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"WHAT MY JOURNAL TELLS."

BY MARIA L. HAYDEN.

My father was an Orthodox clergyman, strict in his observance of the duties, and unyielding in his views of Orthodox discipline. He was a thoroughly good, consistent member and teacher of the faith, yet he had no liberality toward those who had professed to find what to their souls seemed the true faith of the living God. Everything not Orthodox was to him heretic. After this explanation, you will be prepared for what I shall tell you in the course of my story.

When I was eighteen years of age, my father called me into his study one morning, and requesting me to close the door, placed a chair close beside his own, and motioned me to be seated there. It was not often that my father requested my presence in his library. He and I seldom had any conversation together beyond that incident to everyday life, and the long, tiresome lectures which he often favored me with for my spiritual good. I was never sensible of any good results from such intercourse, and my father considered me a very hard-hearted young lady, often telling me that it was a reproach to his profession for him to have a daughter who was at my age an unconverted sinner, a servant of Mammon. I had expected a scene of the religious order, and prepared to defend my position, as I always did, by admitting my belief in the existence and protection of an overruling power and supreme Being, telling him of all my love and worship of my Creator through his works, and his sacred presence felt in the heart, yet I could never declare myself satisfied with the belief of the Orthodox. When my father commenced his address to me on that memorable morning, I was idly playing with the tassels of my white morning dress, and started with surprise as he said:

"I have desired your presence in the library this morning, Miss Mary, to inform you of a proposition for your hand in marriage received last evening from the Rev. Mr. Appleton, of Greenbush. You have had ample opportunity to become acquainted with his principles and himself during his frequent visits to our house of late, and I took the liberty of saying to him that you could not do better than to accept his offer, which you would do gratefully. I also in conscience felt obliged to tell him that you still remained unregenerated; that you would prove but a feeble aid in the divine cause, I was afraid, but with his usual faith in the wisdom of the heavenly powers, he was sure that he could mold you to his will, and guide your feet in the paths of wisdom. He had no fear for your spiritual condition, and felt impressed with the conviction that you would soon have your name written in the Lamb's Book of Life. You will therefore make immediate preparations for your approaching nuptials, as the Rev. Mr. Appleton of Greenbush is to be installed pastor of the Orthodox society in that city on the twenty-first day of next October, which is three months from to-day, and he is anxious to commence his new labors with his wife for a helpmeet. I am quite busy this morning, Miss Mary, and shall consequently be obliged to wish you an immediate good-morning."

At the same time he arose and approached the door, as if to open it for me to pass out. I was at first surprised, then amused, and finally indignant, as my father had commenced, continued and finished his address. I said quickly:

"Father, I do not care for Mr. Appleton in the least; rather, I dislike him exceedingly. I cannot be his wife, and wish you to tell him so. I cannot, father."

Never had I beheld such an expression of mingled astonishment and incredulity combined as I saw upon my father's face as I looked earnestly up to him while speaking. For a moment he was silent; then he said in a low, unnatural tone:

"In my own house I am always to be obeyed. Miss Mary, from your childhood you have been the one trial of my life. When a child you were a romping, unsettled creature. As you grew older you became light, trifling in manner and conversation, and a continual reproach to me and my office. I only wonder how it is that my parishioners seem to love and admire you so. It must be that your beautiful face has taken the place of beauty of heart, for no heart is pure except being purified by the grace of God."

"Oh father," I interrupted him, going close to him and clasping my hand about his, "do not say such cruel words to me. I have never done ought to merit such language. I could not repress my buoyancy of heart, though I have often endeavored to do so. I am sorry you do not love me better. You never loved me like as other daughters are loved!" I cried impulsively, and bursting into tears.

"Miss Mary, this scene is unworthy a daughter of mine. Let us have no more of it. Mr. Appleton has honored you with the offer of his hand in marriage, and you must accept. There is nothing more to be said upon the subject. I would advise you to a prayerful consideration of the subject, and you cannot fail to see in its true light the advantage, both in a temporal and a spiritual sense, of this marriage."

like a vinegar barrel! I won't! I declare I never will marry him; so there!"

I had done crying now, and stood beside mother with red eyes, and I am afraid not very amiable myself. Mother answered sadly, "Mary, darling, you know that your father just obeyed. I have never dared to cross his will since I was married to him twenty years ago, but always yield my will to his, for the sake of peace. Once when you was a very young child, I heard him say, as he looked at you as you lay asleep, that he would disown and curse a child of his that refused to obey him. What prompted the thought I cannot tell, for he was never very free with me in conversation; but I have never forgotten that remark. I wish, for the sake of peace, you could comply with his wishes in this respect, but, my dear child, I will not urge you, for you are all I have in the world, and I am sorry to part with you at all."

"Mother, I am just as determined as he is. We shall see whose will is the strongest. I will never, never become the wife of that man. Do not you suppose I have seen enough of Orthodox ministers in the eighteen short years of my life? My childhood was a constant terror. He was my dread, my father, who should have taught me to love and respect him, instead of fearing and deceiving him, as I have often done about trivial matters, rather than subject myself to his severity of language. I tell you, mother dear, rather than be the wife of an Orthodox minister, I would throw myself from the bridge there into the river below! Indeed! to pass the whole of my life away from all the pleasures of the world, as I have always been obliged to do. A minister's wife indeed! Have n't I seen you grow pale and faded, the very life crushed out of you, until you are but a shadow of yourself? And all for the iron will of that man whom I call father! I have not a spark of love in my breast for any human being but you, mother. His disposition can never render me the submissive, humble woman that it has you. It only makes me more hard and unyielding. I have seen enough of it. I should like to be married well enough, to escape the slavery, the daily domestic slavery of my father's will; but even that is preferable to being old Mr. Appleton's bride. No, no, dear mother; when I bring you a son-in-law, he will be no Orthodox minister, but a dashing, jolly good fellow, who never read a chapter of the Bible in his life, and do not know a good sermon from a 'Jim Crow performance,' so ignorant shall he be of all that pertains to Orthodoxy."

My mother uttered a stifled cry, and I, looking in the direction of her glance, saw in the open door—my father! Was I abashed? No, I simply said:

"My father, if you have heard all that has been said by me, I am only too happy, for it obviates the necessity of any further explanation between you and me. I am no longer a child, but a woman. You cannot crush me into submissiveness in this matter, though in all things reasonable I am willing to obey you."

He answered:

"I have heard nearly all you have said. Hearing loud talk in this room, I of course came to the door, which being open, enabled me to hear all that might be said. Presuming that all you could say might be listened to by your father, I remained. You can go to your room now, and remain until I call for you."

How was it possible not to obey him, with those eyes upon me? I felt a temptation to resist him, but one glance from my mother's pleading eyes sufficed, and I retired. When I entered my room I went to my mirror, and, after a careful survey, I said to myself, "Mary Glenwood, you are very handsome, with your white skin and red cheeks and lips, with your coal-black hair and eyes. You have an elegant figure, tall and graceful. Shall an Orthodox minister own you?" I gave a very emphatic "No!" and taking a book, threw myself into my easy chair to read. I could not do that, for ever and anon I could hear the harsh voice of my father, and the gentle, pleading one of my mother. I laid by my book and tried to sew, with no better success, for I felt a sort of presentiment, or impression, that something was about to happen of great importance to me.

In about two hours I heard the family summoned to dinner. I went to the door of my room; it was fastened on the outside; I was a prisoner in my own room. I could not help laughing, absurd as you may think me, I laughed heartily, immoderately. Soon I heard my father's step in the passage. He paused at my door, and unfasting it, entered, and said:

"Have you decided to marry Mr. Appleton?"

"No, sir," I answered.

"I will give you until four o'clock this afternoon to decide. If you have not made up your mind to consent to obey me at that time, you are no daughter of mine, and I shall insist on your removal from my house."

I was a little startled at this, but did not yield in the least. I said firmly:

"You need not give me until four to decide. I shall not decide differently from what I have told you, sir."

"At four I shall come again."

The door closed. I heard him fasten it on the outside, and I was again a prisoner. I did not laugh this time, but began to feel quite serious, however. I thought not for one moment of consenting to become Mrs. Adolphus Appleton of Greenbush. At four my father came again, and simply saying, "Well, Miss Mary," awaited my answer.

"Well, sir!"

"Are you ready to obey me?"

"In all things wherein you have the right to control me," I replied.

"Certainly."

He left the room, and in a half hour I was attired in my traveling dress; though I had not the slightest idea of where I was to travel. I had determined to obey him in everything where he had a right to control me, and was perfectly calm and collected. After waiting for a quarter of an hour he came again, saying:

"If you are ready we will go. Where are your trunks?"

"You did not order me to pack my trunks, sir, simply to prepare myself for a journey."

"Obstinate child," my father muttered, "come with me, and your trunks shall be made ready, and sent after you presently. You can collect such articles as you can easily carry in your carpet-bag, and will need within a day or two."

I did ask, and as we passed my mother's room, I said, "You will allow me to bid my mother good-by?"

"You have no mother, until you become an obedient child."

It was very hard, but I was obliged to submit to be led from my father's house, without the privilege of bidding my dear mother farewell. We took the cars for a distant city, where we did not arrive until long after dark. After we left the depot we went to a hotel, and after my father had shown me to a private room, he went out and was gone a half hour. Then he returned, and told me to come with him. I followed him down a long dark entry on the opposite side of the room from where we had entered, and was in a few moments in the street. There was a carriage waiting, and as we entered it, I caught a glimpse of a tall, dark man, standing near. I could see his face in the moonlight, and saw that he was very handsome, with a troubled look upon his face. I do not know why this stranger impressed me so strangely. I looked after him, as the carriage door was shut, and he lifted one white hand in the moonlight. I saw the glitter of a ring upon the finger as plain as though in the daytime, and as he waved his hand gently, the window was shut and I was in the darkness again. We rode until daylight, my father making no signs of his being awake all the time, and I kept silence. All that long, lonely ride, I had thoughts of nothing but the handsome stranger; and felt a vague impression that he was to be connected with my future life in some way; how, I could not determine. At daybreak, the carriage stopped before a small hotel, and I saw that we were far away in the country. I knew that by the freshness of the air, the heavily wooded hills, stretching far away in the distance. There was no one astride in the hotel but the hostler, and he was going back and forth between the hotel and stables. After a warm breakfast, I heard father ask the proprietor of the house if he could furnish him a horse and chaise to go about ten miles, or to the next village. The man answered in the affirmative, and the chaise was soon at the door. After we were seated, my father spoke, saying:

"It is not too late now to retrace your steps, if you desire to do so. Say that you are willing to do as I have commanded you, and I will even now take you home."

"I will not marry old Appleton," I replied.

"Very well. I shall take you to the house of an old aunt of mine. She is a pious woman, with no family, a widow. You will not be allowed to leave her premises unless in company with her self, and I shall leave strict orders for her to regard you. When you are ready to yield obedience to my commands, she will let me know of it by letter, if you signify any such willingness to her. I shall return to-night, and you are not to write or come home until you are sent for by me."

"But my mother," I said, with a quivering lip.

"Your mother knows her duty too well to oppose what she knows to be for the best."

And this was my father, a minister of the Gospel, an Orthodox clergyman. Was this his Christianity? I supposed he was doing what he thought to be his duty; but yet, I could not feel that he was gratifying that overbearing disposition that had made a pale, sorrowing woman of my mother, and was now to make me yield my principles, or leave my home and my mother. He spoke no more until we arrived before a dark, stone house, with deep windows and heavy doors. The very air of the place seemed to say, "I am not of the earth, earthly," and I began to think of haunted houses, ghost stories, and wonder if I could be reconciled to the Rev. Mr. Appleton. As my father sounded the heavy, old-fashioned knocker at the door, I shuddered at the hollow sound of the echo within the house. A moment more, and an old woman opened the door. I just had a glimpse of her as she welcomed my father and ushered him into the house, closing the door after them. After a half hour's absence, he came out, followed by the old lady, who said to me as my father introduced me to her:

"So you are to stay with me for a while? 'Tis not much of a place for young folks here, but I guess you'll get along somehow."

Her voice was pleasant and kindly, but her face wore that stern, hard look, that we often see upon the features of a man, but seldom upon a woman—a look that made me think instantly, "I guess she's an Orthodox."

My father said but a few words, and as I turned to enter the house he took a step toward the chaise, then turned to me and said:

"You have decided to remain?"

"For the present, sir," I replied.

"Very well; good morning."

"Carry my love to mother," I said, with my eyes full of tears.

He made no answer, but drove rapidly down the road, and as he was lost to view, the old lady said:

I followed her into the house, and to the parlor. What a contrast between the outside and inside of this old stone mansion. Inside all was as cheerful and homelike as it was forbidding upon the outside. I rather enjoyed my strange adventure, or should have but for thoughts of mother. Aunt Sarah helped me to take off my hat and shawl, then told me to come up to the spare chamber and have a rest. I gladly followed her to the chamber, and throwing myself on the nice, tempting bed, was soon fast asleep. When I awoke it was nearly sunset. I arose, and after a refreshing bath put on my white wrapper—the only dress I had brought with me—and went down stairs. She had a nice supper of toast and cake, with jellies, awaiting me, and I ate of it with a relish. After tea I went out about the grounds with her. It seemed so fresh and new to be free from that dread I had always felt toward my father; and if mother had only been there I should have been happy. When we returned to the parlor, Aunt Sarah said:

"I wish to have you tell me just what the trouble is between your father and you; he only told me that you had been a very disobedient child, and wished to have you remain here until you were willing to obey; then he gave some very strict orders about your remaining upon my premises, and under my direct supervision."

I told her as well as I could the particulars of my act of disobedience, and added:

"I shall never relent, so you will have me forever."

She only answered:

"Well, Henry Glenwood was always a headstrong boy; he always would have his own way, and I should n't wonder if you had a little of his spirit."

"But, Aunt Sarah, you would not have me marry a man old enough to be my father, and one whom I hated, would you?"

"No, child," she answered.

I arose and went to the centre-table to examine some ambrotypes, neatly arranged in a curious little basket, and she came to my side, kindly telling me the names and partial history of each one. As I came to the last one, I uttered an exclamation of surprise, and she said:

"What alls you, child? That picture is one of my son, who went away from home ten years ago, pretty much the same as you have done today, only he went of his own accord; his father was so strict a church member that he never would allow Ernest to go out among the young folks at all; and once, when he stole away to go to a dance, and his father found it out afterwards, they had a high scene, and Mr. Howard struck Ernest upon the face. Ernest was twenty years old then. If he had only kept quiet one year more, and gone into business somewhere, it would have been easier for me. For it is so hard to have him tossing about all over the world, and I not know where he is. How I should like to hear from him! He wrote two letters after he went away, but his father sent them back to him unopened. I wrote to him once, when Mr. Howard did not know it, but I suppose it never reached him."

"But, Mrs. Howard! Aunt Sarah! I saw that man last night; I saw him as we entered the carriage to come to the village ten miles back. I should know him among a thousand; it could be no other; I should know that face anywhere."

