

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXII.

{ \$5.00 PER YEAR, }
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }
Eight Cents.

NO. 19.

Original Essays.

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA.

BY WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

The biography of this remarkable eccentric of antiquity, prepared by the sophist Philostratus, for the entertainment of the Empress Julia Domna, wife of Septimius Severus, is a perfect kaleidoscopic specimen of Grecian belles-lettres. It was principally derived from a previous work or miscellany of the Assyrian Daulis, who was both disciple and follower of his master Apollonius. And if it be a mark of the divine finger that the New Testament, by means of the organized priesthood who regarded it as their pet and the source of their revenue, escaped the gauntlet of alleged perils to which it has been exposed in its navigation of the stream of Time, and has reached us at this age, it is certainly quite as miraculous that this Pagan life has survived the numerous attacks made upon it by the self-same ecclesiastical interests, and has also been preserved for our present inspection. If it be a mere compilation, and its hero an uncertain shadow; if the Memorabilia of Socrates by Xenophon, the History of Herodotus, the Biography of Pythagoras, the Poems of Homer and the Natural History of Pliny, contributed to its composition, Apollonius was certainly no impostor, as has been roundly charged—no more than an unborn embryo; in such case no such personage ever existed. But, if it be a true narrative, or proximately true, as is the historical literature of a Livy, or a Tacitus, then, though unique, such a character has lived, breathed, and passed or regularly graduated from this sphere. The volume was written about the year 210 of our era. It consists of eight books, and has been the subject of much criticism for some sixteen centuries. Long ago as the reign of Diocletian, a Pagan philosopher, named Hierocles, after a perusal of the work, discerned in its fabric some of the features of the great Galilean physician, and accordingly undertook to compare the outlines of the hero therein delineated to those of Jesus, as recorded in the gospels. And, indeed, there is some resemblance of the one to the other—enough for the latter to contribute much to the corroboration of the former. But as comparisons are said to be odious, and the ecclesiastical genius of Christianity was not at that time apparently very firmly seated in its saddle, Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history, as Herodotus was the father of profane history, assailed the "comparison" of Hierocles, inflicting thereupon about fifty columns of Greek, each a foot long and four inches wide; and from the total disappearance of the Pagan's manuscript we should judge that his assailant, after having extracted from the orange all that answered his purpose, had remorselessly thrown away the peel. Lactantius also, in his Divine Institutes, belabors Hierocles for telling what he saw in the fascinating biography, and what his tenor reminded him of. Both severely criticize the philosopher, and hammer him as two blacksmiths hammer the anvil. They evidently regard Apollonius as a reality, perhaps an impostor, magician, juggler. Others have pronounced the hero of Philostratus a creature of the imagination, a *bona fide* fabrication. It would be gratifying to read what Philastrophes wrote, to occasion the pious ire of the two Church champions. One of them favors us with some extracts, for the purpose of impaling them.

The octavian volume has been translated into several languages—into Latin, French, Italian, German, and partially into English. But as Charles Blount in 1680 attached to an already church-stigmatized work certain obnoxious notes, he was enabled to publish only two out of the eight books, the balance being killed, as is some times a salutary bill of parliament, by tacking to it an unpalatable rider.

Now, if that work be only a creature of prolific fancy, it is a more stupendous fabric than would be all those of Æsop fused into one, and Philostratus exhibited more versatility of genius than did the Egyptian god Proteus. Æsop dwindle by his side into an insignificant pigmy peddler, while the sophist of Lemnos towers aloft in a monumental giant of vast dimensions—a mammoth wholesale merchant. This fulmination by Eusebius of a whole raft of Greek vituperation, which he levels at the "Comparison" as the Pope hurls a bull at a heresy, and precisely as the old controversialists handled the "apparent discrepancies" of the Bible, rather indicates his belief in the reality of the Tyanean sage, and induced us to examine the belabored volume, to ascertain if it actually deserves such a broadside, or parallels with the choice apple tree, which is proverbially most thoroughly pelted by the schoolboy.

A close examination of the work, and measuring it by modern phenomena, now so universally known, rather inclines us to believe that Apollonius was an actuality; and though he is represented to have at last disappeared mysteriously from human sight, others had preceded him in that achievement, such as Enoch, Moses, Elijah, Zoroaster, Romulus and Jesus. We cannot consistently consider Apollonius as an Anacharsis Jr., and Philostratus as an ancient Abbé Bartholomew, but rather as an extensive traveler, and the sophist as his biographer *via* Daulis. The work may have been embellished by hearsay extravaganzas floating about the general atmosphere in those times; and what historian of any age of the world has not, more or less, resorted to hearsay for materials? Who has been so fully possessed with the faculty of ubiquity, as to be on the spot and at the very moment when the numerous events he has recorded for facts have transpired? We cannot very consistently and safely twit antiquity for the registry of prodigies and incredibilities. And as to some alleged anachronisms in this imperfect Pagan production, are there none in the perfect Testaments of Hebrew theology? Are there no unsavory statements in the

writings of the Christian Fathers? And yet the ecclesiastical Huet and Du Pin, Bishop Parker and the minor priesthood, have done their best to blackball the candidate out of the literary community; but, like the Australian boomerang, the more slightly and distant it is hurled, the more persistently and rapidly does it return upon its excommunicators. However, since their day a flood of light has been showered upon the world; life and immortality have been brought to light by the spirit of the nineteenth century, while the purblind atmosphere of his censors allowed them to peer only through a glass darkly.

The celebrated Apollonius was born about one or two years after the nativity of Jesus, and lived till the reign of Nerva—an interval of nearly a century. So rigidly did he conform to his profession that he was almost a duplicate of his great exemplar, Pythagoras, in his mode of life, costume, versatility, habits and travels. Like most of the ancient philosophers, he had his retinue of disciples, who accompanied him in his daily walks. He visited the Hycranian contemplatives of the Indian forests, from whom, perhaps, emanated the old Druids; called upon the Ethiopian and Egyptian sages, and posted himself in all their mysteries. Everywhere he evinced remarkable intrepidity and presence of mind, whether in the scathing audience of Domitian, or in the instructive colloquy with Iarchas. He embodied all the literary and scientific treasures of the Brahmins and the Gymnosopists, in addition to the lore of Greece and Rome. Like most of the Orientals, he entertained the Mahometan idea of fate or destiny, centuries before the Meccan prophet made his appearance, and he was apparently indifferent, sometimes hazardous, about the tenure of his life. His doctrine seems to have been somewhat like that of Jesus, to persevere in a designated course until he saw it was, or was not, in accordance with the will of God. If it were, he succeeded; if not, it was: "Let this cup pass from me"; and if he further concluded it would not, it was personal submission: "Not my will, but thine, be done." As represented, the Tyanean was a very devout man, and of strict moral integrity. Wherever he went his presence was felt.

We must remember that he flourished in a very interesting epoch of the world; in the times of Jesus and the apostles, even became coeval with the nonagenarian St. John. In the reigns of Tiberius, Nero, Vespasian, Domitian and Nerva; that he was a great traveler, and an extraordinary personage both in mind and body. His eyes, his hands and his feet were doubtless like those of other people. And we must also remember that "no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet"; and yet Daulis, his constant attendant, exclaims from ocular proof and conviction that he deemed him superhuman; and as "a prophet has no honor in his own native place," is another well authenticated truth, still we find an emperor erecting in Tyana a monument to his memory. Why is all this? Why did Severus place his bust with those of Orpheus, Abraham and Jesus as household gods? One would naturally infer there must have been some reason for it. We know too that his name has plowed his way along through much darkness, opposition and rancor, through nearly nineteen centuries, and almost all the way up hill; that it has been ridiculed, reproached, vilified and set at naught; still it has rode out the tempests, and stands conspicuous in the milder armament of this age.

If he were a nonentity, why did Eusebius and Lactantius assail him, like two Don Quixotes fighting one misty windmill? If he were a celebrity, what did the "brilliant champion of expiring Paganism, Hierocles," detect in him so remarkable as to call forth a studied comparison between the sage of Cappadocia and the rabbi of Galilee? There must have been some striking trait of resemblance. His personal beauty could not have been like one "without form or comeliness"; his longevity was unlike the alleged premature death of one not a third so old; his abstemiousness squared not with the "Son of man, who came eating and drinking, and was called a wine-bibber"; there must have been something else than these externals, these corporeal variations. There was latent a secret which great ingenuity has been exercised to blink out of sight. It was the grand secret which infused into the faithless souls of tremulous disciples signal fortitude and courage; that made timid men face death with composure, ay, often with rejoicings; it was the demonstrated, experimental truth of the soul's immortality, of a future life beyond this. The possession of the maniac by a demon or spirit, its exorcism into a herd of swine, and the consequent frenzy of those bewildered animals, if true, bridges the metempsychosis doctrine from Pythagoras to Jesus and Apollonius. The faculty of clairvoyance (he was an eminent seer), the magnetic cures by laying on the hands, and by word of mouth, the process of exorcising, the communications from disembodied spirits, ecclesiastically called the "communion of saints," the duplicated personality, or the sudden disappearance and appearance from one place to another, the roiling of the past (Iarchas recounting the incidents in the life of Apollonius, and Jesus those in the Samaritan woman), the foretelling the future, the proof of immortality by reappearance and communications after death, were some of the kaleidoscopic brilliancies that fascinated and fascinated.

The cold, calculating deductions of reason were metamorphosed by the first penetrating ray from the spiritual sun; frigid materialism was superseded by genial psychology. Instead of the transparent evanescence of sound, from a quivering harp-string, intelligence became a substantial and permanent emanation from the soul; skeptics bloomed into believers at the thrilling appeal; the king of terrors changed into a bland master of ceremonies, introducing his guests from a dark, dreary, uncomfortable, narrow cell into an illuminated, vital, gorgeous and spacious amphitheatre, where thought is the only regulator of locomotion, and the will released from its terrestrial harness, enables the telescopic mental eye to penetrate through measureless space and the yielding porosity of matter, where kindred souls separated on earth, coalesce and understand, instead of stupidly misunderstanding each other's wishes by the eyeshot of a glance, the magic symbols of a lambent smile, or unerringly read their neighbor's sentiments on the eloquent page of the sublimated countenance. Such was the inspiration that Jesus and Apollonius infused into their followers, and demonstrated its truth to their intelligence by experimental illustrations from the department of psychological chemistry. Such was the influence that pervaded and buoyed up the believer's life, and armed him *cap-a-pie* against threats, punishments, imprisonment, torture and death. If they were to be drowned, it was merely going to glory by water; if to be burned, it was earning a release from persecution, discomfort and suffering, securing a happy and permanent abode by ascending aloft upon the apex of the flame. This was the bond of resemblance between the lynx-eyed Hierocles espied between the two reformers, and it was unmistakable. It was not wholly in casting out demons, healing the sick, predicting the future; he showered immortality and life upon their convictions.

The glittering baubles of the work are the automatic tripods and the self-moving-at-call bronze youth-bearers, the ethereal phœtette of the Indian youth over the bow-shot arrow with the keenest point, the amber-stepped bodies smoking as if bathed in fire, and plunging into the limpid bath, the ground inflated by the staff or wand-raps, and projecting the Indian sages some three feet into the air, the reflected suspension of a solar ray almost dancing a minuet in mid-air, the variegated tales of a traveler interwoven by the prolific biographer. These and other considerations make it as captivating as any modern novel.

But there are other points, instructive and edifying. The colloquies, almost Socratic, are very interesting; they inculcate sound morality, and are very ingenious and able. Geographical details, in that age, were meagre and imperfect, consequently some distortions appear; but there are many reliable and entertaining facts particularized. Ancient customs are quaintly delineated. Scenery is described. Animals and vegetation are discussed. Pagan dogmas, rites and ceremonies are touched upon. Indeed, the gems of antiquity are profusely scattered over the volume. The eloquence of silence as well as of speech is exemplified. The heathen's mode of worship radiates its glimmering rays. The glowing account of the seer's disappearance from Domitian, and his proclamation at Ephesus of the tyrant's assassination at Rome, the very moment it was done, are remarkable. Nor is the evoked shade of Achilles devoid of interest, any more than the conversion of the stubborn young scold by the psychological vision of the translated Apollonius, and the concise but comprehensive communication on the soul's immortality by the venerated sage to the trembling youth.

Such is a faint outline of a rare and valuable relic of antiquity, the key to which has but recently—since 1850—been so clearly intelligible to the community at large. The secret of its application and use is now well known. Every one can interpret the mystic volume. It is high time that it was before the public; and if we are not misinformed, the desideratum is about to be achieved. Most of it is already Englished from the best sources, containing not only all the modern improvements by able scholars, but all the alleged letters, copious notes, the reply of Eusebius to Hierocles, the criticism of Lactantius, and will probably before long be extant for our American inspection. The translator's design is to embody in one neat, compact volume, all that is within his reach respecting the wonderful personage, Apollonius. The work is a treasure, a curiosity, a magazine of entertainment and useful knowledge, a manual for the psychologist. It is an eloquent, thrilling voice from the past, rolling down over the turbulent billows of more than sixteen hundred years, till it has at last found an harmonious and inspiring climate in the palpitating breast and the opened eye of the present—the teeming nineteenth century.

MUSIC.

BY S. C. HAYFORD.

Among the means of spiritual culture none are more important than music. Sweet harmonizers how much of heaven it brings. It is an attribute of highest purity, attracting us to the bright and beautiful. The spirit, in its outward unfoldings, attunes all its movements to the rhythm of musical laws. So let us express our appreciation of it by introducing it more into our homes. No influence will tend more to keep the young from wild and profitless wandering and to make home a centre of holy attractions. Like the sunshine on the flowers, calling forth their hidden beauties, painting them in hues of azure, purple and gold, so is music to the spiritual treasury of childhood. Under its charm the diviner instincts unfold and acquire strength to contend against the forces of the animal nature. We need to cultivate musical talent in every possible way. Especially do we need it in our Children's Lyceums and at our lectures. At these places we meet for harmonization and improvement. For these objects music is both a help and delight. Our wants, sorrows, hopes and expressions find satisfaction in music.

Then let us endeavor to interest all who attend our Lyceums and meetings in the cultivation of their musical powers. Let us call out and exhibit whatever of special or peculiar talent may be manifested by any members. By so doing, although our seats may be harder than those occupied by the advocates of a much harder religion, and our places of meeting less commodious and

beautiful than those of a comfortable theology, devoid of beauty, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that our music is equal to theirs, that it is more natural and expressive of more cheering sentiments and hopes for humanity.

Music may inspire both worship and work; worship for the Deity and work for humanity. It brings us into harmony with the All-Beautiful and Perfect. God is a musician. Upon Nature's works the Deity power plays the anthem of eternity; oceans, thunders and earthquakes make the deep base, while winds, trees, flowing brooks, rustling leaves and falling rains rise higher in the scale; higher still the crickets' notes and sweet songsters of the air. The interlude was played ages since in granite formations, breaking up by volcanic fires and the crash of icy mountains rushing downward from the pole. Pythagoras said: "The universe is a divine harp. It was made in imitation of the lyre. The celestial spheres are musical in their motion; they emit melodious sounds as they roll through the abyss."

How sublime and beautiful was this central inspiration of the ancient teacher. And how copiously is the theme illustrated to every soul that communes with Nature. There is music in the pine trees, soft as the breathings of an infant. As we sit at the foot of one, or in some grove, a low, plaintive sound is heard that speaks to the soul of its hidden life, its unknown sorrows and memories, bitter and sad. The pines whisper, whisper ever, as do our disappointments. We love to hear those whisperings. Beauty and music are there, and we grow calm and resigned. We rest from noisy passion and weary care. We learn to give up the world, and in that surrender, we receive it back a hundred fold, and heaven beside. A minor key is the music of the pines.

There is music in the brook as it bubbles on to the lake or river. Its tune is the lively waltz. No mournful tale to tell, it goes on full of mirth, dancing in sunshine or shade, down the hill-side, through the meadow, carrying cheer to the woodman and the cattle grazing by the mill.

The wind, as it blows through the stubble in autumn time, makes mournful music. Its lay is the low, plaintive song of bright days that are gone. Yet how sweet how tranquil! It speaks of the harvest that comes after faithful toil, and the calm quiet of the spirit in its beautiful home after a season of struggle and care. There are sweet sounds in the falling snow, soft as the footsteps of angels or the dying cadence of far-off silver bells.

Let our music be copied from Nature, or come from the same ever-flowing fountain of spirit, and it cannot fail of being expressive and sweet. Those who listen will respond in their deep, interior life, as musical instruments strung alike, when a chord of one is struck the others respond in the same key.

"DIVINITY OF CHRIST."

Messrs. Editors.—In your issue of the Banner of Light of the 7th inst., I notice the criticism of your correspondent "H. W." of the article previously communicated by "Justice," touching the "Divinity of Christ"; and while I have no expectation or desire to change the views of "H. W." on this subject, I think it is but just to myself and duty to others to point out what I deem to be a slight error in his reading of and construction put upon the passages of Isaiah and Micah, quoted by "Justice," as also those adduced by "H. W." to discredit them.

It appears by the showing of "H. W." Isaiah vii: 1, that "the Lord told Ahaz to ask a sign"; but Ahaz would not thus tempt "the Lord," whereupon "H. W." says that "the Lord, in order to convince Ahaz that he should succeed against his two enemies, Kings Rezin and Pekah, concluded to give him a sign, (but I do not see any such conclusion in the reading in favor of Ahaz against the Kings)," recorded in verse 14, as follows: "And he said to him, 'Behold, thou shalt see a sign, for thou shalt see the virgin conceive, and shall bear a son, and shall call his name Maher-shalal-hash-baz.' Now this man, or child, if this testimony is to be taken, is clearly the offspring of the will of the flesh, and whatever the Lord may have designed the other should be, he said his name should be called Maher-shalal-hash-baz, which certainly could not be fulfilled by calling his name Maher-shalal-hash-baz. Now if 'H. W.' wishes to blind himself, for the sake of proving no Divinity, and no Jesus for the Christ, because he cannot comprehend the process of infinite wisdom in the unfoldment, justice to others requires that he should not suppress the facts which make against his argument or theory, as he has done in the omission to quote the last half of the 14th verse, as shown above. If infinite wisdom is not equal to making and executing a plan beneficial alike to the universe of mind and matter, then we will advise that such Intelligence send an ambassador to Newton Corner for counsel—for if 'H. W.'s' plan would better accomplish the purpose, we say, 'give the devil his due,' and adopt his suggestions. 'H. W.' then refers to Micah, v: 2, as quoted by Justice, and says, 'this also is not a prophecy of Christ, but of a person of very different character.' &c., and that the 6th and 8th verses particularly describe him as follows, viz: and 'this man, (mark you, this man, not God, or son of God,) shall be, &c. In answer to this, I would simply say 'H. W.' to review the 6th verse, last quoted, and he will find that the man

upon which he lays such marked stress, being supplied by the wise translators, (who thought, no doubt, to help the author out, as our friend now proposes still other improvements) does not belong there at all, so that his castle built upon it must fall, unless he finds a more substantial prop.

