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Written for the Banner of Light.

MIZPAH.

BY MINNIE MINTON.

Author of "Sunny Path," "The Old Love and the New," etc.

PART II.—CONTINUED.

Jan. 20th, 1844.—Months have passed since my book was closed unconsciously by this hand. They found me with it tightly clasped in my hands and pressed to my heart, as if it were a living friend to comfort me. No entreaties could persuade me to part with it, even in my delirium. So you have kept my counsel faithfully, *ma confidente*. I thought to never look at your pages again; but you have been with me in gladness, and you shall share my sorrow. Oh, God! sorrow too great, too great to bear! I cannot calmly think of it even after all these long months. For weeks after that night, they say, I raved in all the delirium of a severe brain fever. My life was despaired of. Oh, if I had died then and been spared the agony which came with restored consciousness! Oh, my burden is too heavy to bear! my love! my love! my only love!

Feb. 5th.—Things have not changed much down here at the vicarage, since I left three years ago. I left full of life, energy, hope, ambition. I return with crushed energies, feeble health, buried hopes and not an ambition in life. I came back here of my own accord. I could not endure to meet, as I would have had to meet at Lady Seton's, those whom I had known during the past year in gaiety and joy, and have them see me so utterly crushed. Very fortunate, said Lady Seton, that my engagement had not been made public. As if I cared who knew of my loss! I glory in it! If I but could see him, no consolation would be too great to win him back. Pride is dead; love only remains. And I know he, too, loves me. He cannot fall. Do not yet wear his ring, and does not the legend any one ever wore it but they were worthy? Oh, how could he, how could he imagine those few passionate words were from my heart? It was this unfortunate temper which, alas! I have never learned to control. Oh, Robert! my heart's love! how could you think I meant it? I knew not what I was saying, yet the words are seared into my memory by his repetition of them: "I will not obey you! You are too exacting, and I could not long love one who expects a slave in his wife. If you really believe a wife should obey her husband, seek such a slave elsewhere!" Oh, Robert, they were cruel words! I believe some demon controlled my tongue!

My dream of last summer! ah! my dream! How it all comes back to me. Those dark, wrangling beings trying to separate us! they have succeeded. Alas! alas! But if he loved me so truly, could he not have been more patient? Could he not have waited to see if I would not retract my words? He did not even ask me; he but repeated them, said, "Good-by forever!" and left me. Oh, Robert, were you not cruel, too? Yet it was my fault. Had not Mrs. Minton told me he could not endure the slightest distrust of his honor, or suspicion that his love was wasted? And what could be more bitter than to doubt he would ever love me obey him, save where it was right? To think that one little word, "obey," should have separated us. No, not that, but my pride, my false pride, which had made me resolve never to obey a man.

April 1st.—Life must be all powerful in youth, else one could not endure such unutterable agony and live. The heart-sickening suspense is harder to bear than was the first keen pain. Never to have heard in all these long, weary months where he is; if he is alive even, I know not! The only time I have had the slightest intelligence of him since that fearful night, was on my first recovering my senses after my long delirium. I asked Lady Seton to send for Mr. H.—. I wished to see him ere I died, for I was so utterly prostrated that I thought it was indeed the weakness of death, and strange to say, it had lost all its terrors for me. I felt resigned, calm, almost happy—the happiness, I suppose, of relief from keen physical pain, and from being too weak actually to think. Her reply (and a little ploy seemed to soften her voice, notwithstanding her being really glad in her heart that an engagement of which she never approved was ended), was that she had heard from Madame Leroy that Mr. H.— had called on her on his way to catch the midnight train to Liverpool, (that same night it was,) that he had but time to say he had decided on a voyage to India, and should sail on a ship leaving Liverpool the following night. Since then I have heard not a word. Oh, if I but dared write to Mrs. Minton! But I cannot, I cannot. Her words even now seem ringing in my ears: "If you let aught but death part you and him, you will be responsible for a lost soul!" My God! my God! pity me! It seems as if I could not live! If I were but sure death was oblivion I would soon seek it. I had last night the bottle in my hand which contained what I thought would end my sufferings, when I heard—I know it was not fancy—I heard as plainly as if spoken by mortal voice, when I knew no human being was near me: "Rash child! would you rush into suffering greater than you now undergo? Live, live to make atonement for the misery your own hand has wrought!"

May 15th.—Another sorrow—or it would be if my heart were not so desolated by its one constant pain that all else seems unfit: dear Mrs. Minton has gone to her home with the angels. Oh, that I were but with her, that I but lay by her side, the same green grass waving o'er us, the same violets perfuming our earthy bed!

May 20th.—As I sat here in my bonnet to-day, as I do sit much of the time, alone and thinking, ever thinking, I fell asleep (if sleep it was; it seemed like the trances I have read of.) I saw standing before me a lady, tall, dark and very beautiful; a halo of light surrounded her like a garment of

glory; her eyes were filled with the most tender pity and her voice was sweet as an Aeolian harp's faintest whisper in the night winds. I felt, even before she spoke, that it was my mother I beheld for the first time in my life. This is what she said—each word engraved on my memory indelibly: "Child of my heart, dearer than my own existence, for willingly I gave my life for yours, listen to your mother's voice, and let her words whisper comfort to your broken spirit. Earnestly have I striven, dear one, to attain the knowledge and power which would enable me to make you conscious of my presence—conscious that never in all your saddest and loneliest hours has there been a moment but what a mother's watchful love was ever over you, and striving, oh, how earnestly how patiently, striving to make you feel her presence. But I was weak and your will was powerful. Often when I had, I thought, made you feel and see how you should act, a moment of passion threw you out of the sphere of my control and placed you in a condition to have the worst traits of your character acted upon by beings who hover near earth with the same base desire of doing injury that they possessed when they inhabited it. Dear one, resist, with all the force of your will, this despair which is overshadowing you, and which these poor, benighted beings delight in making more dense. I once told you, when, with the aid of some dear friends, more powerful than I, we succeeded in preventing you from consummating an act too frequently perpetuated by earth's children in moments of agony—I then told you that by thus prematurely leaving earth you would but increase your sufferings.

It is indeed so. The opportunities of atonement for misdeeds in earth-life, are usually much greater and more facile than from the spirit-world. Every sin must be atoned for—not by the blood of another, as I was taught, but by repentance and restitution from ourselves. Dear child, you have the means to make your life a blessing to thousands, and thus by their happiness bring joy to your own heart, and compensate for the ill you have done. Live for others. Let this be your motto in life. And beside the good you may have wrought by the time you are called to leave this life, you may, I do not say you will, but from the shadow of the future which I behold, I repeat you may atone to him whom most you have injured, for all you have caused him to endure. Only strive earnestly, seek and ye shall find!"

As the last hopeful words died away, and the form gradually dissolved from my view, strains of sweeter music than ever greeted ear before filled the room, and I seemed to hear angel voices singing these words:

"Sister, weary not of life;
Sister, life is not all strife!
Heaven is with pleasure rife,
Heaven on earth you too may see,
Dear sister, if you will guide do
By those who've been near to thee."

Oct. 14th.—On attaining my majority, I for the first time became cognizant of the great responsibility which is attached to wealth great as mine. I felt helpless indeed, when I saw the mass of papers to be gone through with, before I could at all comprehend—as I had resolved I would—how my property lies. Fortunately Sir James Lely, my guardian of all monetary affairs, is a clear-headed, able business man, and he had patience to explain everything clearly to me. I find much has been invested by Sir James in the coal mines. He has bought up in my behalf one large mine in the district where my father's pretty place of "Heathdell" is situated. I have decided upon residing at "Heathdell," and hope here to find the opportunity of doing some good among the families of the poor miners, of whose state I have heard and read so much that distressed me.

Grandpapa and Aunt Susan will be down at Heathdell for some months with me, while I am having the vicarage put in perfect order for my dear old grandfather; and my former governess, Miss Slade, will remain permanently with me. Lady Seton pitifully asks if I intend burying myself, and settling down into an old maid at twenty-two? I say to myself—but not to her, for, poor lady, she would not understand me—that with the help of God and his good angels, whom I really believe he does permit to watch over us, that so far from "burying my talent," I will earnestly endeavor to put it to the best use and return it to my Lord, increased tenfold. I have resolved, and I earnestly pray I may be strengthened in the resolution, that I will try to live for others; that I will try to "leave some footprints in the path of time" that will not be unworthy to be trodden by another. I have resolved I will not let the sorrow of my life force me into committing the still greater sin of throwing away that life, as far as all useful and practical purposes are concerned. On the contrary, I am determined that I will live—in the words of his favorite Longfellow:

"Be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, and to wait."

May 17th, 1846.—The time rolls on, and as the days go by, I find

"Life has more things to dwell on,
Than just one useless pain."

And I try—how earnestly God and his good angels only know—to "dwell on the pain" as little as may be, and to make my own life as bright and cheerful as I strive to make that of those around me. I have quite settled down into a "Lady of the Manor" here at Heathdell. My school is established for the children of the miners, and I am looking forward next winter to having evening schools for the men themselves. I have an efficient assistant in all my schemes in the curate of the parish—a thoroughly good man, seeking to aid each and all of his flock for the best welfare of their temporal as well as spiritual interests. I find much to do in visiting my people, comforting the sick and aiding the needy. It was hard work the first year, I saw and heard so much that was repugnant to my refined tastes. But I strove to remember that each of those

bodies, however coarse the clay of which it was formed, contained an immortal soul. I strove to remember if there was none to point the way to the light of a higher, better life, they must grope on in the darkness of sin and misery. I feel that I, who by one passionate act of my life may be (oh, my God, I pray not!) responsible "for one lost soul," can only atone by striving to save many. If I could, if I dared grant in the hope conveyed in those parting words of my dream or vision, whichever it was—if I could but believe that I may live to see the day when I may, by the devotion of years, atone to him for the agony I know I have caused, ah, then I would more hopefully, patiently bide my time. Now the dark days will come, in spite of all efforts; the hours when faith wavers, and I feel life is too great a struggle to endure. When my loneliness crushes every gleam of hope, and happiness seems buried too deep for resurrection in this world or the next, oh many, many a time I cry out like Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear"; and I grow rebellious, and submit not in heart. But thank God for his mercy, these hours are less and less frequent, and I find the more earnestly I seek to follow that motto given in my dream, the rarer are the days of darkness. Somewhere I saw these lines, and they come home to my heart:

"Shall I love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of Time?
Shall I, these misty memories locked within,
Leave and forget Life's purposes sublime?"

Oh, I pray I may not, but that each year of my life I may more sedulously devote myself to those "purposes sublime," feeling that the smallest thing done in God's service is sublime.

I was—as I often am—in London on business a week or two in March. There, by chance, I heard the first intelligence of him since he left England. Madame Leroy casually mentioned in my presence (it seems so strange none should suspect what he was to me) that her friend, Mr. H.—, whom perhaps I recollected, (my God! I recollect!) was creating quite a sensation in India. There had been an insurrection among the Sepoys, and Mr. H.— had enlisted as a volunteer under one of his friends, a Colonel in H. M. S., 15th Regiment, and had so distinguished himself by his bravery, that he attracted the attention and admiration of all. So recklessly did he risk his life, and yet escape unhurt, that the natives looked upon him as a god, and called him "charmed life." How I shuddered and trembled to my heart's core, as I thought what was responsible for this recklessness of life. "If I lose you I lose my all—every hope of happiness or joy in life." That was what he said, and yet I could bid him seek a wife elsewhere!

Oh, my darling! my love! Shall I ever live to atone to thee? Will God indeed "watch between thee and me, when absent from each other," and some day bring you safely back to me? It is strange how much faith I place in neither of us having thought to restore that ring in that hour of parting! It seems to me as long as I wear that, which the tradition says has never yet been worn by woman who was not true and faithful wife, that he must regard me, as I regard myself, as his wife, alone! I vowed, and I will not go back! Each year of my life I repeat that vow, "Never in this world or the next to let another call me wife." I have need to be firm, for my life is a hard one to lead alone. For one of my years to take upon herself much that seems a man's part to do, is not pleasant! And beside, what with the patiently continued attentions of the Earl of L.—, and I am sorry to say, the evident desire of my former guardian, Sir James Lely, to assume a new guardianship over me, and sundry visits from the little Marquis, as *debonnaire* as ever—why, I find Miss Glyndon (or her fortune) seem as attractive as when, five long years ago, she made her girlish descent upon society, full of hope and ambition—hopes never to be realized, ambition changed, I hope now, to more worthy objects!

Dec. 27th, 1847.—We had an unusually large and gay party gathered at Heathdell for Christmas, this season. Among others, Madame Leroy, and with her my old pet, Minnie Minton. It appears some political affairs called Judge Minton over as temporary ambassador, and he brought Minnie on a visit to her aunt. She had not forgotten me, dear little one! And I, on my part, notwithstanding the painful reminiscences her presence recalls, am very glad to see her. She has been living constantly in boarding-schools since her mother's death, and has, I can see, passed through all the keen anguish which a sensitive and retiring child like her must endure when suddenly transplanted from the atmosphere of tender love which ever surrounded her in her mother's lifetime, to contact with careless strangers. But she is learning self-reliance, and is slowly overcoming that extreme shyness of her childhood. I say childhood, for really, although but eleven years old now, she seems a very woman in thought and feeling. She was so delighted with our Christmas festivities; the great Yule log, the mistletoe, the dinner and the games, were all watched with a keen look of quiet enjoyment in her great grey eyes.

"It is all just as Washington Irving writes of in his 'Sketch-Book' and 'Bracebridge Hall,' auntie," said she; "all but the squirrels. Why did you not marry, and have a good squirrel to complete the picture?"

"Will not grandpapa do, Minnie?" said I, trying to stifle the pang her words gave. She shook her head, with its cloud of sunny ringlets, gravely. "He looks just like a clergyman, and nothing else, with his grave, dignified courtesy. He looks like a picture of the bishop I saw at the cathedral, but he would never do for a jolly old quire—nor Lord L.—, nor the Marquis, either," she added, reflectively. "Sir James Lely would do better," with a side glance at my face, "only he is too old for my dear, beautiful auntie! I wish, ah, how I wish Uncle Robert would come back!"

"Why!" said I, smiling, to cover my confusion, "surely, you don't think he is much like a jolly, beer-drinking, mirth-loving squirrel, with his stately manner and refined tastes?"

"No, oh no! I was not thinking that, but I always wish for him when I am enjoying anything new. He always seemed to show me so many things that I could not see of myself in all I enjoyed—explain, you know, and draw pictures from his fancy, that added new beauty to all we saw; and he always seemed as pleased as I with all I liked."

"How can you recollect him so distinctly, Minnie?" said I wonderingly. "You were such a little child when he went to India?"

"Why, do you not know, auntie, that he came home that next year when mamma died, as soon as he heard of it? Came purposely to see me, he said. Oh, auntie! you cannot imagine how he looked! His beautiful wavy hair was sprinkled with gray, and his eyes had the saddest, most wistful, longing look. And when he used to talk of mamma to me, it seemed as if the longing look grew deeper and deeper; and once I heard him murmur to himself, 'For her sake, for her sake! She saved me once, and I will try to live so that if she sees me yet, I may not cause her the pain of knowing I am utterly lost.' I remembered the words, for it seemed as if he were fighting a battle with himself, auntie, as he said them; but I did not understand what he meant; do you?"

I had turned from her, and was looking out of the window with glistening eyes, and choking sobs rising in my throat, as my heart cried out, "How long, oh Lord, how long before I shall have atoned, and be permitted to once more see my love?" That we shall yet meet again, and in this world, I more earnestly believe, each day of my life. I do not know if I am more superstitious than others, but I cannot but believe "the Lord will watch between us," and some day, when my pride has been subdued, when my nature has been purified by suffering, and I am worthy to enjoy, the bliss will come. I needed chastisement. I was selfish, and willful, and weak in resisting the temptations of my own evil ambitions. Perhaps—I do not know, God "knoweth best"—perhaps had I married him then, I might have regretted, sometime, that I had married a "plain American citizen," as Lady Seton called him; and my unsatisfied ambition have made him as well as myself unhappy. But now, when I have learned the worth of true manhood, the joy of one's ambition being "to live for others," the noble desire to attain not worldly honors, but the honor of loving, grateful hearts—now, I know, I feel I am more worthy, and could make him happier. And often in the still night I hear, or fancy I hear, voices whispering, "Weary not in well-doing; after night, dawneth morning!"