I had spoken with great earnestness and rapidly.

Aunt Sarah was as pale as death, and as a slight noise at the door attracted our attention, we both turned, and she was there. Aunt Sarah gave one scream, "Oh, my boy! my boy!" and fell fainting in his arms. He kissed her tenderly many times, and laying her on a sofa, we both strove to bring her to her senses again. She soon recovered consciousness, and as joy seldom kills, but often cures, she was soon able to talk with him. She introduced me by name, saying:

"The dear girl was brought here by her hard-hearted father, to stay here in seclusion, because she would not marry an old man whom she did not like."

How that glance from his dark eyes thrilled through me. It spoke plainer than words could have done, "I too know what it is to suffer from a father's hardness of heart." And he said:

"We will try to make her prison as gay as possible, and her life as happy."

I smiled my thanks, and I am afraid looked very foolish; for my cheeks crimsoned, and I was so uneasy when I knew he was looking at me.

"How long has my father been dead?" he asked of his mother.

"About a year," she replied. "I live here with only black Hannah to assist me."

I was quite happy in my new home. Ernest Howard had come home very wealthy; at thirty he was a handsome, stylish looking man; and no wonder that the simple little minister's daughter soon learned to love him. We were getting to be fast friends, when one day he suddenly asked me if I believed in Spiritualism. I told him that I knew nothing about that belief; that my father condemned it, and I had never studied into it; not thinking it worth attention.

"Ah, Miss Mary," said he, "there are some of the most beautiful things connected with Spiritualism that you ever imagined. I will make it my especial task to instruct you in some of its mysteries, so called. After a careful investigation you will find that it is worthy of any person's consideration."

Aunt Sarah came in at this moment, and he changed the subject. When we were alone again, he said:

"Miss Mary, I will tell you the first circumstance that will convince you of the truth of my belief. A few weeks ago I was at a meeting of my friends, and my father addressed me through a medium. He told me some things, to convince me of the genuineness of his coming to me; and then told me that he had always regretted his harshness to me when it was too late; and telling me to return home, saying that I should meet a

young lady on the way, who would afterward become a very intimate friend of mine, told me where I should meet her, and at what hour. Perhaps you remember seeing a stranger lift his hand to you at a certain town near here, as you were entering a carriage. That stranger was myself."

"I recognized your picture as being that of the man whom I saw, and who had such a strange influence over me at the time."

"What was that influence?" he asked.

I blushed, hesitated, and finally stammered, "I did not mean—I am sure—that I cared for you then—only—I was conscious that the more I said, the worse I made matters, so I looked at the carpet and left the sentence unfinished; while my cheeks burned, and I was ready to cry with vexation."

"Well," he said, coming and sitting beside me on the sofa, "am I to infer from that that you do care for me now?"

"You are to infer nothing, sir," I answered with spirit. "You know very well that you took me by surprise, and I did not think what I was saying."

"Even supposing you did care for me, Mary, would it be very surprising? I have been all these weeks endeavoring to make you care for me, to gain an influence over you that would plead for me. Certainly you should not be angry when I ask if you care for me, when there is not, in all the world, another but you that I care for as I should care for the woman I would make my wife."

His arm was about my waist, his lips close to mine; and I cannot tell you how it all happened, but somehow he made me confess that I loved him with all the strength of my passionate nature. And when he had whispered such love-words in my ear as thrill my heart even now to think of, he made me promise to be his wife. I cannot tell now how it all happened, but I was very happy, and we dreamed such sweet dreams of the future as only young lovers can dream. The old house was to be altered and repaired, newly furnished, and the grounds beautified; everything was to be done in accordance with my taste. A suite of rooms were to be fitted up in great style for our use—as Ernest told me he was very rich. He had been successful in business while away from home, and being always prudent, had wasted none of his earnings, but saved all for the time when he should come home.

In my happiness I had ceased to regret my home, and only thoughts of my patient, suffering mother prevented me from being perfectly happy. From time to time Ernest instructed me in his own belief. He was a Spiritualist; not because it was something new and peculiar; but because he had studied deep into the subject in all its bearings, and was satisfied of the purity and truth of Spiritualism. By earnest investigation all that appears mysterious to the ignorant was made plain and clear to the understanding. At first I had a sort of horror of the subject; I was afraid of it. My father had always spoken of it as a device of Satan for the ruin of souls; and I, with my implicit confidence in his knowledge and wisdom, had accepted his opinion unhesitatingly; but now I saw the true belief, the true religion of the order. I was surprised at the perfect harmony of all its doctrines, and becoming deeply interested in the subject, my soul asked for more light. I read, studied, and went to Ernest for information, until he told me that I was one of the most devoted of Spiritualists, if I was an Orthodox minister's daughter. I told him how my father had always endeavored to impress me with his faith in the Orthodox doctrines; that I could never pretend to believe what my conscience did not endorse; and, with my soul in the dark as to the true path, had always worshipped the Creator, yet repudiated many of the "articles of faith" laid down by the Orthodox. Now all was harmony within my heart; the reverence for the Creator blended so perfectly with the beautiful revelations of the true belief of the spiritual, that now there was no unsatisfied longing within my heart. My soul had found its resting place at last. Gradually we brought Aunt Sarah to see the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, and from a stiff Orthodox, she became one of the foremost in the ranks of the Spiritualists. Her house was open for their meetings, and all of the order from the village were invited to hold meetings at her house. I had never witnessed any of the manifestations, and looked forward to the first meeting with great interest. My soul was filled with the new light, and I was anxious to know all that could be known of the truth. The night before we were to have a "circle" at our house I was strangely impressed with thoughts of home and mother. I tried to rest, but could not sleep; the moon was shining brightly into my open window, and I seemed to feel the presence of something near. I was awake, calm, as at this moment, when some, thing like an angel's wing stirred the air; in a moment more I heard a whisper:

"My child, I come to you to-night alone; tomorrow I will come in the presence of witnesses."

"Mother?" I said, half aloud.

"In heaven."

I felt rather than heard the whisper; a stir in the air, and I felt that it had gone. How strange, I thought. If it was my mother, she must have died since I had left home. I determined to say nothing about my visitation to any, even my dear Ernest, but was impatient for the morrow to come. Just before evening Ernest came to me, saying,

"How pale you are, little one! let me twine this spray of jasmine in your hair. You must not get nervous—you, with all your faith in Spiritualism."

"It is not that, Ernest. I expect a communication from a very dear friend to-night."

He did not ask me to explain, but, kissing me on each cheek, "To leave a vestige of color there," he said, he went away again. When we had all assembled in the parlor and the speaker commenced his address, I felt again the same influence around

me as of the previous night. I knew that my mother was near me in spirit. Soon a medium addressed me with loving, tender messages from my mother, who, she said, had only been in the spirit-land four and twenty hours. I was deeply affected, not with sorrow, but with joy, for my mother was near me, had promised to be always near me, and to be frequent in her communications with me. She told of the beauties of the spirit-world with such eloquence that, were it not for Ernest, I thought how I should long to join her.

After we were alone again in the evening, I told Ernest of my experience of the previous night. I was not excited, only very happy; nor was I surprised when I received a letter the following day from home—the first I had received since I had been away from there. It was from my father. He wrote briefly, announcing the death of his wife. She had died on the evening of her visit to me. He concluded his letter by saying that if I was willing to obey him in all things he would receive me at his house as his child; otherwise I must remain in my solitary seclusion.

"Solitary seclusion, indeed!" I said to Ernest, after reading the letter to him. "If he only knew how happy my life has been here, he would say my punishment was light." I answered his letter the next evening, briefly as he had written, that I was as ready to obey him in all things wherein he possessed the right to command me, but would never consent to marry Mr. Appleton. I received no reply to this letter, but Aunt Sarah received one containing strict orders concerning me; to allow me no privileges, but keep me closer than before.

About this time it became necessary for Ernest to go away many hundred miles to attend to his financial affairs, and to bring his wealth to his own native place, where he could begin the preparations for the reception of his bride in her new home, or, rather, her own home. He was to be gone several months; and, after many promises of a frequent correspondence between him and myself, and a loving, tearful farewell, he went away. I was very sad and lonely after he had gone. It seemed as if all the light had gone out from the old house, and I awaited with impatience the arrival of letters from him. They came at last—long, loving letters, saying how much he had missed me, how impatient he was to hear from me, with many promises to hasten his return home, and the time when I should be his wife, nevermore to be separated.

After this letter I was more patient. I received a sort of pleasure from the assurance that he was as unhappy away from me as I was from him, and I am afraid that in the letter which I sent in return for his there were a great many foolish things said, for I was but a silly child, at best, beside him—he so good and wise, so humble and weak. I also felt a sort of pride in yielding obedience to his will in all things, and was wearing the time away, dreamily awaiting the time of his return, when one day I received an unexpected summons from my father, to come home. He was feeble, and needed my care; he would not insist upon my marriage now, but I must come to him. I consulted with Aunt Sarah. She advised me to wait until I had written to Ernest and received his reply; then abide by his decision. I did not certainly wish to go away from the dear place where I had known so much of happiness. Here I had dreamed the sweet, intoxicating dream of first love. Here I had been betrothed to my heart's idol, and here I was to become a bride; here, in all probability, I should live and die. Inclination said stay, but duty pointed her finger to the distant home of my childhood, from which my mother had just departed to her home with the blessed spirits of the better world, and said with unmistakable emphasis, "Go."

That night I sat alone in my room, my very soul calling for my mother to come and advise me as to my future course. I felt my spirit drawn out to meet hers, felt the soft influence of her gentle spirit near me, and like soft arms about my neck, she came and whispered to me, "Go, my child; your duty is there. Fulfill my place near him; your happiness lies beyond."

The next day I wrote to Ernest, telling him all that had happened, and, with many regrets, that I must go away from the pleasant home endeared to me by so many tender memories. I urged him to write often and longer letters—for his dear letters would be all my comfort in my far-off home, except the consciousness of doing my duty.

In my father's letter were full directions for my journey; and with many a loving caress from Aunt Sarah I set out on my return home. Arrived there, I found my father quite unwell; but a few weeks' good nursing made him all right again. He was the same stern Orthodox minister, unbending, unyielding as before. He called me Miss Mary, and was as polite as ever, but would never speak of the past, never asked me how I liked to be at home again. When he recovered his health fully, he asked me if I was ready to obey his wishes in regard to Mr. Appleton. I said I could never sacrifice myself in that way, even if I had no other views; but added calmly that I was engaged to be married to a very worthy man, Aunt Sarah's son, Ernest Howard.

"That shall never be," said my father. "No child of mine shall ever wed with a man who was driven from home because he would not conform to the moderate requirements of pious father."

I did not argue the question with him, for I had promised Ernest that when my duties to my father ceased, I should come to him and be his wife. It was nearly time for him to be at home now, and I sadly mourned that I should not be there to welcome him. One day my father asked me what his religious principles were. I said,

"Oh, we were all Spiritualists at Aunt Sarah's."

"Spiritualists! why, I thought Aunt Sarah was one of the most devoted of Christians."

"And are not Spiritualists Christians, father?"

"No, they cannot be. Their very creed is but a device of Satan to entrap the unwary. And you have fallen into the trap, silly child! Your sainted mother—"

"My sainted mother's spirit has come to me many times," said I, interrupting him.

"Heretic!"

"But for my mother I should not have been here to-day," I continued, heedless of his exclamation.

"Prove that if you can," said he.

I then explained to him the whole of my impression and conversion to the faith. He was evidently interested, but none the less bitter in his denunciations against the "device of Satan," as he termed our faith. I explained to him how I had become a powerful medium, and asked him to allow me to show him some evidences of the truth of what I told him. He would not allow that in his house," he vehemently said. It was not my plan to urge him then, so I said no more at that time.

Soon after that I was taken very ill and my physician said it would be a long time before I was well, if I ever was; it was quite doubtful; my close confinement, while attending upon my father during his illness, added to a naturally delicate constitution, had gradually weakened the powers of life, until I was nearly exhausted. When my father learned that I was in danger of death he so often

ed toward me perceptibly; not in words—there he was as cold, as stern as ever—but in a thousand little ways, unknown before. He would sit for hours at my bedside, and urge upon me the necessity of immediate repentance and pardon of sin. I would tell him of my faith in my own religion, and try to convince him that it was all bright before me. The future state had no terrors of fire and brimstone; it was only a change for the better, for all. He could not believe it, but repeatedly told me that unless I repented and was baptized, I could never enter heaven. I was too weak to argue with him, but only said:

"I am very happy in view of death; nothing can make me more so. I only wish to see Ernest." He always looked severe at the mention of his name, but did not speak severely to me, as he did when I was well. I grew weaker each day, until I thought I should soon be with mother, and dear Ernest would have no bride. However, I knew that in a short time he would be there with me, and I was content to wait. One night I had been unusually restless, and had so wished to see Ernest once more, I thought, as I lay there, how, if I only had faith, I could go to him and impress his mind with the idea of my sickness and danger, that he might come to me. As he was now on his journey home—probably on the ocean—it was not possible for a letter to reach him. That night I lay for hours insensible. My father and nurse thought me to be dead; but my physician said that it appeared to him like a case of suspended animation. After several hours of anxious watching, they afterwards told me, I moved slightly, then breathed as before, only very weak and faintly. When I became able to converse with them, I called my father to me, and told him that I had been to Ernest, had seen him and made him understand that I was in danger, and I was confident that he would come immediately here on his return home. My father thought me deranged, and with soothing words tried to quiet me to sleep. I asked him to give reason an opportunity to convince him of the truth of what I had told him, and said:

"Father, I do wish you could see as I see! I am going to try to reach Ernest again, and impress him with the fact of my being here, and attract him to this house, to this room, if possible."

"My poor child!" said my father.

In a few moments I was as insensible as before, and I had a dreamy consciousness of the floating of the soul about the body, my own body, of hovering about my father, and impressing him with a sense of the freed spirit of his only child being near him; then I was wafted away, attended by an unseen presence that I almost knew to be my mother's spirit, yet it was not revealed to me. We drifted on through space, and at last we rested at the small village through which I had passed when I had been carried to my Aunt Sarah's house many, many months before. We entered the very room where I had been at that time. I saw Ernest as plainly as I see this page now; he was sleeping, but awoke when we filled the room with our presence. I drew near him to impress his spirit with my presence.

"Have you come again, dear Mary?" he said.

"I am coming to you as fast as I can. I have traveled night and day for several days, knowing that you were ill, and anxious to reach you. To-night I was compelled to stay here. In the morning I shall resume my journey, and before night shall be at your father's house. I only pray to be in season for your cares, even though it be its last on earth, my spirit's wife!"

He understood me; it was enough. It was near morning, and when he started I hovered near him, and attended him to the end of his journey. While we were journeying homeward he answered my many manifestations of my presence, though he did not really understand all. He had expected to find, on his arrival at my father's, that my spirit had forever left the body he had so loved as the casket of the spirit that was his own true mate, and thought my continual presence proof that my body was tenanted forever, and he had only the spirit of his promised wife to attend him evermore.