In conclusion, "H. W." says, "I do not think it possible for Justice or any other man to point out a single prophecy of Jesus Christ in any part of the Old Testament. We shall invariably find that all those passages claimed as prophecies of Christ, relate to something that was to take place in the immediate future, or in the time in which the writer lived, and having no reference whatever to the man Jesus."

The conclusions therefore of "H. W." which follow, are so supremely egotistical, that I forbear to expend the labor of retracting, and much more to attempt an argument before so great a light, to say nothing of due regard to jaded editors overburdened with trash. JUSTICE.

New York, Dec. 28, 1867.

UNIVERSAL ALPHABETIC REFORM.

A GLANCE, RETROSPECTIVE, PRESENT, AND PROSPECTIVE.

"What infinite trouble always attends new, difficult and important enterprises!" These words, used by my esteemed friend Josiah Warren, the well-known reformer, in a recent letter, fully express a truth of which I myself for nearly seven years have been painfully conscious. During all this time I have been endeavoring, in the midst of other labors, to practice that which was a beautiful theory was wrought through my brain by the overmastering and illuminating pressure of those angel ambassadors from the celestial court, who seeing the need upon earth of international unity and harmony and universal culture, have taken upon themselves to lay the necessary *scholastic* foundation thereof. The Natural (or as it has been termed, Panophonic) Alphabet, thus evolved, has brought with itself such an absorbing interest in it, and such an intense desire for its complete establishment, that it has engrossed very largely my time, thought and vitality, to the exclusion of others of important interests (those of the purse, for instance). Thus, although developed for the labors of the lecture room, yet as soon as the pressure of preparation (if the condensing of mediums by their guides just previous to using them for public utterances may be so termed) was over, and the process of delivery completed, I would sink back (or rather be lifted up) into the atmosphere of alphabetism, and there remain almost exclusively until again called to the necessary labors of a more outward mediocrity. Thus time has gone by, bearing with it varied experiences in the external, while within still more varied, beautiful and wonderful has been the life-course. God knows, angel-guides know, and myself and another know, how through the adverse years we have struggled against obstacles innumerable; pressing on ever toward the goal of success; pausing step by step over the ground marked out for us; and gradually approaching that condition wherein the one could command attention to the truths of her inner life notwithstanding her *visible* costume, and the other be able to place before the world in tangible, comprehensible form that which shall yet bless the Ages.

Content to "make haste slowly," trusting in the wisdom of the "slipping powers," certain of ultimate success, my primary labor and interest have been with the Alphabet and themes naturally connected with it; the ordinary work of the spiritual itinerant being in fact all the while secondary. Thus the most important and vitality-consuming labor performed has been mainly unrecognized and unknown by the "great world," and I have no doubt seemed, consequently, to many who have only seen the *secondary* side, inactive or inefficient. But the work has gone on! Personal development has advanced toward the self-reliant individuality necessary to the successful prosecution of the movement; many difficulties have been overcome; necessary preliminary experiments have been made; the system has been tested and applied; and I am at last happy to be able to say to those who have been so patiently waiting for the reform to assume definite proportions, (and to all others interested,) that with the opening of the new year a preliminary work will be issued, giving the new letters and in brief the principles upon which the system is based, with applications to words. Also, types are now being made, and it is hoped that by or before the close of the coming year, the printing of works in the new style will have been commenced, and the reform carried successfully beyond the indefinite stage. So long as engraving is the only resort (as at present) the system can find but meagre illustration. A pamphlet was printed last January, but too late it was discovered that the engraving was of very poor quality, and the work was not advertised. In the earlier stages of an enterprise of such vast magnitude and importance as this, which contemplates nothing less than a complete and radical revolution in letters throughout the world, (both in printing and writing,) many difficulties and unexpected delays have to be encountered. New grooves have to be cut out of the granite rock of custom, and in the process time is consumed and tools dulled. Worse than all, the natural friends of the discovery fall at first to comprehend its full scope and value, and therefore meet it for awhile with an indifference or apathy which were it not for the sustaining inspiration which ever attends the discoverer and inventor, would chill and prostrate all his energies and crush to the earth the heaven-born blessing. "It is the first step that counts." I thank the Great Spirit that these years, to labor on, though in a work uncomprehended, and to a degree unrecognized—caring tenderly for this Nazarene child of the brain

—feeling, knowing that it would yet become strong and robust for the "healing of the nations"; trusting, too, that by-and-by the Spiritualists of the world would perceive more clearly the mighty interests involved in the movement, and the propriety (not to say necessity) of acting in the premises—of acknowledging it as their legitimate inheritance from the skies—of cherishing it individually and unitedly, and claiming it as an integral part of Spiritualism itself. I have refrained from addressing the unprogressive world, feeling that to Spiritualists the opportunity should first be given of embracing it. I can never forget the mighty rush of spirit-thought which swept across my being during that memorable winter of '60, '61, when the seeds of political revolution were germinating in America, and the nation was entering upon its struggle for life—and the seeds of alphabetic revolution were being so thickly sown in the soil of my soul. The nation is being prepared, by its fearful experiences, to listen calmly to the angelic voices of its founders, calling upon it to acknowledge the source of its success. And the millions of hosts hovering over all the nations are calling for international concord; and behold! the Natural Alphabet comes forth, a scientific prophecy thereof. Partition-walls between the peoples are crumbling beneath the dissolving power of the angel hosts and the spirit of the Age. Not much longer shall the clear light of heaven be excluded from human souls by the thick curtains of priestly domination, the blood-red banners of kingly usurpation and tyranny, and the leather goggles of scholastic wise-foolishness. For the race thinks at last! The divine finger-touch of the angels parts the drapery, strikes to the earth the emblems of oppression, and removes the chromatic disfigurement. So let us take hope, KEEP HEART, and PRESS ON!

J. MADISON ALLYN.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 30,
Station D, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see
About our heads angels that ever to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LORD HURST.)

(Original.)

Something About a New Year's Gift.

I presume that all the children who have passed through these happy holidays, have wished very earnestly that they could have gone out with a plenty of gold and silver in their hands, and bought beautiful gifts for those they loved. I have seen little eager eyes looking in at shop windows, wondering at the gay figures, fixing their earnest gaze on a dolly, with its wide opened eyes, its tender lips, and its cheeks so like a rose leaf, and taking a peep at Jolly Santa Claus, in his suit of grey, powdered with white, and critically surveying the red drum, which has such sweet music for a boy's ear within its red circle—I say I have watched those earnest eyes, and much as I knew they were longing to possess some of the beautiful things, yet I think every pair of eyes was speaking from a tender, warm heart, and wishing that some fairy queen or rich old uncle would suddenly appear and allow them to bear off these treasures—not for selfish use, but to be given to the brothers and sisters, and cousins and playmates, whose little hearts would so throb with delight at the possession.

I do not think I imagined all this of the little children that I saw before the holidays, because they seemed so very near to my heart, and to be feeling as I felt; and I can't tell all the beautiful things I imagined done up in brown paper parcels, and sent here and there obedient to my wishes. There was a beautiful Chromo-type on exhibition, that I knew would just suit some one I loved; and then there was Rogers's new group, that shows a little girl up before the school mistress, to be examined by the member of the committee. I was sure that would be so pleasant for some one else to look at, just to bring back the pleasant school days; and here was a book full of thought-pictures—how some one else would like that—and so I put up the brown paper parcels; but they all had to be laid away on the shelves of my memory, for not one of these rare and beautiful things went just where I thought they would be most appropriate.

Was I disappointed and sad? A little, I am afraid; for at this beautiful season one is not content with wishing, but longs to do. And so I sat, a little heavy-hearted, thinking I should be glad when the holidays were over; feeling somewhat as an unreasonable child might feel, who, because he can't do as he wants to, does not wish to do anything.

The atmosphere of my room was a little heavy with these thoughts, although the afternoon sunlight made it seem cheerful; but there is a warming power to the sunlight of a cheerful, contented heart, that is better than shivers in at our windows.

Then there came to me one of those visitations that make the coming and power of angels of love no mystery. An old gentleman, whose hair was white, and whose face bore the impress of the many years that had passed over it, and whose benign manner illustrated the experiences of his long life, stood before me. On his brow there seemed revealed his years of careful, thoughtful study, for wisdom and learning cannot hide themselves. He was a thinker and a classical scholar, but his heart was as simple as a child's, and it looked out of his eye, a revelation of the kingdom within. He took my hand and said:

"I came to thank you for the truths you have written for the children."

When I was alone, I said to myself, "This is my New Year's gift, rich and beautiful, and restful to my heart;" and then I fancied how many offerings of love I might get, if all the children could speak to me. I multiplied my New Year's gift, until I felt myself as rich as any one I knew—rich in these heart offerings.

But the heart is never content in taking. It must give; and so I began to think of the New Year's gifts that I could give, and that should serve in place of those books, and pictures, and works of art, and before my vision was placed a loaf of bread and a golden knife. Some loving spirit must have known my wishes, and shown me a gift that I could distribute. It was not rare and beautiful, but sweet to the hungry.

And then I remembered how, so many years ago, Jesus expressed the value of the truths that he uttered as bread and wine, that could feed and invigorate the hungry and faint; and I felt as if I had a gift so sacred that I might not know how wisely to distribute it.

But the New Year has been entered upon, and I am wishing to eat my bread and give it forth. These crumbs that I may give, or the slices that I may wish to give, are my New Year's gifts. They must reach through the year, and yet the leaves will never be exhausted; for the beautiful miracle

of feeding the thousands is always enacted when one gives out spiritual food.

So, little children, and all who may search for the Children's Department in the Banner, I will try and not give you cake and sugar-plums, but good wholesome bread. Perhaps your appetites will not always be satisfied, but if the loaf be of heaven's forming, you will be strengthened and refreshed more than by delicacies.

The New Year with its white, outspread tablet is before us. Would that we could write, all of us, a clear, unblemished record. We will try; and as the spring that lies hidden now beneath the frosts and snows will bring out the tender flowers, and the creeping grass, and the overhanging leaves, so there will blossom for the earth, affections and loves that shall represent heaven.

(Original.)

GOOD FOR EVIL.

BY MISS C. WHIPPLE.

"Why, Nancy Garland, if you ain't bare-footed! I'd be ashamed to come to school without shoes and stockings! Nobody but boys go bare-footed."

The speaker was Carrie Lawrence, a little girl some twelve years old. She was well dressed, and would have been pretty but for the aristocratic and scornful expression of her countenance. She was one of a group of girls who were assembled on the play-ground near a pretty white school-house one morning at recess. The scornful speech was addressed to an intelligent little Irish girl who had that day come to school without shoes and stockings; and it elicited from many other unkind remarks and contemptuous glances toward the innocent child, whose only offense lay in her being the daughter of a poor washerwoman who was unable to furnish her with nice clothing.

It was painful to see the change that came over Nancy's countenance at the unkind remarks of her thoughtless schoolmates. She was a good-natured girl, with a pleasant, cheerful face, which a moment before wore a bright smile and happy expression; but as those contemptuous words fell on her ear her feelings were sadly wounded, a cloud overspread her countenance, her lips quivered, and, covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears. For a moment she wept with all the abandonment of childish grief, and then with a voice choked with sobs she said pitifully:

"I didn't have to go bare-footed till father died; but now mother can't get me any shoes and stockings."

"You ought to be ashamed, girls," said a little girl who had not before spoken, looking around indignantly at her schoolmates; and then going to Nancy, she put her arms around her and said: "Do n't cry, Nancy! going bare-footed is nothing you need to care for. It is a great deal more comfortable this warm weather than wearing shoes and stockings. I am going bare-footed to-morrow."

The girls looked at each other with incredulous surprise. This little girl was Lucy May, and her father was the richest man in the place. She had only lived a few weeks at Oak Glen, and, being a rich man's child, her schoolmates were very desirous of securing her good will. They had all supposed that she would be proud and aristocratic, and associate with none but the well dressed and wealthy; but, instead of that, she astonished them all by taking part with those who were neglected by others, and she had always a kind word and a smile for those who had no one else to speak to them kindly. Hers was a beautiful and loving nature, and her heart was full of affection and kindly sympathy, especially for the poor, the lonely and the unfortunate.

True to her word, Lucy May went to school the next morning without shoes and stockings. It was a warm summer day, and she suffered no inconvenience except that her little delicate feet were so tender as to render walking on the bare, rough ground a somewhat difficult matter; but she minded this but little. She wished to silence the unkind remarks of her schoolmates to poor Nancy, and she could not have taken a more effectual method of doing this. The scholars who were so ready to sneer at the little Irish girl the day before, had nothing to say to the rich man's child on the subject. And so kind and gentle was Lucy to her neglected little schoolmate, that the majority of the other girls began really to feel ashamed of their unkind treatment, and to manifest a much more pleasant and respectful demeanor toward Nancy than ever before.

But there was one on whom the good example of Lucy seemed wholly lost. Carrie Lawrence was one of that class of girls who are invariably styled "hateful" by their schoolmates. She was quarrelsome and disagreeable, always wanting more favors than any one else, and trying to be very exclusive and aristocratic. Her parents were wealthy, and she felt above associating with ordinary children; so she had a few with whom she was intimate, and the rest of the scholars she scorned and slighted.

When Lucy May first came into the place she tried to form an intimacy with her, but as Lucy did not recognize her superiority to the more humble of her schoolmates, and treated all alike, whether rich or poor, Carrie began to dislike her, and to try in many ways to injure and annoy her.

A few days after the occurrence above mentioned took place, the children were going home from school, and passed by a little cottage where lived a respectable colored family. A little boy, three or four years old, with a shining black face and hair that curled in little knots all over his head, was playing on the sidewalk, when a rude boy passed by and pushed him over, leaving him crying on the ground. Several of the scholars laughed at his distress, but no one offered to assist him but Lucy. She sprang to his side, raised him up, and, seeing that his forehead was quite badly bruised, she took her white, embroidered handkerchief and bound up his head, soothed his crying partly by her kind words and gentle manner and partly by giving him an orange which she chanced to have in her dinner-basket, and then, leading him to the house, she left him with his mother, and ran to overtake her schoolmates. But Carrie Lawrence, with two or three of her companions, crossed over to the other side of the street as she joined them, and said in a tone loud enough to be overheard by all:

"Let's give her plenty of room till she gets the nigger scent out of her clothes!"

Lucy took no notice of this unkind remark, but it grieved her sorely, and all the way home she was trying to devise some means—not of being revenged on her haughty schoolmate, but of doing her some act of kindness that would overcome her disagreeable nature and make her more kind and loving. And it was not long before she had the desired opportunity.

The warm, sultry days of summer had come, and the pupils of the Oak Glen school had a vacation. And a merry time they were having, going on pleasure excursions with their parents and friends, having berrying parties and spending a whole day at a time in the buckeyeberry pasture, and enjoying many other amusements in which children delight to engage. But the great excitement that was brewing at this particular time

was a picnic near the seashore, where was a beautiful shady grove on one side, and on the other the broad sea, with its foam-crested billows dashing up on the white, sandy shore. Nearly all the people of Oak Glen were intending to be there, but it was more particularly a children's picnic, and was set on foot for the special benefit of the little folks by Mr. Robert Ashby, a kind and benevolent old gentleman whom everybody called "Uncle Robert," and who dearly loved the children, with whom he was an especial favorite.

They were to have tables set under the shade, and regale themselves with a bountiful repast; swags were to be suspended from the branches of the trees, and ample amusements were to be provided for the children by their never-failing friend, Uncle Robert. To make it still more pleasant, this kind old gentleman had engaged a large four-horse team, and invited all the children between the ages of ten and fifteen to accompany him, and no less than twenty were to be accommodated in that ample conveyance.

Among them were Carrie Lawrence and Lucy May. They were anticipating a glorious time. Carrie had a new dress made for the occasion, and she intended to outshine all the rest in gaudy apparel. But only a few days before the important time arrived, Carrie was taken violently ill, and was so sick as to be obliged to give up all hope of going to the picnic. She scolded and fretted and cried, but it all did no good. She could scarcely sit up in bed, to say nothing of walking about, and so she had to see the preparations going on while she was excluded from all participation in them. Her brother and sister were going, and though they told Carrie they would bring her some shells from the beach and tried to console her as much as possible, yet the sick girl could not be pacified.

The morning came, bright and beautiful. Uncle Robert's large team went through the village, stopping at almost every house for passengers. Carrie was well enough that morning to sit up in an easy chair, and as she looked from the window and saw the happy faces of the children, the numerous carriages passing by containing the older people, and then thought of the lonely day that she was doomed to pass with no one but her mother for company, the tears fell plentifully from her eyes. And when they were all gone and everything was quiet, she laid her face on the pillow and wept and sobbed, refusing to be comforted. The new dress she was intending to wear hung in the room, and she wanted her mother to take it out of sight, for she could not bear to see it. There she sat, lonely and dispirited, brooding over her disappointment, when suddenly the door quietly opened, and who should come in but Lucy May. Carrie started up in astonishment.

"Why, Lucy!" she exclaimed, "I thought you was going to the picnic."

"I was intending to go," said Lucy, "till I heard you was sick, and I thought you would be so lonely here alone, that I concluded to come and stay with you instead."