Jan. 10th, 1849.—To-day my dear little Minnie left me, and hard as it was to part with her, I feel it best. Her frequent allusions to her "dear Uncle Robert," kept him so constantly before me that I grew very weak, and repined ungratefully at my fate. God give me patience! Minnie is to enter, for a four years' course, a celebrated school kept by Madame B.—, a lady of high reputation in the scholastic department, it seems. May God bless and keep this dear little motherless one safe, amid all perils and temptations. I often wondered, as I saw her sit, sometimes, with her thoughtful, wrapt gaze, as if she beheld or listened to something others saw and heard not—if her mother was indeed permitted to be near her, and guide her still? Among the box of books and papers which came down as usual from London, last week, and which I always order to contain anything interesting of American publications—I found still more startling accounts of those wonderful "Rochester Knockings," as they are called. They seem not to be confined to this one family, (Fox, I think the name is,) but to be entering other houses, as well. I confess that I am interested in all that is supernatural. I always loved, when a child, to listen to the servants' ghost stories, even if I shuddered with horror at the recital. The old cook at the vicarage was of Scotch descent, and a firm believer in "second sight," and the "gift of seeing." "Why, me little ladie," she used to say, "it was me ain father's half sister that had the 'gift' herself, and mony a time hae I known her tell when guid or ill was to befo' our people. Well I remember when our Jock was killed by a fa' o'er the brow o' Ben Logan, how she saw him brought in the kitchen feet foremost, when he was miles awa', and in spite o' all me mither could do, ha' a' things reid up, she wad; and well it was she did, for fore the night poor Jockie was brought o'er the hill-side, as she said, and the house were aye filled wi' neebors, and had we not reid up before, niver one bit o' time wad we hae had, wi' all the country-side comin' weepin' and wallin', for Jock was aye lo'd by a' who kenned the bright winsome laddie!"

Then, too, nurse had her tale, related with lowered voice, mysterious look, and fearful glances into dark corners, of how "when I lived with my Lady Grace, as her maid—a young girl I was then and not had to look at, with boys in plenty at my beck and call, as our little lady here will someday have grand noblemen at her's. As I was saying, when first I went to live with Lady Grace, I heard how in one room of the castle might be heard, on Easter eve, strange noises, like blows of hammer or axe, then groans and whispers indistinct in words, but easily to be distinguished as voices such as no mortals ever spoke with. I was a bold lassie, and cared not for man or ghost, so when one night, for want of a spree to cheer us up a bit, some of the lads proposed we should seek these restless spirits in their den. I laughed for glee, and seeing Tom the coachman look admiringly at me as I clapped my hands, and cry, 'There's a girl of grit for you!' I urged the others on, and when some one said, 'Why, this is Easter eve itself,' I but cried, 'All the better; then we'll not have our walk for nothing.' The room was in a wing of the castle not used for years,

and as we all crept out softly past the great windows of the drawing-room, and approached the half ruinous wing, overgrown with moss and ivy, and the moonlight gleaming on it white and ghastly, my heart almost failed me, and when a bat flew out as we pushed open the creaking door, I shrieked as well as the rest. But on we went, and by the aid of the lantern safely reached the haunted chamber. I mustered up my courage, and said, as I kept close to Tom, 'Now, I'm going to be the first to go in and see the 'ghosts.' Hardly had the words left my lips, when the door, rusty and creaking like the others, which the boys had hard work to push open—this door flew back of itself, and we all heard a laugh, a strange, shrill laugh as if it mocked us, and when we all looked with white faces at each other, and I was holding with might and main fast to Tom's arm, there was a sound of footsteps inside the room, and then as true as I sit here—the room was all light, as well as me—the room became all light, filled with light, thought it had been dark as Egypt before, for it was on the side the moon did not shine, and the shutters were closed besides and barred; and as the light came, we heard a great groan as if some man was in agony, then a noise like a body, a heavy body, fell on the floor, and then we all turned and ran, as fast as the rest, I promise you."

"But what did it mean, nurse?" queried I. "Well, me lady, I can't justly tell the rights of the story, but the old butler said—and he was well nigh a hundred years old, and was Graves—he said when he was young he had heard tell how the one who first built that part of the castle was a great knight, strong in battle, and mighty in the land, and how he had a brother who was a poor deformed man in body, but had over much learning and could charm the devil himself with his smooth tongue; and he, this poor crooked body, charmed away the heart of the beautiful lady who was troth-plighted to the brave knight, and when he came home from the wars, he found his brother married to his lady-love, and never a word spoke he good or bad, when they told him, but straight up to his brother's room he went, the 'haunted chamber,' ye mind; and there was seated the lamiter and the beautiful lady side by side; up he strode still without a word, and seizing the poor deformed by his throat, he just squeezed the life out o' him with his two strong hands, until he dropped down dead on the floor before the lady fair and false. Mayhap it is him comes back, as I have heard tell wicked people have to do, to the place where they sinned, and thinks he is again killing his poor brother."

These accounts in the American papers I have been reading, recall these stories of my childhood. What a fearful penance, if wicked souls are indeed condemned to haunt the scenes of their crime, ever filled with remorse, and ever in memory re-living their sin; worse it seems to me than any hell of fire for the body. I fear I have grown rather heretical of late years. Somehow my reason rejects much that is taught by the church. I cannot see how a spirit can be subject to tortures of tangible flames as our earthly body would, and I do not quite believe in the resurrection of this mortal body. It is true there is a text that says, "Though the worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." But I cannot understand it. St. Paul's assurance that "there is an earthly body, and there is a spiritual body," seems to me much more rational. I can comprehend that when the soul leaves this body it is clothed with a spiritual semblance of it; but not flesh and blood, for we "put off mortality," we are told, and "put on immortality." I have talked to our curate, Mr. Graeme, about my doubts of some portion of the teachings of the church, and he says, "Miss Glyndon, there is much in the Bible, as well as in the tenets of the church, that it is impossible to reason upon. For my part I, find enough of good is taught by both to lead one aright in the duties of life, without entering into discussion of the infallibility of either." So I try, like him, to act conscientiously up to the good that is taught, and let the rest go. One thing is a comfort in the way of explaining many discrepancies I cannot but help see in the Scriptures, and that is, I know there are many errors in the translation.

June 7th.—I am becoming more and more interested in the "spiritual phenomena." I read all I can procure on the subject. There are some astonishing accounts of visions or trances of some of these Americans, which are very like the so-called visions of Swedenborg. There is a boy named "Gordon," who is doing wonderful things—examining sick people when he is in this clairvoyant condition, as it is called, prescribing for them, and often curing them. Then, too, in his presence such singular things are done. For instance, he is taken up and carried around the room over people's heads, tables are raised, and chairs dance around without visible agency.

I persuaded Mr. Graeme and Miss Slade (much against her will, poor lady!) to sit with me last night at a table, but we could not get a rap, or have a move. To-day, as Mr. Graeme came in on some parish business, I proposed trying again. He smiled, and said:

"There is no such word as *fail* in your vocabulary, Miss Glyndon, is there? You follow the 'if at first you don't succeed, try, try again' motto. Now I confess, ungallant as it may be to say so to a lady who is so favorably inclined to the wonderful in Nature, that I have no faith in these so-called manifestations being more than clever deceptions on the part of artful people."

"But, Mr. Graeme, don't you believe in the visions related in the Bible?"

"Of course, Miss Glyndon; but those passed away long ago."

"Why so? Don't you think God is as powerful now as then? Don't you think heaven is as near to earth now as then?"

"Certainly; but after the Messiah came there was need of no further revelation."

"You think, then, we are perfect now?"

"I think we could be if we followed all of Christ's precepts implicitly, and walked in his footsteps humbly and righteously."

"But," persisted I, "does not even Christ himself foretell some of these things?"

"Yes," said he, laughingly, as he rose to go, "where he predicts false Christs and false prophets shall arise and deceive many, if possible the very elect." And triumphing in having silenced me with my own weapons, he left.

But I am not convinced. I cannot see why what once happened may not happen again.

After Mr. Graeme left, I walked down to see the sick woman of whom he came to tell me, bidding John follow with a basket of delicacies. Just before I reached the cottage I met a very aged woman, with hair white as snow, and face with many a line of life's troubles written thereon, but form still erect and step as firm as the Highlanders (as I saw by her dress she was) ever have. As I gave her "Good-day, mother," she stopped before me, and said:

"Stop a bit, bonnie laddie. I'm thinkin' it's for you I was sent anent."

As I regarded her with surprise, her eyes grew fixed and glassy, her head raised firmly, and she pointed her finger over my head as she said:

"Clouds dark and heavy as the wrath of God—but they lighten; dimly the sun appears, here a gleam and there a gleam; brighter and brighter they grow; further and further are the clouds driven asunder; the blue sky appears; the despair of night is dispelled by the joy of morning. So shall the clouds roll from thy soul; so shall the sun of happiness shine o'er thy pathway; so shall thou be convinced that the Lord indeed watcheth between thee and him whose token thou wearest next thy heart, instead of on thy finger. In a far-off land, in burning deserts, or scorching plains, in perils by land and perils by sea, wanders one whose fate is inseparably linked with thine. Fear not; the sun shall not scorch him, the water shall not drown him, until once more in joy and faith he returneth to its place that token which he gave. Pride may wrestle, will may battle, but over all will conquer Love victorious."

I listened as in a dream. The sudden change from her native idiom to the purest English, the style and language, were, as well as the manner, so utterly different from her's a moment before and a moment after she had ceased speaking, when, with a lowly courtesy, she gave me "Glo'ye gude e'en, bonnie laddie," that I stood watching her as she went down the lane, too amazed to speak or follow. Seeing John approaching, I asked if he knew who that old woman was.

"Yes, my lady, (John always calls me 'my lady,') she is an old Scotswoman down to Jean McLean's on a visit; and they do say, my lady, 'drawing nearer and lowering his voice to a half fearful whisper, 'they do say old Elsie is a witch.'"

"Nonsense, John," laughed I; "whoever heard of witches in these enlightened days, and in good old England too?"

John prides himself on being a staunch Briton, and believing nothing in England can by any possibility be other than as it should be. He looked a little sheepish as he said:

"To be sure, my lady, there are no such things as witches, or the Parliament would soon have them burnt."

I walked on, smiling at John's summary way of disposing of the subject, but far from sure in my own mind I had not beheld as veritable a trance as any St. John was in when the heavens were opened and he beheld all the wonders of the Revelations. Certainly this entire stranger could not of herself describe one whom not a soul save myself knows my interest in, or repeat that inscription which I place so much faith in, and know of that token which, not daring to wear on my finger, I do, as she said, wear next my heart. It is strange—most strange! Surely, Mr. Graeme, had you been with me, (as I'm most thankful you were not,) you would have been forced to acknowledge, at least, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are even dreamt of in thy philosophy."

[To be concluded in our next.]

A Singular Phenomenon Connected with Spiritualism.

From the Boston Investigator.

MR. EDITOR—As I have always promised my spiritual friends that I would own up as fast as they would give me the evidence, I take the liberty to communicate to the readers of your valuable and liberal paper a singular phenomenon connected with "modern Spiritualism," which I feel bound to mention to some extent, though it is marked almost wanting on the pneu-matological scale.

The case is this: A few weeks ago we had a visit from Mr. Abraham James, who spoke in our town several times. I had an introduction to him, and invited him as a guest to my house, which he readily accepted. This Mr. James is the medium that has rendered himself famous in locating the great artesian well at Chicago, oil in new localities, and valuable metals that lay hid away in the earth.

He claims, I believe, to be a medium (in his search after hidden treasures) for the spirits of an ancient people (now extinct) that inhabited this country thousands of years ago—claims that opened copper mines on Lake Superior, lead mines on the Mississippi River, and in fact who have left an unmistakable mark in almost every locality where lead and copper has been discovered.

As floating pieces of lead ore have been found at various times on the Allegheny River in a certain locality, and as these ancient people have left diverse markings in the banks of the Delaware, I invited him to accompany me to the lead regions of that river. He consented to do so. We went in company with a Mr. H. G. Wilson, of No. 17 State street, Boston, who happened to be in this locality at the time. Our first move, after crossing the river, was to pass up a small stream some thing like a mile, in a dark forest of primitive growth. Mr. James, at that time being in feeble health and much exhausted, sat down to rest. After remaining in that position for perhaps thirty minutes, he became strangely affected; closed his eyes, and started off in a new direction on a line as straight as could be run with the most accurate compass. The great amount of fallen timber that lay scattered over the ground seemed to offer no impediment to his progress, for he went over it with remarkable ease. After continuing for about three-fourths of a mile, he came to a hill whose summit is elevated some two hundred feet from the base. He ascended the hill with great rapidity until he came to about midway, where he made a final halt.

Now the strange part of the story is as follows: He stopped directly in the midst of an ancient excavation of considerable extent, so well defined that no person familiar with the works of the race of human beings whose spirits claim to direct him, could doubt its genuineness for a moment.

That he was never in that section of the country before, is an unquestionable fact; that he walked some three-fourths of a mile on a tangent line in a dark forest with his eyes closed, (passing every obstruction with wonderful ease), is also true; and notwithstanding the party that accompanied him were far his superiors in physical endurance, and were nearly exhausted when we arrived at the excavation, he showed no symptoms of fatigue, but appeared wonderfully invigorated, is also true.

Before closing I will say, I have never regarded myself a Spiritualist, but have looked upon all such phenomena as unworthy of serious notice. That the Spiritualists are far in advance of the old Orthodox theology, is true. That they have done more than any other class of religionists toward elevating the minds of men and women

above those dark and paralyzing creeds that have ever been in the way of human progress, is also true.

I have always regarded it my duty to investigate every new truth that presents itself, to swap away the assumptions of yesterday for a truth of today, and so on. But I must say what I have above related puzzles me much. That there was no fraud connected with it, is certain.

Perhaps my spiritual friends can give some light on this, to me, strange affair. I can hardly see departed spirits connected with it yet, but there are, no doubt, "more things in heaven and earth than I have dreamed of in my philosophy."

Yours truly,
F. LARKIN.

Randolph, (N. Y.), Nov. 1, 1867.

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 hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lionel Lincoln.)

(Original.)

NELA HASTINGS.

CHAP. XIV.—THE NEW YEAR.

It was the night before the New Year, and Aunt Prue sat beside her glowing fire musing alone. Rosa had gone to a merry-making, and all her neighbors were too much occupied to come in for the little chat which so many of them found leisure for during the long evenings of winter; for Aunt Prue's south-eastern sitting-room gave out the light of her kindness much further than its bright firelight reached, for she seldom drew down her curtains, saying, "I know well how it cheers the heart to see a light glowing in the window. 'Let your light shine,' meant, no doubt, to live a bright life, but it does no harm to believe it means also to keep the outer world bright. When I build my fire I always think of the travelers in the cold and darkness, who will see its gleaming and be cheered and warmed. And then, why should I draw down the curtains to my windows when I've never drawn down the curtains to my heart?"

And so the whole neighborhood looked to Aunt Prue's light much as they looked to her life. It was a guide to them in many ways. But if Aunt Prue's curtains were down and her light was burning behind them, then everybody knew that she wanted to be alone, and they did not venture to molest her.

This night Aunt Prue had renewed her fire with special care, until it sent up its purple and flame tongues to the bar of iron on which swung her tea-kettle, and from which went forth that glad, singing sound that lulls the listener like a cradle song. She sat and watched the fascinating light, and listened to the soothing sound a little while, then she got up, shaded her eyes with her hands and looked out on the night. It was still and white, and the stars gleamed and twinkled as if saying, "we see it all; there's darkness down there; but look up to the light." She gave a little sigh and drew down the curtains, and sat down again by the fire.

The past year had added ten to that face. It was paler, thinner, and the lines had all deepened. Everybody said, "Aunt Prue's best days are over," and the old cronies said, "she will not live a year." But with all the change there was the same calm, trustful look to her eyes; the same loving smile on her lips. One who knew well what the heart reveals spite of all efforts, would have said Aunt Prue had a heart-hunger that nothing could satisfy.

And so she said herself, and yet she tried to say something different to herself. She wanted to believe that she was content to have Nela forget her and neglect her, and she tried by her added care of all the neighborhood and her acts of kindness to make herself believe life was just as golden as it used to be, because it was just as full of opportunities to bless others. But it was in vain. Aunt Prue's heart ached every day, and that heart-ache looked out of her eyes and spoke in her voice.

And with this heart-ache she drew her chair into the corner, put her feet on a low stool, leaned back in her chair and began to muse. She went over the whole of Nela's life, from babyhood to her departure. Nothing that God ever gave to her seemed so beautiful as that young life, that had encompassed her as the morning encircles the old tree, giving to it a glory as of the new life. She went over and over again the many loving and tender acts of the good child. She recalled her sayings, and fancied her gliding about the rooms.

She dreamed thus a long time, tear after tear falling down on the white handkerchief folded about her neck. But at last a fire kindled in her eye, she sat upright, and a new strength seemed to come into every muscle.

"I said I would give her into thy hands, oh God; I said thou shouldst care for her, and yet I am asking of thee what thou hast done. What is my lonely home to the richness that may be coming to her spirit? There is but one way to get out the fine gold: it is by burning out the dross. Aunt Prue, I am ashamed of you."

Although she said this herself, she felt as if some one had been talking to her, and somewhat of her old look of gladness came back to her face. She went and got Nela's shawl and hat, and put them in a chair beside her, and then she took out a package of her letters, the first letters, so full of loving thoughts. A sudden light, brighter than the fire-light, seemed to fill the room, and after a moment it flashed out into space. It seemed to reach miles upon miles away, yet she saw nothing in it. It was like a golden belt of light stretching to some far off point.

