaces and tighten the rims of their sieves; and, furthermore, strenuously insist that all judges grace with modesty the judgment-seat. It requires the deepest intuition, the nicest discrimination, and wisdom almost infinite, to pronounce judgment upon the overshadowing spirit-influences of the age. We think a large majority of the most intelligent

Spiritualists of this country consider full seven-tenths of spiritual manifestations genuine—that is, "spiritual" in their origin. This estimate leaves a small margin for imposture. Psychologists are spirit-mediums. J. B. Dods admitted this to us. So did Prof. Stears, and our experience confirms it. All force is spirit, and as Swedenborg taught, the spirit-world is the "world of causes"—the realm of celestial congresses.

For impostors we have no apology. They are the postponed possibilities of men. We recognize them only in the capacity of teacher and reformer.

Possibly we may err in our estimate of the genuineness of spirit-manifestations. Our mantle of charity may be too broad, and our sympathies for these despised and persecuted mediums that bring us sweet evangel from the heavenly world, too intense. We hate the doctrine of "Total Depravity," loathe suspicion, and despise injustice. God is in all. There's a beautiful angel in every human form, and oh! it is pleasant to think that media are generally honest and sincere in dealing with the momentous subject of immortality, heaven, and the soul's tenderest affections.

Judge Carter's experience with "lying spirits and false communications," taken in connection with Bro. Wadsworth's convictions, that "seven-tenths of these manifestations are not spiritual," which is tantamount to saying they are earthly, and, if earthly, either the result of ignorance or imposture, reminds us of a little circumstance in our academic years. In our chemistry class was an odd genius, both wise and waggish. Our professor of natural sciences lecturing us upon heat, took the common ground that heat was a substance and latent in all matter. This youth inquired if there really was heat in everything. "Most certainly," said the grave professor. "Is there heat, sir, in snow?" "Assuredly there is," was the laconic reply. "Then," said the student, "if there's heat in everything, even snow, please tell us how many snowballs it will take to heat a teakettle!"

We think it would take just about as many of Judge Carter's articles, and Bro. Wadsworth's convictions of the "manifestations," to demonstrate immortality, or favorably impress the world with the beautiful principles of the Spiritual Philosophy, as it would snowballs to boil the water in a teakettle.

The Serene Departure of Henry H. Davenport.

It was with mingled sorrows and smiles that we learned a few days since of Henry's translation to the happy scenes of immortality; of sorrow, because we are selfish, and cling to those we love; of smiles, because a beautiful and promising boy's sufferings are ended, and a new harp echoing 'mid the eternal march of souls.

Henry H. Davenport, the family pet and youngest son of B. S. and Phoebe A. Davenport, of Lockport, N. Y., aged fourteen years and two months, passed to spirit-life on the 27th of Oct., after a lingering illness of nineteen months. He was highly intuitive, ambitious, precocious, and full of budding promises for the future. After clasping his hand, looking into his clear black eyes, and listening to his musical voice, we could not help loving him. All that knew, admired and loved him. Conscious that his last days were approaching, he spoke freely of death; dreaded the untried passage, and wished that the "cup might pass." His father conversed with him of the change-of-the-divine principles of Spiritualism, and of a loved brother that was awaiting him on those evergreen shores. After singing and prayer by his father and an aunt, he looked to his mother and said, "Dear, darling mother, if I could put my arms around you, and take you with me, oh how gladly would I go." After this, he conversed pleasantly and calmly of the change with all that called to see him. Following one of his fearful spasms, he called all of his friends to the bedside and commenced singing, requesting them to join him. They did so; and his whole being seemed illumined with the divine glories of the angel-world. Then singing the piece, "Shall we know each other there?" he asked Thomas and Allen, the two other brothers, to sing the bass. It was the dying dirge; the blending of earthly and heavenly music. When commencing the second verse, he turned his eyes, all sparkling with joy and brightness, upon first one and then another of his weeping sisters, and exclaimed, "Oh, my brother, my darling brother! Cornelius has come to go with me. He takes my hand. He will lead me. Oh, how happy he is to see me. Dear friends, we shall; yes, we shall know each other there; and though I go before you, it will not be long ere we shall all meet in that happy, heavenly world, prepared for us on the other shore. Oh, how happy, happy your boy is, dear mother!" Seeling Celestia weeping, he twined his arms around her neck, and as he did so, continued singing,

"We shall feel these dear arms twining Fondly round us as before."