Carrie's face flushed with shame, for she remembered how unkindly she had treated Lucy; and to think that she should deny herself the pleasure of going to the picnic for her sake was more than the sick girl could understand. Seating herself by Carrie's side, Lucy said:

"Father bought me a new book yesterday, and it contains the most beautiful stories I ever read, and I thought you might like to hear them, so I brought it over."

Now if there was anything that Carrie was particularly delighted with, it was a new book of interesting stories, and the prospect of such entertainment was almost enough to reconcile her to the loss of the picnic.

"I have heard people say," said Lucy, "that dull company is better than none, and I thought it might be so in your case to-day. I know it would with me if I was sick and alone."

"I am so glad you came," said Carrie. "But I should have thought you would have wanted to go to the picnic."

"I presume I didn't want to more than you," said Lucy. "But never mind that now. I came to entertain you; so let me fix your pillows, and then I will read you this beautiful story."

So after arranging her in an easy position, Lucy read in a low but distinct tone a story so delightful that Carrie forgot all her pains and aches; she forgot all about the picnic—everything but that intensely interesting story. And after that was finished, Lucy read another and yet another, until she was fairly wearied with so much reading. "Now we will rest," said she to Carrie, "and I will set the table and we will have lunch. I brought over my little tea-set, and mother sent you some delicacies that she said would be good for a sick person, and you must try and eat something."

So Lucy drew Carrie's little table to the bedside and put on it her own miniature tea-set; and gaining Mrs. Lawrence's permission, made tea and set the table in the most approved style, and everything was so nice and tempting, that Carrie ate more than she had before for several days.

After this little episode was over and everything put in order once more, Lucy again seated herself by Carrie's side and asked her how she was feeling.

"Very much better," said Carrie. "I don't know what I should have done if you had not come. I suppose I should have cried till I was as sick as ever."

"I am glad if you have enjoyed yourself," said Lucy. "I have had a very nice time."

"But I don't see how you could give up the picnic to come and stay with me," said Carrie, "when I have been so unkind to you many times."

"I only did as I would want any one to do by me," was the answer.

"But I would not have done it for anybody," said Carrie, "especially one that had been so hateful to me. I don't believe one of the other girls would."

"I think it is the best way," said Lucy, "to do just as near as we can to others as we would have them do by us. I always feel happier when I do so."

"I wish I could be as good as you are," said Carrie, sadly.

"I am not good," was the answer. "I do very wrong sometimes, and without the assistance of my heavenly Father and holy angels, I should no doubt be oftener unkind and wicked than I now am. My little sister is often with me, and she helps me to be good, and she is so pure and loving that I could not bear to do a wrong act when she is with me."

"Your sister? I did not know you had a sister."

"Oh yes, I have a dear little sister, but she has gone to the spirit-world."

"What do you mean? that she is dead? How could she be with you then? Persons that are dead can never come back again, can they?"

"Why, yes indeed; my little sister comes back to me very often. Mother says she is as near me now as before her spirit left the body. I feel her near me very often, and it makes me happier

than almost anything else. When I know she is with me I do not feel like doing anything wrong."

The girls were silent for a few moments, and then Carrie said, with a sigh:

"I wish some angel would come and teach me to be good. It is so hard with no one to help me."

"Mother says there are enough angels to help us all, if we open our hearts to receive their teachings. If you ask God to help you to be good, and then try as well as you know how, the angels will come of their own accord, for they will love you and want to assist you."

"I will try," said Carrie, as a smile lit up her pale countenance. "I never cared to be good as much as now, in my life before; but I do want people to love me, and I am sure they never can unless I grow more kind and pleasant."

Just at this stage of the conversation the sound of merry voices was heard, and presently Carrie's brother and sister bounded into the room, flushed with excitement and pleasure. They were much surprised to find Lucy there, and began to inquire why she was not at the picnic. When they learned that she remained at home on purpose to stay with Carrie, Grace said in a low tone to her brother:

"She must like the fidgets better than I should. I wouldn't have stayed with her for five dollars."

She would have worried my life out before night."

But Lucy May felt well repaid for her self-denial in the pleasure she had given her little playmate, and when she retired to rest that night she could feel the sweet influence of the angels that hovered over her slumbers, and soothed her with beautiful dreams and pure, holy thoughts.

My little readers will no doubt be glad to learn that the influence of Lucy's loving spirit worked an entire change in Carrie. It was a gradual change, but a sure one. She did not become agreeable in a day nor a month, but she improved steadily, and with Lucy's friendship and sympathy, and the assistance of the angels and her heavenly Father, she became in time a good and loving girl, a kind sister, and a real favorite among her schoolmates. And she felt that, under God, it was all due to Lucy May for returning good for evil.

A PROPHECY.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

There's a battle yet unfought,
With its trophies all unwon,
There's a destiny enwrought
With a life not yet begun,
And an Angel, who will bring
On its wing,
For the fading brow of Autumn all the rosy hues
Of Spring.

There's an army yet to spread
Through the golden future time,
By whose bounty will be fed
All the poor of every clime—
Undivided it will stand
Great and grand,
Neath the bright and starry banners that will
float o'er all the land.

There's a blessing yet unknown,
And riches yet unsought,
That will compass every zone
With abounding treasures fraught—
But to make the Nation free,
There must be
Revolutions, like the ebbing and the flowing of
the sea.

There's a glory yet untold,
And a beauty yet unseen,
In this future age of gold,
With its summer fields of green;
Where united we will be,
Great and free,
And our ships will bear the message to our brothers
o'er the sea.

Oh, this golden future time!
It is coming by-and-by!
It will circle every clime,
In its mission great and high;
It is coming! let us wait
Near the peary gate,
That will open when love and wisdom in a happy
bondage mate.

Like a summer vision bright
In its glory it doth rise,
And it becometh with a light
Interblended with the skies;
Like an angel it will bring
On its wing,
For the fading brow of Autumn all the rosy hues
of Spring.

Spiritualist Meeting at Randolph, N. Y.

The Third Quarterly Meeting of the Spiritualists and friends of human progress convened at Randolph at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of Dec. 21st. The meeting was organized by Hon. J. E. Veselen, Vice President, and Harvey Morgan, Secretary.

A short but spirited address was then delivered by Porter Hill, of Chemung County, followed by remarks from Lyman C. Howe, F. Larkin, &c., when the meeting adjourned till two o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour the Convention met according to adjournment, when it was announced by the Chairman that Lyman C. Howe would deliver the opening address. The audience then had the pleasure of listening to one of Mr. Howe's able and eloquent discourses, which always breathe forth the right spirit, and carry instruction and conviction to the mind.

At the close of the address, after a few remarks by Mr. Hill, the Convention adjourned till Sunday morning, at half-past ten o'clock.

Sunday the Convention met according to adjournment. Singing by Mr. Beale, of Gowanda. Mr. Hill then gave the opening address, which was listened to with attention and interest, although there were some sharp points aimed at Spiritualists generally. But whatever their faults, they were kindly admonished to grow up into more perfect manhood, and strive to let their lives become patterns of goodness to the world.

After the close of Mr. Hill's remarks, Mr. Howe came forward and gave his second discourse, setting forth the character and attributes of Deity in a clear and forcible manner. This discourse was listened to with profound attention, it being emphatically the discourse of the Convention. We may safely say that few equal it in depth of reasoning and philosophy.

After appropriate music the meeting adjourned one hour.

At two o'clock P. M., the Convention was called to order by the Chair. Music by Mr. Beale; at the close of which Mr. Howe gave his third regular discourse, which was followed by appropriate music by Chester Tuttle and Mr. Beale. On account of the shortness of the days, the regular conference meetings were omitted.

A vote was then carried that the next Quarterly Convention shall be held at Laona, Chautauque Co., N. Y., when the Convention adjourned.

ASHBEL BUSHNELL, President.
J. E. WEDDEN, Vice President.
HARVEY MORGAN, Secretary.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Correspondence in Brief.

W. S. BIG SPRING, FILLMORE CO., MINN.—I am afraid the great praise given to the Banner by its numerous correspondents and writers will make its editors egotistical and vain; nevertheless, I will sanction all they say in its praise, for I do like it first rate. But at the same time I wish not to be understood as endorsing all the ideas of the best writers even on the various subjects discussed in the Banner from time to time.

LOUISE M. THOMAS, CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 6th, says: We gave an exhibition last Friday night, which passed off delightfully. The children surpassed everything I ever saw children do in the way of fine recitations, dialogues, songs and tableaux. After the exhibition was over we gave each scholar a nice present to encourage them; and a happy set we all were, children, Guardians and Leaders. Last Sunday our school numbered one hundred and twenty, besides Pample Group, which was well filled. God bless the Lyceums everywhere!

WM. MARSH, ST. LOUIS, MO., says that the spiritists call God is infinite, pervading all matter and all space. God is light, truth, wisdom, love, power.

A. B. C. BOSTON, MASS., says that if the spirit of God is infinite, pervading all matter and all space, that God is in darkness as in light, in error as in truth, in wrong and evil as in wisdom, in hatred as in love, in weakness as in power. If the spirit of God be infinite, as all his children believe it is, nothing can have existence outside of it. All the works of man, all the works of Nature, the works of God's spontaneous light, truth, wisdom, love and power.

CAROLUS, FORT WARREN.—The following paragraph may be worth a place in your paper. It is from "The Virtuoso," by Sir George MacKenzie: "From this divine principle that man's soul is made after God's image, I am almost induced to believe that prophecy is no miraculous gift bestowed upon the soul at extraordinary occasions only, but it is a natural (though the highest) perfection of our human nature. For if it be natural for the stamp to have impressed upon it all the traits that dwell upon the face according to the mode in which the soul is affected, which is God's impression, to have a faculty of foreseeing, since that is one of God's excellencies. Albeit I confess that that stamp is here infinitely belittled and worn off; as also we know by experience that men upon a death-bed (being detached by sickness from the body's slavery to act like itself), do foresee and foretell many remote and improbable events. And for the same reason I do think predictions by dreams not to be extraordinary revelations, but rather the products natural of a rational soul. And if sagacious men can be so sharply-sighted in this state of glimmering as to foresee many events which fall out, why may we not say that man, if he were rehabilitated in the former state of pure nature, might without any extraordinary assistance foresee and prophesy? For there is not such a distance betwixt that foresight and prophecy, as is betwixt the states of innocence and corruption, according to the received notions which men have settled to themselves of that primitive State of Innocency."

S. L. WALKER, ELIZABETH, N. J.—I am satisfied that the time has come when Spiritualists can be made popular, by kindly inviting the public to ample and agreeable lecture-rooms, to listen to the philosophy of spirit intercourse and to the blessings growing out of such intercourse to all who can entertain the soul-stirring truths. The Spiritualists of New York still occupy those old dingy halls, and are apparently contented with meeting the same parties year after year, and make no preparations for better accommodations, or to extend the light which they claim to be so brilliant. So it is in Newark, and other places where I have stopped. I had a long conversation with a Newark editor, who told me he would willingly devote a space in his daily paper to record any local and interesting matter upon the subject of spiritual intercourse. I told him that the time had come when the editor who should dare to step out first and announce to the public his intentions to publish the daily occurrences of startling facts in connection with the Spiritual Philosophy and movements of its professors, would at once double his list of subscribers and become the most popular among editors. This I most firmly believe. I have proposed to a few of our folks here in this old and yet beautiful city to hire the best room or church for a few evenings, and invite some of the stirring lecturers to come and shake the dry bones of the creed-bound, and bring out those who are ready to come, and swell the millions in the so-called-to-be-popular ranks of those who know something of the camp toward which they are marching. We must not fear to publish our position. In a short time, with a bold front we can look down all opposition. If we are "lifted up," we can draw all men unto us. We shall not have to build temples, as I once thought we should, for I now feel that at no distant day some of the modern churches will welcome us, and when the angel utterances fall upon the ears of those whose darlings have gone before, a cord will be touched which will vibrate through all societies. All want for themselves the evidences of spirit intercourse, and let us help them to it.

Two Days' Meeting.

The Two Days' Meeting recently held at a small school-house in Batavia, Branch Co., Michigan, was characterized by more interest and harmony than usually obtains in the pioneer movements of this cause. The meeting commenced on Saturday, Dec. 21st, and closed on Sunday the 22nd. The speakers present were Father Woodworth, of this State, Brother Woodruff, of New York State, and Sister Logan, of New York City. Although the day was unpropitious, with wind, snow, sleet and rain in regular succession, a respectable number of brave and fearless souls, with hearts and lives thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the movement, convened on Saturday, at the appointed hour, some having rode fifteen and twenty miles through a drizzling rain.

At one o'clock the President called the meeting to order. An organization had been partially effected, and was completed on this occasion. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to conference, which brought out many pertinent and pithy remarks in regard to spiritual convictions and conversions; and I can truly say, for one, that my spiritual strength was renewed. Father Woodworth, an independent agent under the auspices of the State Executive Board for Missionary work, spoke at some length of his unparalleled success in the missionary field; said he found the people ready and waiting to rally around our standard and unite their energies in the glorious cause of humanity. Though his streaming locks are whitened by the frosts of seventy-six winters, he is yet vigorous and strong, and doing a great and good work. He asks no remuneration for his services, but feels fully compensated by the angel-world for the time spent in advocating the cause he loves; and so of Brother Woodruff, who, like John the Baptist, is preparing the way, pioneering through the hitherto neglected rural districts of our country, dispensing the word of life to all who are starving for spiritual food, which has too long been made merchandise of and sold to the highest bidder, keeping it out of the reach of a large class of the community.

Sister Logan has just come among us, bringing very favorable reports of her success in the good work, and manifesting much of that zeal and spirit of devotion so characteristic of her sex.

May God bless these noble workers, and may the holy angels encircle them round about.

By order of the meeting,
MRS. C. CUSHMAN, Secretary pro tem.

A New Field.

Why is it that Spiritualist lecturers and mediums pass by East Tennessee? "Agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," and this patriotic and impulsive people are ever ready to hear new truths, though they cling tenaciously to old ideas and notions. Let us have the light, and see whether the darkness will comprehend it. If Spiritualism be true, why not preach it to "every creature," I notice that lecturers and healers who go South, "pass by" on the other side, apparently ignoring the line of railway traversing our mountain fastnesses. Peter like, do they think the spiritual gospel should be preached to the "peculiar people" of "God's country" only? If Spiritualism will do us good, let its light shine.

WM. A. SIMPSON,
Stockton, Tenn.

Correspondence.

Mental Freedom in Cleveland, O.

I am just in from a public exhibition of the Children's Lyceum of Cleveland. It was a most instructive and enjoyable occasion. Recitations, dialogues, solos, duets and marchings with banners, interspersed with tableaux most happily chosen and most tastefully and effectively arranged, made the programme. The selection of the songs, dialogues, tableaux and recitations given by the children was wisely made with a view to their intellectual and spiritual elevation, as well as to their amusement. I see not how any man or woman could object to it. The Conductor (George Rose) and all the managers and teachers of the Lyceum deserve great credit for good taste and energy in arranging the exhibition. Over one hundred children of the Lyceum profited by and enjoyed the performance. Some two hundred parents and friends were present to participate in the enjoyment of the children. Cleveland is famed for its useful and pleasant public entertainments, but there have been few, if any, given here this season so truly instructive and replete with happiness as this. Nothing can be more instructive and ennobling to adult Spiritualists than to blend their lives and their sympathies with the instruction and enjoyments of their children. The one great aim of the efforts of our Local, State and National Circles should be to rescue the children from the benumbing, withering despotism of the insane and idiotic theology of Christendom.

There is a large array of free, progressive souls in Cleveland. The Children's Sunday Lyceum is one of its best fruits. Another of its fruits is a morning and evening lecture, in which freedom of thought and speech, (not the Bible on all questions pertaining to man's destiny in and out of the body, is the only "infallible" rule of faith and practice.)

I have lectured here during all the Sundays in December, and am to do so all the Sundays in January and February. The friends of free thought and speech, and of the spiritualistic views of human life and destiny, have invited E. S. Wheeler to come and abide with them, and lecture and advise to them one or two times beginning with March or April. I can but think and hope it would be for their good and his own for him to comply with their wishes. The field all over the Northern Reserve is white for the sickle of Spiritualism. E. S. Wheeler is one who might thrust in that sickle and gather in a large harvest.

ISAM AND HIS LITTLE THEOLOGICAL? Thus do I consider and designate the theology of Christendom. Received as we receive the wild, fantastic and entertaining stories of Orin's metamorphosis, of Homer's mythology and Herod's cosmogony, or of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, the fictions of the Bible and of the theology of Christendom would be read with interest; but when it is insisted that they are all literal truths, in the Word of God, and that man's destiny in and out of the body is the ravings of insanity and the babblings of idioty.

To emancipate the human intellect, conscience and affections from the appalling despotism of that insane and idiotic theology, is the one great mission of Spiritualism. We have abolished chattel slavery—the abolitionists have. Spiritualists have chosen, continuing and better than the abolitionists, logical and natural slavery. Let them give up their logic and put on the whole armor of God, for they will need it in this colossal work it is done; for colossal we shall find it to be before it is done, and it will require a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether, before that Bastille of Superstition, Cruelty and Blood is torn down.

Dear Banner, your light shines steadily and brightly in Cleveland, and in the regions round about. The community is fast settling down into two parties, i. e., Spiritualists and Materialists. Can't think and intelligent minds are rapidly awakening to the fact that if man exists at all after the death of the body, he exists, as Spiritualism affirms that he does, amid the same objects amidst which he now lives, and is interested in the same questions which now engage his thoughts and sympathies. It is coming to be understood—and justly—that a materialist is the only one who can, with any show of reason or common sense, oppose the philosophy and facts of Spiritualism.

DOUBT AND BE DAMNED! This is the secret of the power of theology over the human mind. THEX AND HIS LITTLE THEOLOGICAL? For he that thinks that doubt the insane, puerile and appalling, but essential fictions and demands of theology. He cannot help it. And if he doubts in regard to a triune God, miraculous conception, vicarious atonement, physical resurrection, a judgment day and an eternal hell, he is and must ever be damned. Break this yoke, and let the enslaved go free. HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Cleveland, O., Jan. 3, 1868.