Aunt Prue was not startled, but she was a very practical woman, so she rubbed her eyes, shook her head, and then leaned back in her chair again holding on tightly to the package of letters. There was still that glowing track of light. It brightened and gleamed before her, and so glowing was that it she covered her face with her hand. But still she could see as plainly as before, and she sent her vision along the glowing pathway. Miles away she looked, and yet nothing interrupted her sight. At last the pathway terminated in a circle of light, and Aunt Prue looked eagerly to see what seemed now directly before her.

She could not be mistaken, she knew; and yet how could it be? She saw Nela lying on a bed tossing and moaning, and she heard her call on her name. In a moment she comprehended the whole, and in a moment she made up her course of action. She roused herself from her quiet, put away the letters, the shawl and hat, drew up the curtains, and looked out eagerly for the coming of Rosa and Tony. She had not to wait long, for the regular habits of this quiet country place allowed no fun, however exciting, to reach beyond the hours when health demanded rest and sleep.

"Tony," said she, as he entered, "warm yourself, while I tell you a little plan of mine. You

and I will start on a journey to-morrow, and we must be off in season for the early train. Nela is not well, and needs me, and I would not go alone. You will ask your uncle to send us over to the depot, and we must start at seven. So hurry home for a little sleep."

Her manner was so decided that he obeyed, only asking, "Have you had a letter?"

"No, but I have heard, that is all you need to say. And, Tony, I am to bear all the expenses. And you will surely be here at seven?"

Nela laid a week in a half-conscious state, sometimes talking in a low, whispering voice, and sometimes starting wildly about. The doctors said she was delirious, and her head was burning with fever; but she was not wild in what she said. She called on Lucy, and recited to her the events of the whole year. She told of her neglect of her old friends, and of the suffering that it now caused her, and she begged her to go and bring her grandmother to her. All this seemed like wild fancies to those that cared for her.

New Year's morning had come, and her father came in to see her. He had never seen her look so radiantly beautiful, and a cold shudder came over him, as he feared it was the beauty that death puts on, to show to us a little what power it has to set the spirit outside the body, so that it may shine in all its brightness.

"Papa,"

"Do not talk, Nela; the doctors say you must not."

"But I know best, papa, for I can feel the talking take the fever out of me. I have been off so far, papa, and seen so many beautiful things; and I know now that God cares for all those poor people, but he wants me to help him. So I shall get well. Do not be afraid, papa. Grandma is coming to-night; so will you please have the room next to mine all made ready; and please have a fire in the grate, so she will not miss her dear home so much."

"There, there! Nela, lie still and do not talk so, or I shall have to go away."

"I will lie still all day and never speak a word, if you will only have the room all ready. The train will be here at six, and grandma will be here at seven. Say you will do so much for your Nela?"

"Yes, yes, child! only lie still; there, that's a darling! and now the fire shall be built. I'll build it myself, if it will please you better."

As Aunt Prue stood on the steps of the elegant mansion once more, waiting for the door to be opened, she lived over her first visit to the place; her face was aglow with the thoughts, and all the fatigue of the journey passed from her; for the noble, self-sacrificing spirit supports the body, and gives it rest and strength through the joy of right doing. So Aunt Prue passed in with a lighter step than had been her's for many a day. In a moment more her hand rested on Nela's head, and she looked into the eyes of her darling, and read a year's history there. As soon as they were left alone for a little while, Nela said:

"I've been off on a long journey, grandma, but I have come home again; and I've been seeing such beautiful things all day, just as I used to see the flowers and sunlight in the morning after the dark night. You see, if I had not been in the dark, I should not half enjoy the light."

"But you have had a good time all this year, only now you are not well," said Aunt Prue, in a half-questioning tone.

"Oh, yes! I liked it all in one way; but it was not in the good way that I used to like."

"Yes, yes! I see, darling."

"Then please, grandma, tell me a little story about it, just as you used to; then I will go to sleep and dream, as I used to in my little room, and not be so tired when I wake up."

"There was once a master-workman who made a most wonderful piece of mechanism. It was so beautiful in its exterior, and so wonderful in its interior, that it seemed too perfect for the mind to conceive. At the whirl of its smoothly turning wheels, stars revolved about a central sun, a moon waxed and waned, and the rise and fall of tidal waves was recorded. Sweetly singing birds came out at opening doors, and sang the hours and minutes. Flowers opened to tell of sunrise, and closed at sunset. Almost all the beautiful and marvelous signs of Nature were represented in this piece of workmanship."

Now the master-workman, wishing to increase the skill and wisdom of his mechanics, called them together and offered to any one who should perfectly imitate this piece of work his titles and honors and wealth. And they came forward to the work; they examined it carefully and went away to their efforts."

After an appointed time they all assembled with the results of their labor. One had bent all his energies to the perfection of the sun and stars, which flashed forth their brilliancy in sparkling gems. Another had exactly imitated the singing-birds; another the opening flowers; another the revolving wheels. The external form to some of their imitations was perfect, and the gold and silver and precious stones sent out their gleaming light, but the faint form of birds and flowers and the moving sun and stars. But not one would perform the entire work of the model. There was a jar in their motion, a failure in some part of the in-coming and out-going of the forms and figures. They all felt that they had made but a poor piece of workmanship compared with the one given them to imitate. When the examination was over, the master-workman said:

"Not one of you looked at the base of my work. There, in that black, uncovered, unpollished piece of stone is the mainspring of this whole structure. Without it your glowing gems, your singing birds, your opening flowers all fall in some part of their work. Much as I admire your taste and skill, yet I must say that every one of you lacked wisdom; for he only is wise who searches for the moving cause without thought of how it may be. You looked at beauty and forgot the hidden secret of it."

Aunt Prue paused; the soft murmur of her voice had lulled Nela to a state like that of quiet sleep. But as it ceased, Nela opened her eyes and said in her old, childish tone:

"Well, grandma, what does it mean?"

"It means this: All the people of all nations have an ideal from which they strive to build to themselves the wonderful structure of a perfect character. Like the master-workman's model, it stands before them in beauty, and they think to imitate it. But he only succeeds who looks at the moving-power, the central force. The showy outside of fashion, the wonderful beauty of culture, all that art, talent and grace can do, these men find; but the mainspring, the great power that makes the character perfect in all its parts, cannot be found in coming near to humanity, and within the dark, uncultivated structure of human life. In fact, it must be experience, with all kinds of life that will make us best fitted to represent the Divine life. The mainspring of the soul is love and that broad charity which looks directly at the hearts of men and cares not whether they live in palaces or huts, in city or country. This is a dear Father whose loving care helps every child of earth, and into all flows some measure of his life and light. He who loves tenderly and hopefully every one that the Father calls his own, he it is who represents the Fatherhood of God. My little Nela, thou hast come into the great field of the world, and thou art in its thorns with thy uncovered feet; but thou hast looked straight at the bottom of things, and found that the gold and gems were not enough. I see in thy tired eyes, my little one. Thou knowest that life is given thee for experience, for thou hast found out that nothing else can instruct thee."

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NELLIE'S DEPARTURE.

BY H. W. THOMPSON.

Oh, sing to me, sister, once more, I implore thee! That sweet, happy song that I love; It reminds me of one who has gone on before me, To the bright realms above.

It cheers my poor heart to know her bright spirit Is whispering a welcome to me; In the land where my heart shall no longer be weary.

My spirit ere long will be free.

Sing that sweet song that we oft sung together, When sorrow to us was unknown, The song that we sang by the bed of our mother, Before her bright spirit had flown.

Her voice I can hear! she still lingers near me; Her face, too, in memory I see; And gently she whispers these kind words to cheer me,

"Come, Nellie! I am waiting for thee."

Sing, sister, sing!—for the moments are flying— That song of the spirits so bright; Before the soft breezes of summer are sighing, I'll fly to the mansions of light.

Sweet voices of spirits already are sounding! Oh listen! how sweetly they play, As through the clear air their soft notes resound—

They are waiting to bear me away.

Sing, sister, sing! though I scarcely can hear thee; No longer I see thy bright eye; Weep not for me, I shall still linger near thee— My spirit will still hover nigh.

In the bright land of the spirits I'll tarry; Then weep not, my sister, for me; And when thy kind heart of this world has grown weary,

I will come, then, my sister, for thee.

Spiritual Phenomena.

THE "RING" MANIFESTATION IN BALTIMORE.

In a recent number of the Banner of Light, I perceive that one of the visitors to your "spirit-circle" asked whether the ring manifestation, said to be given in the presence of Mr. Danskin and others, is genuine or not? As the controlling influence seemed not prepared to answer the question definitely, I will assume that responsibility, and assure our inquiring friend that the "ring manifestation" is not only true and genuine in its character, but is so perfectly simple and free from all possibility of trickery orlegerdom, that it never fails to convince the candid investigator of the presence of an invisible, intelligent power.

In order that your readers may understand the rise and progress of this new fact in physics, which has puzzled the most advanced of the scientists among us, I will, briefly as the subject will admit, narrate the facts as they have come under my notice.

I must observe, however, preliminarily, that this particular class of spirit manifestations has no special attraction for me. I delight in the communion of spirits—in the interchange of sympathies and affections between the visible and invisible worlds. I revel in the sublime idealities ever springing forth under the quickening influence of our angelic inspirers. I enjoy a new heaven and a new earth in the ever-expanding revelations of our divine philosophy, and I do not need these physical manifestations of spirit-power either to strengthen my faith or sustain my interest in that work to which I have so unselfishly devoted those hours of my life that can properly be spared from secular avocations; but I do honor and uphold, as far as my power extends, all classes of media who honestly and fairly submit their manifestations to the candid examination of the earnest inquirer, whether their labors be of the intellectual, sympathetic or physical phases. And now to my narrative.

On the 20th of January, 1867, a youth, apparently about nineteen or twenty years of age, introduced himself to me, and stated that he, like the Davenport, could free himself, no matter how securely he might be tied.

We both worked diligently for twenty-five minutes, and were both confident that no unaided mortal could free himself from such bondage.

He was then carried into an adjoining room, left there in the dark, and in four and a half minutes he walked in among us, with the board under his arm, and the handcuffs dangling from his fingers.

"THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST."

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

DEAR SIRS—In your issue of Nov. 30th, under the head of your Message Department, appears a communication headed, "The Divinity of Christ," which, standing among communications purporting to come exclusively from the spirit-world, I must accept as such, wanting the evidence that the author is still an inhabitant of a more material sphere, which I am inclined to suspect. But be this as it may, it matters not, so long as it utters sentiments or beliefs at variance with a faith, inherent in all men, of all nations, kindreds, tongues and peoples, and "tribes" of the earth, who are imbued with reasoning faculties, that a superior being or power exists somewhere—a great first cause, controlling and making subservient all other beings to his will and purpose, and ruling alike the spiritual and the material universe, and descending to the most minute details of control; to the insect and animalcule existences of earth.

It becomes my duty, as I, under the signature of "Justice," have been the immediate cause of the message above referred to, from, or purporting to be from the spirit sphere, to assist the spirit friend, by some counter hints, to extricate himself from the dilemma which the want of or the departure from the faith that there is a power, though invisible to mortal except in its manifestations, which, though unseen and unfelt, does nevertheless move each mortal and each atom of the universe, according to the law of its creation and its use in the vast variety of creations, has brought him into. To do this as briefly as possible, and to correct some inferences in the message, erroneously drawn from the article of "Justice"—thereby disseminating a false doctrine, or teaching not intended by "Justice"—it may take more of your valuable space than you may deem requisite for the object to be attained.

The question of divinity merely of Christ, although involving millions of believers for or against, may be one more of interest than vital importance to humanity, and only affecting them so far as they profit, or otherwise, by imitating his examples and emulating the virtues of his teachings—for all the professors of Christianity of all the creeds of Christendom will not make one Christian without the acts of virtuousness, unselfish love, which hallowed his life; and the nearer the approach to it, the more nearly divine will be the follower, who will be his own judge of how nearly a satellite may have approximated to the sun, by absorption of its rays of light and genial influences. This I deem to be the chief object of his mission: to teach humanity by a living example the nearest approach to the spiritual, and wherein man would find his highest development and greatest happiness in the material sphere by imitating, and by it be prepared by spirit power and ripeness in the body to take in the divine, immediately on the laying down the body, the earthly casement or chrysalis and protection to the spirit, as its garment of earth, and then in turn to form the casement of spirit in which the divine may grow and ripen, until at length the spirit casement, no longer expansive to the growth within, yields up its divine treasure, as did the earth body the spirit, that it may soar beyond spirit realms, as did the spirit from the earth—and herein consists the exception of Christ, Jesus of Nazareth, to all other men, that his body being so nearly allied to a form merely spiritual, (which enabled him to walk upon the wave which materiality could not) having of the refined material of the mother just sufficient for its identity to mortal eyes, that the divine was embodied and already growing to maturity, while yet an inhabitant of the earth or material sphere, which divine cannot begin to grow until the full maturity of the spirit.

To be divine, therefore, is in the possibility of every human, yet it does not follow that all were begotten or born as he was of the spirit, or capacitated to take on the divine life, as he did at his birth; but it does account for and clearly prove to me the reason why "Channing," or other creed-dwarfed spirit, should have changed his faith in the divinity to the humanitarian belief, by finding himself in the society of spirits not yet grown, or arrived at the maturity of the spirit, hence unfitted and unable to mingle with divinity, whereof to learn of the deepest wisdom and unsearchable knowledge of the spheres beyond, except to the full grown and matured spirit, which is permitted glimpses of the spheres beyond, while yet ripening, as mortal doth the spiritual; and Channing, finding himself on entering the spirit home, not the heaven of his expectations, no Christ being there, and no psalm singing perpetual pastime, and feeling that his office as Christ's representative on earth should entitle him to the highest seat at and before the throne, disgusted with the deception which he assumed it to be, rather than to his own want of growth, he concluded, with those around him, that all were alike, not excepting Christ, or he would be the first to greet him with, "Well done, faithful servant," &c.

I address thus much to Channing, because the author of the "message" concludes by saying: "The position which he held in the article which has been so severely criticised, we still hold, because we know it is absolutely of good foundation." But his or her assertion is no more to me, as authority, than would be the asseveration of ignorance to a learned astronomer, that the sun revolved around the stationary earth because it could be seen and it must be so; and no argument would satisfy him that the earth could roll over and over without spilling all the water off.

I would recommend to the author to read the communication of Emma Rosenfeld, published under his, and also of same date, Oct. 10th, whereby it appears that children are taught in spirit-life what they wish to learn, and that inclination seems to be implanted in their natures by conditions and circumstances (beyond their control), surrounding and planetary influences attending the conception and birth of each individual, causing the multitudinous variety in humanity, (hence no two individuals) "agree upon the import of any Scripture," as in every other creation, having aspirations as varied as the subjects themselves, and who find, if seeking unbiased by educational bondage of earth, the truth which the soul most needs.

I must here correct the author of the "message" in one of his quotations, viz., "In his opinion, Jesus the Christ did have a miraculous birth and conception." This is the inference of the message author, not the language of "Justice," nor a correct inference from what he did say, because he, "Justice," endeavored to show that the conception, birth, &c., were in accordance with a law laid down at the beginning, by which to externalize the Godhead; neither do I believe in miracles according to theology, but that every effect has its cause in a law of the Infinite Wisdom, nevertheless true, if not explained or understood by the science of the finite mind.

The assertions of the "message" that "Justice" has mixed up within his reasoning faculties "certain portions of heathen mythology and Christian theology," &c., may be true; but if so, it has come by intuition, not by study of those authorities;

yet the quotations of the message, "In looking the world through, and searching the history of all nations, all the different tribes that have existed on the face of the earth since intelligence had a being, and we shall learn that every one that had any idea of religion, had a similar tradition," then quotes from the Chinese record as the oldest on earth, "a star appeared in the East," &c., and says "this is only one of many which he has in mind," &c., and asks, "How then has the Christian world any more right to it"—the tradition, as I understand it—"than any other?" and "believes that it had its origin in the worship of the heavenly bodies"—I answer, that these traditional faiths are all so many fresh proofs that intelligence in all ages and at every period since man became an inhabitant of earth have expected and looked for the fulfillment of the plan and a law for its execution, in the coming of a Prince or King of transcendent powers and prerogatives, as laid down by the Gods or Divinity in council at the creation or birth of souls, to earth clothed in its materiality called man. And what though the record of some or many of these traditions were "far, far back in the past," and were even previously to the Christian's cherished record of the creation? does it follow that spirits or Divinity did not exist before any recorded tradition was made by any tribe, or that the Christian's accepted record is not a faithful account of the plan formed at the Council, whose doings were chronicled so soon as the progress of humanity furnished the proper instruments for the work of externalizing?