He continued in this joyous frame of mind to the last. To his cousin he said, "Oh, Frank, if this is death, it is not hard to die." He cheerfully took leave of his playmates, told them his "brother" came for him the other night. He was coming again soon, then he should go. Giving each of the family some token of remembrance, he requested them to sing and pray. They did so; he joining in the song, "All is well, all is well," with voice clear and strong. When finished, he exclaimed, "Yes, dear friends, all is well. Oh how happy I am. We shall soon meet in that bright land—there I shall be free from pain, and there we shall meet to never part. Oh how happy we shall all be when meeting on those shining shores." He then breathed his last; sweetly, calmly, as a star fades away before the rising sun.

He requested his photograph sent us, and also desired us to attend the funeral. The distance was too great. We mingle our sympathies with the family and friends. Though tears flow, and the tendrils of affection quiver, the teachings and principles of the Spiritual Philosophy are sufficient for every trial. Heaven's blessings be upon and abide with you. We close with Mrs. Os-good's dying song:

"You're woven roses round my way,
And gladdened all my being;
How much I thank you, none can say,
Save only the All-seeing.
I am going through the Eternal gates,
Ere June's sweet roses bloom;
Death's lovely angel leads me there—
And I'll be sweet to go."

The Boston Investigator upon Exaggeration.

Before the Investigator further discourses upon exaggeration relative to the works of Spiritualists or the signs that follow mediums, will it have sufficient manliness to correct the discrepancy we pointed out in its columns several weeks since? We have not taken "back" a word we wrote relating to the monument erected over the physical form of Frances Wright, nor shall we; but did explain what the Investigator seemed to fall of understanding. We now ask Bro. Seaver

to publish our article containing the explanation in full.

As to the words ascribed to the Nazarene, concerning the "signs" that should follow believers, we quoted them from memory. The evangelist, Mark, doubtless penned them from memory; and unless the Investigator assumes the position that the Biblical records are plenary inspired, and that the evangelists were endowed with infallible perceptions and memories, his remarks seem to us pointless.

The Investigator's whole article upon "exaggeration," while amusing, reminded us of these lines of Emerson: "There are people who can never understand a trope, or any second or expanded sense given to your words, or any humor; but remain literalists, after hearing the music and poetry, and rhetoric and wit of seventy or eighty years. They are past the help of surgeon or clergy."

To us, Jesus was a man—a natural man, a brother, a reformer, a Spiritualist, with remarkable intuitive and mediumistic powers. We read the record of his sayings and doings as we do those of Pythagoras, or any other eminent historic character of the past; and exercise our reason and best judgment relative to the works said to have been wrought by him. Therefore, the Editor's feeble paragraphs concerning the "feeling of five thousand," "rattle snakes," "raising the dead," &c., are not worth the ink he wasted.

Letter from Dean Clark.

"Man proposes, but God disposes," is a saying that has been often verified in the world's history, and all human experience proves that the realm of "free will" is circumscribed by very narrow confines and bounds. Especially applicable to all the "Apostles of the New Dispensation" is the similar declaration of the poet:

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,

Though far as we may seem to swerve from them."

For how often do we find our personal wishes and plans thwarted, when not in consonance with the designs of those potent guides who lead us through the mazes of human life, and overrule our purposes to suit their wiser schemes. I find that my purpose of returning to my native hills at the close of my term of service in this place, as announced in the BANNER, was not in accordance with the program of my invisible prompters, or at least was a little premature, for now I seem to be directed to prolong my stay, by taking a four

northwest to Chicago, thence via Central or Southern Michigan, as the way may open, back through Central New York, on which route, and in places accessible to it, I will answer the calls of those who may wish for my services, for Sunday and week-evening lectures. If there are any friends in Indiana, Michigan, or Northern Ohio who desire my services, they will please address me immediately at Crown Point, Ind., until further notice.