When we arrived at my father's, he, without pausing at the door, went immediately to my room, guided by my own presence with him. Upon a low bed lay the body of his beloved, covered with a sheet, only the head and shoulders of that cherished form being visible. Kneeling by the side of the body was an old man with white hair and clasped hands. He knew this man to be my father, and gently moving him aside, he knelt in his place beside the cold body, removed the covering from the face, and with one arm thrown over the still heart, he pressed his warm lips again and again to the cold ones of the white form before him.

"What! do your lips answer my caress, Mary?"

My eyes were opened now, and spirit and body were again united.

"I am Ernest Howard, sir," said he to my father, "and presume you to be Mr. Glenwood—Mary's father. She is your daughter and my promised wife. You see she is 'Not dead, but sleepeth.'"

My father uttered no word, but hurriedly made preparations to remove me to a warm bed, and revive the life that he saw was trembling within my form. I was very weak, and could not speak now, but knew when Ernest bore me in his arms to another room—knew when he sat beside me all through the long night and the next day, holding my hand, and with sweet spirit-communication assuring himself of my stay on this side of the valley. As I gradually recovered my strength, my father and Ernest would have long talks together in the study, and one day father came to my room, and finding me awake, said:

"Mary, my dear child, I can but be convinced, at last, that the new light is the true one to guide the weary spirits of mankind to the rest eternal. After all these convincing proofs that have come to me lately, I must repudiate the Orthodox faith, which I have preached and practiced so many years, and declare myself a Spiritualist."

"But, dear father," I said, overcome with joy, "how has this happened? When did you first admit the truth of this blessed theory?"

"Gradually, my dear Mary. I have been changing at heart ever since you came home. I am so glad you came back! I had been thinking a great deal about your mother the day I wrote to you, and being weak and ill, I somehow desired your presence, and from an impulse that I could not explain I wrote to you, commanding your return. When you advocated your new religion, I could but admire the faith with which you clung to its doctrines, and though I struggled long against it, I have yielded my principles of Orthodoxy at last, and declare myself a new man. Your sainted mother has made known her spiritual presence to me many times of late, and on that day when you were in a trance, as we thought, I distinctly felt your spirit near me; and when you entered the same state the ensuing night, I could feel your presence so forcibly that I was certain you had left the body forever; and when at length the physician pronounced you dead, I believed him, and

you were prepared for the coffin. On the arrival of Ernest, you again became conscious, and then I no longer doubted the truth of Spiritualism. I am but a child in the faith, though, I have so long led others in another path. Ernest has explained much to me that seemed dark, and I am deeply interested in this new belief. I shall resign my duties here, and enter with all my strength into this beautiful faith."

How saintly my father looked! How eloquently he spoke! His voice seemed to come from afar off. And as he bent his head toward my pillow, I would both arms about his neck, and for the first time in my life, or since my remembrance, we exchanged kisses. I was supremely happy. After a few moments I explained to him the impression I had received from my mother's spirit to come to him, then described the journey of my spirit to meet that of my beloved and attend him to my body; of the unseen presence of my mother, and so soon to my present state.

"While you thought me to be dead, I was only floating through space," said I.

"I see it all plain now," answered my father. "The infinite wisdom of the Creator has, through his own way, brought all these things to pass. I see the connection of one event with another, until the whole became perfected."

Ernest came in at that time, and while my father and he were conversing upon the ever-welcome theme of spiritual life, I fell asleep. After a long, refreshing repose, I awoke to find myself alone, except the spirit of my mother, who was ever near me now. From that hour I recovered very rapidly. In a month I was able to go about the house and grounds, and Ernest left us for awhile. When he came back again, he told me that the arrangements were nearly completed for the reception of his bride, and as father had given up his society to the Rev. Mr. Adolphus Appleton of Greenbush, the same reverend gentleman was desirous of purchasing the parsonage. So it came about that father sold the old house, furniture and all, just as it was, with the exception of some few things that were my mother's, and prized highly by her, which I was allowed to retain. I had fully recovered my health now. My father was affectionately fond of his pretty daughter, so he often told me, and consented to go to Howard Place, and remain with us ever afterward.

When all was ready for the departure, Ernest came for us. We had such a pleasant journey over the same road that I had traveled two years before with my father. He asked me if I remembered that journey. I of course told him that the incidents were still fresh in my mind, especially the strange appearance of the handsome gentleman, as we left the hotel in a carriage. The "handsome gentleman" who sat beside me only drew me closely to him, and, heedless of my father's presence, left a kiss upon my lips that brought a blush to each cheek, and as father said laughingly, "We have all changed since then," we both agreed with him that the change had been for the better.

Arrived at the house, we found Aunt Sarah awaiting us. How shall I describe everything to you as beautifully as it looked to me that day? I cannot, so will not attempt it. Suffice it to say that Ernest had made an elegant home for his wife. Everything had been done as I had suggested a long time before. Our father had been amply provided for. An elegant suite of rooms had been appropriated for his use, including his magnificent library. But my rooms—Ernest's and mine—were exquisitely furnished, and I thought, how could I help being happy and contented, when so much care and money had been expended, by loving hands and hearts, for my comfort? In a few days after our arrival we were married at our new home, my father assisting another Spiritualist at the ceremony. Aunt Sarah was only too happy to welcome me as her daughter, for she said she had always loved me from that first day when I had been left there for her to punish because I would not marry "that old hypocrite," as I had called Mr. Appleton.

There was a merry bridal party who went the rounds of the fashionable watering-places that summer; and those were two happy hearts which returned to Howard Place in the autumn. And those same hearts are there to-day, just as happy in each other as on the bridal morn.

A few days ago, while looking over an old journal of mine, the thought came to me that I could make quite a readable story of the incidents therein described. I have attempted it. You will think I have not made much of a story of it, I am afraid, but such is it, you have it.

My dear little baby Ernest is calling "mamma" from his crib, and little three-year-old Mary is teasing me for a "good frolic" with her, and as Ernest comes in at this moment with a most tempting basket of cherries, I must bid you a hasty good-by; for husband, daughter, baby boy and cherries claim my attention now, and father will be sure to hear little Ernest call, and bring him to me. So once again, good-by.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HERALD OF TRUTH: A HYMN.

BY CHARLES THOMPSON.

Oh, ye dispensers of the truth,
Who speak or print or wield the pen,
In middle life, in age or youth,
Heed not the ire of wicked men.
The whips and stings which passion wields
Beset your path on every hand;
The shrine where superstition kneels
And flaunting priests with stern command,
False friends—and weak—and foes of might
Conspire to turn you from the right.
Yet heed them not; the martyred dead,
The widows' groans, the orphans' tears,
The gory fields where heroes bled,
The dreful wrongs of cyclic years
Exhort you to gird on your strength!
Behold how vast is Error's power!
Earth groans through its whole breadth and length.
Arise! now is the auspicious hour!
Emancipate the human mind
From ignorance and all its kind.
So earth-born souls shall bliss enjoy,
With Heaven's best gift, e'en spirit-food,
Songs of ecstatic praise employ,
And live and strive for lasting good.
Lo! holy angels, drawing near,
Now second each good work and word,
Sustaining hope, dispelling fear,
And sealing blessings long deferred;
So peace shall reign beneath the sky,
And earth and heaven Hosannas cry.

A New Haven company has begun the manufacture of a compressed stone for building purposes. It is made of sand, pulverized quartz and silicate of soda, and hardens within twenty-four hours from the consistency of putty to the solidity of stone.

An actor going to a horticultural exhibition on a wet day, said "he had been to see the showers

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39, Station D, New York City.

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

(Original.)

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

NUMBER NINE.

"Aunt Zera, don't you think Eunie was silly to go down to those Smiths in all this storm?" said Kate, as they looked out of the eastern window.

"Why did she go?"

"Oh, the Smiths are as poor as poverty, and they are sick with the scarlet fever, and just as likely as not Eunie will get it; but she would go," said Will.

"I'm glad she went," said Grace. "I would, if I had known about it."

"Yes, you women and girls," said Will, "think it very grand to be heroines! I don't believe Eunie will get sick, but I hope she'll be sick enough to frighten her into the idea that she had better stay at home, and learn that discretion is the better part of valor."

"What is that?" asked Kate.

"He means," said Aunt Zera, "that before we do a noble act we should stop and weigh all the consequences. Eunie should have waited, he thinks, and asked whether we were any of us likely to take the fever, and then whether she would get cold, and then whether she would feel sleepy and tired—"

"And by that time the Smiths would have died," said Grace; "who knows but she will save their lives?"

"Well, I don't think anybody ought to run into danger," said Will.

"You know you hate cowards," said Grace; "but, Aunt Zera, please do tell us one of your histories of some good man or woman that was not afraid to do a kindness for fear of a headache the next day."

"Stephen was reading last evening about the processions at Rome and the relics there, and that made me think of an account a friend gave me of the processions at Naples, in honor of Saint Januarius, and I have found a history of his life."

"How you do like the old saints, Auntie!" said Will.

"So I do; not because they are called saints, but because they have some virtues that have made them so greatly admired and beloved. Januarius was a bishop in the time of Diocletian."

"When was he Emperor?" asked Will.

"He came to the throne of the Roman Empire almost three hundred years after the birth of Jesus. He was a very amiable man, and much beloved. The Emperor and his daughter were very much inclined to the Christians, and every one believed that the Emperor would be willing that the Christians should live quiet lives, and exercise their rights in peace."

But the daughter of Diocletian married Galerius, and he was greatly opposed to the Christians. He believed in the many gods of the Pagans, and especially in the goddess Cybele. Galerius determined to make the Emperor, his father-in-law, hate the Christians as much as he, and to insist upon their being obliged to swear by the gods he worshipped. Because the Christians would not do it, he persuaded the Emperor to commence persecuting them.

Diocletian thought one of the best ways to make them forget their religion was to burn their writings, so he commanded the destruction of all their sacred books.

He allowed his magistrates to compel the Christians to sacrifice to the gods, or else be made slaves, or to suffer torture, or to work in the mines, with no hope of escape."

"Did they sacrifice or give up their books?" asked Grace. "I hope they didn't."

"Some of them did," said Aunt Zera, "and they were called afterwards traitors; but most of them were willing to die rather than deny their faith. History tells us of a young girl and boy who were tortured in the most cruel manner, but they would only reply, 'I am a Christian.' 'Oh, Lord, give me strength to endure.'"

But I was about to tell you of Januarius, who lived in this time of danger. He was a good man and a Bishop. He had a dear friend whom he loved greatly, and this friend was cast into prison because he was a Christian. Now, according to Will's doctrine, he should have been discreet and stayed quietly at home. No doubt he would have been quite safe there, and he could perhaps have preached in a very quiet way to his Church.

But his love was stronger than his discretion, and he went immediately to visit his friend Sozias, in his confinement. This caused him to be noted at once. He had traveled a long distance to comfort and encourage one in distress, and that one a despised Christian.

Januarius was of course seized and thrown into prison."

"I hope it was with his friend," said Grace.

"Yes; and they were condemned to suffer martyrdom together. The Emperor ordered them to be torn in pieces by wild beasts."

They were taken to the amphitheatre, where half-famished lions were waiting to devour them; but as soon as they approached, the lions became as gentle as lambs. Nothing could induce them to harm these good men."

"Now, Auntie, do you believe that?" said doubting Will.

"Of course I do; why should I not? Daniel was unharmed by the lions, because of the power that was about him; and there are many men that have escaped similar dangers. Animals know the law of sympathy, because they feel it, and you may be sure that those men had something about them greater than a wall of fire."

"I hope the Emperor didn't try to kill them after that," said Kate.

"Indeed he did," continued Aunt Zera; "they were beheaded, and buried."

"Is that all of the story?" asked Kate.

"No, there is much more; but the rest is not quite as certain and sure to be true as what I have told, but I would like to tell it to you."

"Oh, do! do!" said all voices.

"It is said, and by good men, too, that there was present at his execution a holy woman, and that she preserved some of the blood of Januarius. She took this to a bishop, Saint Severus. The blood had dried, but as he held it up it became liquid, and bubbled up."

"Pshaw!" said Will.

"A word easily uttered," said Aunt Zera; "but many very wise and excellent men believe in the spiritual power that descends upon that old saint's blood, and believing, they have more faith in God and heaven. If we cannot believe, let us not despise. I believe no one has ever accounted for the

singular change that goes on in those old-fashioned bottles in which the holy blood is kept."

"Why, Auntie, does it keep changing?" asked Grace.

"There is a festival day at Naples the first week in May, and it is in honor of this old saint. The relics are kept in a famous church there, and once a year they are exhibited. The oldest and poorest women in Naples are gathered together and placed in front of the altar of the church, and here they continue to sing in their shrieking, shrill voices, while the procession that is arranged with great magnificence winds through the church. They call these old women 'Saint Januarius's relations.' The most glorious music is poured out from the fine organ, and rich voices chant holy psalms; but through all these old women keep up their shrill chant."

A magnificent procession follows the relics and enters the church, and when it reaches the altar, the bottles said to contain the saint's blood are placed upon it; also a shrine containing his skull. As the Archbishop holds the bottles in his hand, the blood begins to flow and to be agitated."

"Oh pshaw!" said Will. "Of course everybody knows that is humbug!"

"Whether it is or not, I suppose we cannot say unless we are there to see. I know a lady who was there, and who saw and believed. But it does not matter to us whether for fourteen hundred years that old saint has come back to earth to make his blood flow afresh; but it does us good to remember how a true and noble man lived and sacrificed himself to the right, and how angels were near to him in his hour of peril, and kept the wild beasts from harming him."

"Do you suppose that angels have such power now?" asked Grace.

"Certainly I do," replied Aunt Zera; "only few have faith enough to pray."

"What good can praying do, I should like to know?" said Will.

"When we pray really and earnestly," said Aunt Zera, "just as you would pray to some one to come and help you out of the water if you were drowning, then we put our own spirits in a condition that enables the good spirits that are our guardians to come and help us."

"I think those spirits that won't come any how, whether we ask them or not, are not worth having," said Will.

"Suppose you were in great danger," said Aunt Zera, "and you would not lift up a hand to be helped, would you blame the person who was ready to help you if only you had let your wants be known? I suppose Saint Januarius was no nearer or dearer to the Lord by his prayers when he came near the lion; but by praying he brought himself into a condition so exactly like that of spirits that they were able to be as a wall of fire about him. The wild beasts are always subject to magnetism."

"Oh, that's the way you put it, is it?" said Will. "Suppose you should hear a minister say, 'And so Daniel magnetized the lions?'"

"I should be highly delighted," said Aunt Zera, "because then I should be better able to believe in the perfect law of the universe; and it is just because I do believe in such laws that I can believe that Saint Januarius was preserved from the wild beasts."

"Oh, please," said Kate, "do not talk any more about laws. I'm glad the lions didn't eat him up; but I want to hear about those poor old women that kept on singing. I hope they had a good supper afterwards."