Letter from Georgia.

As I am out on an exploring expedition in the South, it may not be uninteresting to some of your readers to have a short history of my investigations.

My first visit was to Savannah, Ga., where I found but few Spiritualists, and the masses quite ignorant of our glorious gospel of truth. There were some inquiring minds, but I listened to me with marked attention and interest.

I then left and came to Augusta, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles. Felt impressed, in stepping from the cars, that I had a work to do in Augusta. Gave out an appointment to lecture in the Masonic Hall, and in the meantime, inquired of my landlord for Spiritualists. He seemed not to be posted as to their whereabouts, but I had Osborne, secretary of the Lyceum, in the city, hastened to find me, and, to my great satisfaction, I made his acquaintance. Found him a true and fearless worker in the cause of reform, and one who has suffered much for the truth. I also found several other worthy gentlemen in sympathy with our cause, and they took hold with me in earnest, as brothers and ardent lovers of truth. They listened to the lecture with the same interest as I had, and I spoke Sunday morning and evening to a very respectable and earnest congregation. I have since been successfully treating the sick.

There are many inquiring minds in Augusta, but the condition of the masses requires physical manifestations. Cannot Mr. Ellis visit Augusta with his daughter? I have no doubt, if he would, he would do much good and be well sustained by the people. Conditions are ripe for physical manifestations of all phases.

The people are in darkness relative to our philosophy, and much disheartened from the effects of our late war. We at the North know but little of the sufferings of our Southern brethren since its occurrence. Thousands of families who have lived in affluence and never knew want are now reduced to very poverty, and need the common necessities of life. God pity and send them relief, in my sincere desire. Augusta, if properly attended to, in my opinion, is destined to become the stronghold of Spiritualism in the South. Brethren, help by your prayers and kind, magnetic influence. Truly, the children of earth here are crying for bread, and in our Father's house is enough and to spare.

This evening I am to speak in the Congregationalist colored church at the South end of the city. Thus far my labors have not been in vain. I am acting as a self-sustaining missionary in the cause of reform, and desire most the assistance of God and the good angels.

Yours in the cause of suffering humanity,

F. CLARK, M. D.

The Christmas Festival of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, in Troy, New York.

DEAR BANNER—Our Christmas Festival here was a complete success, and we did not try to make a show. We resolved to make the children happy, and we did so with an entire afternoon devoted to them. We assembled in the largest hall in the city; had marching with banners; songs and choruses; and music and dancing; a fine collation; and then the distribution of nearly one hundred and twenty dollars worth of fine presents to the children from the hand of St. Nicholas. Over one hundred children and twenty officers with the friends of the Lyceum movement were in attendance during the afternoon. All were happy. In the evening the grand Christmas ball came off. It was a fine and paying affair. The net receipts, over all expenses, more than paid for all the presents to the Lyceum; I am writing nothing but a plain statement of the facts. The Lyceum Conferences gather leaders from all the solid and real facts of the Lyceum are paying institutions, if rightly managed. Our Spiritual Society in Troy is prospering. Though we are mostly poor in purse, we are quite rich in purpose and

true, persistent devotion to our work. A pure and worthy aim, backed by a pure life and unselfish devotion and rendered solid by persistency, cannot fail. If Spiritualists everywhere were as determined and persistent as the Democratic party, they would move the whole earth in the right direction. lofty aims are useless unless they be harnessed down to work, to hard, resolute, continued work. Children are to be attracted on the highway of natural education. If the old Spiritualists do their duty, children will swarm in crowds into the Lyceum. "An ounce of prevention" is worth a ton of quackery. Educate! Educate! Educate the young. Frenching is secondary and provisional; let's hasten to make it useful and permanent.

SELDEN J. FINNEY, Conductor.

Progress of Spiritualism in Brooklyn, Long Island.

Knowing and at the same time truly appreciating the fact that your columns are ever open to the advancement of truth, justice and morality, I trust you will not deem it presumptuous on my part in soliciting a brief space in your edition, while I will endeavor to lay before your numerous and intelligent readers a slight idea of what the efforts of our Local, State and city. Without attempting for a moment to enter upon the very many perplexing questions that agitate the unbeliever's mind in regard to the veracity of Spiritualism, certain it is that there are many, yea, very many in our midst who avail themselves of every opportunity presented to listen, learn and profit, if one is to take the course of persons who assemble Sunday after Sunday at the Lyceum in Cumberland street as a criterion to judge by.

Being somewhat of a stranger to a great portion of your readers, and likewise a stranger (lost, but no doubt found to Spiritualism), I availed myself of the opportunity so pleasantly offered to visit their principal meeting room in this city, on last Sabbath evening.

The Progressive Lyceum is held in one of the most pleasant streets of our city, in a plain unassuming edifice, one story in height, and is able to accommodate with sitting room about two hundred persons. It is well lighted and heated; and while it presents in its interior arrangement none of that grandeur that adorns the interior of Orthodox churches, in truth let it be said that the class of persons that assemble at last Sabbath, gave positive and substantial evidence that most if not all of them were possessed of more than a fair share of intelligence and respectability.

The lecturer for the past two months, I have been informed, was Mr. A. C. Robinson, and I am confident that no one could have listened to him without being convinced that the doctrine he promulgated were convincing. Spiritualism would at no distant day create quite a revolution in the old fashioned system of Christianity.

Attached to the Lyceum is a Children's Progressive Society and Library; and if you could only witness those little angels as they assembled last Sabbath morning in the lecture room, with their smiling faces, rosy cheeks and neat, tidy, every countenance beaming with purity, innocence and truth, it would have gladdened your heart and caused you to exclaim, "I would that I were a child again." The children are under the able and truly efficient conductor, Mr. J. A. Bartlett, assisted by that amiable and courteous lady, Mrs. R. A. Bradford, as Guardian of Groups.

On last Sabbath evening, a meeting was held in the lecture room for the purpose of organizing the First Spiritualist Society of the city of Brooklyn, and I am glad to write that a goodly number joined. They elected their officers for the ensuing year with the following result: President—Mr. Willetson; Vice President—Mr. Secretary—Mrs. Ruggles; Treasurer—Mr. Bartlett, together with a very able and trustworthy Executive Committee. The object in forming such a society is highly commendable and agrees well with the time honored maxim, "That in union there is strength." So say I.

Trusting that our Progressive Lyceum will flourish, and that its able co-laborers will be stimulated to new zeal and energy, long and eventful careers, and that the Banner of Light may throw its reflective light upon them in their noble labors, is the earnest wish of yours. More anon.

E. C. M.

Spiritual Items Westward.

I took a short flying trip into Pennsylvania. I found many earnest souls anxiously waiting for some "Apostle" to come to them and administer spiritual food. In Erie I found but two avowed Spiritualists—H. W. Hurlbert and Dr. D. P. Kayner. I found others who were willing and anxious to know something of our beautiful religion, but have had no opportunity to be satisfied. I gave them several copies of the Banner, and it was cheering to see how happy they became. I was engaged healing the sick by the laying on of hands, but could get no opportunity of holding a circle. I next visited Waterford; in that place I found many who had been active workers among themselves, but for the past few years had become dormant. I gave treatment to the afflicted ones who called on me, and succeeded in developing a few mediums. I attended a circle at the house of Mr. James Williams; Mr. Williams became entranced, and was controlled by his brother; the manifestations through him were very convincing to his family, as well as to some skeptics who were present. Union Mills was my next stopping place; a very little interest was manifested in that village. I left a few Banners with them, hoping a ray of light might shine in upon them sometime. My next place was Corry; I made my home with Mr. Wm. H. Johnston, of the Union Hotel. I found love and harmony in full possession of his household. It seemed like a "heaven upon earth." During my sojourn with them I attended several circles; the manifestations were good. They have in Corry and vicinity a large amount of mediumistic talent. The Lyceum is small and cramped for funds, yet I think much good is being done. Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., had commenced a course of lectures before I left. She was drawing good houses of earnest seekers after truth. One of her lectures was upon the following subject: "Who and Where is the World's Redeemer?" It would be impossible for my pen to give a faint idea of the beautiful, glowing tributes to the purity and goodness of Christ, and then the logical, eloquent, heavenly inspirational description of the Christ-principle to be found in every human heart, and eventually to be brought forth for the benefit of the world's higher development. That speech should have been reported for the Banner. I arrived in Cleveland Saturday evening, attended the meeting at Temperance Hall, where Henry O. Wright Sunday morning and evening. His lecture Sunday evening, on Home Relations, was full of fatherly love, and showed unmistakably his ideal of a personal God. The hall was crowded, and all left with a higher appreciation of each other and of the true God-principle. I shall "heal the sick" in Cleveland and vicinity during the greater portion of the month.

Yours respectfully, W. I. VESCELIUS.

Cleveland Hall, Cleveland, O., Jan. 5, 1868.

Matters in Milwaukee, Wis.

On Sunday, Dec. 29th, the Children's Progressive Lyceum held their annual election of officers for the ensuing year. The following persons were elected: T. M. Watson, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Wood, Guardian; Mrs. Caroline Wright, Musical Director; Otto Severance, Librarian; Albert Wright, Guard; Mrs. Jenna Stornan, Critic.

With this able board of officers we expect to make this Lyceum the model one of the Union, and that the children taught in it will be known for their virtue, justice and wisdom while they remain on earth, because it will be impressed on all their minds that the only road to a high degree of happiness on earth or in heaven are the practice of virtue and justice.

The day before Christmas we had a Christmas tree and a general jubilee for the children of the Lyceum. More than eighty children were present, and they had a general good time. Presents were given to all, besides sweetmeats and other refreshments.

In the evening we had one of the largest, most profitable and pleasant of our Societies, and remained until Merry Christmas was announced, and joyous, good and jovial greetings were given to each and to all.

Conferences are continued every Sunday night. They are attracting more attention than ever before, and we begin to think that more are than any other meetings, because we are learning to reason together upon the most important and exciting subjects calmly and freely. When people learn to listen attentively and answer fairly, they are on the best road to learn all truth and regu-

late their lives by the purest principles of morality and justice. The next question is, whether the Bible is the inspired word of God, as understood by Christians.

I intend to show that the word of man delivered to the Greeks and Romans was far more truthful and real than the word of God given to the Jews, and that we Americans are far more indebted to the words of man, delivered to us in laws, for our present civilization, than to the word of God given to Christians.

Instead of a stated weekly prayer meeting, we have a healing circle every Wednesday night; the sick are invited to attend, and are cured free of expense; persons having healing powers are invited to come and heal them. When the sick are unable to come to the circle, persons are sent to them, and if poor, they are treated free of expense. We consider this one of the most useful institutions that has arisen in this city under spirit-guidance. The sick are not only cured, but the healers by the laying on of hands are instructed how they can best use their powers in the bestowal of healthy magnetism upon the sick. Our experiences have caused us to believe these circles should be instituted in all cities and villages where Spiritualists are numerous enough. By these means, we may be able to establish schools where the whole science of medicine or healing the sick will be taught, and the magnetic powers of the physician will be used to the best advantage, as well as their other medical qualities. Of all the healers that have come to our circle constantly, so as to give comparative tests of their magnetic healing powers or spiritual ones, Dr. Thomas J. Freeman has proved the best. I hope soon to hear of the formation of these healing circles or institutions in all large places, and that chemical lectures are given while healing the sick, the same as in hospitals.

Our Society is in a flourishing condition, because we do our own preaching, which has enabled us to give the means raised from the Children's Lyceum Concerts to benefit the poor. We are not all the time raising money to pay our own monthly expenses, so the poor and the sick become our beneficiaries. H. S. BROWN, M. D.

618 Astor street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Missionary Work in New York.

We have in this day not only what is "God's truth," but what is emphatically man's truth, and to herald this to the world, making it the inheritance of the commonest home, is truly a divine mission. The beautiful facts of Spiritualism are so in accordance with Nature's laws, and so homelike in their tendencies, that most minds need but to be brought into connection with the generalizing and progressive tendencies. Almost every day introduces new facts, with their spiritual relations behind them.

In my work for the "Genesee Association of Spiritualists of Western New York," I find myself often in places where the Spiritual Philosophy is almost entirely new, and where there is also a great ignorance as to the meaning of the word "medium." It is a great pleasure to me to explain to the ignorant, and to learn something on this subject. Into such places, it seems to me, the missionary ought to go, that the way may be opened for a broader sowing in the future. Contributions under such circumstances are small. So the friends of our glorious cause who are able, must move forward the work by liberal subscriptions, or this particular phase of the work must be arrested.

If the spiritual facts of to-day are superior to the crude dogmas of the past, then certainly they are worthy the material aid necessary to make them better understood.

Those who have subscribed to all the "Genesee Association" in its work, can forward the name to the Treasurer, A. C. English, of Batavia, N. Y. I have been lecturing in this vicinity for the past week. Sunday, Dec. 22d, I had the pleasure of meeting an appreciative audience at Temperance Hall, in the city of Lockport. Evening of the 23d, spoke in Gasport, in concert with Father Clark, at whose quiet home I am now writing. The 24th at Orangeport; 25th at Hartland; 26th at Somerset, and Sunday, 27th, at Yates Center, Orleans Co., N. Y.

Geo. W. TAYLOR.

TO A BLIND MEDIUM.

(The lines below "To a Blind Medium" were first published in the Banner, several years ago, but are now re-published in connection with the "Response," written by Mr. Lewis Daniels, who has been blind for fifteen years.—Ed.)

Though darkness shroud your earthly sight,
And veil your mortal ray,
Yet you have vision, laws the light
Of heaven's eternal day.

And though unseen all earthly friends,
The angel forms you see,
The loved, the cherished ones,
That were so dear to thee.

May this for darkness make amends,
And cheer you when alone;
May angels be your constant friends,
Till you with earth have done.

And yet to you I'd not deny
The earthly friends you love;
I would they might be always nigh,
And constant comforts prove.

THE RESPONSE.

Ah yes! though blindness shrouds my sight,
And veils each mortal ray,
Yet on my vision dawn the light
Of heaven's eternal day.

And though unseen all earthly friends,
Yet angel forms I see;
The loved, the "lost," and cherished ones,
That were so dear to me.

This for the darkness makes amends,
And cheers me when alone;
May angels be my constant friends,
Till I with earth have done.

Oh no! I would not all deny
The earthly friends I love;
I would they might be always nigh,
And constant comforts prove.

And when my mundane work is done,
And past the second birth,
May I in Eden's summer home,
Find those I loved on earth.

There, glory-crowned, bright spirits blend,
And mingle with our soul;
The love and joy shall each attend,
While endless ages roll.

Millbury, Mass., 1868.

Prospectus.

"THE ART OF LIVING, as deduced from the Science of Life and the Philosophy of Universal Being" is the title of a book the manuscript of which is quite ready for the press. Regarding the basic principle of its subject matter, it properly precedes my larger work on "The Age of Virtue," portions of which have appeared in the Banner of Light during the last eight years. I want means to publish both these works. Nobody is willing to print a book without some kind of assurance that it will pay. Reformatory books are commonly written for nothing, and often published with loss. For this reason, I send out this notice to all the readers of the Banner, whose long familiarity with my writings, qualifies them to judge of the literary and reformatory significance of this prospectus. The general theme of the book is resolved into twelve chapters on the following subjects: Human Nature. Evil and its Remedy. The Science of Happiness. The Impulse of Happiness. The Conditions of Happiness—Health, Wealth, Wisdom, Freedom. Social Agents of Health.—Of Wealth.—Of Wisdom.—Of Freedom. Constitutional Rights; Animal, Human, Divine—What Each deserves of All. Reciprocal Duties—the Duties of all to Each—Mutual Concession, Mutual Protection, Mutual Endeavor. Conclusion—the Reformatory, Early Reign of Righteousness as the Final Issue of the Art of Living. The price of the book will not exceed \$1.50.

Now, let every reader of this prospectus who would like to see such a work, or who, as a friend of Progress and of Man, is disposed to patronize its author, enough to buy a copy (it shall be published—let all who are of this mind send me their names and the price of this effect at once, and receive in return the express thanks of

GEORGE STEARNS.

Hudson, Mass., January 4, 1868.

Liverpool streets are kept level and hard by steam rollers, running in the night.

FIRST CONVENTION

OF THE

OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Held at Clyde, Ohio, November 8th, 9th and 10th, 1867.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

[Continued from our last.]

Friday Evening.—The first half hour was devoted to conference.

O. L. Sutcliffe.—A demand was met by the great spiritual movement; its acceptance was desirable, and we had met to lay out future work. The world stagnates for a tangible proof of a future life. While he was in the church, it seemed the earth held its breath for such proofs. It came. He had traveled for the last fifteen years, and been introduced into thousands of families. He had found in church families a stronger desire for light on the new spiritual movement than among Spiritualists. We do not appreciate the age in which we live. It comes down into our nature in a manner the theologian does not satisfy. We should zealously push the work forward. Let us improve the occasion.

The Convention listened to an improvised song, sang in the trance state by Mrs. Sarah Thompson, of Cleveland, with deep interest. She then remarked that she was a great work before us. We are called into the field to labor, and in that service is best known to the individual. Every one has a gift which would lift him out of darkness into light. We have organized a National Convention. We have had four. We have not realized from them the advantages we contemplated. We failed because we did not know what our homes needed. We want to learn this and carry it with us to the next Convention. Everywhere an organization is demanded. Let us work, so that the light we kindle will be reflected to our sister States and become to them a beacon of promise.

Dr. Rose said he would speak on organization. Spiritualists coming out of different churches and having felt the light of creed, were afraid of organization. After laboring for some time, he became convinced that he could do nothing without organization. He asked his spirit friends for a plan of organization, and they gave it to him. He had put it in practical working in Cincinnati and Springfield, and the friends in both places were prospering.

The Convention was then addressed by the regular speakers for the evening.