My labors in this place, though performed under physical difficulties, have proved profitable, to me, in spiritual experiences, which I trust will better prepare me for future labors in the great field of reform embraced within the compass of our universal religion. There are many noble, earnest and fearless friends of the cause in Cincinnati, who are pushing forward with commendable zeal and self-sacrifice, prominent among whom is my generous friend W. Pugh, who was recently chosen, by unanimous vote, as Conductor of the Progressive Lyceum, which office, I opine, he will fill with honor and permanent benefit to the flourishing Lyceum.

Everywhere within the range of my observation, Spiritualism is moving forward with rapid strides, "from conquering to conquer," and the persistent efforts of its enemies and the mistakes and shortcomings of its friends are alike unavailing in checking its triumphant way. May all its varieties and advocates work on in harmony, ignoring all selfish considerations, uniting their efforts in a common purpose: to enlighten and spiritualize every human soul.

Yours for the labor of progress,

Cincinnati, O., 1895. DEAN CLARKE.

Progressive Lyceum in Springfield.

From Springfield I will send you a word of cheer about the good work that is going forward here. There seems to be a strong interest here of late, arising apparently from a desire to bring about some practical results from spiritualistic teachings. One of those practical results—and a very important one—has been already produced in the form of a Children's Progressive Lyceum. Last Sunday, in the forenoon, I met with some of the parents and more of the children in Fallon's Hall, and we succeeded in forming a Lyceum, and thus opened a new field of labor for them in the cause of truth and reform.

The people are taking hold of the matter in earnest, and are determined to make it a success. And they will, for the unity of purpose and action which is manifested here ensures success. They are fully aroused to the importance of doing something to assist the children in a true educational development and a proper unfoldment of their natural powers. Thus the work goes on. The people are delighted, and harmony and happiness will flow to them through the gentle lessons of love and wisdom that are the legitimate results of these heaven-born institutions. Do not forget the little ones, friends, everywhere, but establish Lyceums for them, so they can be healthy, bodily and spiritually, happy, joyous, loving creatures, as Nature designed them to be.

A. E. CARPENTER.

Mathematical.

My attention was called to an article concerning the proper or true figures to be used in order to obtain the circumference of a circle from the diameter. I have tested the following figures, and find them nearer the actual measurement than any I have ever used. I think they are the true ones. I discovered them very simply, and would like to have them tested by others. They are:

Multiply the diameter by 3.745, or by 38.151; divide over circumference.

Yours Respectfully, JNO. LAING.

P. S.—I cannot help saying here that the money paid by me for subscription to your paper I regard as the very best speculation I ever indulged in.

Oakland, Cal., Oct. 6, 1893.

To Spiritualists and Friends of Progress.

The undersigned, in behalf of the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress in Vineland, Cumberland County, N. J., take this method of commending your favor Doctor J. B. Dunton, who proposes to collect funds to finish the large Free Hall of the Friends of Progress in Vineland. Dr. Dunton is a man of integrity, greatly interested in the cause of spiritual progress, and can be fully relied on to faithfully account for any funds committed to him; a list of which will be promptly published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, or RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. (Signed)

GEORGE W. PRYOR,
HENRY D. STILES,
WILLIAM BRIGDES, Trustee.
H. S. PHILLIPS,
H. H. LADD.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—Miss Lizzie Doten will lecture each Sunday afternoon in December in Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer street. Lecture to commence at 2 o'clock precisely. There will be no evening lecture, the hall being preengaged. Admission free.

The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday, at 2 p. m., in No. 2 Tremont Row, Hall 22. Evening meeting will commence at 7 p. m.

NEWARK, N. J.—The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Spiritual Society of Newark hold regular sessions, at Washington Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Conductor, Mrs. M. M. Mayo, Guardian. Speaker engaged—Mrs. M. M. Mayo.

THE INDEPENDENT SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, Charleston, hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Merchants' Hall, corner of Church and City streets. Seats free. Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 a. m. Dr. O. C. York, Conductor; Mrs. L. A. York, Guardian.

Speakers engaged—N. S. Greenleaf, Dec. 2 and 9; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Dec. 10, 23 and 30.

CHILSEA.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chelsea hold regular meetings at City Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing at 7 p. m. The Children's Progressive Lyceum assemblies at 10 a. m. J. S. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. S. Dodge, Chelsea, Mass.