The plan having been formed, it became the will to shed forth its rays and impress the desire and its expected fulfillment upon humanity, as a means, and a preparation in the accomplishment of the purpose—hence the traditions, as presented by the "message," prove to be the ebullitions of the unseen spirit forces acting upon certain minds made receptive, as in our day, foreshadowing by symbols and types the glory which even yet is looked for, and shall appear when the spirits of men in the form shall have so grown that the spirit sight may be opened without the destruction of the now mortal body.

If with the eye of the spirit heathen mythology looked forward to it, is it strange if they drew to their gaze splendors equal to their powers to describe by language or by symbols? And I would for information ask, do any of their ecstasies give descriptions more glowing than those by modern seers of the lustrous beauties of the summer-land? If one is a myth, what is the other? Will you destroy, as I asked before, the truth and beauty of present revelations from the spirit-world, and glimpses of it, by discrediting the past, whether as recorded by heathen mythology or any other record more Orthodox? Or will you with me join in halleluiahs of praise that, through any course of traditions, records or instruments, the plan is portrayed to us by which the world, or earth, is to receive such an overshadowing of spirit power with the return of Christ, that both it and its inhabitants will realize not only the glory of heathen but of modern mythology and the possibility of the Eternal Energy, in the overshadowing of the Mary, then so nearly spiritual herself and so rendered by a method practiced in our day by every good husbandman in the production of the fruits of the earth, to improve their qualities, by selecting his choicest product of each year and carefully preserving for the planting of the following; and thus by reproduction and the selection he brings forth fruit greatly perfected. Thus man finite does plan and execute his purpose, and why not the Infinite? JUSTICE.

New York, Dec. 6, 1867.

Letter from London.

EDITORS OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT—Dear Friends: The presence of our friend Dr. Gardner, of Boston, during a flying visit of about two weeks in London, has been most welcome to my mother and myself, now comparatively exiles from our beloved America, no less than an occasion of delightful and instructive interchange of thought and experience to the few friends who have had the privilege of conversing with this brave and well-tried soldier of "the cause." I take advantage moreover of Dr. Gardner's courteous instrumentality to send you a few words concerning the doings of the spirits in England.

In my last letter to the Banner, of I believe, but a fortnight since, I had occasion to express regret that the very abundant and astounding character of English mediumship should be marred in its legitimate office of proving Spiritualism to skeptics, by being chiefly confined to dark circles or exceedingly private ones. Both forms of spiritual communion with mortals are, as we all know, in direct opposition to the genius of American Spiritualism. The dark circles, though undoubtedly favorable to manifestations of a peculiarly forcible character, and probably of many phases of the phenomena which cannot be produced in the light, have still been perverted so greatly to the purposes of trickery and imposture, that some of our most distinguished and candid American Spiritualists have deemed it their duty to discountenance their practice as unnecessary and injurious to the progress of the cause.

Without being prepared to endorse the sweeping condemnation with which some of my highly esteemed friends have visited the "dark circle mediums" at the last National Convention, held at Cleveland, whilst still emphatically holding the belief that every one of the persons denounced in "the report on physical manifestations" are in reality good mediums, and their manifestations (if they can be proved to have been mingled with imposture) can also, upon the faith of equally reliable testimony, be shown to have borne witness for the truth of Spiritualism, I still consider the dark circles as useful only to well-informed Spiritualists, and worthy of credit only when the mediums are either entirely removed by peculiar circumstances from liability to suspicion, or are placed under stringent test conditions. As I think there are some of the manifestations now occurring in England that fully meet the two latter requirements, I propose to furnish you an account of a séance which, whilst occurring under circumstances that preclude the possibility of deception, was of so novel and astounding a character as to make its recital one of unusual interest.

In a small cottage house in Kingston-on-Thames, resides a Mr. Champenown; a worthy, honest, respected and respectable citizen. His nephew, Master Turketine, a lad about thirteen years of age, has long been known as a medium for manifestations of a very varied character, including most of the feats performed through the Davenport and others at dark circles.

The chief features of credibility in connection with the boy's mediumship hitherto, have been the singleness of purpose, honesty, respectability and total absence of any inducing cause to practice deception, either in the lad himself or his worthy aunt and uncle. The small family, the simple arrangement of the furniture in the neat little dwelling, the perfect facility afforded by Mr. Champenown for the most searching scrutiny, and the utter impossibility of attaching a shade of suspicion to the worthy couple who have

charge of the boy, together with the fact that all has been loss and never profit to the family by the harassing and vexatious publicity which they have cheerfully given to the manifestations—all this has rendered suspicion impossible, however persons may have been soured by disappointment at the many failures which occur in trials of the boy's mediumistic powers. I think my American friends, at least, will agree with me, that these very failures are far better arguments in favor of the genuineness of the manifestations than the invariable successes of professional mediums.

I have myself been several times disappointed in attempts to witness proof of the lad's wonderful powers, but on each occasion have come to the conclusion that if he had made the manifestations before, he could have done so again for my benefit, especially as there was a kindly, over-anxious desire on the part of the family to gratify me.

I find in "The London Spiritual Magazine" for December, Mr. Wm. Howitt records the fact, that, like myself, he was three times disappointed in the boy's séances; no phenomena worth mentioning having been produced. On the fourth occasion, however, manifestations were produced which call forth words of enthusiastic delight and wonder from the noble writer, who describes "a concert of spirits" in terms whose clearness and candor make the whole description too graphic for me to mar by partial quotations.

It is enough to say, that in a room of very small dimensions, with the doors closely locked, and the whole party holding hands, several instruments were played upon with masterly skill, while a bass, tenor and high female voice accompanied the accordion in a magnificent anthem.

As a sequence to similar marvels recorded by equally reliable witnesses, permit me to present you with an account of a recent séance, which I transcribe from a letter of Mr. Champenown's, written with no view, I must add, to publication, but the quiet simplicity of the writer, in connection with (I must again emphatically reiterate) his strict veracity, honesty and respectability, will, I think, represent the occurrence in a far more graphic point of view than any re-transcription from the pen of another:

Extract from the record of spirit-manifestations made at the house of W. J. Champenown, Esq., Kingston-on-Thames, through the mediumship of Master Turketine, 24th Nov., 1867, Sunday, at 11 o'clock A. M.

"THE FIRST SERVICE."

This morning, according to promise, (made on the 29th), our spirit-friends favored us with a service, and preached to us, (as promised nearly two weeks ago), in the first place they told the boy to fetch his glass and water, and to sit at the table, and then took his place. Our friends (the spirits) now gave out the 468th hymn, which was nicely played and sung by them with the piano. Then "Let us pray," and a most beautiful and impressive prayer was given, we having to kneel at the sofa during the same. Then the 86th hymn was given, and the words of "I want to be like Jesus," &c., etc., beautifully read out, and then the 101st hymn played and sung. We were now told to put up a light and find the 22d chapter of St. Matthew—(according to the promise on the 19th that was to be the text, the first fourteen verses,) and these were read in a splendid manner, with a fine and commanding voice, and very loudly; after which again, "Let us pray," and a fine long and earnest prayer was given, in which they prayed most earnestly for "Obedience, Queen, and Prince and Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family, and that the Queen may be guided and directed by her Ministers, so as to maintain peace, and finally attain Thy Everlasting Kingdom," and finished it with, "Who has taught and commanded us thus to pray, Our Father," etc., in which we had to join and follow the preacher. We now had the 141st hymn given out, and also the words and sung as before. My dear spirit son now said, "Father, the gentleman is going to give you the sermon now! 'Oh, thank you, my dear. This is the grandest manifestation I could have imagined.'"

THE SERMON.

"My friends, what did they go out into the highways for? They went out to get those wicked sinners to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. My friends, I want you to believe that there is a Christ, I want you to believe in that God, and to hold him to be true in that truth, in that beautiful truth. It is not going to Church, it is not hearing those ministers, but to believe in your blessed Saviour. You have a spirit within you. What did God come upon this earth for? He came upon this earth to give his only begotten son to save wicked, wicked sinners! I want you to bear in your minds that you must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, because if you do not you will be eternally damned. I must be weeping and gnashing of teeth. My dear friends, what do I come here for? I was sent unto you by our blessed Saviour, and if I did not obey his commands I should be cast into darkness and endless eternity! My dear friends, you must come unto the Lord, because if you do not come to our blessed Saviour, you will be cast into fire and brimstone, where you will be pulled about and tormented by the bad and wicked spirits."

Now we read in that chapter about the servants going out into the highways. What did they want to go out into the highways for? To get both bad and good. The disciples of our dear Jesus Christ went to get both good and evil to the marriage. What did they want to bring them to the marriage for? My dear friends, it is a privilege to know when your bodies are dead, (I must increase upon your spirits that you do not enter the kingdom of heaven directly your bodies are dead), you must believe in one God only. What do you go to church for? Do you go to church to sit and look at the images, or what do you do? There is only one God, and that is what you must impress upon your spirits. It is a glorious privilege for spirits to come down from heaven to earth. This was the wonderful fact, for your children? He then urged the necessity of educating children in the philosophy of Spiritualism. Teach them that they can communicate with their spirit friends.

Mrs. Anna Taylor then called for an expression upon the subject of Children's Progressive Lyceums. Holland Richmond responded, in a concise account of the Rochester Lyceum, as being in successful and useful operation. Dr. Dunn gave similar statements of one in Rockford, Ill., of which he is Conductor. George W. Taylor also spoke of his appreciation of the system, and related how he was impressed, while attending one in Rochester, with the beautiful fraternalizing of the old with the young; and also of woman's peculiar fitness for leaders in this work.

Music—"Home with friends around us." The President then dismissed the audience by saying, "We leave the lessons of the past with you, friends, promising nothing for the morrow."

Sunday Morning.—At the hour of meeting, a thinking, intelligent and inquiring company of men and women crowded and packed themselves into the spacious Hemlock Hall. We felt sad to look upon the multitude about the doors and windows striving to get within hearing distance, but falling to do so. It was estimated that between three and four thousand were in attendance.

The hum of social voices was hushed by Mr. Dea's chant of the "Mountains of Life."

George W. Taylor, the President, gave an address, full of thrilling pathos, strong in intellectual power and broad philanthropy. It was appreciated by the audience.

Dr. E. Dunn was the duty of Spiritualism, above all others, to act in accordance with their faith, morally, religiously and politically.

Afternoon.—Mr. Dea's gave us the impressive account of his individual experience in connection with his conversion to Spiritualism, &c., which was listened to with attention.

E. C. Dunn asked leave to present the following preamble and resolutions, which was seconded by Abraham James, and carried unanimously:

Resolved, That Spiritualism is an innate and natural function of the human organism, and one to which we are indebted for our knowledge of the immortal life; and

Whereas, Those persons possessing this faculty in a developed condition have been and are subject to the denunciation of skeptics, bigoted churchmen and over-zealous would-be reformers; therefore,

Resolved, That it is the duty of all true Spiritualists, under all circumstances, to lend their aid, sympathy and support to all mediums until they are pronounced by such a sympathetic and support by misdeeds or deception.

Dr. Dunn then read from the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of the Gospel according to St. Luke, upon which he enlarged and commented in a most striking manner. He held the close attention of the uncomparably crowded audience until the meeting closed.

Thus ended this glorious, hospitable three days' meeting. The general expression was, "I am glad I have been here."

AMY POST, ELISHA BROWN, Secretaries.

An Eastern devotee was engaged in reading aloud the Koran, in a most unmelodious voice and ungainly manner, when another inquired how much he was paid for reading. The answer was that he was not paid; that he read from a sense of religious duty, for the sake of God, said the interrogator. Then for God's sake read no more, for you will destroy the glory of Islamism."

Michigan State Spiritual Association.

The semi-annual meeting of the above Association will be held in the city of Jackson, commencing Friday evening, January 24, and continuing over Saturday and Sunday. It is expected that Andrew Jackson Davis, Mrs. Davis, Selden J. Finney, and other prominent speakers will be present.

We most earnestly invite every Society and community of Spiritualists in the State to be represented. We anticipate a very large Convention, and the discussion of questions of great interest. Our missionary, Rev. J. O. Barrett, will be present. The Spiritualists of Jackson have arranged with the hotels for reduced prices, for all they cannot themselves entertain.

Donors: M. Fox, President; L. B. Brown, Secretary; Lyons, Mich., Dec. 6, 1867.

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

The Annual Convention of this Association will meet in Worcester, Mass., Summer street, Boston, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 7th and 8th, 1868. This Convention is called in accordance with the Constitution for the general election of officers for the ensuing year.

The successful working of the Association for the past twelve months, not only gives encouragement to further prosecute its labors, but creates a variety of important business, for the proper management of which a full attendance of Spiritualists of the State is particularly required, that the work so auspiciously begun may be maintained wherever inaugurated, and extended with all practical rapidity throughout the Commonwealth.

L. S. RICHARDS, Pres. GEORGE A. BACON, Cor. Sec.

Spiritualist Convention.

The Spiritualists and friends of progress of Northern Missouri will hold a Convention at Macon City, Macon Co., Mo., January 15th, 1868, at which time efforts will be made to open the way for lecturers, speakers, &c., and for the circulation of liberal literature among the people; also to devise plans by which local organizations may be put in operation in all places where a sufficient number may be got together to form a nucleus for others to gather around. All are cordially invited.

COL. JOHN T. ROSS, and many others.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Regular Quarterly Meeting of the Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association will be held at Manitowish, on Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 1st and 2nd, 1868. Mrs. H. E. M. Brown, Leo Miller and other speakers are engaged. A. A. TAYLOR, Secretary of Association.

Obituaries.

In Worcester, October 10th, Richard Malony, aged 54 years, passed to the land of spirits, leaving a wife and many good friends to mourn the loss of this good presence.

When in this city some two years ago, Mr. Malony called on me and told his experience as a Spiritualist; gave a description of his conversion to the Philosophy, and the influence his belief had upon his daily life. He was a man of duty to repair, so far as possible, every wrong he had ever done to any human being; had taken much trouble to ascertain the whereabouts of certain persons, and had secured sums contracted sixteen years before, and computing the interest on the sum, had enclosed the amount to the legitimate owner, simply signing to it the effects of an awakened conscience, or something like it. I was told by some of his near neighbors, that his wife was good as law; indeed, that it was as if they would as soon trust their lives to him as to a lawyer. He thought, when first he was converted to this saving religion, (when people live, as did this man), that he was going to carry his light into the world, and to be a blessing to all who would receive it. He was a member, but he was not prepared for such a gospel, and he was obliged to leave. He found strange to him how any man could be a Spiritualist and do a wrong in any way to a human being. He has passed to a land where his honest soul will find appreciation, and leaves to us a richer legacy than any millionaire can ever give us without the same: the example of an honest, truthful Christian life. Would to Heaven that it was but simply in his nature that he had felt as much the divine influence making him a true and a true man, a life, that uncounted millions could be equally as simple.

Worcester, Mass., Dec. 13th, 1867. M. S. TOWNSEND.

Born into the spirit-world, from Rioncham, December 20th, Mrs. Maria, wife of A. C. Churchill, aged 31 years. December 21st, little Frankie "crossed the river" to join his mother, aged 4 years 2 months and 11 days.

The bodies were committed to the Unitarian church, December 22d, by the Children's Progressive Lyceum, with which the deceased were connected. Services by Mrs. N. J. Willis, of Boston. At their meeting on Sunday the Lyceum passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, Angel messengers have borne away from us to the Summer-land a mother and child; therefore,

Resolved, That we offer our tenderest sympathy to all the members of this body who have been bereaved. May the Angel-ghosts that the dear departed are "not lost," but translated to the companionship of angels, comfort and sustain them, open their hearts to spirit communion and enable them to look cheerfully forward to a happy reunion in the beautiful hereafter.

Resolved, that a copy of this Resolution be sent to the Banner of Light and Children's Lyceum for publication.

On the morning of December 18th, 1867, in Plymouth, Mass., Sister Harriet T. Jones, aged 61 years 3 months, dropped her mortal casement to join her husband and two children who passed on before.

Thus was added another to the bright band who are ever watching over the remaining son, to guide and guard him through this lower life and at last welcome him to brighter spheres. This was a woman of great worth, who had lived for years, with unshaken faith in the coming facts of Spiritualism. Her sickness, although short, was painful; she came up to within a few hours of death, and then she was seized with a severe cold, and she left the earth as suddenly as she came up to it. She leaves a large circle of friends and dear relatives and friends, who, although they are not all believers in this "Glorious Philosophy," and consolation in the thought that she did not fear the change, but, as she expected herself to be, was ready to go to her Father's home, and that her earthly life was lasting; and her angelic visit cheer and beauty the earth-life of the many who loved her.

Plymouth, Mass., Dec. 25th, 1867. JOSEPH FOOTE.

Passed to the Summer-land, on Monday, December 16th, Mrs. T. daughter of Thomas F. and Sarah D. T. Draper, of Canton, Mass., aged 3 years.