E. S. Wheeler.—To show how much I consider this a business Convention, I have a MS. with me, which I will read. (As this essay will be published shortly, the Secretary did not report it. It related to the philosophy of organization. Its points were carefully and logically made, and the speaker was full of profound attention.) He concluded by saying: Religion must be philosophical, and we must understand Nature's facts to become true Spiritualists. We must thus prepare ourselves to lay down the basis of the grand superstructure. We thus grasp the lower world and the clairvoyant realm. Clairvoyance has three degrees and twenty-one phases. First recognizes natural objects, second, magics, third, the highest unfolding, recognizing ideas and principles. It is prophetic—the culmination of the human mind. "If the eye be single the whole body will be full of light." By the other wing we lay hold of the world of fact. Kepler dreamed of celestial music, and from it arrived at the wonderful rhythmic laws which govern the relations of the planets to demonstrate while he lived that there was a God. If thirty years of human life could be profitably devoted to the study of planetary laws, truly should we give our lives to that science which unfolds the laws by which the planets of the soul roll on their orbits. Let us have circles all over the State, and let us uphold them. They develop mediums and they give proof, so that no one can say that he has investigated the phenomena of the spirit world in vain. It is a religion. We want private and social circles. We want a library in every town—the work of the literary union. There is a world of utterances awaiting publication. A gentleman has moved to place the Bible on the stand. All nations have their sacred books. Only leave a corner for me to stand on. I want to say that this is universal. We are all circumscriptible to it in any way. It is God's law. It goes down to the bottom of hell. Its dome is philosophy; its organ the rush of tempests through the forest, and the breaking of waves on the shore; its isles are filled with the hosts of the angel world. [Applause.]

The Spiritual Association, beginning with tiny raps on the wall, builds up through every form of manifestation, to the grandest of the unknown. It is a ladder, and the ladder is the property of all mankind. Through all the walks of science, we see God even as our Father which is in heaven. After a song by the choir, the Convention was addressed by A. A. Wheelock. It belongs, I think, of right to my eloquent brother to bring the audience back from away up yonder where he has carried them, to the present, the subject at hand, and the object and purpose of the great spiritual movement. Organization is the principle of the unfolding of life. Human life is but a system of constant reforms. How is this accomplished? In the past man sought in the unfolding of a creed, a system, and expression of infinite power. If human life be a system, it rests on the human ability of law. When we analyze the proposition, we find him a perfect expression of the great laws involved in the universal. We actualize by growth. Grow, grow eternally, is the expression of a system; not by faith in a creed, but by the acquisition of absolute knowledge. We meet in Convention for what? To express the necessity for this. Man is not isolated. It is an eternal truth that every reformation rests on the ability of man to reform. If you want to reform, you want to reform mankind, go down into the mother's heart, and find the relations of the mother to the child, and you have begun at the very center and core of all reformation. You might as well commence on an old tree, as on a form blighted with bigotry and superstition and expect a good result. If we want to understand the genius of this movement, we must seek the necessity of children. We shall rescue children from the clutches of dogmatic bigotry and superstition. The same question is asked everywhere, and is answered by a rap. The philosophy of this great movement comes to answer and demonstrate the certainty of man's immortal life. Beneath every other feeling what is the cry? Do I live in the future? What answer! Let the spiritual philosophy? It brings the whole Christian world to face this question. Man to-day is his own Saviour, and he needs no other. What is the theory taught? The Christian world is looking for a Saviour, while the truth is, that within man is his Saviour. What Saviour does he need? To grow and develop the powers within him. Man's mind is illuminated, as with the light of the morning, with truth. He cannot but be the manifestation of universal wisdom, except he be as a Saviour he saves himself. This clears away the dogmas, the creeds. The soul is attracted to it as freely as it breathes the air of heaven. It lifts man from beggary poverty. Organize. The formation of a system is the source of power. Coming up from the churches, the burnt child dreads the fire. But no man can stand alone on any thought or purpose of life. Union is strength. Man's life is the expression of his religion. We grasp the best purposes to unfold a system on which free men and women can stand and grow to their full measure and capacity. We are free. No dogmas fetter us. We invite Christians to sit down and listen to Christian propositions, calmly, quietly, peacefully. The outgrowth of spirit-life thus has no power over. All dogmas will perish. Humanity shall realize the sublime truth that there are treasures in the human heart never revealed. [Mr. W. must be heard to be appreciated, and is feebly represented in such a synopsis as our space allows.]

Song by Mrs. Vanderhook, under control, the audience closing the subject, "The Land of the so-called dead," words and music improved.

Convention adjourned until nine o'clock Saturday morning.

Benediction by Mr. Lynn.

Saturday Morning.—The Convention was called to order by the President and listened to the report of the Business Committee, which was acted upon and adopted.

It was then moved that there be a committee of three appointed to raise funds for instituting a missionary enterprise.

Mr. French thought the Spiritualists of Ohio should fully fathom their feelings on the subject.

Mr. A. A. Wheelock called upon the Convention for a full and free expression from the delegates on the matter before the assembly.

Gold feet may be relieved by a simple expedient. This is to wear cotton socks next to the skin and woolen socks outside of them. One singular consequence ensues; at night the cotton socks (next to the skin) are quite dry, while the outside woolen socks are damp.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
ROOM No. 1, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE. CHARLES H. CROWELL.
LUTHER COLBY. EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON. ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

The Spread of Spiritualism.

We find in the Watchman and Reflector—a weekly religious paper published in Boston—a somewhat suggestive article from the pen of the Rev. William Lamson, of Brookline, Mass., entitled "A Few Thoughts on Spiritualism." It is written in a tone of moderation and sincerity which commands to it attention, and which is very different from the language of contempt and derision which certain religionists, who hate and fear Spiritualism, assume toward it.

We should remark at the outset that Mr. Lamson's adoption of the word *Spiritism* seems to be made under a misapprehension. That word was invented or revived in France to represent that class of Spiritualists who believe in the re-incarnation theory, so ably expounded and advocated by Allan Kardec, and more recently by M. Michel Bonnaville in his able work entitled, "La Raison du Spiritisme"; a theory older than Pythagoras. It is evident that Mr. Lamson refers, in his remarks, to the whole class of persons who believe with St. Paul in a natural and a spiritual body, and in the possibility of communication between the occupants of the natural and the spiritual worlds. This belief, Mr. Lamson calls "a delusion, having no basis of truth." Inasmuch as this stone which he rejects is precisely that which lies at the foundation of Christianity, it is hard to see how he can reconcile his zeal for this faith with his repudiation of its fundamental substance.

But Spiritualism being "a delusion, having no basis of truth," how are we to account for the unparalleled progress it has made and is making? This progress Mr. Lamson freely admits. He says, in regard to the number of Spiritualists, that all must admit it is fearfully large. The delusion "is invading our churches. There are few perhaps of our evangelical churches in which some of the members are not looking into the matter, and becoming gradually spell-bound by it. And it must be admitted that among its believers and advocates are many persons of mind and culture, and of pure and exemplary lives."

To account for the spread of the "delusion," Mr. Lamson resorts to two explanations. First, "It meets a craving almost universal to know something more than we do know of the world beyond." . . . It comes to establish a spiritual telegraph, along whose invisible wires communications may freely go and come. It supplements, or rather displaces the meagre (the word is Mr. Lamson's own) "revelations of Scripture by a fuller, and what is regarded a more authentic revelation." Secondly, the "delusion" meets "a peculiar craving of the bereaved. It says to the bereaved parent, 'You can be put into direct communication with your child.' This is what the parent above all things wishes. He is incredulous at first. . . . Is he not in the very state to be duped? And in nine cases out of ten he is duped."

Such, according to the Rev. Mr. Lamson, is the origin, "in thousands of cases, of the belief in Spiritualism." And this is all the explanation that is going on throughout the civilized world, in turning the attention of men to spiritual facts at a time when Materialism seemed to have attained its most magnificent triumphs, and was inaugurating a Positive Philosophy that should exclude even the very hypotheses of God and a future life!

To say that the craving "to know more than we do know of the life beyond," predisposes us to accept a delusion, is as unreasonable as it would be to assert that the desire to know more than we do know of chemistry or geology predisposes us to accept fiction for fact. The whole history of science is a disproof of this. It shows, on the contrary, that the more earnest a man is in his pursuit of a truth, and the more sincere he is in his thirst for absolute knowledge, the more protected he is from error and delusion.

So far it is from being true that the longing to know what has become of a departed child or friend predisposes the bereaved one to be "duped," we believe it will be admitted by all students of human nature that the stronger the desire and the deeper the affection, the larger will be the demand for proofs that will satisfy. There may be certain forms of mental disease in which desire and phantasy may be coincident; but to say that persons in their senses allow themselves to be juggled into a belief because they want to be, is to say what our daily experience contradicts. The very anxiety of some persons to believe in a future state is the most potent cause of their skepticism. Some of the readiest believers are those who are the least exercised in mind about it. "He wishes it to be true," says Mr. Lamson, "and the wish has power to blind or pervert the judgment." Paley, in his "Evidences of Christianity," has argued, and we think convincingly, for quite the contrary of this assertion. Does not Mr. Lamson see that his own line of argument is just as fatal to ultra-theistic Christianity as to Spiritualism? Does not the scoffer say that the "evangelical" believer accepts the doctrine of the atonement because he "wishes it to be true?"

But the difference between the "evangelical" Christian and the Spiritualist, in their grounds of belief, is incomparably in favor of the latter. The former deduces from certain historic documents and sectarian interpretations, centuries old, it may be, a certain belief in what seems a mystical and partial scheme of salvation; while the latter finds in the experiences and phenomena of the present, added to the historical and traditional confirmations of the past, sacred and profane, the reasons for the faith that is in him—a faith founded on the testimony of his senses as well as on the intuitions of his practical reason, the conclusions of his understanding, and the concurring testimony of thousands of the good and wise among his contemporaries.

Spiritualist Association in Orange, Mass.

The Spiritualists of Orange, Mass., have organized an Association, and chosen H. Woodward, President; H. P. Goddard, N. E. Mace and Miss Lois Johnson, Vice Presidents; T. E. Bridges, Treasurer; Mrs. H. Mace, Recording Secretary; H. B. Parker, Corresponding Secretary. The good work is progressing.

Excellent Sentiments.

We hail liberality wherever we find it. It never presented itself to us as a thing likely to be realized in the present day, that the Massachusetts Legislature would elect to hear an orator, on the day of its assembling, who should talk as liberally and as plainly to them as James Freeman Clarke did, on the first day of the year, in the Old South Church in this city. If that body never got a clear and thorough statement of some things before, or never will get such a statement again, it is very certain that they heard the truth once—and long may it last them, and do much good.

The preacher took up many topics that were pertinent to the occasion, but he dwelt only on those which chiefly suggested the need of reform. These were prison discipline, woman suffrage, and whipping in the public schools. Upon these he gave utterance to some thoughts that were full of real life, and we sincerely hope what he said will produce its fruit.

On the subject of prison discipline, he insists that the need of reform is very great. He would go further to save one lost sheep than to care for the ninety and nine that are already safe. "The basis of all criminal legislation should be, the duty of every State to protect the community," says Mr. Clarke. Therefore he would not have degrees of punishment, graded by the character of the crime; but he would say to the criminal—"your act shows that you are not fit to enjoy freedom. The State must take you and restrain you until you prove yourself a safe man to go abroad." He would have him sentenced, not for a fixed term, but indefinitely; and Houses of Correction he would have graded, and adapted to the moral condition of those confined in them. The criminal he would treat like the patient in the hospital; and say to him, "when you are well, sir, you can go out, and not before. As you improve, we will give you less severe discipline. We will gradually take away restraint, and give you more of freedom, more of privileges, as you are able to bear them." In this way the strongest of motives—Hope—is brought to bear on the criminal.

To woman the orator freely conceded a right to bear a share in the work of Government. He cited numerous cases where women ruled nations with marvelous address and ability, and nobody of real intelligence undertakes to maintain that the female sex is intellectually inferior to the male. In fact, many women show themselves constantly the superiors of men. But he would not compel women to vote; only to allow them to. If they availed themselves of their right, well and good; if not, well and good. He undertook to say that if woman's influence was felt in politics, we should not be afflicted with wars. The observation is one of genuine sagacity. As to the common objection that woman would be degraded by contact with men in going to the ballot-box, the orator pertinently says—"But they walk through Washington street with all sorts of men." And he argues that our political associations would be made pure by her presence among them. If women are degraded, it is not by going among degraded scenes, but by being corrupted and made vicious. "Not contact, but corruption, degrades woman." He believes that the nature of woman, so far as God has made it different from that of man, will remain different. A man is more of a man for possessing certain masculine qualities; and a woman is more of a woman for possessing certain qualities that are masculine. It is to be hoped that the Legislature, as it listened, was greatly edified by such sentiments, elaborated and defended by the speaker.

On the subject of corporal punishment in the public schools, the orator was very emphatic in his opposition. We had driven flogging from every one of its entrenchments but the school-house; there it turned to bay. We have given over whipping at the post, whipping in the army and the navy, but still retain it for our children. Corporal punishment, said he, "is the refuge of indolence and imbecility. It is the easiest way of governing a school, and so is resorted to by those who, if this were forbidden, would soon have to find a better way, and acquire a moral influence." If prohibited by law, he believes the teachers will learn to govern by reason, by moral power, by the natural ascendancy of knowledge over ignorance, by creating a public opinion in the school favorable to good discipline. This system has been tried with signal success by the most enlightened countries of Europe. The experiment might at least be tried here, and the result would soon settle the question.

Music Hall Spiritual Lectures.

Next Sunday afternoon, Jan. 25th, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, of New York, will deliver the lecture in the regular course in Music Hall. Dr. Willis, it will be recollected, was suspended from Harvard Divinity School some years ago on account of his development as a powerful medium and consequent belief in the spiritual origin of the phenomena, and we are gratified to learn that on the above occasion he has consented to give a narration of his remarkable experiences in Spiritualism, together with an account of the Harvard College affair. This is just what his friends and the public have been demanding of him for a long time. And now that he has yielded to the general desire, and consented to ventilate his experiences with this venerable and aristocratic institution, together with the treatment he received there on account of the astounding spiritual manifestations exhibited to its Professors through his mediumship, we doubt if Music Hall will be large enough to contain the multitude who will be anxious to listen to his interesting statements. Dr. Willis is an extraordinary medium, and has met with experiences that would startle even believers in the spiritual phenomena. Aside from this, the Doctor is an excellent lecturer.

Induce People to Subscribe for the Banner of Light.

We want more subscribers. THE BANNER OF LIGHT should circulate double—ay, triple—the number of copies it does. Many of our patrons, while acknowledging that we issue an excellent paper, do not as a general thing urge their friends to subscribe for it with that earnestness they should to effect the result desired. This is to be regretted. The time is fully ripe for action; the cohorts of Old Theology are in motion; the war upon Spiritualists and Spiritualism has commenced in earnest; it therefore becomes the imperative duty of every out-and-out Spiritualist and every friend of Spiritualism to sustain us fully by rapidly adding new names to our subscription list. The larger the circulation, the greater the power we shall possess to spread the Gospel of Truth among the vast multitudes who are anxiously waiting to receive it.

Dr. J. E. Newton in Savannah.

Dr. Newton will heal the sick at the Pulaski House, Savannah, Ga., commencing Feb. 7th. At present he is in New Orleans, where he has been successfully treating the sick for several weeks past.

The Co-operative System.

Labor has reasonable expectations of getting free from its servile dependence on capital only by commanding capital itself; and the way to bring that about is, not by working and wasting a lifetime in wearisome efforts to accumulate savings that are never secured, but by the simple process of combination. It goes now by the more active name of co-operation. The secret is just no secret, because it carries its own story on its face. Instead of one man's waiting to get together a capital which would be small enough at the largest, the plan is to collect together the savings of hundreds, and even thousands of men, and with these to set up any kind of business operation—a store, a factory, or whatever else may be desired. Thus laboring men will become joint capitalists at once, buying produce and manufacturing goods at cost, and distributing the same among their own number with a view to save the usual charges and pocket the profits. There is another point of importance to be considered in this matter; where now several parties interpose with their accumulated costs and charges between the producer and consumer, under the co-operative system they will be done away. This cumbersome machinery will be lightened of its clogs and hindrances, and matters will be at once reduced to a state of simplicity.

This is precisely the tendency of the times. It is an age that promotes the division of labor of all kinds in order to avail itself of the benefits, it likewise works to the same end in lightening and simplifying the machinery by which productions are made to reach the hands of consumers. So much gained is a good deal. There are, of course, plenty of obstacles to be overcome, as there always will be in human affairs; it will be necessary, for instance, in order to insure the success of a co-operative store, to secure a buyer of integrity and honor, who will be faithful to his trust. He must needs understand how to buy of the importer to advantage, so as to secure to the stockholders in the enterprise the dividends which they aim at. And when this principle shall have been found to work well, workmen will be agreeably surprised to find how easy has been the reconciliation between labor and capital. They will then all be laborers, and all capitalists. Every man becomes a capitalist, in fact, from the moment he begins to lay by money; but in order to make the new power felt to positive advantage, and personally, Co-operation is presented as an agent more effective than any that has hitherto been invented. Capital runs to waste for want of concentration. This new scheme proposes to remedy the evil, while it likewise elevates the laborer in the social scale and in his own esteem.

But in this scheme there is none of the Unitary element, so-called. There is no communion of goods and gains; no stocking of individual wealth in such a way as to compromise individual independence. With such plans it has no parallel object. It is merely as if one hundred men, having one hundred dollars each in the Savings Banks, where they were earning for them but four or five per cent. a year, should resolve to withdraw their money from the custody of the banks, which made twice that sum out of those savings for themselves, and set up a store with a cash capital of ten thousand dollars, for the purpose of buying at wholesale prices and saving to themselves the profits. That saving would altogether be much larger than the computed interest on their money at bank rates. In pursuing a plan of this kind, the individual stockholders go into it on a purely business basis, surrendering no social right or privilege. It is not intended for a reformatory scheme, except only so far as a large saving in the cost of living tends to individual elevation by multiplying the comforts which money is able to secure.

Educational Reconstruction.