"That would be a pleasant part of the ceremony," said Aunt Zera; "but I am afraid in attending to the holy relics they forgot the appetites of the old women. I hope the world will believe some day in a power great enough to preserve them amid all dangers, and that will warm up their hearts to every good deed of kindness and love."

(Original.)

INSTINCT OF THE CROW.

Many curious anecdotes are told of the crow, which seem to prove that they reason. Dr. Darwin relates the following fact. On the northern coast of Ireland the crows were seen in great numbers, seeking their food. They found a bed of mussels, and congregated about it. But how were they to open the hard shell of this little creature so as to obtain it for food? They had no hands to separate the parts of the shell, and their bills were not strong enough. Yet these knowing crows were certain that there was a dainty bit within the shell which they were determined to enjoy.

Each crow took up a mussel thirty or forty feet into the air, and then let it drop upon the rocks. The shells were broken, and the crows had nothing to do but to pick out the dainty piece of fish for a good dinner. What taught the crow that shrewd method? Men call it instinct; but in a child we should call it reason.

(Original.)

THE ELECTRIC EEL.

There is a species of eel that has a remarkable power of giving shocks of electricity. They are as powerful as from a good sized battery. When they are caught by the sailors, they delight to play pranks upon those ignorant of the power of the creature. They put one of them in a jar, and tell the ignorant Jack to catch it, to be cooked for breakfast. He bares his arm and plunges it into the water with a good will to catch the slippery creature. He receives a shock in his arm almost severe enough to knock him down. When begged to try again he receives repeated shocks, and is obliged to drop his prey unharmed.

This singular creature is brown, has a flat head, and grows to be four or five feet long. When he gives off his electrical current he does not seem to be at all agitated, but moves slowly about if merely touched by the hand.

Where does he treasure up this living battery? and how can he manage a machine that in the hands of skillful men will get out of order?

SKATING.—Skating is one of the most healthful, exhilarating pastimes that can be enjoyed. It is now becoming as frequent for ladies to engage in it as gentlemen. This winter the skating parks will be alive with men and women, boys and girls, to the no smaller number than ten thousand at once on some of the lakes. The rules, which ladies often forget, for putting on the skates, as suggested by the Herald of Health, are these:

1. To adopt a skating costume which shall allow of freedom, ease and grace of motion.
2. To dress the feet with thick, heavy boots or shoes, not worn tightly, and the legs with thick, heavy drawers and pants.
3. To commence the exercise gradually, and not to overdo it under the excitement of the moment.

By following these rules many women will be alive and well in the autumn of 1867, who otherwise would not be.

People who brood over their sorrows are usually unsuccessful in hatching a numerous family.

who in practice dares to step upon the threshold of the great temple of the heart.

When a man begins to turn from reason to intuitions, from intellect to inward feeling and convictions, how he begins to turn from bigotry to liberality! How he begins to turn from condemnation to charity! How he begins to be useful in the world without name and reputation; how speedily he is called a fool, or crazy!

He who touches the hearts of the people touches the invisible mainspring of human guidance. Humanity can be led by sorrow, woe and suffering by the heartstrings of affection, but never by the leeches of reason. It can be led from crime and wickedness by sympathy and compassion, never by laws and lashes.

Value one heart-throb of sympathy more than all the laws and doctrines, the arguments and stories the brain can fabricate and utter by the tongue, for the tongue speaks lies and the heart beats truths.

Fear nothing from all that reason and eloquence may throw against you, if the hearts of the people are with you.

Existence after death is the longing desire of every bosom, and the fact that spirits talk with mortals, every one loves; and what ugly things the reasoning heads of men have spoken of it. How intellect and argument have reasoned against and told lies about this, the heart's best and holiest love.

The exercises of the heart have made Spiritualism, and the exercises of the head have made its opposition.

Man talks with angels by his heart, not by his head; he carries comfort to the suffering poor by his heart, not by his head; he sees immortality through his affection, not through his intellect; reason leads to infidelity, and love to faith.

Charity for the criminal comes over the yielding fibres of love, never through the avenues of reason.

The time now is when by the reasoning head the people are accused—the world is inundated with books, bored with preaching, confused with arguments, stubborn in doctrines, bleeding in war, warring everywhere for dollars and cents, is tumultuous and confused under its present affliction, sorrow weighs heavy on human hearts.

The time is yet to come when all affliction is to be driven from the people by the exercise of the heart's affection. By the exercises of the heart the weak, the erring, the oppressed, the mourning, the poor in spirit, all the wounded, wandering, suffering people are to be blessed.

SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

BY J. H. POWELL.

It is Christmas morning. I am sitting with my family in our quiet home, thinking of many things, but mostly of the state of Spiritualism in "dear old England"—dear to me not because some ten or twelve thousand dock laborers and shipwrights living within two or three miles of my residence are at this moment pining for lack of employment, and doleful in many instances cursing "dear old England," but dear because of her "good institutions" and her capacity for regeneration.

It is strange to me, standing, as it were, on a platform three thousand miles away, addressing an audience unseen, for I am not gifted with clairvoyance. But strange as it is, I cannot content myself without writing to the BANNER.

Spiritualism is a byword in the mouths of the majority of Englishmen. To live in England, the Spiritualist must be prepared for much scandal and not a little Orthodox persecution, and should get himself thoroughly case-hardened. But in spite of the scandal and persecution to boot, we have a goodly list of Spiritualists who are not ashamed to acknowledge themselves such. But alas! the more among us, the more Spiritualists, who say and do very many naughty things, and all their naughty sayings and doings are set down by opponents against Spiritualism.

"So the world goes round and round."

Although some are apathetic, others ignorant or misguided, and there is at present an apparent cessation to "the movement," I see nothing to make me hopeless. I know by experience that spiritual agencies work in a very silent and mysterious manner, and I am glad to find that an increased interest is being shown in private domestic circles amongst the working bees. This is a good and all promising sign. There is no array of pomp, none of the glitter which pleases the eye without satisfying the heart. Here and there mediums who make a sad mess of Lindley Murray get entranced, and give forth messages of an elevating and soul-satisfying character. I often listen to them, and overlook oral defects, because I know that a Power is with them potent for good. Of course I should be pleased if these humble mediums were educated, but their misfortune shall not make me despise the spiritual truth they are inspired to give expression to. The other Sunday evening two discourses were given under spirit direction by a young woman, Priscilla Price, at the house of Mr. Cossman, a workman, which had a thrilling effect upon the few persons assembled. By the way, meetings are held at Mr. Cossman's twice a week.

There is a lady I am on writing terms with—Mrs. Berry—living at the West End. She has developed as a drawing and painting medium, and devotes most of her time to her spirit friends. It would take several columns of your space to describe minutely the various extraordinary paintings she has been the medium of producing. I know of nothing in the history of spirit painting in England so unlike mere artistic executions as Mrs. Berry's paintings. "The colors are beautifully blended and softened into the designs. Each painting is full of faces and heads, forming a perfect riddle to wonder at, but not to unravel, for the mind seeks in vain for exact counterparts in Nature. Mrs. Berry's paintings should be exhibited. I certainly think they will occupy a first place in the department of spiritual curiosities. Mrs. Berry not only is the medium of these wonderful paintings, but she has the "healing gift," and only a few days since cured a woman of deafness who was sent to her for the purpose by another medium.

Mr. Meers, a friend of mine, an old Spiritualist, is a very sensitive and wonderful medium. He has the gift of sight, and often describes the spirit friends of others with remarkable accuracy. He prophesied the American war, the late visitation of cholera in England, and the dethronement of the Pope. He has in his possession some very excellent spirit messages, which, together with his experiences, would, I am satisfied, be valuable to the spiritual cause.

The Spiritual Athenaeum is to be open early in the New Year. Mr. D. D. Home Lyon, who has the management of it, I regret to say has lately been very ill, and is at present far from being convalescent. Last evening I was introduced by him to Mrs. Lyon, the lady who has adopted him. It is scarcely probable that his health will permit him to continue the active management of the Athenaeum, much less to give any sittings. In that case a good test medium or two would be invaluable. There can be no doubt that physical

mediumship, in the present state of the public mind, is calculated to be of most service.

I am sorry to find that Mr. Shorter (T. S.), the author of "The Two Worlds," is threatened with partial, if not entire loss of sight. I hope for the best. He has been one of our most active writers on Spiritualism, and is in every way a very worthy man. I have had some sixteen years' acquaintance with him. For some twelve years he has been Secretary of the Workingmen's College in St. Ormand street, in which capacity he has been most assiduous. He will retire next term, owing to his defective vision, much respected and regretted by the gentlemen connected with the College. I trust sincerely that the friends of Spiritualism will see to it that a man who has done so much good work for them will not sink into neglect, and perchance—God forbid!—want.

Your readers, Mr. Editor, will know that Dr. Ferguson and Emma Hardinge have been amongst us, and I believe have both "done some service to the State." There are many pleasing thoughts occupying my mind at the remembrance of the hours I spent with Dr. Ferguson. I had not so intimate an acquaintance with Mrs. Hardinge, but I heard many of her discourses with intense admiration, and could only wish that the masses of this vast city could have heard her as well.

It is a difficult matter to draw audiences in England to hear lectures, unless some oddity rises up of a sudden and takes the people by surprise. Yet I believe that lecturers of the power of Dr. Ferguson and Mrs. Hardinge, if they could only press on in patience, would be listened to, and that, too, with eagerness. I am more than ever satisfied that a goodly band of advocates might be pressed into service, and much good would result. The people here do not understand Spiritualism. They have either got their heads filled with the absurd "exposés" of the press, or they have grown to feel distaste for all spiritual topics. There is, therefore, the more need for teachers. The other evening I lectured on "Spiritualism—What are its Facts and Teachings?" in a very poor neighborhood, to a small audience, inviting discussion. Instead of uproar and confusion, I found the most eager attention shown, and am satisfied, could I manage it, by perseverance I could get together audiences. We want the blessed gospel of Spiritual Truth taken as a Comforter to the poor. God knows, life to them is a burden heavy to bear. What so acceptable as the assurance Spiritualism affords of immortal life and eternal justice?

Mr. Robert Cooper, after having expended a heavy sum of money in support of the late Spiritual Lyceum and the Spiritual Times during the first two years of its existence, has been some time traveling with the Davenport Brothers, but has now settled down to a tranquil life at Eastbourne. He has done nobly, for one man, and deserves well of all lovers of progress. There are few men who have taken an active part in "Spiritualism in England," who have sacrificed so much, in proportion to means, as Mr. Cooper has. May he never regret what he has done.

For myself, I have to thank the BANNER OF LIGHT and the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for kind notices in their issues of November 2d. It has been a hard task for me to learn of late, but I thank God He has given me hope in abundance, and a stout heart. I had many anxious thoughts before I consented to stop the Spiritual Times, and would not have stopped it if I could have obtained the means to pay for the material and working. Toward the latter part of the paper's existence, I was not only responsible for the working expenses, but had almost unaided to supply the matter for the paper, such was the apathy displayed. I mention this not with any feeling of complaint, but as a fact. Excepting the excellent Spiritual Magazine, we have no organ. Perhaps soon some others animated with the feeling which prompted Mr. Cooper and myself, will fill up the void. In the meantime I am content to do my best in any way that opens to me for "Spiritualism in England."

London, 6 Sidney Terrace, Grove Road,
Victoria Park, E., Dec. 25, 1866.

I learn that the Brothers and Mr. Fay are now in Russia, with good prospects of success. The Emperor has already granted them a permit.

The "Old Harry" in Charlestown!

DEAR BANNER—Do you know what has been going on here in Charlestown, right under the noses of all the predestinated saints of this goodly city? One of our spiritual societies has actually invited to lecture before them one Horace Seaver, the editor of the Boston Investigator. Think of such a climax. We, the very elect, the cream and last extract of holiness, to be compelled to listen to an address by a persistent Atheist, on the life and so forth of Thomas Paine. How marvelously did our Second Advent brethren hit it, when they predicted anti-Christ about this very winter. "Talk of chaos and old night!" Isn't this the "darkness visible," that we have read about? Oh, and then such an address! After bottling up our bubbling volleys of fiery wrath, and awaiting a whole evening for a manifestation of infidelity, that would justify us in uncoining the seventh vial, (mentioned in the Apocalypse), we were compelled to admit at last that Mr. Seaver's feet were very nearly alike, and that Paine, though a Deist, took snuff; was one of the world's patriots, whose highest ambition was to give the world the choicest blessings of freedom and plenty.

Mr. Seaver seemed one of the quiet men, who cannot be frightened out of an honest conviction by Mrs. Grundy, or any of her household; and he seems to feel that in vindicating Paine's career from the furious assaults of "our minister," he is doing simple justice to a much abused philanthropist.

One thing seems certain: if he tells historical truth, our past opposition to Paine, and our onslaughts upon his memory, have had their origin in a motive but very slightly allied to a love of truth and justice; and the less we have known of him, the louder have been our maledictions.

Mr. Seaver's addresses were well received by appreciative audiences, and as I found myself ranged side by side with some of the hardened heretics of our city, I could not refrain from contrasting such a mixture of "lion and lamb," with the probable results of such a "conglomerate" thirty years ago. And then I was led to moralize sadly upon the evil influence of sectarianism, which by its baleful sway divided and subdivided the human family, until warring clans and infuriated zenots dwarf the brotherhood of man, and the development of humanity. Let us pray with renewed vigor, that with the advancing years may come fraternity and harmony, and that the "lion and lamb in unison," may be the symbol of all coming time.

CHELSEA STREET.

Charlestown, Jan. 14, 1867.

You often say, "How much good I would do with my money if I were as rich as this man, or the other." How much good do you do now with what you have? "Oh, if I had only time, what would I not learn," says another. How do you spend the time you have?

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE. CHARLES H. CROWELL.
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
All letters and communications intended for the Editor of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual 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.

The State of the English Church.

The established Church of England seems to be at present in a really bad way. It is not easy, in fact, to describe it or explain it; all we know is, that it is subject to divisions which are morally certain to break up its existing machinery, and compel entire recasting of its form and spirit. There are, at least, three parties in the church now: the ritualists, who go in for excessive forms and most minute ceremonies, for dressing up in fantastic garb and surrounding public worship with all possible ceremony, the liberals who say over the creed, but give it pretty much their own interpretation, and the spiritual churchmen, who want matters continued about as they are, and strenuously object to all innovations from either side.

Confession, as practiced in the Romish Church, is getting to be very common in the English Church. The ritualists go for it very strongly. In a recent letter to the London Times, Dr. Pusey, in speaking of this practice, remarks thus: "The use of confession among us all—priests and people—is very large. It pervades every rank, from the peer to the artisan or the peasant. In the course of this quarter of a century (to instance my own experience, which I must know), I have been applied to to receive confessions from persons in every rank, of every age, old as well as young, in every profession, even those which you would think least accessible to it—army, navy, medicine, law." There could hardly be produced more authoritative testimony on this subject. If it be a corruption to confess, then it must be allowed that it has worked its way well into the English Church.