A child of rare promise. Nature had already filled her being with glories, and in the deep affection that she felt for parents, relatives and playmates, and in the interest of her inquiring mind in every thing around her, she had already found a glimpse of the mysterious world. Her parents, watching with joy the development of her beautiful spirit, are suddenly struck with deepest grief as she vanishes out of their sight, revelation that assures them of a higher sphere of being, where this beautiful image of an immortal and perfect being shall be harmoniously developed, and their daughter be fitted to become to them a guardian angel to the better land. The funeral services were conducted by Dr. H. H. Storor.

Passed to the Better Land, from West Newbury, December 16th, William Bradley, aged 21 years.

Our departed friend was a firm believer in Spiritualism; and it was his last request that a spiritual medium perform the services at his funeral. In compliance with this wish a friend went to Boston to find a speaker. He finally applied to Mrs. Scille L. Brown, who was then engaged to lecture in Boston. He found the next day—who on hearing the destitute condition of the family, volunteered her services. The exercises were held in the Town Hall, which was crowded with people from all denominations, and many for the first time listened to the beautiful teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy. All felt deeply interested in the eloquent address of Mrs. Brown, and precious words cannot but take root in their hearts. The deceased leaves a widow and two children in very needy circumstances. Mrs. Bradley was an upright and industrious man, but had been for a long time an invalid.

Wm. Newbury.

Amos Harvey, aged 51 years, passed to spirit-life on the 19th of November, from his pleasant home in Stafton, Ct., leaving a noble wife, one son and one daughter to mourn his early departure.

He was a kind, loving husband and father, a generous and worthy neighbor and citizen, and an earnest Spiritualist, ever willing to do all in his power for the promotion of the good cause. His last labor was upon the new hall they are building in Hartford for the Spiritualists, which, with his exemplary life, will be a sacred monument to his memory.

Worcester, Dec. 23d, 1867. M. S. TOWNSEND.

In Houston, Texas, October 24, of yellow fever, Charles A. Dow, of Flatow, N. H., aged 28; formerly Adjutant of U. S. C. T.

SPIRITUALISM AS A REFORMATORY POWER.

BY DEAN CLARK.

Unquestionably the great purpose of the present dispensation of spiritual gifts and teachings is to correct the errors, right the wrongs and purify the lives of mankind. It comes as a divine light, saying, "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." It comes as the true physician "for the healing of the nations," and begins its treatment by removing the causes of human ills. It analyzes all conditions, probes every wound, and applies its panacea as a specific to every disease. It seeks first to purify the fountain, then removes the obstructions that have impeded and turned aside the stream of life. It lays the axe of truth at the root of the tree of error, and with sturdy strokes extirpates the Uproar that has spread its malarial influence through the world.

It comes as a destroying angel, with its besom of death, to sweep away oppression, slavery, vice, and all forms of injustice, and prepare the soil of human hearts for the production of the tree of liberty, the plant of virtue, the flower of love and the fruit of wisdom. It comes as the angel of mercy, with "healing on her wings," to comfort the unfortunate, cheer the sorrowing, heal the "broken-hearted," and impart health, harmony and happiness to the suffering world. It comes as the Saviour of mankind, by teaching them how to live in harmony with the laws of life, so as to escape the penalties of violation which are inevitable.

It comes as the great Law-giver, demanding a recognition of the "inalienable rights of man," and exacting justice and equity in the social, commercial and political relations of individuals and nations. It comes as the Great Revealer, lifting the veil of the future, unlocking the portals of the higher life, and unrolling the scroll of destiny on which man writes the record that approves or condemns him with his own hand.

It comes as the grandest reformatory power the world has ever known, and is, in fact, the very soul of all reforms. In politics it demands patriotism, philanthropy, impartial justice, universal suffrage, qualified only by an educational and moral fitness, and a recognition of the higher law of eternal justice predicated upon the universal brotherhood of mankind. In religion it requires spiritual devotion, not formal worship; practical living, not hypocritical pretense; real possession, not false pretension; genuine goodness, not "imputed righteousness"; fraternal love, charity, forgiveness toward enemies, and SELF-ABNEGATION. Instead of sectarian exclusiveness, selfishness and self-love. It teaches self-sacrifice, not "charitable atonement" as the "saving grace" for individual purification.

It comes as an iconoclast, to overturn the idols (creeds and ceremonies) of false religions, and declares that the time has come, foretold by Jesus, "when the true worshiper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; and while it arouses the fear and wrath of modern Demetriuses (the priesthood) whose craft is endangered, it brings the truth of Nature, "wherewith the sons of God are made free" from ignorance, superstition and priestly rule.

It comes as "the Judge of the world" to weigh in the balance of justice all human laws, customs, institutions, policies, and creeds, and separating the chaff from the wheat, (truths from errors, good from evil), it says to the former, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you"—in the human soul; and to the latter, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire (destruction), prepared for the devil and his angels" (for selfishness and the lusts of the flesh).

It is the power of God, through his ministering spirits, working among men for their liberation, education and spiritualization, and it summons the nations to repentance of political crimes, demanding of rulers the repeal of all unjust codes and an acknowledgment of the divine rights of the people, the establishment of republican governments, and a democratic religion without pontiffs, popes or synods.

Its methods of reform are not appeals to human selfishness nor to man's fears of an angry God, a vindictive devil, nor an eternal hell. It does not endeavor to make mankind better by threats nor by flattery, but appeals to the spiritual nature of man, to his love of truth, virtue, honor, and all that is noble and beautiful—seeks to "overcome evil with good," to subject the animal to the spiritual, and asks man to do right because "it is right and Godlike, not simply expedient and politic."

It teaches that to do good to others is to do it most effectually to ourselves; and by every principle of its philosophy it inculcates morality, honesty, justice, temperance in all things, brotherly love and charity toward all mankind. And, by its divine ministrations, its angelic inspirations, it stimulates the growth of spirituality—the main-spring and motive-power of all reformatory effort. It works, as God ever works, from within outward, and its lesson of truth and love shall yet lighten the whole lump, for the fiat of Omnipotent Love hath decreed it!

LYNN, MASS.

The progress made in the town of Lynn, Mass., by the earnest souls of the spiritual vanguard, is cheering. One year ago I gave utterance to a few radical thoughts there before a few listeners, "in an upper chamber." At the close of the discourse I was moved to speak, prophetically, hopeful words of large encouragement. Yesterday, again meeting the friends there face to face, I saw my vision actualized in a Lyceum, which has full attendance and a state of discipline full of promise, holding its sessions in a pleasant hall, specially adapted to their use. Not this alone, but an audience came to hear me—afternoon and evening—which filled all the seats, while many were obliged to stand up. I have not seen a more attentive audience than gathered there, nor one apparently more capable of appreciating the thorough teaching of practical Spiritualism. This is the result of the labor of a few for the year. The friends have commenced a series of popular and profitable socials, and the future wears a cheerful aspect.

I should be glad to make engagements near Boston for a few weeks. E. S. WHEELER.
Boston, Dec. 30th, 1867.

DHAGAVAT-GEETA.

For some weeks I have been trying to get on the track of a rare work, in behalf of a Western friend—the Hindoo *Dhagavat-Geeta*—but failed till the spirits came and told me where to go for a clue. I have since got a copy. It can be had of "Mr. George Philia, University of New York, New York City," price \$4.00. I think many of your literary and thinking readers would like to get the book if they knew where to apply for it.

L. JUDD PARDEE.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 20th, 1867.

Six years ago, December 30, 1861—the banks of New York, Philadelphia, Albany and Boston suspended specie payments. Gold was then at par, and did not begin to rise until January 13, 1862.

The Banner of Light is issued on a sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1868.

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ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

With Opening Eyes.

For all they could see of the realities of Spiritualism, those who have been willfully assailing it for years might as well have been blind. "Eyes have they, but see not." There is no blindness more complete than this, because the face itself is deliberately turned away from the light.

No public journal in this country—not excepting even the New York Herald—has more pertinaciously, maliciously, and libelously assailed not simply faith in Spiritualism, but Spiritualists themselves, than its able and daring cotemporary, the New York World. The foulest, meanest, the wickedest and most contemptible attacks have been regularly made on the personal appearance, the speech, and the sincerity of speakers at all the great Conventions of Spiritualists. It seemed as if the vocabulary was deficient in words and phrases through which both the reporters and editors of that journal were ready to vent their venom. It grew so bad at the last, that even those who joined in the coarse laugh at first felt compelled to protest that the thing had gone too far, and should be stopped where it was; not at all from any particular regard for the faith or feelings of Spiritualists, but because they feared for the effect on their own ranks.

On the 14th of last month appeared a long and carefully prepared article, in small type, in the columns of this same World, headed "Positivism and Spiritualism"; and finding it in that place, where we had been accustomed to look for the treasury of epithets and slander to be drawn upon in attacks on Spiritualism, we were surprised beyond measure to discover that the World fairly and fully turned its back on all its former misstatements, abuse, and slander, and made an admission in regard to Spiritualism which was the last thing to be expected in such a quarter. That the reader may enjoy the same degree of astonishment which affected ourselves, we shall proceed to quote a few passages out of the article itself, an article, by the by, from which the World charges the Herald with having generously borrowed, at a later date, in making up a full column essay in the same spirit on the same subject.

The professed object of the writer is to contrast and compare Spiritualism with the philosophy of Comte, which is styled Positivism. And after discoursing somewhat at length on the distinctive features of the latter, he turns directly to Spiritualism and discusses its leading points from the standpoint he has chosen. He says that Spiritualism is spreading through society and the churches with marvelous rapidity.

"As yet," he declares, "the American public have not realized how extensive an inroad the Spiritualists have made within the area of the Christian Church. From reliable statistics it appears that Spiritualism can now really claim almost as large a body of believers, more or less in earnest, as the Methodists or Baptists. They are scattered all over the country; but there are more of them in the Western than the Eastern States; and fewer in the South than in either. Spiritualism has now advanced far beyond the 'riddle stage of mere 'tipplings' and 'knockings' and ordinary physical manifestations; it claims to have generated a philosophy in harmony with human nature, and to have defined the relations of this present life to the life hereafter. It is remarkable that, as yet, this singular movement has not received that attention which its real importance would seem to command; for Spiritualism is a radical departure from the prevailing religious belief of the day. It claims to have established the fact of intercourse with the other world; it has a body of theology of its own, a system of morality of its own, and counts its adherents by the tens of thousands. The Christian ministry have attacked every form of unbelief; they have disputed among themselves, have raised a warning cry against the tendencies of German and French thought; but as yet there has been no co-ordinated crusade against the Spiritualists. And yet Spiritualism is by far the most formidable adversary of the Christian faith, to-day, in the United States."

And the writer very truly adds that our beautiful religion is spreading among the people of foreign nations, and quotes in particular an announcement recently made on its behalf in Germany, that land of thought and thinkers. Not only are the German public familiarizing themselves with it, but the French and Russian Courts have become spectators of all the visible evidences of the great truths of Spiritualism, which have left their influence behind.

Next he takes up Positivism and Spiritualism, as the two leading forms of modern faith, and sets forth what, in his view, are the points of agreement and disagreement between them; a matter of no such general interest to our readers as to warrant the freedom which their re-publication would take with our present limits. But the leading point of difference which is cited it is worth while to give. In his view, this is their great difference:

"That while Positivism declines to pronounce upon the idea of a God and a hereafter, Spiritualism insists upon the existence of both—that is to say, Comte does not deny that there is a God or a future life; but he claims that we have, as yet, no demonstration of their existence; that they are not proved; that our business is not with causes, but with similitudes and sequences, with the order of nature, with the how, and not with the why. The Spiritualist, on the other hand, claims to have a subjective or intuitional knowledge of God, and a demonstrative knowledge of another or spiritual world by the fact of personal communication."

The World next proceeds to discuss, though altogether from an outside, and not from an inside view, the character and writings of Andrew Jackson Davis, reciting the entire list of his world-renowned works, one by one. It says he is "a person of no little mark," and remarks that twenty-six such volumes as Mr. Davis has produced would never have been written were there not an audience large enough to sustain the enterprise of their publication. It mentions his "Divine Revelations" to say that they have passed through thirty editions; and his "Arabula" to say of it that it gives a "fair idea of the tendencies of the new American sect." And concerning its views on the spread of Spiritualism, with the blessing it is scattering in its path, it has some interesting remarks, which we give, as follows:

"Those who are inclined to believe that Spiritualism and the so-called 'Harmonial Philosophy' are on a level with the passing humbugs of the day, would do well to notice the large number of works yearly issued to supply the believers in this new faith, and to note the thousands of people, who, every Sunday, attend the ministrations of the spiritual male and female preachers. It

has already had fifty times the success of Swedenborgianism; although the New Jerusalem Church (as the adherents of the Swedish seer term themselves) has now been nearly a hundred years in existence. Thus much can certainly be said of Spiritualism: It appeals to a class of persons who have previously rejected Christianity and who had become fast thinkers and infidels. It has convinced them that there is a God and a future state; but whether these beliefs, adherent as they are to a mass of assertions in reference to the spiritual world, which, if not exactly antagonistic, are strangely and formidably competitive with the dogmatics of the Christian scheme—whether such belief entitles them to more consideration at the hands of Christian professors, is a question which the latter must decide for themselves."

With this we leave the subject where we took it up, repeating our expressions of satisfaction that out of the mouths and from the pens of its enemies will Spiritualism be vindicated at the last. Let us press on with our work, grateful for the sight of these already visible results.

Emma Hardinge in England.

The accounts we receive from England, through the press and by hearsay, of the increasing success of Mrs. Hardinge in her popular discourses, are of the most encouraging character. It is very clear that Spiritualism is spreading among the people in England, as it is on the Continent. Instead of speaking as formerly on subjects more or less secular, Mrs. Hardinge confines herself now to such as are almost distinctly spiritual, and draws large audiences whenever the announcement of her addresses is made public. We note that she has been lecturing within the past few weeks in London, her topics being "Foregleams of Immortality"; "The Soul and its Quest"; "The Divine Government of the Universe"; and "The Relations of Science and Religion." The London press speaks in terms of approbation and admiration of Mrs. Hardinge, including such journals as the Times, Post, Morning Herald, Morning Advertiser, Weekly Dispatch, and Observer. Their encomiums are of the most glowing description, and evidently written with sincerity. There is no doubt that Mrs. H., on her return to England, has opened a new era in the progress of Spiritualism as a religion and a philosophy among the people. Says the London Times, Dec. 1st:

"A series of Sunday evening lectures, by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, are in course of delivery at the Polytechnic Hall, and, judging from the crowded audience that assembled here last Sunday, when the subject chosen by Mrs. Hardinge for her discourse was 'The Soul and its Quest,' her discourses are being well received. Mrs. Hardinge's language is forcible and striking; her arguments are appositely illustrated, and the remarkable ease and fluency with which she speaks most completely rivets the attention of her hearers. Mrs. Hardinge possesses both the physical and mental powers necessary for success in the vocation she has adopted, and there are probably few causes which would not find in her oratorical ability a powerful champion."

Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels.

We notice by the Toledo (O.) Blade, that Mrs. Daniels has arrived in that city, and a number of prominent citizens had invited her to deliver a lecture there before leaving, which she consented to do. In her answer to the committee of invitation, Mrs. Daniels says:

"In reply to your letter, permit me to say that the present condition and future prospects of the Southern States cannot fail to awaken the deepest interest in the minds of all true patriots. If my recent observations and experiences in the South can add to the already enlightened public opinion of the North, or convey a correct impression of what is too painfully true, it becomes my duty to express them. I therefore appreciate and accept your kind invitation to address the citizens of Toledo on the subject named in your letter, 'The Civil, Religious and Social Condition of the People of Louisiana,' and would suggest Monday evening the 23d inst."

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Daniels is engaged to speak in Music Hall, in this city, the Sunday afternoons during April.

Dr. Newton in New Orleans.

The New Orleans *Le Salut*, of Dec. 15th, says: "We take pleasure to announce to our readers that Dr. J. R. Newton will deliver a public lecture on Spiritual Magnetism, and its application to the cure of diseases, at Lyceum Hall, on Sunday, December 22d. The Doctor specially invites all those who suffer to be in attendance, as he will treat them free of charge during the lecture. He will begin at 1 o'clock, precisely. The Doctor's office is at No. 16 Bourbon street, where patients will pay in proportion to property—always in advance. Those persons who cannot well afford to pay are cordially invited, without money and without price."

Books for the Children's Lyceum.

We understand that the Children's Lyceum in this city is in need of suitable books, which it should certainly have, if possible. The Lyceum is very attractive to the scholars, and is consequently rapidly increasing in numbers. Now is the time to donate books. We have no doubt that when some of our wealthy Spiritualists—and there are many such in this city—read this paragraph, they will at once take measures to supply the library shelves of the Lyceum with choice spiritual literature. The little ones are craving the food. Let it not be kept from them.

Prof. Denton at Music Hall.

Next Sunday afternoon, Prof. Wm. Denton will lecture on the Spiritual Philosophy in Music Hall. Those who heard this scholar and orator in the same hall a few Sundays ago, will be anxious to again listen to his able scientific exposition of the philosophy of Spiritualism, and to have their skeptical friends also enjoy the same rich blessing. The satisfaction expressed by the large audience which heard his previous lecture, is an indication that a like interest is felt to hear more from the same source.