Agitation, investigation, disintegration and reconstruction are the prolific themes of the age and the hour. We are in receipt of a little work, published by J. Mallison Allen, Blue Anchor, N. J., which strikes us as one of the most significant outgrowths yet evolved from Spiritualism. If we are not mistaken, the reform inaugurated by our brother, inspired by his spirit-guides, is destined sooner or later to supplant the crude, shallow and absurd methods of (mis)representing speech, which at present burdens the world of literature and clogs the wheels of progress.

The natural alphabet claims to be based upon the following principles: first, the organic characteristics of each elementary sound are indicated in the features of the letter that represents it. Second, as many letters as sounds. Third, any given sound is always represented by the same letter, and any given letter always represents the same sound. "Under such a system," says the author, "the art of reading and spelling, from being the most difficult of human attainments, becomes the most easy! Learning to read becomes a pleasure, and spelling is annihilated!" We hope the great problem is approaching solution, viz: the simplifying of written language, and reducing to one single philosophical system the diverse and discordant orthographies of the different nations. The establishment everywhere of a uniform and natural standard of sound, as the necessary precursor of a universal language and universal peace is the object aimed at; an object worthy the sympathy and cooperation of all.

The Children's Lyceum.

Mercantile Hall was crowded Sunday forenoon, Jan. 12th, with the Lyceum and its friends. The officers and children numbered about one hundred and fifty. The interest in the Lyceum does not flag, but steadily increases. At the close of the exercises, Rev. Charles M. Barnard addressed the audience, and the frankness with which he maintained the truthfulness of spirit communion surprised even some of his intimate friends.

The second public entertainment, to increase the funds of the Lyceum, will take place on Thursday evening, Jan. 29th. It will be a very interesting affair, and we trust the hall will be crowded to overflowing.

Fitchburg, Mass.

We learn from N. A. Abbott that a Children's Lyceum was organized in Fitchburg, Jan. 3d, through the assistance of A. E. Carpenter, the State Missionary. Twenty-five children were present at the inauguration, and on the second Sunday there were thirty-two. This looks encouraging. There is also an increasing interest in the lectures, as well as the Lyceum. Sunday evening the hall was not large enough to contain all who wished to hear Mr. Carpenter, and our friends are trying to secure a larger one. Mrs. Tabor is to speak there for a month.

We have just received a full supply of "HEALING OF THE NATIONS," with an introduction and appendix by Nathaniel P. Tallmadge. It is a book of great merit, contains five hundred and thirty-seven pages, and will be forwarded by mail to any address upon the receipt of \$3.00; postage 36 cents.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Dr. H. B. Storer lectured to the Spiritualists of Leominster, Mass., on the 12th inst., and large audiences gathered to hear him. His excellent discourses gave such general satisfaction, he has been engaged to return there on Sunday, Jan. 20th. Spiritualism has gained a strong hold in that town, and is steadily on the increase. Private circles are held in many families, and mediums are being developed.

Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm is lecturing in Corry, Pa., to good audiences, and is much liked. The increased interest promises well for the future of Spiritualism in that place. Mrs. Wilhelm lectures in Music Hall, in this city, in February.

Mrs. A. H. Colby has been lecturing at Crown Point, Ind., recently, and our correspondent, J. H. Luther, informs us that she astonished all by the masterly manner in which she handled the subjects treated upon.

Susie M. Johnson wishes to inform the spiritual public generally, and her friends in particular, that the Spiritual Society of Springfield, Illinois, have recalled their engagement with her for March and April, in consequence of financial disability and indefinite suspension of meetings. The time is therefore subject to other applications, with the hope that it may be employed.

Sturges and Chicago Children's Lyceums.

F. L. Wadsworth has returned to Chicago, where he will remain for the present. In a note to us, dated Jan. 10th, he says: "I lectured in Sturges the 20th ult. The Society there is still prosperous. New Year's night the Lyceum held a Festival and Exhibition, at which upwards of seven hundred dollars worth of presents were distributed. It was a fine affair."

Our Chicago Lyceum is in splendid condition. Lyceum No. 2 (as per Manual) is organized, giving us, with two duplicates, twenty-six Groups, and an average attendance of two hundred and fifteen members and officers. We owe nothing, and own upwards of one thousand dollars worth of good property, including piano. We have full hope that we shall do still better this year. We held a Christmas Gift Festival, with Santa Claus and other 'fakins.'"

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

On Sunday evening, January 12th, Miss Lizzie Doten addressed the Society at Mercantile Hall. The house was good, and great attention was paid to her remarks. Previous to commencing her lecture she read one of her "Poems from the Inner Life," entitled "Revelation." Her discourse was chiefly confined to a description of the Magnetoscope, an ingenious instrument, which by the peculiar oscillations of a pendulum demonstrated that all forms of matter throw off magnetic currents and were possessed of positive and negative poles, and an intermediate space wherein the two forces strove for the mastery. Man was proved to be possessed of the same powers. All through the chain of being the positive or superior pole of the lower was linked to the negative or inferior pole of the grade above. Miss Doten will speak at Mercantile Hall next Sunday evening.

Words.

Words are very important things. They are but breath, and yet what deep furrows of joy or sorrow do they plow in the human heart! How do harsh words rend the feelings and fill the eyes with tears! How do approving and kind words thrill like music, and often influence a whole life! Words have hurried men to vice; words have bound men to virtue. As well might we sport with firebrands as be careless and inaccurate in the use of words. Form, in early life, the habit of severe accuracy in the use of language—words planned and chiseled by the law of truth. See that they express what you mean; the slightest voluntary deviation is a lie, and every lie dishonest, and begrips and betrays the soul.

Music Hall Meetings.

In order to accommodate the Fair held at Music Hall for the benefit of destitute children, the lecture of Professor Denton, on Sunday afternoon January 12th, was delivered in the lower Music Hall, which was densely packed—many persons not being able to find accommodation. The subject discoursed upon was Spiritualism. A synopsical report will be given in our next.

THE REVOLUTION.—This is the ominous title of a new weekly sheet issued from 37 Park Row, New York City, by Susan B. Anthony; Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Parker Pillsbury editors. The Revolution is "the organ of the national party of New America." It advocates: in Politics—Educational Suffrage, irrespective of sex or color; equal pay to women for equal work; eight hours labor; abolition of standing armies and party despotisms, etc. In Religion—Deeper thought; broader ideas; science, not superstition; personal purity; love to man as well as God. In Social Life—Morality and reform; practical education, not theoretical; facts, not fiction; virtue, not vice; cold water, not alcoholic drinks or medicines. The Revolution proposes a new commercial and financial policy. America no longer led by Europe. Gold, like our cotton and corn, for sale. Greenbacks for money. An American system of Finance. American products and labor free. Foreign manufactures prohibited. Open doors to artisans and immigrants, etc., etc. The editors have a stupendous work before them; but we incline to the belief that radical changes in politics, religion and social life will sooner or later take place, not only in America, but in every civilized country of the old world.

As the notice on the sixth page in regard to questions sent to our circle seems not to be fully understood by some of our correspondents, we take occasion to state that only such as are of a public nature are read by the chairman and answered by the controlling spirit.

We are often in receipt of letters containing requests that we question the writer's spirit-friends upon matters of a purely private character. This we cannot engage to do. Our circles are free to those spirits who feel disposed to communicate, no matter what their condition may have been previous to their departure from the earth-life. It is enough for us to know that the avenue is open to all, and we cheerfully render the spirit-world all the aid in our power. People who feel anxious to have such questions as we allude to answered by those whom they address in spirit-life, should send their communications to Mr. J. V. Mansfield, of New York City, whom we can cordially recommend as a reliable medium and a worthy man; or to Miss M. K. Cassien, Richmond, Va., who is also a reliable medium for answering sealed letters.

Read the Howard Athenaeum advertisement. Miss Maggie Mitchell is a charmingly natural actress, and hence fully appreciated. The bills up for the present week are capital, and no doubt will bring capital to Rich's coffers.

New Publications.

George Coolidge publishes the Boston Almanac for 1868, in a very handsome style, accompanied with an enlarged, improved and accurate map of Boston as it is since enlargement. This very essential yearly publication grows both in popularity and beauty, and the present issue will be found to be even in advance of its very handsome predecessors. All persons in business will find it a perfect *vaude mecum*.

THE WORLD AT HOME is the name of a new monthly magazine, published by Evans & Co., Philadelphia. Its price is four dollars a year, and connected with it is a "dividend system, in which every subscriber participates." The list of contents is varied and spicy, and promises for its readers a large fund of amusement. The frontispiece illustration is a profile head of Dickens.

THE YOUTH'S CASKET and Playmate, published by Wm. Guild & Co., Boston, enters on its twenty-seventh volume with the new year, and we need not add that it is a handsome and flourishing juvenile, well managed, and edited by Mark Forester. The publishers offer a free copy to every one who will assist in getting up a club, on sending his or her address to them.

Gerritt Smith has taken one of Rev. Albert Barnes, D. D.'s, extracts for a text on which to argue very plainly and conclusively with him on the nature of God, sin, man, and the great future, hoping to relieve the preacher's confessedly low spirits and shed light into many now darkened thoughts.

Lee & Shepard have "THE TALE OF TWO CITIES"—Dickens—from the press of Peterson & Brothers, in the cheap form "for the million." It is very cheap at twenty-five cents for such a powerful romance.

A. Roman & Co., San Francisco, publish "LEARNER'S CONFESSIONS, an Autobiography." They have a house in New York likewise, from which have been issued some sterling productions.

Children's Lyceum in Stoneham, Mass.

The Ladies Sewing Circle connected with the Children's Progressive Lyceum in Stoneham, held a Fair and Festival at Harmony Hall, on Christmas eve, from which, after paying all expenses, they realized a sum of more than two hundred dollars. They had a large gathering, and aside from pecuniary matters it was a decided success. Good social feeling prevailed. Everything was liberally conducted, and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. The Fair articles were both useful and ornamental, well made and marked at reasonable prices, and notwithstanding the stagnation in business and scarcity of money, sold well. The Christmas tree was loaded with presents, and many a child's eye sparkled with joyous anticipation as old Santa Claus descended from the ceiling in grotesque costume to distribute the gifts. The Lyceum entertainment consisted of reading and declamation by the members, an interesting dialogue between the teacher and scholars in Star Group, some splendid tableaux, excellent music, both vocal and instrumental, and an abundant refreshment table. The Lyceum gave their worthy Conductor, Mr. E. T. Whittier, an invalid chair. The Committee managed the affair so quietly that the presentation was a complete surprise to him and most of the company. He was one of the first Spiritualists in town, and by his candid examination of the subject, his meditative powers and social influence, has done much to spread the truths of our beautiful philosophy. They closed with a dance after the hands on the clock had passed some of the small hours.

PAULINE GERRY,
Secretary of the C. P. Lyceum.

Letter from Washington.

I will write a word for the Banner of Light this morning, as I think you and your readers wish to know what is going on with the Spiritualists in this city, as well as other interesting points of the world. Mr. Peebles is now lecturing to our Society, and is liked extremely well. Our hall, though not as large as some of the churches of this city, is full and packed on the occasion of every lecture. Indeed, our Society is eminently successful in its undertakings. We will be so flushed with victory soon, that you may possibly hear of our undertaking to purify the two discordant institutions at each end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

Already representatives from all the institutions of Washington, theological, political and educational, have come to hear discourses on this sometimes called new, but old philosophy, particularly those delivered by Mr. Forster.

There is some encouragement in this fact, for though they might easily leave the hall and lecturer behind them in their departure, they could not forget what they heard, and if they do not at first believe, they cannot help thinking; and thinking will, sooner or later, put them on the right track. However chimerical it may seem to a portion of mankind, to me it is evident that the ideas and principles promulgated by this philosophy will do more than the aggregated wisdom of lawyers and statesmen to solve the political problems over which the Departments of the Government stumble and quarrel. Were I President of the United States, my confidence in the movement would prompt me to say to the anxious patriot, as President Lincoln said to the ex-governor of Ohio, "Be patient and see the salvation of God."

Washington, D. C., Jan. 12, 1868. P.

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

At the Convention of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association it was voted to continue their Agent for the next three months. Several other speakers volunteered their services free to the Association for a certain length of time. These speakers are some of the best that we have, and their offer is indeed a very generous one. Now there is a fine opportunity presented for those places where no regular meetings are held to obtain lectures. All that is required or expected of the people is that they furnish a place for the meeting and contribute what they may feel disposed to in aid of the Association. The services of a speaker may be obtained through the Association by simply asking for one. Friends, send in your calls at once, so that we can arrange our plans to carry on the work in an orderly and successful manner. Address Albert E. Carpenter, care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

Spiritualism in Washington.

The Daily Union of Jan. 6th contains the following paragraph in regard to the lecture of J. M. Peebles:

"THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH LAST NIGHT.—The Rev. Mr. Peebles preached to a densely packed congregation last night, at Harmonical Hall. The lecture of this distinguished pulpit orator and philosopher attracted the largest crowd that ever attended this hall. His lecture was worthy of the high reputation of the man, and was eminently suggestive of the holy influences which controlled him. To-morrow we will endeavor to publish a synopsis of his interesting and forcible discourse."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We shall publish the proceedings of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association in our next issue.

We are again in receipt of letters bearing no post-office address. Write name, town, State and county legibly. We urgently impress this upon all our friends. By more care on the part of correspondents, we should avoid a vast deal of inconvenience that we are subjected to at present.

The reply of Dr. Channing to "Justice" will appear in our next issue.

We call special attention to the Prospectus of the "Art of Living, as deduced from the Science of Life, and the Philosophy of Universal Being," by George Stearns, Esq., an accomplished scholar and writer.

The Radical for January is out, well filled with choice reading.

Really great men are invariably modest and unassuming in their manners. Hence the most ordinary intellect can quickly distinguish the real from the spurious metal. The true scientist never prates of his attainments on the street corners. His works speak for him.

Rev. Henry Morgan, author of "Ned Nevins," gave a reading at Tremont Temple, on the 13th inst., for the purpose of raising funds to build a new chapel for the Union Mission. He displayed fine talents as a reader. After the reading, several gentlemen went up to the platform and subscribed, in sums of twenty-five to one hundred dollars, an amount which will make the profit of the exhibition about fifteen hundred dollars.

The fourth of the series of Social Assemblies takes place at Nassau Hall, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 22d. The surplus proceeds are to be given to the Children's Lyceum.

Men may loiter, but time flies on the wings of the wind, and all the great interests of life are speeding on, with the sure and silent tread of destiny.

Butter factories are rapidly increasing in the State of New York, and the butter thus made brings from five to ten cents per pound more than fair farm dairies will command. A very fair quantity of cheese is made of the milk after it is skimmed. The Tribune estimates that the dairy product of the State will be increased at least one-fourth by the general introduction of these factories.

Secretary Stanton has again resumed his duties as head of the War Department.

If the sacrifices to virtue are often hard to make, it is always joy to have made them; and a person never regrets having done a good action.

SINGULAR IMPRESSION.—A lady in Lawrence suddenly awoke in the night with the impression that her little girl was in danger. Feeling her way in the dark to the child's crib, directed by a strong impulse, she put her finger into the little sleeper's mouth, and to her astonishment took from thence a large pin. So says the Boston Herald.

It is reported from Rome that there has been a concentration of Garibaldi's at Aquapendente, and Papal reinforcements have been sent to the frontier to repel any invasion. France will again not only occupy Rome but the frontiers, in case of another invasion.

He loves you better who strives to make you good, than he who strives to please you.

The "Young Men's Christian Association" of Chicago, had lately forwarded from the publishing house in New York, nine tons of tracts! No doubt as many tons were sent to other cities. But tracts won't "feed the hungry," neither will they "clothe the naked."

Dentists, however cheerful, are obliged to look "down in the mouth." Eh, Bill?

"The Workingmen's Appeal" is the title of a weekly paper just started at Dayton, Ohio, by Messrs. Horton & Boyer. It is devoted to the best interests of the working classes and the free discussion of all subjects. Just such papers are needed at this time, when capital is striving for mastery over labor, and we trust that the Appeal will not appeal in vain to workingmen for adequate support.

The theatres in Boston are more crowded Sunday when religious services are held, than are the churches. Church members are observed to pass by their own favorite organizations to attend the theatres. Want to see how it seems, no doubt.—Boston Post.

"Reading history, ha?" said a parson to some girls who were making merry over John Lord's "Old Roman World"; "which of the old Romans do you think the most of?" "Marins," a black-eyed, rosy-cheeked miss of sixteen replied.

Rev. E. C. Towne has resigned the pastoral charge of the Unitarian society at Medford.

The velocity of the Gulf Stream is reported by experienced navigators to have recently been greatly increased, and the currents along the Florida coast are said to be so strong as to almost draw a steam vessel upon the reefs. This phenomenon is supposed to be the result of the recent convulsions of the earth.

Lake Champlain is frozen over, so that teams passed across its broadest area, on the ice, last week.

The news of the wounded patriots in Rome is said to be sad indeed. Hospital gangrene sweeps them off by scores. They are still left in their battle rags. At night there is no attendance.

Pick-pockets should be made to handle the pick.

Men who seek to lift themselves up through condemnation of others, seldom accomplish the end sought to be attained. Curses, like chickens, always return home to roost.

For human souls by crime perplexed, Remorse will find some spectral text, Either in this world or the next.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarreled with him, was never worthy the sacred name of friend. A breach of kindness on one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

The doctrine of "compensation" is beautifully exemplified at a certain public house in Boston, where the weakness of the coffee is always in exact proportion to the strength of the butter.

Mental excitement weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion and partially suspends all the functions of the system. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; joy illuminates it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute.

Judge Longstreet, of Georgia, is a sensible old gentleman. Just hear him discourse on the newspaper:

"Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette he takes, it is next to impossible to fill a paper fifty times a week without putting something in it that is worth the subscription. Every parent whose son is off from home should supply him with a paper. I well remember what a difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had and who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were decidedly superior to the last, in composition and debate at least. The reason is plain—they had command of more facts. Youth will receive a paper with delight when they will read nothing else."

And the very best paper we know of to take is the BANNER OF LIGHT.

The first California paper was published twenty years ago. The total Pacific press now comprises two hundred and fourteen papers.