THE BIBLE CHURCH SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday in Westminster Division Hall, Chelsea, at 3 and 7 p. m. Mrs. M. A. Hickey, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. J. J. Hickey, Sec'y.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. A. Willis, Dec. 2 and 9; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Dec. 23 and 30; Mrs. N. J. Willis during January.

HAYVILLE, MASS.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Hayville hold meetings at St. Luke's Hall every Sunday at 10 a. m. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 a. m. Dr. John H. Conductor. Speaker engaged—F. L. H. Willis, M. D., during December. Dr. W. W. Russell, Conductor. Seats free.

LYNN, MASS.—The "Plymouth Spiritualists' Fraternity" hold meetings in Lynden Hall, three-fourths the time. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock. 1. Conductor, Conductor; Mrs. E. W. Hart, Guardian. Speaker engaged—Mrs. M. J. Wood, Dec. 2, 9 and 16.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Meetings will be resumed in September, in Concert Hall, and be continued regularly thereafter every Sunday.

WONCHESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Northfield Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 a. m. every Sunday. Mrs. E. W. Hart, Conductor; Mrs. A. J. Stearns, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, Nov. 23 and Dec. 2; Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham, Dec. 9, 16, 23 and 30; Dr. W. K. Ripley during January.

LYNN, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Essex Hall. Speakers engaged—J. A. Wheeler, Dec. 2 and 9; Mrs. Susie A. Willis, Dec. 16, 23 and 30.

SALEM, MASS.—Meetings are held in Lyceum Hall regularly every Sunday afternoon and evening, free to all. Speakers engaged—J. A. Wheeler, Dec. 2; Mrs. M. A. Hickey, Dec. 9; Mrs. N. J. Willis, Dec. 16, 23 and 30.

MARLBOROUGH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Forest Hall every other Sunday at 11 p. m. Mrs. Yeaw, speaker.

FOXBORO, MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall, Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 11 a. m.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt Hall, West-brook street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 p. o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets at 12 o'clock. Lyceum Conductor, L. E. Jossey, Guardian, Mrs. Abbie Jossey. Speakers engaged—Fred. L. H. Willis during January.

PUTNAM, CONN.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum at 10 a. m. Dr. O. C. York, Conductor.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist church. A successful Sabbath School is in operation.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Broadway Hall, 606 Broadway. Seats free. Speaker engaged—Mrs. Emma Hardinge during December.

THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday, morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall No. 55 West 34th street, near Broadway. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock—Dr. D. B. Marks, Conductor. Speakers willing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall should address F. E. Farnsworth, Sec'y, P. O. Box 569, New York.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 3 p. m.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Children's Progressive Lyceum holds public sessions every Sunday, at 2 o'clock p. m. Mrs. Hayden, Conductor; Amy Post, Guardian.

TROY, N. Y.—Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings in Harmony Hall, corner of Third and River streets, at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Children's Lyceum at 2 p. m. Monroe J. Keith, Conductor; Mrs. Louise Keith, Guardian.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Spiritual meetings are held at the Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street. Lecture in the forenoon at 10 a. m., and evening at 7 p. m. Seats free. To be held at a public hall, with scientific experiments and illustrations with philosophical apparatus. Lyceum in the afternoon. Lecture in the evening at 7 o'clock, by volunteer speakers, upon the Science of Spiritual Philosophy.

VINELAND, N. J.—Friends of Progress meetings are held in the new hall every Sunday at 10 a. m. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds Sunday sessions at 10 o'clock p. m. Mrs. H. H. Allen, Conductor; Mrs. Deborah Butler, Guardian.

HAMMONT, N. J.—Meetings held every Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m., at Ellis Hall, Bellevue Avenue.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings are held in the new hall in Phoenix street every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Prof. I. H. Conductor.