Fred. L. H. Willis, M. D.

We call the especial attention of our New York friends who may need medical treatment, to this thoroughly educated physician. His office is located at 29 West Fourth street. Dr. Willis has treated with marked success the various diseases which afflict mankind. Indeed, he may justly claim superiority over all other medical practitioners, from the fact that he brings to his aid his great mediumistic powers. Knowing this, we feel it a duty we owe humanity to call their attention to this remarkable healer.

Meeting of the State Association.

Remember that the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists hold their annual session in Mercantile Hall this city, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 7th and 8th. The meetings will be free. Good speaking may be expected.

We have received the proceedings of the Ohio State Convention, which we shall publish as soon as our columns will admit.

Thanks to B. F. Butler, M. C., for public documents.

Services in Mercantile Hall.

Sunday forenoon, Dec. 20th, the Children's Lyceum met at 10 o'clock. We were gratified to see a full school present; but soon the numbers swelled to over one hundred and fifty, and when the time came for marching there were not flags enough for all the children.

This looks encouraging, and plainly indicates the fact that there is material enough in this city for a Lyceum in every Ward; and nothing but a want of means to defray the necessary outlay of properly equipping them delays the inauguration of at least a dozen more such living institutions. If those Spiritualists who are now contributing to the support of the Orthodox Sunday-schools would divert the same to the establishing of Lyceums, the work would be advanced at once.

The children of the Lyceum each Sunday exhibit a wonderful degree of progress in their mental and physical exercises—from the little child of three years to the youth in their "teens." On the above occasion, Mr. Bond was present with his band, and voluntarily enlivened the exercises with soul-stirring music. Miss Cary's recitation (by request) of the Marseilles Hymn, interspersed with music by the band, was received with general approbation.

In the afternoon Miss Lizzie Doten generously volunteered her services to give a lecture, the entire proceeds to be devoted to the Lyceum. The Society accepted her liberal offer, doubled the price of admission fee, and consequently realized quite a handsome sum.

The theme of the lecture was "The Open Door." The speaker first quoted St. John's vision of the open door in heaven and his instructions to the seven churches, and proceeded to explain the nature of his spiritual visions and communion; then minutely went over the long period of man's religious development up to the present time, showing that he has never been satisfied with the teachings and revelations of the various religious denominations as given to the world from one generation to another. In doing this the speaker gave full credit to each religious sect named, for the degree of spiritual light each had shed, and the benefit it had been to humanity. Yet she found that man had ever been seeking for "the open door" that led to the source of all truth. The Spiritual Philosophy, its revelations, facts and physical manifestations, from the first tiny raps heard by the little Fox girls to the present day, were then examined and criticized at length. She held that it was the duty of the men of science to demonstrate the truths of Spiritualism rather than denounce it unexamined—and in so doing, paid Prof. Denton a merited tribute for the noble stand he had taken in regard to this subject. The phenomenal phase of Spiritualism should not and could not be discarded, but science could build Spiritualism on a firmer foundation, with Nature and truth for its basis. It will yet be done. Already it had been a great blessing to the whole human race, for the reasons given, and it would still continue to be of incalculable benefit to mortals. After scanning the horoscope of Spiritualism, giving expression to the vision in clear and lucid thought, the speaker said Spiritualism was the open door which had been so long sought for by the yearning and unsatisfied spirit of man; and happily alluded to the Children's Lyceums as one of the paths which led to it. The lecture was very satisfactory to the audience.

Miss Doten speaks in the same hall again next Sunday evening.

Intelligence and Intuition.

In the beautiful "Arabula," A. J. Davis speaks of "selfish intelligence" and "unselfish intuition." How magnificently true it is that intuition comes through the feelings of the soul only when it is stripped of every selfish desire; and how true it is, too, that the intellect without the heart is ponderous with selfishness. Intellect is constrained to the narrow sphere of human reason, having power limited to the dominion of self-love. Intuition goes over the vast fields of infinitude, in and with a power sufficient to all ends, all purposes. Like the sun, it lights, it warms, it blesses the world; it is the power of worlds, the power that tears the veil from mysteries and makes all causes visible. In this power, where selfish love is passed and ended, intuition abides. The sunlight of Spiritualism is intuition; the candle-light of Spiritualism is intellect. In this new faith, he who stops for facts, for proof, lingers in the sunshine of the spiritual daytime until evening, to be lighted on his way without the sun of intuition by the uncertain, flickering candle-light of reason and philosophy.—A. B. C.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Dr. H. B. Storer, of this city, will lecture at Leominster, Mass., Sunday, Jan. 12; Plymouth, Feb. 2d and 9th; at Worcester during the month of March. His services can be engaged for the unoccupied Sundays in the vicinity of Boston.

J. M. Peebles lectures in Washington, D. C., during this month.

R. T. Hallock, M. D., of New York, it gives us much gratification to state, has signified to us his willingness to enter the lecturing field, and will answer calls to speak before Spiritualist Societies and Lyceums. Address 140 East 13th street.

Alphabetic Reform.

We would call attention to the advertisement of J. Madison Allen, concerning the Universal Alphabet. Allusion has been made in these columns at various times during the past five or six years to this system of representing speech, and we are glad to know that many of the preliminary difficulties naturally incident to so important an enterprise have been overcome, and that the public have now an opportunity to examine the features of the Alphabet and the principles upon which the system is based.

New Year's Gifts.

We have on our shelves the nicest books in print, and therefore the most suitable ones for New Year's Presents. Send in your orders.

CHARLES DICKENS.—This eminent author must be indeed highly gratified with his reception in this country. He might remain two years in America, and not fulfill half the engagements that are waiting to be made for him. Invitations to read have been extended to him from hundreds of towns and cities. The same earnest desire to hear him still exists in this city, and not one-tenth of the persons who are anxious to listen to the sound of his voice have been gratified. No doubt Mr. Dickens's "Notes" on his return to England, will be wafted across the Atlantic in "anthems of praise."

Isn't this issue filled with all sorts of good things? Look wherever you will, there they are. And not the least attractive are the spirit-messages on the sixth page. Emma Hardinge also speaks to her American friends in this number. We trust she will continue the correspondence, as she has kindly promised to do, time permitting.

New Publications.

THE FRIENDSHIPS OF WOMEN, by William B. Alger, is one of the fresh books which this most able and accomplished author has produced from his years' studies, and furnishes a list of such beautiful illustrations of the friendship of women for one another, as to make it as fascinating as a romance, while a hundred times more instructive than the best of them. The essay on his theme, which introduces the reader to its fuller consideration, is a fine production, abounding with suggestions which will start new thoughts in the minds of all reflecting and cultivated men and women. Mr. Alger has run through history, to excellent purpose, to report these instances of womanly truth, affection, and constancy. It is not every woman who finds her need of love answered in this life, and such will find much comfort in the manner in which the author treats such cases, and take encouragement from the illustrations of womanly friendships which he produces for their contemplation. The book is in itself a beauty, and does credit mechanically to the theme which it so charmingly and instructively presents. Published by Roberts Brothers.

PHRENE CARY'S "POEMS OF FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE," are the essence of sweetness, grace, and a true spiritual penetrativeness. We could read many of them, over and over, one day with another, and never feel otherwise than refreshed and elevated by their strain. Some of the critics would say of them that they are pitched on a minor key, but that simply means that their souls are not yet attuned to the secret influences which such spiritual productions ever dispense. We shall not stop here to cite any special number of these poems, as perfect specimens, as it is our intention to quote freely from her pages in the future in the columns of the Banner. The book itself is a model of mechanical beauty. The typography is of the fairest that comes from the renowned Riverside Press, and wholly worthy of the poems it expresses. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York.

ABUSE OF THE SEXUAL FUNCTIONS is the title—and none too plain an one—of a timely and very well written treatise, by E. P. Miller, M. D., of New York, on a subject which should receive the attention of every one, male and female. We undertake to say that if the pulpits throughout the land were to drop creeds altogether for one whole year, and turn their discourse exclusively to this most important subject, treating it in all its relations, large and small, genuine religion would be found to be the natural state of man, and not innate depravity. The titles of the several chapters of this book are full of suggestiveness. It deserves to be read faithfully by every young man in the land, and it would be an act of true friendship to put it in their hands as an appropriate gift for the season.

"LE SALUT" is the name of a spiritual paper just started by a Society of Spiritualists in New Orleans, in French and English, at the rate of four dollars a year. It consists of eight pages, four in French and four in English. It promises to be a vigorous advocate and champion of the great truths of our beautiful religion, an expounder of spiritualistic ideas and teachings, and a record of the march of progress for believers. The first number of "Le Salut" is varied and able, and we trust that on its present course it will be cordially and abundantly supported. We welcome it to the ranks of the workers.

BENJAMIN BLOOD, that acknowledged philosopher and sage, the man of profound thought and the genuine poet, sends us for a New Year's present a copy of his new poem—"THE COLONNADES"—in which he sets forth the peculiar philosophies of the Academies. If Emerson and the rest have been struck with his prose, they are certain to find in this poem such evidences of original excellence as will multiply their tributes to his genius many fold. This copy is the "Author's Edition," and is in a style of sumptuousness not often surpassed in books of like character.

We have before us the "CONSTITUTION FOR A SUBORDINATE SANCTUARY OF CHILDREN OF LIGHT OF THE ORDER OF ETERNAL PROGRESS," with the By-Laws of Aurora Sanctuary, No. 1, of Philadelphia. This new Sanctuary displays much enterprise in the work, and their little book of rules and regulations is a convenient manual for others than those belonging to this particular Sanctuary.

SEEK AND FIND, by Oliver Optic, is the fourth of this favorite author's "Starry Flag Series," and has proved immensely popular with the young people while running through his magazine. The story is exciting from the first page to the last, and the hero will compel very wide attention. This series is kept up with remarkable freshness and vigor. Published by Lee & Shepard.

AN OLD MAN'S PRAYER is the title of a very handsomely printed and profusely illustrated poem, in advocacy of temperance, by George M. Baker, and delivered by its author before the Mercantile Library Association and other bodies. It is a nice thing for a gift. Published by Lee & Shepard.

CHRISTMAS STORIES AND DONKEY AND SON have been published in cheap form for the million, by Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, which is next to giving away the books written by this master of English fiction.

James Vick prepares a handsome Seed Catalogue, which he sends to all who will address him with ten cents enclosed. It is like strolling in a beautiful garden to read its pages.

REMEMBER THE POOR.—At this inclement season of the year, those who have their garners well filled should not forget the poor. Remember, the eyes of the invisible world are upon you, registering your every thought and deed. See to it that the balance-sheet of your good deeds eclipses the lesser good.

Mr. Wash. A. Danskin, of Baltimore, a gentleman of firm integrity, furnishes an article on physical manifestations, in this issue, which will interest every reader.

What Does He Mean?

Allow me to ask, as I have been asked, What does "E. E." mean in the Banner of Dec. 28th in his article, entitled "Realizing the Ideal," in the New York Department, when he says: "In our present state we are not conscious of having pre-destined elsewhere; and the evidence that we shall elsewhere be conscious of having existed here, is not strong enough to be conclusive." (1)

This, to me, seems to be a plump contradiction of the whole spiritual philosophy, and a flat denial of the facts in the case. Though we may not believe absolutely the statement of any spirit, embodied or disembodied, have we not learned that those who have "gone over" still are "conscious" of having lived and loved here with us? E. S. WHEELER.

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 134 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY, at 7 o'clock. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p. m. She gives no private sittings.

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

Invocation.

Spirit of Time and of Eternity, we present ourselves in the midst of human darkness, asking for light, and praying for the descent of the holy spirit of truth upon thy sons and thy daughters in mortality; praying that the shades of theological night may be swallowed up in the glory of thy truth, even as this day has swallowed up the gloom of yesterday. Oh grant, Infinite Spirit, that we may so successfully perform our duty toward thy children still upon earth, that we may be satisfied with ourselves that we may hear thee throughout all Nature, proclaiming that we have done thy will. Oh, lay upon our shoulders the cross of Time, however heavy it may be. We will ascend the calvary of persecution, for we fear it not, since thy loving smile is not withdrawn from us. Oh grant that it may be our mission to dispense the light of this day and generation unto all thy sons and daughters, north and south, east and west. Grant that thy servants may be many who shall be found ready and willing at thy call. Grant, oh Spirit of Truth, that we may so steadfastly rely upon thee, that we shall know no fear. May a perfect love possess us that shall dispel forever the shades of fear, and cause us to rise steadily, though slowly it may be, up the mountain of power and wisdom, whereunto we may be able to understand thy laws better and worship thee more in spirit and in truth. All the earnest prayers of these children who have gathered within these walls, we present, oh Lord, to thee, laying them severally upon the altar of being. Oh Lord, we ask thy blessing upon them. May the mourner find comfort; may the oppressed find that their burdens have been removed; may those who sit in shadows find that there is sunlight even within the shadow; and may all souls, oh our Father, who know thee not spiritually, come to an understanding of thee and thy way, so that they may thereby find their heaven upon earth. Amen.

Nov. 5.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready to hear whatever queries you may have to propound, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—If spirits do, as they say, visit other planets, I would ask if they are inhabited? and if so, do you learn anything of them—of their history, character and condition, as compared with the inhabitants of the earth?

Ans.—Very many of the planets are inhabited by animal and intellectual life, while very many of them are not inhabited, they not having arrived at the stage where they can sustain animal and intellectual life combined. It is impossible to visit any such locality and not learn something in consequence of the visit. We find that all the planets that we have been made in any degree conversant with, possess essentially, and to a great extent objectively, the same life as the earth. The atoms are aggregated differently, to be sure, but the essence of the atoms is precisely the same, and the same general law seems to govern them. The products of those planets that seem to be unfolded in nearly the same plane of the earth, are nearly the same as those of the earth. There is, to be sure, a difference; but it is in the external more than the internal. The great power that governs this earth governs all other planets, and they all are subservient to this law, therefore the method of unfoldment must be similar.

Q.—Which of those planets are unfolded similar to the earth?

A.—It would take a very long time to enumerate them all.

Q.—Will you name one?

A.—Yes. The planet Mars bears a very near relation, in many respects, to the earth.

Q.—Are not some far more developed than the earth?

A.—Certainly. Many of them have passed out of the material into the spiritual orbit, as the earth will do by-and-by.

Q.—Do we know them by name?

A.—No, you do not, they having passed from the material record long before the earth was inhabited.

Q.—What was the star that guided the astrologers of the East to Bethlehem at the birth of Jesus?

A.—Certain theorists determine that this star appeared in the heavens at the birth of Jesus, and that it passed out of existence at his death. They therefore determine that the star appeared for the especial purpose of proclaiming his birth, and of exerting an influence over his physical and spiritual destiny. This I do not believe, because I do not believe that the great general law is at any time infringed upon for any special purpose, however it may seem to be. That such a star did appear about the time that Jesus was born, and disappeared about the time of his death, is very well known; but similar instances have occurred before and since that time. Therefore we are to suppose nothing more or less than that it was a phenomenon in accordance with the laws of Nature, and not for any special purpose. I would not for a moment detract from the glory that surrounded this elder brother. That is not my purpose. I revere in him all those glorious virtues that go to make up a perfect and godly man. I revere that glorious truth that shone so resplendently through him—that has never ceased to shine, notwithstanding the darkness that has been crowded around it. Still it shines out. But I believe that that truth, though it seemed to have had its birth upon the plains of Bethlehem, has always existed; that it did not need that any star should appear to herald its birth. It has always lived. It only sought expression through the man Jesus, as it seeks expression through those who are susceptible to it in all ages.

Q.—You said that other stars had appeared in the same way. Was it ever known in the history of man that any other star appeared at the birth and closed its existence with the life of the individual it heralded into the world?

A.—If you intend to make a decided application of the star to the individual, then we shall say, according to human intellect, that is the only similar manifestation we have any record of. But children are born in every age, and stars are born at the same time. Men and women die in every age, and stars go out of external existence at the same time. But there is no record made of it as connecting the star and the individual.

Q.—Still that star seemed to have some connection with the individual.

A.—Only in superstition. Nowhere else.

Q.—Why, then, should it have guided the wise men to the very spot where the child lay?

A.—Why does the north star guide the mariner?

Q.—It is a fixed star, I understand.

A.—That is true, and yet the application is none the less legitimate. We do not believe in the superstition. That such a star was born in the firmament, and did pass out of existence about the time stated, we believe; but we do not believe that it had any reference to the birth of the child Jesus.

Q.—What means the account of John baptizing in the river Jordan, and of the Holy Ghost descending in the form of a dove, &c.?

A.—Are you sure it did take place?

Q.—We have it in the record.

A.—Oh yes, you have the record, broken into fragments and patched up—by whom? By theological bigots. While the simple truth of the first and only reliable record—have you that? No, you have not. You suppose you have, as the different churches suppose they have the only true religion. One tells us, "Come to me, I have the true religion. You will find safe entrance into heaven only through me." All the others tell us the same.