The ritualists are all agog with their toyish and tawdry plans for rendering religious rites more imposing; but, in this strong common-sense age, such practices are far more likely to disgust the general mind than to impress it with a profounder religious sense. It has become, however, a real mania among the Oxfordites, and the discussion has taken possession of the public journals. In commenting on the whole thing, the London Times remarks, with satirical pungency, that "strong young men with whiskers and big arms and fat calves, men who are also fond of taking an air or a bat in their hands, actually go in with a girlish delight for dressing themselves up in the quaintest, the richest, the most expensive ecclesiastical garments. A sort of celestial bazaar goes round on behalf of a celebrated millinery warehouse, touting for orders. A publisher has a secret and sacred corner in his shop where every information on costume can be obtained. Young men walk about the High street with garments and head-dresses on that give the initiated to understand that their wearers are as much priests as it is possible for young laymen to be. And, naturally, the appropriate theology prevails also. Under-graduate after under-graduate announces that he is restored to the bosom of the true church; and, as under the modern system Roman Catholics are allowed to be members of many colleges, a fervent young man can go over when he pleases, and yet pursue his university career. Some, however, still hesitate. Gambling on a scale previously unknown is said to have come in with this queer parody of ritualism, and unparliamentary remark that it is either mass or unlimited loo."

So they go. There are other symptoms, too, of an internal revolution in the church. Some of the high authorities are for giving up the practice of delivering sermons. Mr. Archdeacon favors going from church to the cricket-ground. Who would ever have dreamed of such innovations in a church styling itself "Established?"

Flogging in Schools.

The Social Science Association, whose meetings for discussion are held steadily in this city, have given considerable attention to the subject of corporal punishment in schools, and the conclusion they have reached is, that there is no justification whatever of such a practice; but that it is inhuman and barbarous, in conflict with the spirit that rules the present age, of evil example to all concerned, and decidedly harmful to the pupils on which such a summary infliction is visited. Prof. Agassiz said, in some remarks made by him at Cambridge, in town-meeting, that he had never in the whole course of his experience had occasion to use physical violence upon a pupil, and he could not be made to believe that it was necessary.

As before said, the sentiment of the age is against the practice. Rewards in schools are much better than punishments; but even these are bad when carried to such an extreme as they too often are, and made a stimulus which tends to strain the expanding faculties. The truth is, a good many matters must be left alone—that is to say, to the operation of natural laws. It is unnatural to turn a school-room, where young and tender minds are placed for training, into a whipping mart; and it is equally unnatural to make a race-course of it for the faculties, spurring and whipping them on to see which can perform the trick—for it is not much beside that—of reaching the goal soonest. Discussion by intelligent men and women will quickly put an end to these abuses by bringing out the evils into plainer public view.

Meetings at Newton Corner.

Our friends at Newton have been thus far successful in their attempt to inaugurate spiritual meetings in that place. Middlesex Hall, quite a spacious room, has been well filled each Sunday for two months past, to listen to the excellent discourses which have been given. Dr. H. F. Gardner, of this city, entertained large audiences there on the 13th inst., with a resume of his experiences and well digested facts in regard to the spiritual phenomena. He was listened to with deep interest.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith is filling a second engagement there, and spoke for them last Sunday; is to fill the desk next Sunday also. She is much liked wherever she lectures.

A Gigantic Social Evil.

The hideous and basely corrupting business of public prostitution in the larger cities of this country, beginning with New York, is at length forcing itself upon the attention of the daily press. We see numerous articles in the leading New York papers, discussing this fearful practice with a fearlessness from which we might have reaped a marked social benefit by this time, if it had been manifested some time ago. It is stated that there are fifteen thousand women in the great commercial metropolis of the country, who surrender themselves to the indiscriminate embraces of the opposite sex, from the love of excitement and the necessity to which society cruelly drives them, and afterwards spurns them as outcasts for it.

We rejoice to see this most important matter taken up and seriously investigated by the public prints of the day, with a desire to find if there may not be a way of at least alleviating, if not wholly extirpating the evil. Few know what a spread this sin against nature and the human soul has made in secret, and how fearfully the public morals are infected with its corrupting influences. Not alone in their moral, but in their physical natures does the taint work unseen. It is said in plain terms by one journal, that it would astonish people if they could be disclosed to them what almost any physician of extensive practice in our large cities have it in their power to disclose, the untold suffering and weariness of life, at any rate the defrauding of large numbers out of the natural and healthy enjoyments of life, of innocent men and women on whom has been entailed the frightful curse of a course of illicit indulgences.

We are glad that "free love" is thus proven not to be the fruit, as charged, of Spiritualism. Our pure Religion has had sins enough piled on its patient back, and borne the repute they engender, unmurmuringly, too, to stand relieved when these charges are foisted in their horrible details, on the very "society" which affects to scout us and our exalting faith. We should naturally look for these sinful and corrupting practices where the most talk was made about other people's want of holiness. Human nature loves to deceive itself, as badly as it relukes at being deceived by others. It does not strike us, after some little reflection on the matter, that Spiritualism is guilty of quite all the iniquities which a self-indulgent class who control "society" would relieve themselves of by imputing them to our cause. Men's sins do find them out in the end; and the longer the concealment, the more wide-spread the secret corruption becomes.

We are not going to express an opinion here of the necessity, or the contrary, of tolerating the practice of prostitution in our large cities, while rigidly restricting the conditions of its practice by law; it is quite enough for us to know that such a practice is making fearful inroads into the moral and physical character of the community. Here is a great social evil threatening to corrupt and destroy the whole mass. How is it to be treated? Men will find their old methods of discussion, which are no discussion at all, only stimulants to its spread and growth.

Preaching and Practice.

Rev. Mr. Fulton, pastor of Tremont Temple Society, in this city, on Sunday, Jan. 13th, preached what he said must be taken as a sort of anniversary sermon, although it wasn't; for he never preached anniversary sermons. He did not, however, confine himself very closely to any particular thought, but "rambled all over the lot." But he took occasion to indulge in vehement invective against Theodore Parker, whose memory will live fresh in the hearts of all noble men and women long after the little preachers who abuse him have passed into oblivion. Perhaps Mr. Fulton's temper was somewhat quickened by the remembrance that his church had been occupied during the previous week, against his wish, for a two days' Spiritualist Convention—which drew together thousands of our best citizens who are riding themselves entirely of the shackles of religious bigotry and intolerance, by accepting the divine truths which Spiritualism imparts, received through ministering spirits direct from the fount of all Wisdom.

After having quoted a fine passage from Parker's writings, but which did not exactly harmonize with Mr. Fulton's theology, he proceeded to comment on it with the most exciting eloquence. With upturned eyes and extended arms, he exclaimed, Oh, how unlike the beautiful teachings of our dear Saviour, whose example and council, my hearers, you should all follow; and then, as though a new idea had struck him, he turned round, exclaiming with violent gestures: "Why, if a man should write about the pastor of this Society as Parker did about Henry Ward Beecher in the Atlantic Monthly, I'd prosecute him for a libel." It seems as though Mr. Fulton sometimes forgets that he is a professed preacher and teacher of the precepts of the meek and humble Nazarene.

The State Convention of Spiritualists.

We print the balance of the proceedings of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists in this week's paper. As we have before stated, the object is to send the glad tidings of Spiritualism to portions of the State where spiritual meetings are not now held regularly, or where spiritual lecturers have never been. The time has come for energetic measures in this respect; actual work must be done. It behooves us to be something more than merely positive; we must be aggressive, and enter the field in earnest, if we desire to enlighten and elevate humanity by assisting them to obtain a knowledge of the immortal and soul-satisfying truths which our glorious Spiritual Philosophy teaches.

What the Spiritualists want in this single but most important respect, is unity of action and energy of will. We must all resolve, as one person, to be active and generous. What we have, that we must be ready to share for a common purpose. In this way we can best testify to our faith and keep alive the feelings that warm and expand our lives under the rule and operation of that faith. We were rejoiced to witness such a fixed resoluteness, in this meeting, to take up the great work right where it is and carry it on. The feeling seemed to be that we are not to stop, but push forward until all we can do is finally accomplished.

Poor-Houses.

"If it were not for the religion of Jesus Christ, there would be no almshouses, no poor-houses, in the land."—Rev. Mr. Fulton.
Very true; for if all mankind practiced the Golden Rule, to "do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you,"—as taught by Confucius centuries ago—and the money expended in erecting costly churches and supporting so-called "servants of God" were rightly used, there would be no need of such institutions.

By reference to a notice in another column, it will be seen that Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Severance, excellent psychometrical readers of character, have removed from Whitewater to Milwaukee.

More Remissness.

We took occasion, not long since, to allude to the lack of care manifested by several of our patrons in sending remittances to this office; and as a like heedlessness is still evident, we must admonish them again.

It should not be expected that we can promptly forward our paper to subscribers who fail to properly give us their post-office address, while some do not even subscribe their names to their orders.

We will allude particularly to a few of the letters we are continually receiving, with money enclosed, as specimens of the "sin of omission" of several of our patrons.

Some time since a customer sent us an order by mail for books and papers. The letter contained five dollars in bank bills. The clerk filled the order, but could not forward the package, because, forsooth, the gentleman had forgotten to send his name. What were we obliged to do under the circumstances? Simply wait. We did so. Two or three weeks afterwards the writer of the letter sent us another, with his name attached this time, in which he berated us soundly for our lack of promptness!

We have on file a letter signed "Mrs. I. B. Stevens," with one dollar enclosed; but the lady omitted to forward her post-office address. When she does we shall send the paper with pleasure.

F. Bevier sent us three dollars, Jan. 1, with the request that we forward the BANNER to his address one year, but omitted to inform us where he resides. However we believe he gets the paper, as one of our clerks who remembered the name, (the gentleman having previously taken the paper,) overhauled the books and found his address after hunting about three hours among the many thousands of names upon our subscription lists.

Here is another specimen of carelessness. We copy it verbatim, in the hope that the good lady may chance to see the paper containing her letter, and write us where she desires the paper sent:

"Dec. 31, 1866.
DEAR SIR—Enclosed are three dollars. Forward your paper.
MARIA SMITH."

Another letter, with three dollars enclosed, ordering the paper, received Jan. 16th, beats all the others. Here it is:

"Windsor Locks, Jan. 15, 1867.

MR. COLBY, SIR—I wish to
Probably the writer intended to add, "Take the paper one year." But he, or she, did not finish the sentence. Please give us the name of your State and your own name, and you shall have the BANNER promptly!

Some one forwarded us two dollars, for which he desires us to send him a book; but he omits to inform us what State he resides in. There are six "Royalties" in Uncle Sam's dominions. To which shall we forward the book?

We do not give the above specimens for the purpose of ridiculing the parties alluded to, but simply to show them, and others who find fault with us very often, that we are not altogether remiss or negligent in the performance of our duties. It has been our constant endeavor to mail our books and the BANNER promptly to our patrons. Carelessness in not forwarding the address to us in full subjects us not only to annoyance and inconvenience, but likewise those who are the cause of the trouble, for they no doubt honestly believe they have fulfilled their part of the contract.

Miss Dickinson on "Woman."

Miss Anna E. Dickinson has recovered from her recent severe illness, and resumed her labors in the lecturing field. She lectured in Music Hall, this city, last Tuesday evening, to an immense audience. Her subject was "Woman," and in force of argument and eloquence it was more than equal to any with which she had ever before interested a Boston audience. Her efforts were to secure a universal elevation of the sex, a recognition of woman's talent and genius, and the inauguration of measures which shall furnish support for them to do. She alluded in a graphic manner, in her preliminary remarks, to the degraded condition of many of her sex, and asserted that it was full time in this nineteenth century that the people were made ashamed of the condition of one-half of their race. She knew that in her plea in behalf of women there were many obstacles in her way, for there were not only men to oppose her on one side, but women on the other. There were multitudes of women and young girls in Boston toiling for insufficient hire and a bare pittance of food. What they should have is air, food and light, and an opportunity to live lives of respectability. She had often marveled how these women lived, but she had never marveled at the end to which they came. Among the things she would have, first, that every woman should understand that she was born for herself; and second, have every man comprehend that he had no more right to govern his wife than she had to govern him; and, she sarcastically added, no large hearted and intelligent man need to be told this.

She dwelt upon various topics of a kindred nature for an hour, then closed by saying she was not afraid of the ultimate result, for she believed the light was dawning, and that woman would soon go forth with honor, truth and courage, leaving behind the dark mists and shadows of night, and greet the bright horizon of glorious day.

Punishment Commuted.

Gov. Bullock has commuted the death-sentence of John Moran, convicted of killing Ellen Kearney, of Roxbury, by shooting with a pistol, to imprisonment for life. The Council were unanimous in the same view. A number of influential and progressive gentlemen, humanitarian philosophers, appeared before the Executive Council and argued for this step, their leading ground being that the age is growing more and more averse to this business of taking men's lives, and that there is no reason nor humanity in pursuing a course that has been proved not to diminish crime, and certainly can be no benefit to the victim of the law.

Statutes that embody the idea of force rather than suggestions of reason, ought not to rule the conduct of this generation. As the true principles of humanity unfold themselves to the public apprehension, their spirit should become the embodiment of the laws of the times. We are not to go backwards; and although, for an era of intelligence and awakened philanthropy, the sound of war is strangely loud and common, yet these voices of an elevated principle make themselves heard above the din, enjoining a recourse to different practices from any which have hitherto obtained. The doom of capital punishment is sealed. It may hold its place a while longer on the statute-book, but it will be by a precarious tenure. Another spirit is to take possession of our laws. Violence is not best punished by violence. It is not vengeance that is required by society for its better security, but restraint from further harm and the surety of a criminal's correction and improvement.

"What my Journal Tells," a sketch printed on our first page, may not suit Orthodox ministers, but will be relished by all Liberal minds.

New Publications.

A CHILD'S BOOK OF RELIGION, for Sunday Schools and Homes. Compiled by O. B. Frothingham. Boston: J. P. Walker.

This is a choice and charming collection of poems and hymns, teaching the young heart the way to true worship. The field laid under contribution to form this collection is an extensive one, and has been thoroughly worked. The prose part is excellent; the catechetical section is worthy of the close study of the older children, and those who were brought up under the old Westminster system. Mr. Frothingham has taken, by permission, from A. J. Davis's Manual for the Children's Lyceum, showing the general estimate of its value in a religious training of the young. This capital little manual is for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstores, both in Boston and New York.

THE SPIRITUAL REPORTER is the name of a new publication in the interests of Spiritualism, of which the first number is on our table. It is published by W. F. Jamieson, and is in large 12mo. form, which is convenient and taking. The publisher designs to scatter at least a hundred thousand copies of the Spiritual Reporter over the country, which we hope he will be encouraged to do. Mr. Jamieson says: "After due consideration, I have concluded to receive subscriptions for single copies by the year, or semi-annually, the subscriber paying the extra expense of mailing, etc. Therefore the terms to single subscribers are one dollar and a half per year; seventy-five cents for six months, payable in advance. This will add, instead of retard, the circulation of the lectures by wholesale, the single numbers serving as specimen copies with which to form clubs."