The Right Reverend John Henry Hopkins, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, over the diocese of Vermont, died at his residence in Rock Point, Jan. 9th, of congestion of the lungs accompanied by pleurisy. The deceased was born in Dublin, Ireland, on the 30th of January, 1792, and was, therefore, nearly seventy-six years old at the time of his death.

A HARD HIT.—We clip the following from Mrs. Anthony's new paper, "The Revolution":

"The Independent thinks, and very justly, that it is a very rare circumstance that a black person and a white wish to marry each other. But if any two such persons do wish to marry, it is impertinent and oppressive for other people, and particularly for legislators, to interfere. But it seems that the Alabama Convention not only propose to prevent the making of such marriages in the future, but to annul all such marriages made in the past. This is an oversight on the part of that convention; for the number of whites and blacks who ought to be married to one another in Alabama is already far greater than the number who are so married. The true legislation for Alabama is the solemnization, not the nullification, of such marriage."

Henry Ward Beecher is engaged in writing a Life of Christ, which, he says, has been long considered by him as a labor of love.

The Emperor of Austria has astonished the Viennese by declaring his intention to attend a merchants' ball in citizen's dress, instead of the military uniform heretofore invariably worn by Austrian sovereigns. They regard it as a harbinger of "liberty, equality and fraternity."

Dr. J. R. Nichols, editor of the Boston Journal of Chemistry, says that lard is adulterated to an extent hardly suspected by dealers and consumers. He has recently examined specimens which contained 30 per cent. of water, terra alba, paraffine and other substances.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.—We have received from W. White & Co., Publishers, 128 Washington street, Boston, a little pamphlet of twenty-four pages, bearing the above title: price thirty cents. It is written by A. B. Child, M.D. The evils of this system of marriage, which have been begotten in ignorance, and we hope to live to see the day when human laws to compel proper marital relations will be unnecessary, as they certainly are unnatural. The book contains some good ideas.—Ohio Democrat.

Sweden is suffering from famine. Frosts destroyed the crops in some parts of the country, and 300,000 persons are on the borders of starvation.

The Metropolitan Railroad Company, of this city, carried 12,363,831 passengers in 1867, being an increase of more than 130,000 in a year, and an increase of more than 6,500,000 since 1861.

When Newton discovered the laws of the solar system, he created, for all posterity, the true idea of science. He gave the most perfect example we are ever likely to have of that union of reasoning and observation, which, by means of facts that can be directly observed, ascends to laws which govern multitudes of other facts—laws which not only explain an account for what we see, but give us assurance beforehand of much that we do not see, much that we never could have found out by observation, though, having been found out, it is always verified by the results.—J. S. Mill.

Hannah Hopper, widow of the late Isaac T. Hopper, died on Sunday, the 5th inst., at Glen Cove, L. I.

"THE BANNER OF LIGHT."—We have received a weekly paper with this title. It is as large as the New York Ledger, and fully as well printed, containing a great amount of choice reading.

While it gives its readers literature and news, its distinctive feature is its advocacy of Spiritualism, publishing articles that are strangely interesting, even though the reader may not believe a word of them. That many of the subjects are handled in a masterly manner, by doctors, ex-divines, and others, we cannot deny, notwithstanding the fact that they teach doctrines contrary to the long established religious faith. As for us, we find nothing from Spiritualism, since it causes an agitation of thought, and "the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." If Spiritualism—of which the Banner of Light seems to be the acknowledged organ of high authority with its readers generally—teaches pernicious doctrines, as is believed by thousands, then it should be met boldly; its papers should be read and fully digested, that it may be handled intelligently and overwhelmed by truth. The clergy should not fail to send for at least a specimen copy of the Banner, and prepare themselves to combat its teachings, as already it is claimed this doctrine of Spiritualism, whatever it may be, has millions of believers, and the Banner of Light has thousands of readers.

It seems that Spiritualists reckon their numbers by millions. The Banner publishes a list of one hundred and sixty-two lecturers or preachers of Spiritualism, of whom sixty-five are women. These are travelling all over the country, meeting engagements to lecture.

The Spiritualists have Sunday Schools—"Children's Lyceums," as they call them—in all the principal cities in the Union, at which they have an interesting and novel way of teaching children knowledge and good morals.

A peculiar department is the "Message Department," in which are published what purport to be messages from spirits to friends and relatives on earth. These messages, the medium and her friends say, are genuine utterances of disembodied spirits, spoken through a Mrs. J. H. Conant, while entranced and unconscious, or like one in a dreamy state.

Whether true or false, some things taught in this paper are really beautiful.

But we leave the subject to be discussed by those who are more able than we are.

Those who wish to obtain this curious paper should address William White & Co., 163 Washington street, Boston, Mass.—Mount Vernon (N.Y.) Statesman.

Multum in Parvo.

Occasionally it occurs that truth is spoken very forcibly, but nowhere more than Garibaldi has done it in the following extract:

Garibaldi has written letters to two of the representatives of those people in Glasgow who sympathize with his views and objects. Speaking of the Pope he says: "You will be told that his rule is mild, that the people are contented, and that it has ever been so. Now, if this be true, how is it that they who claim to be the representatives of Christ upon earth—of him who said, 'I am the king of this world'—have, since the commencement of the temporal power, requested French intervention sixteen times, German intervention fifteen times, Austrian intervention seven times, and Spanish intervention three times?"

It will require a long time for the Catholic Church to digest these remarks of the great Italian.

L. U. BEAVIS.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,
544 BROADWAY,
(Opposite the American Museum.)

WARREN CHASE,.....LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.
FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Very Large Assortment of Spiritualist Books. Complete works of J. J. Davis, comprising twenty-two volumes, nineteen cloth, and only paper: Nature's Divine Revelations, 20th edition, just out. 4 vols. Great Harmonia, each complete—Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker. Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author. Penetration, Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions, Morning Lectures (20 discourses), History and Philosophy of Evil, History of Spirit Intercourse, when and where? Providence, Harmonical Man, Free Thoughts Concerning Religion, Present Age and Inner Life, Approaching Crisis, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lecture Manual, Azabula, or Divine Guest, and Stellar Key to the Summer-Land—last two just issued, and most highly interesting and instructive. Whole set (twenty-two volumes) \$20; a most valuable present for a library, public or private. Four books by Warren Chase—Life Line; Fugitive Wife; American Crisis, and Gift of Spiritualism. Sent by mail for \$2.00. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$6; postage 50 cts. Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed \$1.00. We are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

Popular Medicines. Dr. H. B. Storrs' preparation of Dodd's Nerveine, (41 per bottle.) Serravallo's Tonic, (50 cents per bottle.) Bristle and Amber for the hair, (41.) An invaluable medicine for coughs and sore lungs, Dr. Chase's Balsam of Longwort, (50 cents per bottle.)

Unhappy Marriages, by A. B. Child.

This little brochure of twenty-four pages, (about one-fifth the size of the Fugitive Wife), has thrown out upon the surface literature of the day some radical statements which, in our estimation, the Christianity which it appeals to would declare it unlawful and unchristian to make; and we think the Doctor would find the Church ready to sacrifice his book, if not to crucify him. We have several complaints to make against the book, which we hope will deter no one from reading it. First, there is not more than one-fourth as much of it as there should be, even on the principle that the better the quality the more we want. Second, it calls upon Christianity to undo its own work in its own name, and in accepting Christ, condemns Christians and what we call Christianity. Third, it confounds the Christ of modern Christians with the Jesus or Joshua of the Jews, and in him personifies a principle, by which it has too much of Christianity for us to accept. Fourth, it boldly asserts that even in our wicked and perverse day and generation, the law of love that rules among the angels in a purer world, would be adapted to this and that, (to use its own figures), the laws and loves of doves could be adopted by this generation of serpents. We believe there is a generic difference between the dove and snake, and that different laws and loves are adapted to them that cannot be exchanged; and if our race lived the character of each, we must have the laws adapted to each condition of society. Hence, we do not believe it would be wise now to repeal all laws of marriage and the relations of the sexes, and leave woman in her present inferior and degraded social and political condition. Woman must first be made an equal before the law; equal in schools, courts, legislatures, banks, stores, business, elections and everywhere; so she can appeal to any tribunal equally with man for her rights, and then it will make little difference what are your marriage laws if they do not curtail these rights, and she would herself see to that as soon as she had a voice in making the laws. It is a disgrace to this age to hold woman as we do by law in a servile condition, in which she has to beg for everything of man, while the "lords of creation" make of her only a plaything or dependent, and then attempt to regulate by such laws of marriage as we have the social and sexual relations of male and female. Of course the laws are disregarded by those who make them, and call out all sorts of remedies, amendments and total abrogations from the critics; but the remedy is to first put woman in her true position before the law, and let her help to frame the statutes and laws of marriage and divorce, or protect herself without any.

On the whole, we recommend the little book, even at 30 cents, to all who can read and not get mad at the sentiments of a bold, radical, honest, feeling soul, who is not writing for popularity or praise, nor for money, but for the spread of what he believes best and truest that other writers dare not publish.

The Sunday Dispatch on the Stellar Key.

We cannot better show this editor to our readers than by inserting his brief notice of this new and most valuable book, which most of our patrons will read and judge of for themselves. Take this pill first, and we will not interrupt the reader till he or she has the laugh out over it, as we did: "To all seekers after the unattainable, observers of the obscure, and believers in the incomprehensible, the book will be welcome, and to them we leave the elucidation of its mysteries. A. J. Davis, the 'Poughkeepsie Seer,' writes, doubtless, because he is constrained to write, and mixes up his illuminated and his lawless way of thought with a few words of truth, and that is about all. We once, for our sins, undertook to read the 'Great Harmonia,' and got into a foundering condition somewhere within the periphery of the seventh or seventh-seventh concentric circle, whereupon we dropped therefrom into a condition of general nebulousness and stayed so. If anybody desires to avoid such fate, he might begin on this treatise, and familiarize himself gradually with its charts and diagrams, zones and forces, formations and principles, laws, essences, ethers, vapors, fluids, solids, gases, effects and ultimates. If he succeeds in obtaining a premonition or squatter's right in the 'Summer-Land' thereby, the book will probably be cheap at a dollar."

One of two points is now certain to each person who reads the book: either that the above critic is not honest, and knowing the merits of the book dares not present them to his readers in the Sunday Dispatch, or that he is really one of those muddy heads who sometimes by accident get among the editors and writers for the press, but are as much out of place as a whale in Barnum's Museum, or a bull in a china store. To such minds all sublime literature is "as clear as mud." Such writers are at home in the police reports and ring fights, and can appreciate a negro melody or procession marching to life and drum, or could sleep through an Orthodox sermon and appreciate and puff it without hearing it; but the most beautiful philosophy and demonstrations of this book, which, as the author truly says of one part of it (on page 72), "nothing can be more easily read when your senses, intelligence and wisdom unite for work, and seriously devote themselves to the examination," is to such minds only "clear as mud." For many years we were puzzled to know how such stupid dunces ever got into the papers at all, and still more how they become editors; but at last we found it was money, not talent, that bought them the places before the public, and that a large class of readers in our country need just such cabbage-head food as they can furnish, and we also learned, late, that some of these writers who pander to the prejudices of the sectarian readers were not really such fools as they made themselves appear to be, and had

not really dropped "into a condition of general nebulousness," but were solid enough and sharp enough when it would pay to be so. Such we half suspect is the real case with this editor, but not with all the sapient critics in advanced literature. Read the Stellar Key; it will pay.

The Great City.

New York is improving in external appearance. Old Tammany has got a new and deeper basement, and stands on a new platform. Stewart is running his retail block eastward as far as he can get the "right of way," which is arrested by 4th Avenue. He is preparing for a large amount of work in the front and rear, upper and lower apartments of his great show-case block. His work goes on in all kinds of weather and all kinds of times, for business only stops for Sunday to get by. He is rich, and laughs and jokes at the danger of failure of heavy houses which compete with him for the trade. They may fall; he cannot, as he does not buy on tick. One chartered company has started an "air line" railroad, we suppose it is, as it is up in the air, cars and all, by which it proposes to "tote" us out of the city without touching bottom, running the cars over lamp posts or other posts, a sort of telegraphing passengers through the air; and another company wants to tunnel us through the city under the pavements, but they have not yet succeeded in getting the right of way or right to bury us alive. The tendency is evidently upward to "air lines." There are a thousand and one other new things; but we must pass.

Anderson, the Spirit-Artist.

Our Brother and Sister Anderson are now settled in their new house in this city, and are making some elegant likenesses of deceased friends for those who visit them for sittings. Mr. A. has just finished one of his most elegant specimens of spirit workmanship, which occupied much of his time and strength for the past year. Mrs. Anderson is also giving some sittings for the development of clairvoyant powers, for which she is one of the best developing mediums. We were very sorry we could not join the many friends who gave them a New Year's surprise party, for we lost a rich treat that many enjoyed.

We have on our counter a little work for the children, that should be sent for by every one who has children or loves them, when sending for books by mail or express. It is Playing Soldier, by Mrs. A. N. Green, of Hopdale, Mass.; costs twenty-five cents only, and is written expressly for and adapted to children, whose parents do not want to feed cat-echism or dog-matism.

We can now supply those who want photographs of A. J. and Mary F. Davis for their albums with excellent likenesses, sent by mail, for twenty-five cents each; also Emma Hardinge, Mrs. Conant, Dr. Willis, Judge Edmunds and others are in our case for sale.

The friends and admirers of Thomas Paine are to celebrate his birthday on the 29th inst. in New York, at the Stueben House, 235 Bowery, with speeches, toasts, and supper. Tickets can be had at our office for \$1.25, including supper.

Business Matters.

COUSIN PRINCE'S POEMS, for sale at this office. Price \$1.50.

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

MRS. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, between 27th and 28th streets, New York. J44v.

MRS. S. METTLER, formerly of Hartford, Ct., has removed to No. 20 7th Avenue, New York, where she prescribes for invalids. D214v.

MRS. R. L. MOORE will send examination and prescription on receipt of lock of hair, 81 and 2 stamps. Address care Warren Chase, 544 Broadway, New York. J44v.

MISS M. K. CASSIEN will sit for spirit answers to sealed letters. Terms \$2 and 4 red stamps. Address Richmond, Va., care E. W. Hewett. J18.

CONSUMPTION AND ITS CAUSES can be cured, by E. F. Garvin, M.D., the discoverer of the first Solut, and also Volatilizing Tar. Send for circular, &c., 462 6th Avenue, between 28th and 29th streets, New York. J4.

TO RELIEVE those that NEURALGIA, nerve-ache or some equally distressing nerve complaints have prostrated, and to permanently expel these maladies, administer a few doses of Dr. TURNER'S Tonic-DOPLOUX, or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILLS. It will tone and stimulate the nerve fluid, invigorate the system and restore the health. Apothecaries have this medicine. Principal Depot, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. PRICE \$1 per package; by mail two postage stamps extra.

Special Notices.

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

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

CALIFORNIA, PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES, ENGLAND AND CANADA.—Spiritualists of the States and countries just named, especially Agents, Druggists and Physicians, are here by notified that Prof. Paine has just completed arrangements by which Mrs. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS will be sent, (expressage or postage prepaid by Prof. Spence,) to any place in any of those States and Territories, in quantities from one dozen boxes up to any number of boxes desired, at prices as low as any other article which retails for one dollar can be bought by the dozen in the city of New York. Printed terms sent free, post-paid. See advertisement in another column.

Dr. BABCOCK'S HAIR DRESSING.—The State Assayer recommends it. No one pretension to cure, so good or so cheap. Price One Dollar. Sold by Druggists everywhere, and by Dr. GEORGE W. BABCOCK, Scientific Dermatologist, 28 Winter street, Boston.

Every town, city, village and neighborhood in the United States should have an Agent, male or female, for Mrs. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS. It is particularly desirable that women should engage in the sale of this invaluable preparation. Those who do not desire to make a business of it, can at least supply their own neighborhood. Those who desire to do so can obtain the Sole Agency of one or more Townships. With the extended reputation even of one township, if properly managed in the beginning, will be a constant source of revenue to the possessor, with comparatively little trouble or loss of time. The price to Agents, Druggists and Physicians has also been reduced, and in all cases from postage the expressage or the postage, whichever way the powers are sent. Send for new Terms to Agents, to Prof. PATTON SPENCE, Box 5817, New York City. Nov. 5.

THE HAIR AND SCALP.—Dr. George W. Babcock, Scientific Dermatologist, 28 Winter street, Boston, successfully treats all diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Loss of Hair, Premature Greyness, Baldness, &c. Dr. Babcock treats the Hair and Scalp as a physician—not an agent of "One Remedy System"—but adapts the remedies to the special requirements of each case, and he treats the scalp and hair with the most advanced European methods, and not in the imperfect manner hitherto generally adopted in the United States. No charge for consultation. A pamphlet with the State Assayer's report upon Dr. Babcock's thirteen remedies free.

TO PERSONS AT A DISTANCE.—Dr. Babcock is treating parties in all parts of the United States, Canada, &c., personally, when they visit him otherwise by correspondence. No charge for consultation. Remedy sent carriage prepaid to all parts of the United States. Send for circular. Dec. 25.—50v

To Correspondents.
(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)
C. M. W. DICKFORD, MASS.—Sometimes such notices are published gratuitously—sometimes not. It depends upon the ability of the party to pay. Act accordingly.

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

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Will be presented the beautiful Drama, in five acts, entitled,

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The Comic Operatic Drama, in five acts, entitled,

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MARIE (with songs).....MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL
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BENEFIT OF MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,
When will be presented the Comedietta entitled the

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To conclude with the Comedy of

MARGOT,

THE POULTRY DEALER.

MARGOT.....MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL
HERMAN.....MR. J. W. COLLIER

Saturday Afternoon, Jan. 25th, at 2 1/2 o'clock,

Will be presented,

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Saturday Night,

A GREAT BILL.

In rehearsal, a new piece, written for Miss Maggie Mitchell

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PRICES OF ADMISSION: 50 cents

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Boxes.....\$1.00

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Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock. Jan. 25.