Q.—The means are different; the end is the same.

A.—Very true. Your record possesses very much truth, and also very much that is not true, and it behooves this age to sift the chaff from the wheat. It behooves every enlightened mind that desires to be informed concerning these things, to do something toward sifting the chaff from the wheat. The record will bear sifting. This age will not pass away without sifting that record, and most terribly, too. For there is need of it; and the great All-Father, seeing the need, furnishes the means.

Q.—How can we judge which is the chaff and which the wheat?

A.—Every man and woman judges according to their capacity. No two can judge alike. But earnest investigation, aside from all prejudice, will finally assist you to reach the desired haven, namely, to come down to the simple truth of the record; take away all that did not have a place there in the beginning, and as far forth as you are able through the light that is streaming in upon this age, sifting it—which is to be done by the analysis of thought. Agitation of thought, said one, is the beginning of wisdom; and when thought becomes deeply and lastingly agitated upon this subject, you will know more of your Jesus than you have ever known.

Q.—Then we are to throw away the Bible entirely, taking Nature as our guide exclusively?

A.—Did we say so? Much of the Bible is true, and we never throw away truth. You are not to throw it away, but to seek earnestly to know just how much truth is there, and then worship it with all your soul. No matter if found in Jesus the Christ, in John the Baptist, or in Solomon even; if truth is found there, worship it. But the chaff you are not called upon to worship. It will not minister to the needs of your soul. The soul has no need of it.

Q.—But as we are only finite, how shall we judge and decide of the laws which the Infinite has given to us? Can we do this by the study of Nature?

A.—Yes, far better than anywhere else. If you would marry Nature and the Bible, philosophy and religion, you would have a far better religious and natural code. You have divorced them and are worshipping each separately. The consequence is, your religion is but a name, and your philosophy is starving for want of religion. There are evidences of this all over the land. Do you suppose you would have been plunged into the miserable war you have hardly emerged from if your religion and philosophy had been one? No; it could not have been. But because they were separate, men went to war with each other. They appealed to the sword and the cannon, when they should have appealed to the life of Jesus crowned with wisdom; not that you have in your churches, by any means, but the pure, undefiled love that was born, we are told, in a stable, cradled in the arms of poverty, and sent out into the world to preach the Gospel. The Gospel of what? Not of creeds, for he knew of none. The Gospel of God's eternal truth, such as was written everywhere, in the mountains and the valleys, the ocean and the dry land. Jesus married philosophy and religion. He said to the elements, "Be at peace!" He understood the power by which the elements were controlled, and understanding it, he could make use of it. Could any one of his followers do as much? Do we hear of the churches calming even the mental elements? No; if they could, why did they not say to the South, "Peace, be still!" and the same to the North? It is all very well to worship God one day in the week, and Mammon all the other days; all very well, till you come to look at religion fair in the face and weigh it in the balances of reason; but then it is very often found wanting.

Q.—If we see in Nature the result of a great power, why do Spiritualists continually speak of the God of Nature as seen through his works? If Nature is the cause, there must be a great cause back of that which produces these effects.

A.—Nature is not the cause. Nature is the effect. We believe that God is everywhere. He expresses through the mountain, through the valley, through these flowers, [referring to a bouquet on the table,] through everything; for as all things are by God, nothing can be without him. There is no room for your devil—none at all, not even a corner in the universe set off for him. God fills every space. The true Spiritualist should worship God everywhere, and most of all, where he sees the most truth—no matter where; if from the lips of childhood, fall down and worship it.

Nov. 5.

Katie Wiseman.

I am Katie Wiseman, from Louisiana. I am daughter of Col. Nathaniel Wiseman. Had I lived one week longer I should have been fourteen years old. I don't know how my father will receive me, coming from here, but I hope he will well. I have been dead—is that what they call it?—[Yes.] I have been dead since the 18th of August last, 1867. I don't know what I died with. I was taken very sick, and no medicine seemed to affect me, and so at last I died. They

called it fever, and I suppose it was, but I don't know. My father and my aunt visited New York—it is now almost two months since—thinking to try modern Spiritualism, to know whether it was true or false, to see if I could come; but they were prevented from doing what they started to do by a friend from Georgia, who told them it was all humbug, and they would only be very sorry if they had anything to do with it. And he cited the case of one of his family who had been misled, had been advised by spirits to go into the army, and had been told that he should be safe, no harm should come upon him; and he went, and was killed in battle, which proves that the spirits lied, or it was the devil.

Well, I was awfully disappointed; but I met some one there who told me not to give up, but to come here, and, so far as I could, give an account of their going to New York and all about it, as nearly as I could, so that they might be induced to try it again. Why, there are folks here that were misled before they died, and don't you suppose they are just as bad now, and will do wicked things if they get the chance? My father ought to think of that, and not say they are all bad. I am not bad because they are. I don't tell lies and try to do wicked things because they do. It is very unjust to say we are all devils—little children and all. Only think of it! It's hard, isn't it? Why, it is awful hard, because, you know, we have to suffer all there is to suffer. Those bad folks don't care. It only makes them angry, and then they fight awfully; and that is what they like. It only hurts us and shuts the door for us, and makes everybody think we are very wicked. I don't thank Mr. Waters at all for what he said to father. I don't thank him at all. I know he said it, because he thought it was right, but folks better be sure before they take part in anything that is going to make anybody else unhappy. Don't you think so? [They ought to investigate.] Oh, he said, he had, and that he had instances after instances to cite, where persons were deceived. Well, what of all that? He forgets that he is a little inclined to deceive himself. You see I just happened to know. I will tell you why: He had some of the best servants that anybody ever had, and one of them in particular—she used to come into our family a good deal; she was intelligent and good—she was good; her name was Maria, and he told her that he never would sell her. She wanted her freedom-papers, and he said he never would sell her; and one day what did he do but go and sell her? And when he sent her where she was to be sold, he never let her know anything about it, but told her something just as different from the real truth as light is from darkness; and she went down there, and oh dear! dear! it was so different, and she was so distressed to think she had been so deceived, she gave right up and prayed she might die. And she did die. Wasn't God good? And she is a witness against him. Better not talk too much about deceiving! It is horrid wicked! But I think it is a great deal wicker to talk about people that deceive, when you deceive yourself, than it is to deceive without talking about anybody. Don't you? That is double wickedness, it is. I could not help saying it, because I was just as mad as I could be at first. [You are not now?] No; but I was. I had worked so hard to get father there—I was horrid mad! But I am not now. They would not have let me come here if I was. I should have had to deceive them if I did. They ask if you have love in your soul to all mankind, and if you have not, then you better wait. But some of them come and say, "Oh, yes, I love everybody; yes, yes, I mean all right. I like the truth." And then they come here and "jaw" like fury. They deceive bad. But I wouldn't say it, so I had to wait. [Did you have any knowledge of this before you served?] Oh, no; I heard about it—I heard the servants talk about it—about seeing spirits and getting raps, and a great many things; and we used to think they were superstitious. Thank you for letting me come. If I succeed, very likely I shall want to come again. But if anything happens to get me cross again, no knowing how long I shall have to wait. I tried just as hard as I could to get over it, but I am quick, like my father. Good-day.

Nov. 5.

Henry A. Hubbard.

It is nearly five years since I closed my life here to open it under better circumstances. I died at Ronooke Island, in February, 1862. I had contracted sickness on board the transport, which resulted in death. I was of the 27th Massachusetts, Company I. I was Captain of the Company. Name, Henry A. Hubbard. There seems to be much dissatisfaction on the part of my friends with regard to my death. They attribute it to the mismanagement of superior officers, and not without some cause, for they did not seem to know how to get us out of trouble. We were in a tight place, and they seemed to have more faculty for attending to their wine and cigars than to their sick and wounded men and under-officers. But it is all in a lifetime, we are told. I am well satisfied with the exchange made, and can see only one thing wanting, and that is, perfect communion between myself and those who remain. When that is effected, or even clearly under way, I shall be very well satisfied, and cease to have any regret for the early change I made.

Nov. 5.

Thomas Van Wayne.

[How do you do?] That is what I am trying to find out. [Did you pass away whispering?] I see you came back trying to. Did I? Well, I was thinking which way was best to begin, and I was in the habit of doing that when I was thinking. I am a German by birth. From Booneville, Boone Co., Ill. That is the place I was living at, and my name was Thomas Van Wayne, and I have got a family and a great many friends. I was in the first Illinois Cavalry. I didn't know much about fighting, but I could fight if I wanted to. But I think this country was mine now I lived here, and was well treated here, and had got a home here. And they told me it was all to be broke up and the government destroyed, and slaveholders was to govern, and I said, "It will for every man who can shoulder a musket, to go." And I went, and was killed, and that's the end of it. And all I ask in compensation is the way to come back and let them know I was decently killed—very decently killed. I was well received in this new life, and made my way round here very quick. I have nothing to complain of, only I want to come back and see what I can do to make things straight. I want them to know I can come; and it is well, it is like this: There is something in Germany that will come to me when some of my family there shall come to the spirit-land. I am the legal heir. Well, my family in America have heard that they were dead, and have written there, but got no reply; I thought it well for me to come and say they are dead, and the thing is waiting, and it is well to look after it. And they got no reply because they did not direct right. It is not a very hard thing to do, but they didn't do it, and so the letter didn't stop at the right place. Well, I don't care—I have no wish to bring money where it isn't needed, but I will say I would like

that those I have left should get what there is, and do good with it; if they don't, they better not have it. That's it. As to keeping it all, it is not right, and if they are going to do that, I shall throw a big stone into the scale against 'em, so my side will go down and theirs will go up, so they can't get it. [Who have you left that has legal power to receive it?] Well, I have my daughter and my son—a small boy. I was the heir, and now they are the heirs. Then I have a half-brother. It was he that wrote. But he sent wrong. Now I want them to let me talk—seek one of these persons [mediums] so I can talk and tell them just what to do.

Oh! it is very good, this coming back. It lets us make things straight what is crooked.

About the great God, I don't know. I haven't seen him yet. Maybe he never made up his mind to come round where I be.

Nov. 5.

Séance opened and conducted by Thomas Paine; letters answered by H. Marion Stephens.

Invocation.

Our Father, our Mother! while myriads of worlds proclaim thy wisdom and thy power, we will not doubt thy love. Whether men worship thee in the name of Brahma or Jehovah, it matters little unto thee, since thou knowest that all nations are thy children—thou art willing to receive the earnest prayers of all. Thou art ever with us, leading us through shadow and sunlight, assisting us through thy ministering spirits who have passed through scenes of sorrow up the mountain of knowledge and power. It is ever the wisdom of the higher to assist the lower; so we expect that thou wilt assist us through those intelligences that are nearer unto thee in wisdom. Though we have passed through the shade of death, though its dews have clustered around our brows, though its cold hand hath touched us and our earthly bodies have been laid away under the sod, yet our spirits rejoice in thy love, for that love is great, boundless as life, infinite as eternity. Oh, thou spirit who art all unto us wherever we may be, shall we pray unto thee for blessings when on every hand they are with us? Shall we ask thee to remove sorrow from our pathway when we feel that it is there by thy wisdom. Nay, we will only ask that we may know wherefore the sorrow, and find strength in our surroundings to bear all the crosses of life. Thou hast so married us to all Nature and to thee that we cannot be separated. Everything is bound to us, and we in turn are bound unto all things. So it is that we feel for humanity; so it is that we are made sad because of the sorrows of their earthly life. When we see thy children languishing beneath yokes of ignorance, when we see oppression with heavy hand resting upon thy weak children, then it is that thy spirit within us calls unto thy spirit without, asking for power, asking for wisdom with which to overcome the darkness of time. That we shall receive all we need, we have abundant evidence; that thou wilt guide us safe out of all darkness unto all light, we cannot doubt. If thy love did not forsake us in death, surely, oh surely it can never forsake us. Wherever we may be we feel that thy love will protect us, and our own sorrows, under the auspices of that love, shall finally bring us out into the clearer light and unto a better understanding of thee, where we can adore thee more perfectly—it may be where we can adore thee more in love than at present. It would seem that our love for thee, oh Father, oh Mother, were great as it could be; yet as we advance nearer and still nearer to thee in thy wisdom, we expect to love thee more and more. That thou wilt hear our prayers, we believe; that thou wilt answer them also, we believe; for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Nov. 7.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Why is it that Spiritualists speak so disrespectfully of religion, and so malignantly toward any one that has done any harm, if he belonged to a church? Does belonging to a church make the person any worse?

Ans.—There are many persons who claim to be Spiritualists who are only such in outward expression, while the inward life of Spiritualism they know nothing about. Spiritualism teaches large charity, and it also teaches you to be just. It does not teach you to array the peculiar condition of any individual before the world, that the world may censure and finally condemn. No, Spiritualism does no such thing. Spiritualism points you to yourself, and bids you to be exceedingly watchful over yourself, guarding your every act, and rendering all acceptable to even the highest angels in the sphere beyond time. Spiritualism does not propose to wage war against the churches, or against the members composing the churches, but it does propose to wage war against the darkness within the churches—that which belongs particularly to the churches, not the outside acts of individual members. Spiritualism does not tell you to blame the Church because one of its members commits murder or any other crime. No, it advises to no such course. Now your querist asks why Spiritualists do this and so? Well, they do so because they are ignorant of the better way—spiritually ignorant. They do not see that in this course they are following directly in the wake of theological darkness and bigotry. They fail to see that they are enacting over and over again what they condemn in others. If they did see it, they would be ashamed for themselves. They would turn from the course, knowing it was not the better way. Spiritualists—those even who have only the outside of Spiritualism, who know nothing of its inner life, even that class who only make a profession of belief in the return of dead men, women and children, should be exceedingly careful how they send out words and thoughts that are so exceedingly bitter against any one, whether in or out of the Church. For their opponents North and South, East and West, are watching them, trying to determine concerning Spiritualism by the fruits those Spiritualists bear. If they bear slander, what sort of notion on your opponents have concerning you or the glorious cause you represent? If their fruits are bitter, who can be nourished by them?

No, no, ye Spiritualists! even ye who float only on the surface, beware! for this great cause that is, so far as its expression on earth is concerned, dependent on you for its growth—beware, I say, how you cause it to blush for you. The time may come when Spiritualism will receive a sifting; when all such as are not Spiritualists at heart, as well as at head, will be set aside, and by whom? Why, by the God of their own natures, for they will be ashamed of their course, because they will see it in its deformity, and they will set themselves aside, waiting till they shall be more worthy to enter the ranks of pure and undefiled Spiritualism.

We will answer a question in brief, which has been presented us from one of the liberal minds of the age—liberal in certain directions, in politics, in religion—Spiritualism: excepted—for he tells us at the outset that he has not made up his mind as to whether or not Spiritualism is true; he hopes it is true, thinks it is a glorious religion,

and he might have added, When it does I will openly embrace it. And then he asks what is our opinion—ours, the presiding spirits at the Banner of Light Rooms, with regard to universal suffrage. "Tells us," he says, "ye who profess to be spirits that have once lived in forms of flesh, whether you believe it is right for women to vote, whether you believe it is right for them to stand intellectually, with man. Still I am but one of many, therefore can only answer for myself as a distinct individuality. I claim to be responsible for all that I utter, and for nothing more. Is it right for women to vote? Is it best? Do you think they are capable of voting, and doing justice to themselves and their country? These were questions that passed through his mind, but found no external utterance. Our answer may be given in a very few words: If woman is capable of being a mother to those who make the laws of nations, if she is capable of training the young mind up to mature age, and shaping its physical, social and intellectual destiny, surely she is capable of taking a part in politics. In very many instances she is man's intellectual superior, and, I know, that when taken as a whole, she is in no way his inferior. It is only the superstition of past ages that has placed her upon a level below man. God never placed her there. Then has man the right to? Certainly not. And the same power that hath said with regard to the black man, "Let my people go," says the same with regard to woman. Give her her freedom, in its largest and divinest sense. First, the religion in woman is opposed to war. She intuitively feels that peace is better than war. Woman is nature is better fitted to receive impressions from the higher and diviner life. Hence, it is surely very possible that she may be so guarded and guided by that life that she will make no mistake, even in casting her vote. Yes, as an individual, I am in favor of universal suffrage. I am in favor of lifting every kind of bonds. I am in favor of lifting the race higher and still higher.

But the great rushing tide of human progress is setting this question for you. I need not go to discuss it; whether I come or not, it will be discussed and settled. The same great power that determines concerning all things, also will determine concerning this; and since the dams that superstition has built against this great flood-tide of human progress are being swept away, need we fear for the result? I certainly do not, for one. I know that as the race is bound to rise in all things, it will rise in this. And I know also that as the great Congress of Spirits are exerting now a wide-spread and deep-seated power on the earth, they will not overlook this most momentous question.

Q.—Why cannot spirits manifest through the organs of a mute when the organs are perfect, as I have been informed they are?