Carleton, of New York, has the audacity to publish a bright little brochure, a keen satire on "Griffith Gaunt" and Charles Reade, entitled "Liffith Lank." Sol. Eytinge furnishes the very humorous illustrations. The text is by C. H. Webb. As a travesty on Reade, his last novel and his literary manners, it is a broad hit, capital letters, Latin quotations, and all. Buy it and laugh. For sale by A. Williams & Co., Boston.

NORTHERN LIGHTS for Jan. 19th is fully up to its mark, and is decidedly fresh, youthful and vigorous. Mrs. Howe contributes a fine poem, illustrated by Billings, on "The Rich Man's Library"—suggestive enough to poor scholars, but not destined to make its way through the putty-heads of mere money-makers. The "Contributors' Club" is a mélange of auricular debate on all sorts of topics, which is much in the style of the "Noctes."

THE REPUBLIC is a bright, attractive journal, published weekly in New York by Walter E. Brigham & Co., No. 111 Fulton street. Its columns offer the reader freshest rendering, on subjects relating to domestic life, agriculture and miscellaneous literature. A well-conducted paper for general circulation.

We have from the Bureau of Navigation, Washington, the ALMANAC FOR THE USE OF NAVIGATORS, from the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac, for the year 1867. It is published by authority of the Secretary of the Navy. It is compact with valuable matter to those who are to professionally use it.

The American Unitarian Association of Boston publish the YEAR-BOOK OF THE UNITARIAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES FOR 1867. It is an exceedingly useful publication, both to Unitarians and those who are not.

Oliver Optic's new weekly magazine, "OUR BOYS AND GIRLS," No. 3, is a successful continuation of the original plan. It is in universal demand among the boys and girls.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (T. S. Arthur's magazine for children) has made its second appearance. It is a very neat affair.

"Immoral Influence of the New York Herald."

Our attention has been called to an article in the New York World newspaper of Jan. 14th, bearing the above title. Said article purports to be the report of a discussion which took place on the 13th at Mozart Hall. It commences by saying that "Mr. Cheney, editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, led off the debate," etc. This is news indeed to us. The gentleman named is not the editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and never was. Why such a statement crept into the columns of The World newspaper we are at loss to conjecture. However, the speaker alluded to gave the Herald some home-thrusts which it cannot very well gainsay. The remarks were no doubt elicited by the Herald's recent cowardly attack upon the character of Emma Hardinge, although the lady was not alluded to in the printed report. Will The World do us the justice to correct its misstatement?

Spiritualism in England.

Dr. Hugh McLeod has been delivering a course of free lectures on Spiritualism, in Bedford Hall, London. In announcing his lectures, the Doctor makes the following sensible remarks: "Spiritualism, as taught by the honest and scientific expositor, is a most interesting matter, resting as it does, like all that is true in science, upon a basis of classified fact and demonstrated knowledge; its claims and principles have special charms for the free, independent and benevolent soul. It may be needless to add, that its unpopularity is, perhaps, its greatest recommendation, and its true teachers altogether out of favor with the 'authorities,' who mistake this most divine philosophy, their best friend, for an enemy." He is a very zealous and earnest worker, and appears to be determined that the people shall learn something in regard to our philosophy. Mortals as well as spirits should help him.

Radical Lectures on Religion.

The Parker Fraternity have arranged for a course of twelve lectures to be given at their Hall, No. 554 Washington street, the opening lecture, "The Church and the Spirit," to be delivered by Rev. C. A. Bartol, D. D., on Sunday evening, 27th inst. The other lectures will be given on successive Sunday evenings, by gentlemen of acknowledged ability, whose names appear in another column. Tickets to the course—single person, \$2; gentleman and lady, \$3—are for sale by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street.

Charles A. Hayden.

This young and popular lecturer on Spiritualism made a short visit to this city and his home in Maine, the first part of this month. During his stay he lectured two Sundays in our neighboring city, Charlestown. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and his discourses were highly appreciated. He has returned to Chicago to fill out his six months' engagement there.

Personal.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown speaks in Rock Island, Ill., during the month of February. The people may expect a feast.

Mrs. Phoebe Curtis, formerly a visionist among the Shakers, now an excellent healing and clairvoyant medium, has located in Grass Valley, Nevada county, Cal.

Dr. R. W. Hatfield, a substantial supporter of the spiritual movement, and possessed of fine magnetic healing powers, has moved from Milwaukee to St. Louis, taking rooms at 425 Sixth street, corner of St. Charles.

N. B. Starr, the spirit artist's address for January and February is St. Clair, Mich.

H. P. Fairfield has been quite ill with congestion of the lungs. He will not be able to fill his appointment at Iowa City, Iowa, but has returned to Berlin, Wis., where he can be addressed until further notice.

Nellie Dean, the twelve-years-old skatolical queen at Pittsburgh, Pa., gets \$200 a week for her performances at a skating park.

Mr. B. P. Skidder has formed an editorial connection with the American Union, and will also supervise the many excellent publications which are published by Messrs. Elliott, Thomas & Talbot.

Rev. Mrs. P. A. Hanaford, of Boston, has been engaged to supply the pulpit of the Universalist church in Hingham, Mass., until the 1st of March. She is a lady of talents.

Bonner gives Beecher \$10,000 for his novel, Poor Beecher!

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, a very able and eloquent speaker, is now prepared to deliver, before lyceums and literary associations, her new lecture, entitled "Bread and the Ballot"—a declaration of the position of women before the law, and their need of suffrage as a protection against oppression in place and wages.

M. Henry Houghton, the lecturer, has been obliged to return to his home in Maine, on account of illness.

Meetings in Brooklyn, N. Y.

An esteemed correspondent writing from Brooklyn solicits us to urge upon the Spiritualists there the importance of having regular Sunday meetings. If Spiritualism is to be the means of doing good, she says, it ought to be preached in every city, town and village in the land. So say we. Spiritualists who possess the means, should do all in their power to spread its blessed influences. Our correspondent remarks: "There ought to be Spiritualists enough here to support one or two meetings in different parts of the city. If we could hold meetings on the Sabbath, and circles one or two evenings in the week, there might be a great deal of good done. But if we have occasional meetings, and go to them hearing not much beside the reviling of other denominations, it will do us no good. We should go in the spirit and meekness of Jesus, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again."

The Hours of Labor Question.

The Commissioners appointed by the last Legislature to investigate the subject of the hours of labor, have reported the result of their investigations to the present Legislature. There are two reports, both quite lengthy. The majority, Messrs. Walker and Hyde, report adversely to any enactment regulating the hours of labor, and the minority, Mr. Rogers, reports in favor of ten hours as a legal day's work in the absence of contracts for factory or farm labor, and of eight hours for mechanical labor in the absence of contracts.

Our Office in New York.

No. 544 Broadway has been newly fitted up and neatly arranged, and will be kept open for the reception of customers and visitors, every day—except Sunday—from six A. M. to eight P. M. Every Spiritualist visiting the city, is invited and expected to call and see Warren Chase and the BANNER Bookstore, where information of all kinds pertaining to our work will be collected and distributed. Do not forget the place, nearly opposite Barnum's Museum, up stairs.

In New York.

Charles H. Foster, the test medium, after a brief residence in this city, where he gave tests of a very convincing character that "the dead live" and can communicate to the people of earth, has located in New York City. Those of our friends who have not witnessed the wonderful manifestations through his agency, will now have an opportunity of doing so.

New Music.

Brown & Perkins, 420 Broome street, New York, have just issued the following new songs: "He'll be true to me," words by Fanny Crosby, music by Thos. E. Perkins; "Memory," by the same author, music by Henry A. Brown; "Fairly of the Wildwood," written and composed by Henry A. Brown. The above are fine compositions.

Severe Snow Storm.

A northeast snow storm commenced early Thursday morning, Jan. 17, and raged furiously until the depth of snow covered by feet instead of inches, completely retarding for awhile nearly every mode of travel. It was the severest snow storm which has occurred in New England for thirty years.

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.—A few days ago, two brothers were drowned while skating on a pond in New York State, and it is authentically declared that at almost the very hour of their death, a child playing with its doll, in a residence about twenty miles from the place where the deaths occurred, suddenly spoke to its relative in an exclamation, that her cousin, meaning the youngest of the boys, was drowned. The declaration was repeated, and the singularity of the circumstance greatly excited the family. The same afternoon, the telegraph carried the intelligence of the deaths of the two boys.

The papers are all copying the above paragraph, but not one in fifty would have done so had the fact been stated that the little girl was a medium, through whom the invisibles can convey intelligence in advance of all other known modes.

CORRECTION.—In the report of the first session of the Massachusetts State Spiritualist Convention, an unintentional injustice is done Dr. C. O. York, of Charlestown. The Doctor is made to inquire concerning the subscriptions at the Lawrence Convention. The Secretary was out of the hall at the time of his speech. The Doctor referred to the first meeting of the Convention, rather than the one at Lawrence three months back. For this or any other error the indulgence of the Convention is requested, and the Secretary urges in excuse the undue multiplicity of demands upon his attention at the time.

The damage done by the burning of a portion of the Crystal Palace, London, amounts to a million and a half of dollars.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

John B. Gough delivered his lecture on "Peculiar People," last Wednesday evening, in Music Hall, before the Mercantile Library Association. The next lecture of the course will be given by Major Gen. B. F. Butler, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 23d.

The Suffrage Bill for the District of Columbia, vetoed by the President, as was anticipated, has since been passed by the requisite two-thirds vote of the Senate and House of Representatives, and has therefore become a law.

Beer fills many a bottle, the bottle fills many a bier.

The Girls' Lodging House, 205 Canal street, New York, furnishes meals and lodgings to girls, for five cents each, and finds situations for those out of employment.

Powdered borax sprinkled in domicils infested with cockroaches or "water-bugs," will cause them to leave the premises in "double-quick" time. It is a harmless ingredient. Try it.

Mrs. LAURA CURRY.—To those who have not heard this young lady lecture, we would say: Go, by all means, if you desire to hear an earnest, well-spoken discourse, with an unbroken flow of well-penned, grammatical English. We have our own ideas about woman's mission and her proper sphere in society, and how far she unsexes herself when she ventures to lecture men, yet, spite of our prejudice, we were carried away by her words last Sunday at Maguire's Opera House.—San Francisco News Letter, Oct. 18.

Gen. Halleck says that the action of the California Legislature in refusing to countenance the adoption of the national currency has cost that State fifty millions in money and five hundred thousand inhabitants.

What color is next to an invisible green? Blindman's buff.

A recent conflagration, in Janesville, Wis., destroyed over a million dollars worth of property.

The suspension bridge over the Ohio river, opposite Cincinnati, is the largest in the world, being two thousand two hundred and fifty-two feet long. It cost two millions of dollars.

Men can better philosophize on the human heart, but women can read it better.

There are in England six hundred and fifty-one cooperative societies, possessing in the aggregate a capital of nearly four million dollars.

There are \$5,400,000 on deposit in the Boston Five Cent Savings Bank, and in Savings Banks in other parts of the State, \$67,717,947.

All who love peace and are destined to live with those of less delicacy of feeling than themselves, must learn to take no offence where none is intended.

Robert Dick, a baker in Thurso, Scotland, died recently. He was considered by his neighbors to be insane, but his geological and entomological skill were so great that he was a teacher to some of the most eminent scientific men of the age. He died in utter poverty, and doubtless, ere long, he will have a monument furnished by the very men who have been scouting at his labors while he lived. He has left a very valuable collection of geological specimens to a local natural science association.

A cable telegram from London Jan. 15th, says the ice broke in Regent Park, on that day, and precipitated three hundred skaters into the water, thirty of whom were drowned.

EFFECTS OF NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—It is curious, writes a Washington correspondent, to see how easily the mind of the politician accommodates itself to the existing condition of things. But yesterday the Washington or Georgetown negro was nothing but a "nigger"—a nuisance, if you will—a creature without consequence, at least. Now, behold how changed! Law has put the ballot into his hands and he is a king in his own right.

Short dresses and contracted crinoline are becoming fashionable in this and other large cities. Now, ladies, throw away that unsightly knob worn on the back of the head, and then you will look like sensible women.

AN INGENUOUS INVENTION.—An ingenious mechanic (he is a native of New England, of course,) has invented a process by which the enamel from the fibre can be removed from the milk-weed. The fibre then becomes equal to cotton—soft, silky and of great strength. Cloth made from it is stronger than that from any material now known. The trade to be opened by this invention promises to be very lucrative.

People never improve when they have no better models than themselves to copy after.

The Gazette de France is the oldest newspaper extant. It is now in its two hundred and thirty-sixth year.

Queer thing is an insurance policy. If I can't sell it, I cannot let, and if I can let it, I can't sell it.

A New Worker in the Field.

Cophas B. Lynn, the young man spoken of in the last BANNER, bids fair to be one of our brightest stars in the lecturing field. He has spoken several times in Charlestown and Quincy, and is ready and willing to labor where he may be called. He has not had much experience before large audiences, and being in a conscious trance while speaking, it would perhaps be best, at first, for him to visit in smaller places, where friends wish to hold week-day evening circles, and he then could speak for them on Sundays. There are many places where he could be put into the field to advantage, and give good satisfaction. He is an intelligent young man, with prepossessing personal appearance, but is obliged to walk with crutches, as one of his legs withered in early childhood. His relatives are not able to give him sufficient material support, and therefore we hope our friends will see that he has plenty of work, with sufficient remuneration. He is destined to do much good in the field of Spiritualism. His address will be found in the column of the lecturers' appointments.

Notice.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association, are called upon to meet at the Circle Room of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 158 Washington street, Boston, Wednesday, Jan. 23d, at 2 1/2 P. M. A full attendance is absolutely necessary, as business of the utmost importance comes before the meeting. An agent or agents will be appointed, and a general direction given the action of the Association for the ensuing year. Every member of the Committee should be present at this meeting, that its action may be representative of the feelings of all sections, in order that harmony of effort throughout the State may assure the success of our labors.

E. S. WHEELER, Cor. Sec. M. S. A.

New York Department.

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WARREN CHASE, Agent.

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Send us ten cents for a copy of a small pamphlet, "The Rights of Man," by George Fox, through a lady; and get your money's worth. Send seventy-five cents, and get a copy of "Elder Tobias and Shadrac Saddler's Experience in Hell, with the Elder's Father and Mother." Rich things, by a Universalist clergyman.

Any persons wishing books, and not knowing the merits of different works advertised, can send us the amount to be invested, and we will select and send books to the amount received.

Be careful to address WARREN CHASE, 544 Broadway, New York, or BANNER OF LIGHT Branch House, Send Post-office money order when practicable, or draft when the amount reaches ten dollars.

Friends in distant towns and villages who are acquainted with merchants that visit the city can send by them, and have the books put in their boxes of dry goods, to save expense.