The meetings formerly held at Sanson-street Hall, are now held at Washington Hall, corner of 8th and Spring Garden streets, every Sunday. The morning lecture is preceded by the Children's Lyceum meeting, which is held at 10 o'clock. The lecture commencing at 11 a. m. Evening lecture at 7 p. m. The Spiritualists in the southern part of Philadelphia hold regular meetings at No. 371 South Second street, at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m., and on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

BALTIMORE, MD.—The "First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore" hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Saratoga Hall, southeast corner of Calvert and Saratoga streets, at 7 o'clock. Seats free. Mrs. F. O. Hizer will speak till further notice.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, entrance on State street. Hours of meeting 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Regular Spiritualists' meetings every Sunday in the Children's Progressive Lyceum, every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. Wm. H. Planck, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Planck, Guardian.

QUINCY, ILL.—The association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday, at 2 p. m., in hall No. 120 Main street, third floor.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured the Academy of Music, north side of Fourth street, between Elm and Plum streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 a. m. and 7 p. o'clock.

CLEVELAND, O.—Spiritualists meet in Temperance Hall every Sunday, at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Children's Progressive Lyceum regular Sunday session at 1 o'clock p. m. Mr. J. A. Jewett, Conductor; Mrs. D. A. Eddy, Guardian.

TOLEDO, O.—Mrs. Nellie L. White remains in Toledo during September, and will deliver a lecture at 10 a. m. and 8 p. m. on every Sunday during the month. Seats free. All are invited. The Bazaar of Light and Herald are for sale at the close of each lecture.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Meetings are held and addresses delivered in Union League Hall, every Sunday, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Speaker engaged—Mrs. M. B. Townsend during December and February.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The Spiritualists of Louisville commence their meetings the first Sunday in November, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. in the Temperance Hall, Market street, between 4th and 5th. Speakers engaged—A. B. Whiting during Nov. and Dec. N. Frank White during Jan. and Feb.; Charles A. Hayden during March and April; Nellie L. White during May and June.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum holds regular sessions every Sunday afternoon at 2 p. m., in Mercantile Hall. Col. Wm. E. Moberly, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Blood, Guardian.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Cuyt lectures for the Friends of Progress in their hall, corner of 4th and Jessie streets, San Francisco, every Sunday, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Admission free. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 2 p. m.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—The Spiritualists hold regular Sunday meetings in Turn Yereh Hall, at 11 o'clock a. m., and a lecture at 7 p. m. Children's Lyceum meets at 2 p. m. Dana, H. W. Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Leader of Groups.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

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

J. MADISON ALLEY, trance and inspirational speaker. Address during November, North Middleboro, Mass. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

O. FANNIE ALLEY will speak in Lowell, Vt., Dec. 2 and 9; in Loudonville, Dec. 23 and 30; in Waton during January. Address as above, or Middleboro, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will make engagements for the winter. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. M. A. G. BROWN will speak in North Adams, Mass., every other Sunday until further notice. Address, Ware, Mass.

Mrs. P. BROWN, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. H. P. BROWN, P. O. drawer 6815, Chicago, Ill.

J. H. BUCKFORD, inspirational speaker, Charlestown, Mass. M. C. BENT, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in the Western States. Address, Berlin, Wis., care of J. Webster.

Mrs. EMMA F. JAY BULLEN, 151 West 12th st., New York. Mrs. E. A. BLISS, 250 North Second street, Troy, N. Y. WARREN CHASE will speak in Rock Island, Ill., during December. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. E. DELAMAR, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass.

Dr. E. C. DUNN, lecturer and healer, Rockford, Ill.

Dr. T. DOW, lecturer, Cookville, Tenn.

Dr. H. E. EMMET, lecturer, South Coventry, Conn.

A. T. FOSSE will speak in Willimantic, Conn., on December 1, 1902, during January. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Miss ELIZA HOWE FULLER, Stockton, Me.

Mrs. MARY L. FRENCH, inspirational and trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture, attend circles or give lectures, at various places in the vicinity. Perma-nent address, Ely street, Village, South Boston.

J. G. FISH, "East Jersey Normal Institute," Red Bank, Pa.

Mrs. FANNIE B. FELTON, Cache Creek, Colorado.

J. FINNEY, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Rev. JAMES FRANCIS, Marquette, Minn.

Dr. W. F. FOSTER will answer calls to lecture, attend circles, or give lectures, at various places in the vicinity. Permanent address, Denver City, Colo.

N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.