A.—Then you have been misinformed, for in most instances the organs of the mute are imperfect, therefore they will not admit of their exercise by any foreign spirit any more than of the indwelling spirit.

Q.—Do I understand you to say that the organs are imperfect?

A.—In most cases. There are exceptions, and where there are exceptions, it is very possible for a disembodied spirit to do more than we in the flesh could do. Some of the organs may be perfect, there is a certain magnetic and electric life playing between the organs of speech and the spirit which they cannot overcome, however perfect the organs may be. Whereas, some outside and more powerful spirit might be able to overcome this magnetic and electric interference and be able to speak, while the spirit that dwells in the body would not be able. But these are the exceptions, not the rule. Generally the external organs are defective.

Nov. 7.

Sally Thorndike Hall.

I have been trying ever since I left the earth, which was nineteen years ago, to come back and explain the unusual conditions that surrounded me for some fourteen or fifteen years before I died. Now if you won't get weary, I will, as briefly as I can, explain myself. I was born in Poughkeepsie, New York State. When I was in my twenty-fourth year, I removed to Albany, and I stayed there three years, and then moved to Troy. Then I went to Utica, and was married there. I don't now remember just how many years I lived in Utica, but it was quite a good many. Then my last place of living here on the earth was St. Louis. I was thirty-nine years old when I died, and my name was Sarah—or Sally, they called me—Sally Thorndike Hall. I had seven children. Two of them remain on the earth. Now what I want to explain is this: For fourteen, most fifteen years before I died, I was daily visited by spirits; those I knew and those I did not know, and they talked with me about all my affairs, and about things to come, and told me many wonderful things. They said I was crazy, and had lost my mind; but I told them I never had a clearer mind in my young days than I had then. Some of the most remarkable things I received from the spirits I preserved, and my son has them. And he often says, "That is like Spiritualism. I wish I could believe it. I wonder if it is one and the same thing." Well, it is the same. You are not to suppose that Spiritualism, or the power of spirits communicating with us, had no existence before the Rochester Knockings. Not at all—not at all! That is only one of the phases of Spiritualism. That was only the communicating of the spirits at one place. That was all. There has always been proof in every age that certain persons were susceptible to spirit-influence; some to write, some to talk, some by impression; some one thing, and some another. They told me just what I was to do, and I did it. "That is so strange," they knew it would not trouble me. I should not be made unhappy by knowing; but on the contrary, it would help me. I should be more ready to go, they told me. I asked them, and it proved just so. They even told me what kind of a day it would be, and who would be with me, and all about it. Well, it all proved just as they said; and oh! they thought it was so strange, and "Oh! no, you won't believe it," they said. "Oh! we don't understand it, we can't understand it. It is one of the mysteries of God." No such thing! God don't have any mysteries. All his manifestations are just as simple as can be. It is a mystery how the violet grows, when you do not know; but when you know, the mystery is all gone. The mystery part of it is all vapor. I wish to tell them that. They used to say, "Oh! don't tell us that. We shall have to put you in the hospital." "No, you won't," I used to tell them. "You needn't be at all afraid. I am nowhere near insane." "Oh dear, oh dear, what shall we do?" I used to hear them say, when they didn't know I could hear, and it got so at last that I used to hold my tongue. When I got those glorious things, I didn't tell them anything about it—kept it to myself.

Well, since Mr. So-and-so, and Miss So-and-so—I won't call names—have gone to investigate, why, they think, "Well, now we know what it is, and they were like this modern Spiritualism. And perhaps it is true, after all. Oh, I should think, if she came back, there might be some truth in it." Well, I've come—I've come, you see. I am a stranger here. I don't come because I expect they will fall right down and worship this glorious modern Spiritualism. No, I don't expect that; but I come because I think they are ready. The time has come—that's all I can say. I've done everything. There never was a time he didn't rule. I used to tell them so. I had perfect faith in my God, they said, but I had no faith in religion, because of these things. I was insane. Well, I had the utmost faith in God. They didn't have. I was never afraid to die, but they were; and because they were, they thought I would be, too.

They said, "Well, they did tell her when she was going to die; but we don't care; it was the devil, or all that." But it never made me unhappy, or the spirits wouldn't have told me. I remember very well when some one in our family was very sick, and I knew—I felt in myself they were not going to live, and I asked the spirits who came to me, and they would not give me any satisfaction at all—wouldn't even answer me. As soon as they left, the impressions came on me, and they were so true, because they were so confident in my poor, weak human nature, and they knew it was not best. They were careful in that case, but not in mine, because they knew there was no need of it.

Now it is not for me to say whether Spiritualism is true or false. But I have come. That is true, and I think they can't prove that I haven't come. If it isn't me, why then they will have

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Spiritualism and Social.

Human beings are naturally social beings; made to converse and be loved; help and be helped; love and be loved; bless and be blessed in turn. Standing aloof from our fellow-creatures, coldness, indifference, selfishness. Eye meeting eye, soul touching soul, there is life in the magnetic clasp of the hand.

The lowest orders of creation manifest this mutual blending of aim and interest—the social element. The trees interlace their branches and wave their tops in melodious union; from equator to poles the waves shoulder their fellows, gliding with innumerable smiles; whole orchards of apple-blossoms blush in correspondence; ranks of corn laugh on the slopes in regiments; acres of lilies uncover their bosoms to the moon; meadows of grass-blades bend before the breeze, and millions of barley-heads rustle and nod on the sea. Shoals of finny tribes solidify across the sea with moving life, and ant-hills are animated cities upon number New York, Pekin, Jeddah. Beavers build in company. Birds mate, mingle in flocks, and merrily sing. Should not human beings be as social, joyous, free?

In social union there's strength; in concert of action, power. The bundle of rods was not easily broken; while upon the waving banner that gave to our country freedom from British tyranny was inscribed the phrase, "United we stand."

Spiritualists should be more cordial, more social at their public meetings; more fraternal and united. Each organization should have its sewing or benevolent society, its library and reading-room, its public and private circles for manifestations, and its dancing parties, meeting weekly or semi-monthly, parents and children uniting in "tripping the light fantastic too." Amusements are not only an important part of education, but necessarily allied to religion. Mrs. Stowe well said in the Atlantic Monthly:

"If the Church would set herself to amuse her young folks, instead of discussing doctrines and metaphysical air-splitting, she would prove herself true mother and not a hard-hearted dame. Let her keep this department, so powerful and so difficult to manage, in what are morally the strongest hands, instead of giving it up to the weakest."

I think if the different churches of unity, for example, would rent a building where there should be a billiard table, or two ninepin-alleys, a reading-room, a garden and grounds for ball playing and innocent lounging, that they would do more to keep their young people from the ways of sin than a Sunday school could. Nay, more; I would go further: I would have a portion of the building fitted up with scenery and stage for the getting up of tableaux or dramatic performances, and thus give scope for the exercise of that histrionic talent of which there is so much lying unemployed in society.

Young people do not like amusements any better for the wickedness connected with them. The spectacle of a sweet little child singing hymns and repeating prayers, of a pious old Uncle Tom dying for his religion, has filled theatres night after night, and proved that there really is no need of indecent or improper plays to draw full houses. The things that draw young people to places of amusement are not at first gross things. Take the most notorious public place in Paris—the Jardin Mabille, for instance—and the things which give it its first charm are all innocent and artistic."

Chronology of the Ancients.

That learned man, Dr. Hebold, President of the Academy of Industrial Sciences in France, writing of the ancient mysteries, and the relation they bear to the Jewish Theocracy and the Christian religion, says: "The chronology of Egyptian history, according to Diodorus, Manethon and Herodotus, the last of whom visited Egypt 400 B. C., is as follows:

"From the date 13,300 B. C. until the year 4,000 B. C., when the Zodiac was constructed and set up in the temple of Esneh, there occurred four periods; to the first is ascribed the reign of the Gods, and to the last the consolidation of the lesser kingdoms into three large kingdoms, acting in concert with some thirty or forty colleges of the priests." "Hermes, the priest-king, 3000 B. C., observed the star Aldebaran. The Egyptian priests inform us that Hermes, in dying, said: 'Until now, I have been exiled from my true country, to which I am about to return. Shed no tears for me. I return to that celestial country, whither all must repair in their turn. There is God. This life is but a death.' (See Chaldeus in Timæus.) He further informs us that 'the most convincing proof that the author of the Hebrew Genesis drew his cosmogony from that of the Chaldeans, is afforded us by the recital of the details that we therein find of the deluge, in comparing it with the text of two fragments, the one of Alexander Polyhistor, a learned compiler of the time of Scylla, and the other that of Abydenus, another compiler, who, Eusebius has informed us, consulted the monuments of the Medes and Assyrians. That which the Hebrew Genesis recounts of Noah, these authors recount of Ziusudra; and it is plain that the history from the beginning of the deluge to the account of the rainbow, is purely Chaldean—that is to say, the chapters from the sixth to the eleventh, inclusive, are taken from the legends of the priests of that nation, of an infinitely remote period of time." The connection he traces between the Gynocopheta of India, Hierophants of Egypt, the Magi of Persia, the Confucian sages, the Jewish priesthood and early Christians, is wonderful. Take this as one of the least among many illustrations: There were "seventy-two" of the Manwantaras of India; "seventy-two" of the Manes of Egypt; "seventy-two" of the initiated among the thousands of Confucius's disciples; "seventy-two" of the Jewish Sanhedrin; and "seventy-two" of the most distinguished disciples of Jesus Christ. It is a very ancient—perhaps universal mythos, similar to the magic numbers "three," "seven" and "twelve."

Lectures and Lecturers.

Nerved by frosts and snows, intellectual and moral progress goes forward twice as fast as during the heats and scorching suns of summer. Village and City Lectures shine brightest in the winter solstice. Each December calls to the platform our men of ideas—our authors of fame. Not in the President or Congress, nor the pulpit or press, but in the people—in the education and culture of the living, thinking masses of "average men," as Walt Whitman terms them, lies the hope of the American nation. Therefore, we sing the worth of the lyceum, the library, the common school.

We recently listened to Emerson in St. James

Hall, Buffalo, N. Y.—his subject, Eloquence. How we wished that every young speaker in the land could have heard him. Though crowded, the stillness of death reigned—reigned, because Emerson said something while speaking; said it naturally, quietly, sincerely, scholarly. His mind is singularly clear, rare, cosmic and artistic in its painting. He once told us in his own house that the vast universe was to him one "grand spiritual manifestation." Among other things in this lecture, he said:

"He did not know of anything to which people will listen with more attention than eloquence, and the wise think it better than a battle. It is a triumph of pure power, and it has a beautiful, a prodigious surprise in it. Eloquence has a primary value in showing its power upon the minds of men. Here is one of whom we take no note, but it appears that he has a secret virtue not suspected—that he can point to what has occurred, and what must occur, with as much clearness, before a company, as if they saw it done before their eyes. It appears that eloquence is as natural as swimming. It only needs that men should be well pushed off into the water over head, and after a mad struggle or two, they find the use of their arms, and possess this new and wonderful power. Eloquence is the power to translate the truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak. Geometry and Music may make the basis of a spiritual education, as well as in a house, or a mathematical demonstration."

The Western Western Sensation.

This inordinate love of show, novelty and notoriety, constitutes at least one of the weaknesses characterizing Americans. A foot-sore, leg-weary pedestrian trudges swiftly through Western villages and cities, Chicago-ward, and lo! gaping throngs, Spiritualists with the rest, shout to feel, legs and muscles, bosoms and hallo! hallo! Why? What the cause of these ecstasies? Has a new science been discovered? A fresh truth flashed upon the world? The open Polar sea entered? New principles brought to light? The ignorant educated? Nothing of the kind. But an ordinary man, flannel-shirted and leg-gifted, "pads" through the mud from Portland to Chicago in a given space of time. That's all!

A sarcastic writer says:

"Noble, but somewhat mellow-brained youth! turn your gentle minds to the discovery of some new route to the stars; dive into the unfathomable; soar to the illimitable; invent something new—however useless, or simple, or contemptible in itself—and glory, dazzling, though brief, is yours; the lightning will flash your name to the ends of the earth; the press pants to tell your deed; crowds will throng to attend your steps; lovely maidens will kiss your proud lips; and fame will bring a laurel wreath on your throbbing brow. Some have reached renown by slow and painful toil, or by the powers of wonderful intellect, or by singular devotion to the good of mankind; but you need not be discouraged though you have neither energy, nor genius, nor philanthropy. Do one utterly unrepentant thing, commit a superlatively horrible crime, display some astonishing posture of your anatomy, contort your features into some perfectly impossible shape, and glory is yours. But don't be astonished that the next moment you are kicked from your phylax to give place to a later novelty. Sic transit gloria mundi!"

The eccentric Carlyle writes, "To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human heart a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed; this is work for a God." To shout for Weston, is emphatically work for man—men as they are in the nineteenth century.

I Come—I Come.

Richly enjoying an evening's social converse with friends in the hospitable home of Bro. Fenn and family of St. Louis, Mrs. Charles J. Osburn, an excellent medium, deprived of earthly sight, but gloriously gifted with the spiritual and also with heavenly visions, became unconsciously entranced. Immediately succeeding the entrancement a well-timed and beautiful address was delivered to those present from a shining band of immortals. This concluded, she took our hand, and the following lines streamed in mellowed music-words from her lips:

I come, I come! with a harp of gold from the far-off Summer-Land;
The crystal river I've crossed alone; I have left an angel-harp
To bring to thee on my golden harp sweet music from afar,
With cadence soft that the angels sing as they glide from star to star.

I come, I come! with echoes caught from the birds of Paradise,
That wing their way through starry worlds, 'mid pearls beyond all price;
For angel-thoughts are the gems that shine in the jeweled realms above,
Where all the pure, the precious pearls, are the priceless pearls of love.

I come, I come! with my harp of strings tuned to the music of heaven,
Griefs away to banish, and their mighty sweep when the hopes of earth depart;
For ling'ring still on my golden harp are the angel-songs above,
Whose harps and hearts with their broken strings ever thrill with lays of love.

Buffalo Affairs.

Passing the threshold of 66 East Seneca street, Buffalo, the weary mediums or lecturers are immediately thrilled with a sweet consciousness of home—word replete with pleasant memories, social privileges, solid comforts and wise counsels. Mother Maynard's home may truly be called the pilgrim's retreat. Long shall we remember the daily kindnesses of each member of the household, not forgetting the "striking" impressions of Henry, head of the family.

The Spiritualist Society in this city is in a prosperous condition. The present hall is already too small to accommodate the evening audiences. The Progressive Lyceum, with N. M. Wright, Conductor, and Mrs. Mary Lane, Guardian of the Groups, is in a flourishing state, and seems biding with promises of still greater prosperity. Heaven bless the good people of Buffalo.

The Blue Anchor Industrial Institute.

Parents who are Spiritualists, and other liberalists interested in the education of the young, have long felt the need of literary institutions adapted to the spirit of the age. We are happy to learn that a school of this character, equally accessible to both sexes, has just opened in Blue Anchor, N. Y., (Jan. 1st, 1868,) under the supervision of Prof. J. Madison Allen, a gentleman well adapted, both by scholarship and experience, to fill the position. Those interested in a true education, in the progress of liberal and rational ideas, in connection with the harmonious unfolding of the whole organism, bestowing the "temple of God," will both encourage and patronize this movement—the long-desired ideal of Dr. Haskell's labors. Success then to you, Bro. Allen, and your truly noble enterprise.

An underlying evil—Secret falsehood.

A Mantle has Fallen upon Moses.

DEAR BANNER—Allow the space to warn everybody as to the conduct of the Spiritualists of Minnesota, and especially those of Lake City and Winona. The Lake City Spiritualists overpaid me \$20.00, on seven lectures, and the Winona Spiritualists, after paying me more than we agreed upon, made me a Christmas present of an overcoat, cap and muffler, worth \$50.00. The magnetism accompanying such presents would almost keep one warm, without the presents. Such Spiritualists as some there are in Minnesota will find a big reward in the hereafter.

MOSES HULL.

Hastings, Mich.

The appointment for a meeting of Barry County, to be held in Hastings on the 11th and 12th of January, is withdrawn for a future time. J. O. B.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—The First Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, every Sunday at 10 A. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. John W. McLeish, Conductor. The Boston Spiritualist Association, 14 Broad street, Speaker engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten until further notice.

St. Louis, Mo.—Lecture every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. A half-hour concert on the Great Organ, at 10 A. M. Lecture at 10 A. M. by Rev. J. H. Brown, Chairman. Prof. Wm. Brewster speaks Jan. 12 and 13.

The Progressive Lyceum in care of Miss Phelps meets on 12 Howard street, up two flights, in hall. Sunday sessions, 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

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St. Louis, Mo.—The "Society of Spiritualists and Progressive Lyceum" of St. Louis hold three sessions each Sunday in the hall at 12 Washington street. 3 P. M. Lecture at 3 P. M. by Rev. J. H. Brown, Chairman. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. by Rev. J. H. Brown, Chairman. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. by Rev. J. H. Brown, Chairman.

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