Now is the time to get reading matter from the spiritual literature. You can include your subscription for the BANNER, also.

Religion and Law.

It has ever been the practice of religious bigots and zealots to use the strong arm of the law when they could wield it for the defence of their institutions. They have never dared to trust to God the defence of his own truths or revelations. The Jewish Church killed the Infidel blasphemer, Jesus, and some of his followers, and the Christians in turn, under Constantine, and through the whole reign of Popery, as long as it had power to do so, killed those who held the same relation to it that Jesus did to the Jews. When finally the Protestants succeeded in their resistance to Roman power, they too, soon as able, used the law, and poor Socrates, and thousands of such reformers and thinkers, fell victims to their tyrannical vindictive religion.

When the Puritans escaped from the tyranny of the dominant church, and settling on the rocky shores of New England, by perseverance and industry became strong, they, too, became persecutors, and used the law to execute witches and Quakers, and to persecute Unitarians, Universalists and Methodists, till these each, from human and natural sympathy, became strong enough to wrest the law from the control of such ignorant bigots; but no sooner does a reformer like Abner Kneeland come out and hold to them ALL the relation that Jesus held to the Jews, or Luther to the Romish Church, or Fox to the Puritans, than they all combine and use the law again, and shut him up in prison for blasphemy—the same crime for which Jesus and Socrates suffered death. But again

—"the right comes uppermost, And ever is justice done."

for no more blasphemers can be imprisoned in old Massachusetts, nor in many places of the United States. Yet persecution is not done, for in this day of many strange inventions the combined influence of the churches has sought and found a new way to use the law. Spiritualism, a new and radical religion of this century, holding almost exactly the same relation to Christianity that Jesus and his doctrine did to the Jews, and having, as that did, phenomenal as well as philosophical phases—these ever scheming enemies of all innovation and religious progress have found a way to use the law in several States of the nation by arresting, fining, imprisoning, &c., our mediums as jugglers performing without license, when not one of the accredited mediums has ever studied or learned one trick of jugglery, nor ever given, or pretended to give, any trick of the art. Their phenomenal exhibitions are like, but more varied, than those of Methodist and other religious revivals, and only go to show the power and presence of spirits who once lived with us; but this is just what the church and all the churches fear, hence the support they give and the use they make of the law and of jugglery, of which they are all as guilty, and the Roman and the Methodist church much more guilty of jugglery than our mediums.

The late attack upon the Eddy children is the most outrageous and villainous of any in our time, and deserves the righteous indignation of the public.

City Items.

Emma Hardinge and Lizzie Doten are the rival speakers in the city this month, and both fill their halls with the earnest listeners. But many go away only to wonder what it can be that makes the speakers so attractive. Such are not Spiritualists, of course not; they are respectable people.

Not long since I was in a city just out of this city, and sat at a table where a lady and her little daughter of eight or ten years were boarding. The main business of the lady was to train her daughter, and learn her the Catholic lessons, and see that prayers were said, beads counted, and to keep her own soul on the safe side. She was shocked at Spiritualism and Spiritualists, shrank from them as from a robber or murderer. Her husband was absent, engaged in his profession. He, too, was of the holy church, and kept an account with God, which was often settled; and was deeply interested in educating religiously the girl. He followed no other business but his profession, and that was a travelling gambler; but what is that to the terrible belief in spirits? There is no accounting for tastes. There are thousands of such Christians near here, and many much worse; all are respectable if they endorse Christianity.

There is a new discovery, and likely to be patented. It is the use of the gallows as a means of salvation. It is thought to be its best use, as it converts many of the harder sinners, who would be lost without it and their sentence. It is to be added to the means of salvation.

The city is in commotion, just now, about the Sunday Liquor law. Some are alarmed about the business of those who sell liquor for a living, as they will lose so much by stopping on Sunday. We propose to stop it altogether, and let them find better business. Others are fearful the poor drinkers will go sober to church and to bed, one night in the week. What a pity!

Troy, N. Y.

Our Children's Progressive Lyceum Festival was a success. SANTA CLAUS was there in person, with a large hamper filled to the brim with presents for the children, which he unloaded before the tower of the Queen of Gifts, who distributed them to each group as they were "marched to the front."

The Lyceum exercises, singing, gymnastics, Banner March and distribution of the presents occupied about two hours; and a more happy set of faces, both young and old, I have never seen together. After Santa Claus had made his rounds, the younger children were dismissed to their homes to dream of the wonderful old saint, while the older ones joined in the merry dance until "the wee wee" hours aye the twal," when

all left delighted with this first Christmas Festival of "The Children's Progressive Lyceum." During the first four Sundays of December, we listened to the burning eloquence of that zealous apostle of the Harmonical Philosophy, Selden J. Finney, who lectures for us in January and perhaps February.

One Sunday an old friend and town's woman, Mrs. E. A. Bliss, lectured very acceptably to us upon "The Power of Truth," which subject she handled with her accustomed ability, although yet very weak from her long illness. At the close of the meeting our favorite spirit, "Harebell," took the control and gave us a very pleasant talk. Mrs. Bliss is fast regaining her strength, and will soon be able to respond in person to the numerous invitations she is daily receiving again to enter the lecture field. Our cause was never more flourishing in Troy than now, and the interest is increasing. Yours for the truth, B. STARKUCK.

Wanted, in Broadway, N. Y., five Doctors of Divinity. The old gentleman is sick, and it is feared, in a decline. The Herald and Sunday Mercury are nursing him now, but, as they are not D. D.s; they will only receive directions what to do for his comfort and recovery, and no doubt will be faithful to the trust as long as it pays well. The liquor traffic is greatly alarmed about the old gentleman's recovery, as his decline and decease are its ruin.

Business Matters.

Our Society has a FERTYTYPE GALLERY at 730 Broadway, New York.

SITUATION WANTED.—A lady who is a thorough English and French scholar, desires a situation as governess, copyist, or to do any kind of writing. Will leave New England if a good salary is offered. References exchanged. Address Miss G., BANNER OF LIGHT office.

When you are depressed by the gaunt, sickly feeling of a disordered system, which needs to be cleansed and stimulated into healthy action, take a dose or two of AVER'S PILLS, and see how quick you can be restored for a shilling.

MR. O. T. SLAYTON, of Stowe, Vt., has opened Rooms at No. 20 E. Houston street, New York City, where he is prepared to examine clairvoyantly and treat magnetically all diseases that can be reached by such means. MR. SLAYTON is a young man who has been very successful, is highly recommended, and deserving of patronage. W. C.

CARD.—THE ONLY SPIRITUAL COLLEGE FOR INVALIDS AND STUDENTS.—Largo, newly furnished edition. Short run from Boston. See Circular, with terms, engraving of the building, &c., lately in the BANNER. Patients and pupils received at all times. DR. UTAH CLARK, Greenwood, Mass.

L. L. FARNSWORTH, Medium, answers SEALED LETTERS. Persons sending \$3 and four 3-cent stamps, will receive a card reply. Address, 1010 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

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

Special Notices.

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

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, SOUTHWICK, LONDON, ENGLAND. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 16.

"Coe's Gough Balm" are household words throughout the United States. As we travel we are greeted with "from rocks and fences; if we pick up a newspaper we are advised to 'try it';" and as we visit our friends we see it on the shelf ready for use. It soothes troubled children, puts a veto on coughing, and is a great relief to the consumptive.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. Every day affords new proofs of the peculiar effects of this preparation. In cases where a disordered condition of the stomach, liver and bowels, is combined with great debility, nervous weakness, and intense melancholy, its effects are most beneficial and wonderful. It should be kept by every family. 2w-Jan. 19.

Such curative and healing power as is contained in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, has never before been known in the entire history of medicine. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

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Physicians of all schools of medicine, use Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column. Nov. 24.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

RADICAL LECTURES ON RELIGION.

It is arranged to have a course of twelve lectures on topics of Religion at Parker Fraternity Hall, No. 554 Washington street, Boston.

The opening lecture will be given on SUNDAY EVENING, JAN. 27, at 7 o'clock, by

REV. C. A. BARTOL, D. D.

Subject, "The Church of the Spirit."

The following lectures will appear in the course on successive Sunday evenings:

Rev. WM. J. POTTER, Rev. SAMUEL JOHNSON, Rev. JOHN W. CHADWICK, Rev. SAM'L LONGFELLOW, Rev. FRANCIS E. ABBOTT, Rev. JOSEPH MARVIN, Rev. OLYMPIA BROWN, Rev. EVERETT FINLEY, Rev. JOHN WEISS, Rev. S. H. MORSE, RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Tickets to the course, for one person, \$2; and for gentleman and lady, \$3.

For sale at OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington street. 3w-Jan. 26.

VAPOR BATHS! MAGNETIC BATHS!

THESE healthful Baths are administered by MRS. WILLIAM A. J. DAVIS's system, at all hours of the day, either medicated or plain, and with or without clairvoyant examination and magnetic treatment, at No. 8 NEW STREET, NEWARK, N. J. 1w-Jan. 26.

First Abridged Edition of the Manual, FOR CHILDREN'S LYCEUMS.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

It contains Rules, Marches, Lessons, Invocations, Silver Chains, Recitations, Hymns and Songs. Price, per copy, 4 cents, and 4 cents postage if sent by mail; for 12 copies, \$4.50; and for 100 copies, \$34.00. Address the Publisher, BELLA MARSH, 14 Broad Street, Boston. 3w-Jan. 26.

"STAR-SPANGLED BANNER," for February, now ready. Cheapest Paper published. A large eight-page paper, full of rich, rare and rare Reading, Large, SKETCHES, ILLUSTRATIONS, PUZZLES, COLORED LETTERS, and THE FURNISHING PART. Contains, also, a very fine YOUNG MAN'S SPECIMEN OF A POET. Order, "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER," HIRSHDALE, N. J. 1w-Jan. 26.

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Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:

J. M. PEEBLES, EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the Banner of Light. Letters and papers intended for publication, or for circulation, should be sent to the Editor, or to the Western Department, at the office of the Banner of Light, Boston. Those who wish to have their names inserted in the Western Department, will please send them to the Editor, or to the Western Department, at the office of the Banner of Light, Boston.

Summer and the Indians.

This senator, so ably representing Massachusetts, has been considered by some a man of but one idea; but the interest he takes in the Indian question, and his recent mainly defensive, in the Senate, of their rights, shows him a genuine humanitarian, devoted to human rights, without regard to race, sex or color. It has been estimated that when Columbus landed upon the shores of this Western world, there were some sixteen millions of Indians upon this continent. But after the civilizing and Christianizing processes, instituted first by European adventurers, and secondly by Americans, with such attending instrumentalities as firearms, whiskey, border-agencies and Bibles, the number has been reduced, according to the official report of 1866, to two hundred and ninety-five thousand seven hundred and seventy-four; twelve thousand less than the previous year.

There certainly cannot be over three hundred thousand Indians in the entire country, and they are outlaws. Of this they are thoroughly conscious, and inheriting an innate, manly pride, knowing themselves to be outlaws, they naturally resort to the first law of life, self-defence. Our Government troops in battle do not take them prisoners, but shoot them down as they would wild beasts. In case of frauds or non-payments by Indian agents, they have no courts. When injured, their evidence is not allowed. Their squaws and papooses are shot for sport, while territories and the Minnesota State Legislature passed an act paying a bounty for Indian scalps.

In Congress there is a bill now pending for an inspection into, as well as looking to a just administration of our Indian affairs. It has already passed the Senate, and will, doubtless, pass the House with little or no opposition. Besides extending the protection of law over all the Indians and making their evidence good in the courts, it proposes to divide the Indian country into five inspection districts, with a board of three inspectors to each district. This board is required to visit each tribe within the bounds of the district annually, hearing complaints, taking testimony, adjusting difficulties, and, if agents are found unworthy, removing or recommending their immediate removal. It is further authorized to see that treaties are carried out, that they receive their appropriations, and that their rights—rights as men—are respected. When this bill becomes a law, we hope that Col. Tappan, who is the very soul of integrity and honor, may be prominent among the appointed officials for its administration, justice and integrity being the key-notes of his nature.

Our sympathies are deeply enlisted in behalf of this once powerful people, now rapidly retreating before the onward march of civilization. That they possess many noble qualities and are capable of a high civilization, few dispute. To us there is much in their nature absolutely grand; but this true, native soul-grandeur of theirs will shine out more clearly in the hunting-grounds of heaven.

Spiritualism in Titusville, Pa.

On our way from Cincinnati, we dropped off from the through train, at Corry, Pa., and aboard another train, were soon put down in the oil-region city, Titusville, and greeted by several old acquaintances. Our first thought was, this is the Pacific coast; for the wildness of the scenery, the hurried step, the snap and vim of business, all reminded us of California mining life.

We did not invest—had nothing to invest, and then the whim runs in our head, that 'tis better to dig up than down. All imperishable things come from above. St. John saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven; not bubbling up from an oil well. Nevertheless, oil is well—useful in machinery, and necessary as a light. Those who use aright the oily wealth they pump from the earth, converting it into light—spiritual light, to illumine and educate humanity—will hereafter shine as stars in the firmament.

During our stay, we shared the hospitalities of Bro. Wm. Barnsdell's home; and both himself and family have the faculty of making it truly a home. Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Stearns, Bro. L. C. Howe, and others, have ministered to this people in spiritual things; usually occupying the Universalist church, mostly built, by the way, by Spiritualists. Bro. J. Watson, ever liberal in behalf of the truth he cherishes, contributing two thousand dollars, and Bro. Barnsdell, equally, three thousand dollars.

Their recent Universalist clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Bacon, thinking perhaps to gain laurels, preached against Spiritualism, and was soon after dismissed. This Universalist church is now occupied by the Baptists. Bro. Bacon put on a surplice, the few last Sundays of his preaching. It was very appropriate—as autumn puts on sable robes, ere it dies and drops into its wintry tomb. Spiritualists have quite too long helped construct sectarian churches to be locked out of them; and paid their funds into theological institutions, to the neglect of their own medium, lecturers, and the general interests of this great spiritual movement, yet destined to shake kingdoms and usher in the millennium.

Rev. S. C. Hayford in Washington.

This brother, who recently left the Universalist denomination because convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, has removed to Philadelphia, (see full address in the speakers' list,) and has, for several Sundays, been speaking to the Spiritualists in the national metropolis, to great acceptance.

By the way, the "Gospel Banner," speaking of him a few weeks since, said in a very ungentlemanly manner, saying nothing of the Christian: "There was so little of him," he would not be missed from the denomination. Well, little or much, Universalists thought there was enough of him to educate three years in a theological school—enough of him to receive a Letter of Fellowship—enough of him to ordain a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ—enough of him to employ as pastor of churches, at a fine salary. In fact, all went "merry as a marriage bell," ill, prompted by honesty, he announced himself a Spiritualist; and then "presto, change," how soon the fine gold became dim! We think our brother will survive the shock, however, as he left here remarkably cheerful and happy only the other morning, to meet his family in Philadelphia.

Organization in Ohio.—A Response to Dr. Cooper's Letter.

The following definition of a "Church" has been promulgated by one of our dominant sects of Christians, viz: "A Church is a company of men, having the form of godliness and seeking the power thereof."

This definition may do for "Crabstorian Philosophers" who believe that God formed man of the dust of the earth, and, after doing so, breathed into him the breath of life, and thus set the machine in motion. But for Spiritualists, who perceive that forms are the result of the aggregation and concentration of forces, it will not do. A better definition of a true Church may be obtained by remodeling it as follows: *A true Church is a company of men and women, who, feeling the divine impulses of LOVE, WISDOM and USE, have taken on form—associated together for the purpose of giving a fuller and truer expression to the same.*

Believing that the "signs of the times" indicate a demand for a form, or organization, through the agency of which Spiritualists may give a truer and broader expression to the divine impulses which they feel, in LAUDS for human redemption, I am in favor of a Convention of the Spiritualists of our State, for the purpose of forming an organization, should such a result be found practicable. To facilitate the calling and convening of the Convention, I recommend that societies, where such exist, and individuals, where they do not, open a correspondence with Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, giving their views as to the propriety of holding such Convention, and stating their preferences of time and place of its meeting; and that Dr. Cooper proceed in the early spring—provided a majority of his correspondents favor the movement—to call a State Convention of the Spiritualists of Ohio, at such time and place as may be indicated by the largest number of his correspondents.

There are but few points in our State where the cause we love seems sufficiently prosperous to admit of any outward demonstrations or vigorous onsets upon the ranks of darkness and error. In Dayton we once had a "name to live" and a form through which to work; but the exodus of several families from our city, has deprived us of many of our best workers, and left us without the sinews of war. Some of those who remain have hearts more capacious than their pockets; while others seem to have pocketed their hearts with their treasure.

The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have considerable wealth, and seem to know how to use it at home in the right direction. But, brethren of the "Queen City," is your philanthropy circumscribed by your city boundaries?

Spiritualists of Cleveland, ye do well at home, but are you so enamored with the beauty of your "Forest City" as to lose all interest in the residue of the State, and mankind? Oh, Columbus, prodigy of the great navigator and discoverer, where are you searching for newer worlds and diviner truths? In the murky sphere of politics? I fear your patron saint will be ashamed of you! The angels have explored you, and find your atmosphere to be impure, while the chilly pall of conservatism shuts out the light of heaven from you. A few chosen ones are found in you, however, for whose sakes the angels continue to visit your precincts; hoping through their instrumentality to kindle a fire that shall yet purify you.

Toledo, the granary of our State, is doing well. With bread enough, and to spare, for home consumption, can you not, dear friends, give a little to the famishing outside of your city?

In Zanesville, the city of coal-soot and petroleum, dwell a few select, harmonious souls, the melody of whose voices has oft made glad the heart of a humble worker in God's vineyard. Can you not spare a little of your oil, dear friends, to light the lamp of life in localities as dark as your own? By so doing, you will bring light to your own dwellings and joy to your friends.

Spiritualists of Ohio! A beautiful light is streaming from the supernatural world. The horizon is tinged with the dawn of a golden day. The season is propitious, and the signs are pregnant with the promise of a great soul-harvest.

As citizens of this great State, this grand division of our great Republic, we are deeply interested in the progress of the great spiritual movement of the age; for, through its benign instrumentality, the gallows will be abolished, the penitentiary fall to ruins for want of convicts, the county jails be converted into workshops, and our poor-houses become utterly useless. The streams of intemperance are to be dried up, domestic discord banished from our borders, woman emancipated, and orphanage relieved of the curse which now attends it.

Let us meet in convention, and see if we have the divine impulse strong enough to enable us to give form and vitality to an organization, through which to work for human redemption.

Yours, in labors for a purer religion, a diviner Spiritualism, and a truer civilization.

Dayton, Ohio. GEORGE KATES.

Dr. S. D. Pace, and his Remedies.

We do but the simplest act of justice in calling the reader's attention to the medicines of Bro. Pace, advertised in another column of this paper. We have known this brother since his first control by the invisibles—have used his remedies—and know many that have not only been benefited, but completely cured by them. His integrity and devotion to business, aided by spirit intelligences, account for his success.

N. B. Starr.

The address of Bro. Starr, the Western spirit artist, for the next two months is St. Clair, Michigan. He is traveling more or less exhibiting his recent beautiful spirit painting. We commission him to paint as he goes.

Notes from a Medium.

The friends of Barbara Allen, the excellent test medium, will be gratified to know that she has not been idle since she left our city, as the following will show:

Will you permit me to salute my worthy patrons once more, through the columns of your paper, whose weekly visitations are welcomed by each member of our household, from the eldest down to our little Etta, our seven-year-old darling, who is sitting on the sofa playing with her pet dog, a universal favorite? In 1865 I was in Massachusetts, meeting old friends and many new ones in Boston, Roxbury, Charlestown, Chelsea, Cambridge, Melrose, New Bedford, North Wrentham, Foxborough, Southborough, Weymouth and Quincy. The first day of May, 1866, I attended a May party held by the Universalists in Claremont, N. H., greeting those with whom I associated in former years. Some greeted me with the cordiality of long-established friendship, while others who have communed with me in brotherly love, seemed to stand aloof because I believe in spiritual communion. The first of June I visited the Spiritualists in Unity and Goshen; received a rich reward for my labors. June 13, attended the Centennial Celebration in Oroydon. The 20th, I was present at the picnic in the grove near the pleasant residence of S. D. Clark, Esq., of Westmoreland. The weather was delightful. A large circle of friends assembled. The last time

I saw Bro. J. B. Dennis in his earth-form, was this occasion. He has conversed with me several times since he has been clothed with the robes of immortality, through my own organism.

June 26 I attended a Masonic celebration in Claremont. The oration, by Rev. Asher Moore, of Springfield, Vt., had a tendency to increase my respect for the Order. He said "he hoped soon to see the ladies in full fellowship, instead of being held at arm's length in the outer courts." July 21, I stood on the top of Mount Monadnock, in company with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fassett, of Andover, and Mrs. J. C. Fassett, of Keene. In August, while in the northern part of this State, in sight of the White Mountains. On my homeward route, I stopped in Lebanon. The people of that pleasant village gave me a very kind and friendly reception and entertainment, making my stay very agreeable indeed. In Nov., I stopped a few days at the hospitable home of Dr. Luther Burt, in Walpole, N. H. I met a goodly number of people who are earnestly contending for the advancement of Spiritualism. I regret to see those who should be champions of the religion of reason, who are as anxious not to be thought a Spiritualist, as Peter, on one occasion, was anxious not to be mistaken for a disciple of Christ.

May He who is the life of the soul bless you, dear friends, for your hospitality and sympathy in the past. Yours with fidelity, BARBARA ALLEN.

East Westmoreland, N. H., Jan. 8, 1867.

From Philadelphia.

I am to speak in Providence in March; in New York, in Ebbitt Hall, in April. I look upon Mr. and Mrs. B. Dyott, in whose parlors I have spent many quiet evenings, as representatives of the Spiritualist Society, and some kind of entertainment to attract their attention are constantly being invented. Numbers of young men come here and practice gymnastics or music, who were not these inducements established—might be drawn into such society and before self-respect, the greatest loss a man or woman can meet with. May God, who blesses Mr. and Mrs. Dyott, bless those who like them, have hearts to do, with means to carry out their humanitarian purposes. The cause "still lives" and progresses, and will until "right shall over might prevail."

M. S. TOWNSEND.

No. 284 Third St., Philadelphia, Penn., Jan. 14, 1867.

Donations to Bread Fund.

W. W. West, Ipswich, Mass. \$5.00
F. G. Gage, Lynn, Mass. 1.00
I. W. Russell, Winchester, N. H. 2.00
Mrs. M. Deane, Watertown, N. Y. 2.00
Friend, Hyannis, Mass. 50

Donations to Fund to Send Banner Free to the Poor.

D. D. Home Lyon, London, Eng. \$15.63
H. A. B. Boston, Mass. 1.00
G. A. B. Boston, Mass. 1.00

Donations to the Jackson Fund.

C. Tinker, Kingsville, O. \$1.00
Fred. Gage, Lynn, Mass. 1.00

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., in No. 2 Tremont Row, Hall 23. Evening meeting will commence at 7 1/2 P. M.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Children's Lyceum commenced with the 25th of January, at 10 A. M., in the hall of the Lyceum, at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec.

THE INDEPENDENT SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, Charlestown, hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 1/2 P. M., in the hall of the Lyceum, at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec.

CHelsea.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chelsea hold regular meetings at Lyceum Hall, every Sunday forenoon and evening, at 7 1/2 P. M. The Children's Lyceum commenced with the 25th of January, at 10 A. M., in the hall of the Lyceum, at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec.

LYNN.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 1/2 P. M., in the hall of the Lyceum, at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec.

NEWTON CORNER, MASS.—The Spiritualists and friends of progress hold meetings in Middlesex Hall, Sundays, at 2 1/2 P. M.

HAVENHILL, MASS.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Havenhill hold meetings at Music Hall every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M. The Children's Lyceum commenced with the 25th of January, at 10 A. M., in the hall of the Lyceum, at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—The "Plymouth Spiritualists' Fraternity" hold meetings in Lyceum Hall, three-fourths the time, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 1/2 P. M. The Children's Lyceum commenced with the 25th of January, at 10 A. M., in the hall of the Lyceum, at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec.

Worcester, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Lyceum commenced with the 25th of January, at 10 A. M., in the hall of the Lyceum, at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The Fraternal Society of Spiritualists hold meetings in Lyceum Hall, every Sunday forenoon and evening, at 7 1/2 P. M. The Children's Lyceum commenced with the 25th of January, at 10 A. M., in the hall of the Lyceum, at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec.

Providence, R. I.—Meetings are held in Frait's Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 1/2 P. M. The Children's Lyceum commenced with the 25th of January, at 10 A. M., in the hall of the Lyceum, at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Dodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway. Speakers engaged: Mrs. Emma Harding during January and February.

THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 1/2 P. M. The Children's Lyceum commenced with the 25th of January, at 10 A. M., in the hall of the Lyceum, at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings are held in the new hall in Phoenix street every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Children's Lyceum commenced with the 25th of January, at 10 A. M., in the hall of the Lyceum, at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Granlan, Cor. Sec.

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TOLLEDO, O.—Meetings are held every Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. All are invited free—no admission fee. The Banner of Light and Spiritualist Republic are for sale at 25 cents per copy.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum holds regular sessions every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 P. M., in Mercantile Hall, Col. Wm. E. Moberly, Conductor; Mrs. Mary B. Moberly, Guardian.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Meetings are held and addresses delivered in Union League Hall, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Speakers engaged: Mrs. M. J. Mayo during January; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during February.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The Spiritualists of Louisville commence their meetings the first Sunday in November, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., in Temperance Hall, Market street, between 4th and 5th streets. Speakers engaged: Frank White during January and February; Charles A. Hayden during March and April; Nellie L. Whitte during May.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—The Spiritualists hold regular Sunday meetings in Turn Vernal Hall, at 11 o'clock A. M., and a lecture at 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Lyceum meetings at 10 A. M. H. Bowman, Conductor; Mrs. G. A. Brewer, 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 behooves 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 to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.)

J. MADISON ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker, will speak at convenient distances from Boston. Address care this office. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

C. FANNIS LEE will speak in Charlestown, Mass., Jan. 20 and 21, at 10 A. M., in East Bridge Street, Feb. 10, 20, and 21, at 10 A. M., in North Middleboro, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Salem, Mass., during January, in William Hall, during February, in Somers, Conn., during April in Plymouth, Mass., May 5, 12 and 19. Would like to make further engagements. Address, 87 Spring Street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. M. A. C. BROWN will speak in Jamaica, Vt., during January. Address as above, or Ware, Mass.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Woodstock, Vt., Jan. 20 and 21, at 10 A. M., and speak every week evening, if desired. Address, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, P. O. Drawer 6225, Chicago, Ill., care of Spiritual Republic.

J. H. BICKFORD, inspirational speaker, Charlestown, Mass. Rev. ADIN BALLOU, Hopedale, Mass.

D. P. BOWMAN, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa. Dr. W. K. BAILEY, Quincy, Ill., will answer calls to lecture. Address, 100 North Main Street, Mankato, Minn.

Mrs. E. A. BLISS will speak in Worcester, Mass., during February. Address, 250 North Second Street, Troy, N. Y.

WALTER CHASE will speak in Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 20 and 21, at 10 A. M., and in Charlestown, Mass., during March. Address, 100 North Main Street, Mankato, Minn.

DEAN CLARK, inspirational speaker, Brandon, Vt. Mrs. LAURA CURRY is lecturing in San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. L. K. COONEY will remain in New England until March 1. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and Spiritual and Reform Books. Address, Newburyport, Mass.

Mrs. MARIETTA F. CROSS, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Hampstead, N. H., care of N. P. Cross.

P. CLARK, M. D., will answer calls to lecture, 18 M. Street, New York City.

Mrs. SOPHIA L. CHAPPEL will receive calls to lecture in New England until further notice. Address, 11 South Street, Boston.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIE will answer calls to speak in New England through the summer and fall. Address, box 515, Lowell, Mass.

ALBERT E. CARPENTER will answer calls to lecture, and also pay particular attention to establishing new Lyceums. Address, 100 North Main Street, Mankato, Minn.

Mrs. JENNETT J. CLARK, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays in all of the towns in Connecticut. Will also lecture in New York, and in New Jersey. Address, 100 North Main Street, Mankato, Minn.

Mrs. D. CHADWICK, trance speaker, will lecture, hold readings, give tests, and prescribe for the sick. Address, box 272, Vermont, N. Y.

Dr. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O., will take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

IRA H. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn.

Dr. W. C. DUNN, lecturer and healer, Rockford, Ill. Dr. J. T. DOW, lecturer, Rockford, Ill.

Dr. H. E. EATON, lecturer, South Coventry, Conn. At P. M. will speak in Portland, Me., during January; in Plymouth, Mass., during February; in Springfield during March. Will answer calls to lecture week-day evenings in all of the towns in Connecticut.

Mrs. ELIZA HOWE FULLER will answer calls to lecture wherever the friends may desire. Address, LaGrange, Me.

Mrs. MARY L. FRENCH, inspirational and trance medium, will answer calls to lecture, attend circles or funerals. Free of charge. Address, Elyria street, Washington Village, South Boston.

Dr. H. P. FAIRFIELD, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Iowa City, Iowa, box 256.

S. J. FISK, Lecturer, Andover, Mass. Dr. Wm. FITZGIMMOND will answer calls to lecture on the science of Human Electricity, as connected with the Physical Manifestations of the Spiritual Philosophy. Address, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. CLARA A. FIELD will answer calls to lecture. Address, Newburyport, Mass.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will lecture in Chelsea during February. Address as above, or Kenduske