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This apparatus consumes its own steam during the cooking, and all the juices and flavor concentrated in the lower vessel make a delicious soup by the addition of a little sea-water. This steamer has the advantage over all others, by having each part made so it can be detached and cleaned from all the impurities or deposits arising from cooking. A single British Gas Burner will do the work of a 50 dollar stove.

An examination of this apparatus will convince any one of its superiority over all others. Agents wanted in every town in the U. S. Ten stars, from 5 to 50 dollars.

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READY TO-DAY.

READ IT! READ IT!

The New and Remarkable Novel,

DAWN:

WH

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, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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. 125 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock, services commencing 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.

To the Great Spirit of Nature, the one God, author of all spirits and of all things, whose blessings flow with impartial beneficence upon all, we pray, and thank him, by the praises of our grateful spirits, for the beauty and grandeur of life—for the glorious worlds whose myriad forms gem the ethereal space—for the rose and the lily, for the mountain and the valley, for everything that blesses the senses of human life, and everything that blesses the senses beyond the pale of human life—for all of time and all of eternity, from the universe to the monad, be our praises to the Great Spirit of all. We ask no more than thou seest fit to favor us with. We pray not for the suspension of thy laws, we only pray to understand thee. We pray not for more blessings, we only pray that we may appreciate those already received, and when we lift up our souls in prayer, asking that thy kingdom may come on the earth, we do but ask that thy children in mortal may know themselves and their relations to thee. Then they will cease warring with each other; then they will enjoy the beauty and the glory of life. Then, instead of seeking to know how to worship thee aright, they will find within their own souls a code of laws which, if they follow, will lead them into a perfect understanding of thee. While thy spirit in glory and in love encircles us, we fear no evil, but resting securely in thy presence, we will pray on and praise on, and seek on and teach on, it may be, throughout an unending eternity. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, we will endeavor to answer them.

Q.—Is there any such thing as is generally understood by obliteration?

ANS.—It is generally understood to mean annihilation; therefore I believe there is no such reality.

Q.—Is there any causal analogy between the pulsations of the human heart and the tides of the ocean?

A.—Yes, the pulsations of the human heart are natural, and accountable to Nature's God. It is the same with the tides of the ocean. Every conceivable manifestation of life, whether it finds expression through the human body, or through the ocean, or the insect floating in the sunbeam, is from one source, I believe, and that source is God, and all the pulsations of life are to a certain extent bound together. There is a harmony running through all, and a similarity, because they are bound to one common centre, and act in obedience to the laws of that centre.

Q.—I saw in the Banner of Light of Sept. 14th, an answer to the question pertaining to an intermediate state. The answer was: "I do not believe you will ever reach that condition of perfection, in the absolute, that so many souls are so earnestly seeking for. There will always be a haven of rest in the future—a something better than that you have reached." Now I should like to ask what process the soul or spirit has to undergo in making these several changes, and if the changes are as absolute and great as the change from the natural or earth-life to the spiritual or invisible life, as it is sometimes termed? and if so, does it teach the immortality of the soul?

A.—There are an infinite number, I believe, of very marked changes to be passed through in the spirit-life, similar to the chemical change which has been termed death. The speaker, on the occasion referred to, answered the query for himself, and for himself alone; but there are thousands and tens of thousands of spirits who have laid aside the notion of ever being able to reach a point of perfection, or even of rest, from which there is no appeal. Indeed, all those spirits with whom your speaker has had the privilege of coming into mental relations, who have made the science of life a deep and soul study, have come to this determination. They believe in the eternal progress of the soul, and believing this, they cannot see or realize any time or state of being wherein the soul can say to itself, "I shall go no further, I am content;" but on the contrary, the soul can only be happy by virtue of its own internal and external being—by constantly reaching out for something better than it has already found. Yes, good friend, you will find that as a spirit disembodied, you will constantly be called upon to pass through changes distinct and marked, and changes that you will not in the external realize. It is a well known fact that you are constantly changing. By slow degrees you are losing the past, entering the present and shadowing forth the future. And it is also a well known fact that there are certain marked and distinct changes that take place through external expression, even here on the earth. Now it is very fair to infer from your experience here that you will pass through similar changes beyond death, if progression implies change—and not only that gradual, unmarked change that is constantly attendant upon the soul and the body, but those marked and distinct points that meet the traveler upon the journey through life, here and there.

Q.—Job of old cried out, "If a man die shall he live again?" Spiritualism answers, "Yes." But if the intelligence now controlling has no absolute knowledge, by individual experience, of a state of being beyond that which he is at present in, does it not take away from the idea of the immortality of the soul—if a man only lives in the life in which he is at present?

A.—For myself I have no absolute knowledge concerning any definite future state, but I believe I have an amount of circumstantial evidence that there is such a future state, and that I shall one day enjoy it, because I have the privilege of

communing with those who do enjoy that future state; and as I have every confidence in their testimony, it becomes, to a certain extent, knowledge to me—but not absolute, because that can only be born of experience. Change does not by any means rob the soul of its immortality, for change does not affect the essence, the great general principle that pervades all forms. It is only the external that changes, only the expression that takes on different forms. "If a man die shall he live again?" is a question that this age of reason should answer. It can answer it, for it has now attained an intellectual, and I may say moral and spiritual standard, whereby it is able to understand much concerning the soul that the darkness of past ages would not allow it to understand. The soul possesses its immortality as the gift of God, and if immortality is a part of God, I believe it moveth through form and changeth in form, takes an infinite variety of expressions, but it is the same spirit after all. It is God manifesting through an infinite variety of forms. You need not fear that you will lose your immortality by passing through these distinct changes, for the change called death is a very clear and very absolute change; and I am sure that I, as an individual, have lost none of my individuality, and I have the same claim to immortality now that I ever had, and I have more faith now than I ever had that I shall always retain my individuality and my immortality also.

Q.—If I understand the speaker, he only tells us what we believe. What advantage has that over the faith of Christendom?

A.—That which is called the Christian faith, is a very blind faith, and has not the slightest foundation in fact upon which to rest itself. Our belief we deduce from facts, from experience; that is our foundation, and it is a very solid and secure foundation.

Q.—What is meant in the Scriptures by that passage, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live?"

A.—It may mean one thing or it may mean another, since there is absolute proof that the Scriptures, so-called, the Bible, the Old and New Testaments, are but the compilation of priestly ignorance from anonymous writers. What evidence have we that they are the Scriptures of the Almighty? We have every evidence that they are not; therefore all those mystical, meaningless sayings are to us like the fogs of the morning, which the sunshine of noonday will be sure to dissipate.

Q.—Have we not as much right to believe that Jesus uttered that language as that Josephus wrote his history?

A.—You have a right to believe whatever you please. You have a right to give unlimited credence to Joseph's Fables, or the writings of Theodora Parker. You have reason, and therefore it is to be supposed that you have a right to exercise it.

Q.—You consider then that Jesus Christ was as other men, yet possessing the powers of mediumship similar to those displayed in our day?

A.—I believe he was a great reformer, and uttered many things which have proved lights to the ages that have followed. But I have not the slightest faith in the stories and nonsense that are attached to his life and his birth.

Q.—What would have been the condition of civilization, if it had not been for the Scriptures?

A.—In my estimation, civilization would have attained a higher and more glorious standard than it has done with them, for the Christian Church has done more to stifle the progress of science than anything else. The Church has forbidden the introduction of scientific principles into the schools. She has said: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." When a Galileo rises up and proclaims—not a new truth, for all truths are old, but demonstrates, or endeavors to, a certain point of truth—straightaway the Church rises up and says, "Crucify him, crucify him." Jesus uttered great truths, and the same spirit crucified him. So it ever has been, and so it will ever be, till the Church is put under the golden heel of the age of reason.

Q.—Why have the Galileos and other reformers all risen in Christendom, and the dark ages covered all that area of the earth where the Bible was unknown?

A.—I do not believe in that darkness which you speak of as covering the earth where the Bible has never been known. I have no faith in that theory, not the slightest. I believe that as much light has shone where the Bible was never known, as where it is known. You have a right to differ with me, and I suppose you will. I shall not contend against your right, but I shall contend for myself against the darkness of Christianity. I did so when here, and I claim the same right at the present day.

John Wallingford.

Mr. Chairman, although I lived to have nearly turned my ninety-first year, I still find myself turning to the earth with a very strong desire to throw off certain attachments that seem to cumber my spirit, and they are these: My son was and is a rector in the English Church, and a devout believer in the Church, and in the Christian religion; and he believes that salvation comes only through the merits of Jesus Christ and the earthly Church. Now I was a Deist in belief, and in expression of belief. I felt that there was one God, one Deity, and that he was only to be understood through what he had made. But I smothered my belief. I was in the Church, and I prayed—oh God alone and his angels know how earnestly I prayed for faith in God and the Church, and a knowledge concerning future life. I prayed that my skepticism might be overcome, and that light might be vouchsafed to me. But I prayed in vain. And I did not want to die with a lie upon my lips, so, in dying, I said to my son, who was administering the rites of the Church to me, "It is useless, I cannot receive. I have no faith. My God! I have no faith." My son says, "What is this? No faith my father?" "No, no faith. Much faith in God, but none in the Church. Faith in his works I have always had; but my son, I have lived a lie. God forgive me, I have lived a lie." So I died. I refused to receive, the last day of my mortal life, the sacrament which was being offered to me. My son was in distress, and his spirit has been sorely tried since my death to know where I am, and what is my destiny. His faith teaches him that I am outside of heaven, that I cannot be the recipient of the joys of the blessed. I rejected, he says, one of the most holy ordinances of God and the Church when I was dying, and he has every evidence that I was of sane mind, and as clear as in the early days of my manhood. He tried to think I was insane, but my physician said to him, "I wish I could give you that consolation, but I cannot."

Well, fifteen years have gone since then, and if I ever had cause to bless God for anything, I have had cause to bless him for the last act of my life; though it has caused my son—my only son—and my friends, so much distress. And I come back to-day to say, man is not saved by

the Church, nor by belief in any particular form of faith, but by his own good works, his own high moral life. He will live, whether he is good or bad, but his heaven depends not upon anybody or anything outside of himself. God speaks within him, and it is that voice alone that he can hear. I heard it, oh I heard it, but I never, never acknowledged it till the last hour of my life. Then I did; though my son to this day mourns. I am happy, and I would have him inform himself with regard to these things. Gather the evidence that is scattered North and South, East and West, and with particular plenitude upon this American Continent. Gather it in, my son, oh, my son, and with unprejudiced balances weigh all, and decide for yourself. You know I did not force you into the Church. You know when you said to me that you wished to enter the Church service, I said, "Be it so. If it suits you, I have nothing to say." "Will you give me your blessing, my father?" "With all my heart, but—" "But what, father?" "Oh, nothing—nothing. Go on, and may God in his infinite mercy give you wisdom, and bless you in the choice you have made." That was all I had to give, but I might have said then, what I said at my death, "But I have no faith. If you have, so be it. Go that way." I am from Newcastle, England, and my name John Wallingford. My son is James Wallingford. May my coming be productive of the greatest good; not to myself—I care not for myself. Farewell.

Nov. 14.

Evangeline Palfrey.

I am from St. Louis, and my name was Evangeline Palfrey, and my mother's name is Mary C. Palfrey, and my father's is Josiah. I lived here eight years, and have been gone most two. My father is on the Western Railroad. I have come back to name the baby. [What are you going to name it?] I shall name it Evangeline. [Do you intend to take care of it?] Yes, I am to be its guardian spirit, and I am to watch over it. It's got no name now, and mother says she don't know what name to give it—says she wishes she wasn't so superstitious as to be afraid it would die if she named it after me. Mrs. Jones's baby from Mobile, before I died I named it, and I named it Edith; and mother, she wished I was there to name the baby, and I am. I can come there, and I will name the baby Evangeline, and I shall always call it that if they don't. That is what I come here for. It wasn't born when I was here, you know. But I've seen it, and I've got permission to watch over it, because I want to so much. I used to wish I had a little brother or sister to take care of when I was here, but now I shall take care of the baby, and I want my mother to know it. [Do you know how old it is?] Oh? Why, yes; it was just after last Independence day. It was only about so big.

[What are you going to do for the baby?] I am going to make it good. Tell mother I don't think it will die because I name it Evangeline, because my teachers here said it was a good name, and it would not make any difference with its life.

Nov. 14.

Michael Reagan.

I got a brother in this city, and that's what brings me here. He is a sailmaker. And he was, before I went to the war—he was in New York, working for a living, and very comfortably off. There was only two brothers of us in this country. We have two more in the old country. My name was Michael Reagan, and his name is Tom. Now what brings me here is to ask a chance to come and talk to him. I got a great many things to say, I don't want to say here, though I suppose if I was hard pushed, I would. There is back money from the Government to be got, and he may as well get it as for everybody else to get theirs and him not get it. He don't know how to go to work, and I suppose I can tell him all about it. There's no trouble about that, not a bit. I suppose I got something to do to get a chance to go to him, to get him to go where I can speak to him. That's all the hard part of it.

I wrote to him at Port Royal. I wrote to him that I had been wounded and was sick, and I was thinking I would get my discharge or a furlough, but I got worse, and we were packed into a sort of crowded transport—a pretty bad place—and I got worse and I died pretty quick. But I wrote him there something about what I wanted him to do, but it is n't half as clear as I'd like to tell him. A good many things is kinder troubling him, and because he is I am troubled too, and so it is very natural. I want to get out of it. He wasn't in the service himself, because he was n't accepted. He had one of his fingers off. He wanted to go bad enough. The boys here tell me most everybody has a chance to know about our coming back, and, as soon as he learns, I'd like to have him go where I can speak to him, and then I will tell him what I want him to do and all about myself.

Nov. 14.

Esther Maria Crane.

I hope by coming here to reach not only the friends I have at the North, but those I have at the South. I was born in Albany in 1842, on the 21 of September. My name before marriage was Esther Maria Culvert; after marriage, Esther Maria Crane. I have been about seven weeks in the spirit-world, between seven and eight. I had the fever in New Orleans, where I lived. I was advised to leave, and told that I was not acclimated sufficiently to insure safety in remaining, but I thought differently. I was quite sure the fever would not harm me because I had no fear of it, but I was mistaken. I had it, and it proved fatal. I am grieved at the sadness of those I have left. I want them to know that they are dear to me, just as dear as ever, and when they are sad I must of necessity be sad also, because I am in sympathy with them; so I would have them rise above their sadness as soon as possible, and enjoy the life by which they are surrounded. I find everything beautiful here, and so much to call out the worship of the soul that I feel like constantly worshipping God. I was of a devotional turn of mind when here, and I never remember of holding anything which I conceived to be beautiful without instinctively worshipping the author, which I conceived to be God. Well, that feeling of devotion is so much enlarged in this new life that it is exceedingly active, and I find much of my heaven in my beautiful surroundings. I used to think when going up the North River that there never could be anything more beautiful; but that falls into insignificance compared with its internal beauty and the real beauty that meets you on every side in the spirit-world.

I am told that there are millions of spirits who do not recognize beauty, and their surroundings are not beautiful; but such is not my experience. I am surrounded by beauty here; and oh, I should enjoy it so much if my friends were not so sad and over my death. I would stop longer, but I am distressed, and think I had better not. Farewell.

Nov. 14.

This séance was opened and conducted by Thomas Faine; letters answered H. Marion Stephens.

Invocation.

Our Father, we would pass out of the night of blind faith into the morning of knowledge. We would leave the shadows far behind us, and read thy Scriptures by the light of reason, for that is the power with which thou hast endowed the soul during its pilgrimage through time and eternity whereby it may learn of thee. We see before us and behind us, ay, above and beneath us, wondrous manifestations of thy power, of thy wisdom, of thy love, and that thou art sufficient for all our needs, we do not doubt. But thou hast so organized us in spirit that we must pray and praise, we must ask for that which we have not reached, and we must return thanks when we do reach that we have prayed for. So, oh Lord, it is right, we believe, to pray and to praise. We believe that our prayers will be accepted of the great Father of Life. We believe that our praises, humble though they may be, will be heard by the great ear of Eternity, and we shall receive a blessing therefor. For all past favors we do most devoutly thank thee, and for all that which we hope for we thank thee also, because our hope is grounded upon faith. We feel that it will one day be realized. We feel that our prayers in behalf of humanity will one day be fully realized or answered according to thy will and thy wisdom. So, oh spirit, Father, oh life of time and eternity, we will be satisfied with whatever thou seest fit to confer upon us, going our way through time and eternity, praising and praying unto thee, the great author of all things. Amen. Nov. 18.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Is the od force discovered by Reichenbach to be considered one of the indispensable conditions to the production of spiritual phenomena?

ANS.—No, certainly not. That od force spoken of by Baron Reichenbach is a force which he himself understands very poorly. He calls it thus because he does not know how to analyze it, because it seems to be a force distinct from animal and spiritual magnetism. But he is mistaken. If it is not a part of the great magnetic life by which the forms existing upon the face of the earth are sustained, I am sure I am at a loss to determine what it is. Spirit manifestations are no more dependent upon this od force than they are dependent upon anything else in the universe. They are, to a certain extent, dependent upon all the conditions of the present—dependent upon the conditions of the atmosphere, of the media, of the objects brought in contact with the media, of the spiritual state of the media and of the persons concerned—indeed, they are dependent upon all things, as I before remarked, that find expression upon the earth.

Q.—Can the mere moving of ponderable matter be effected without any spiritual agency by the repulsive action of this od force, as is claimed for it by Reichenbach in his last work on the odic flame?

A.—All the subtle forces in Nature are exceedingly powerful, and they are capable of moving all the ponderable bodies in existence, from the world or planet upon which you live to the vast universe of planets; but I believe this force—all subtle forces are under the direction of mind, and that mind is supposed to be God. Well, it is possible to approach God, which is Supreme Mind, but I do not believe it is possible to ever reach and fully understand it. A disembodied spirit is far more powerful than it was in the body, because it has a better understanding of those subtle forces by which all ponderable bodies are moved. I contend that nothing can be moved without the agency of some unseen, subtle force. If I take this table up and move it, it is not the body that moves it, but it is the unseen spirit, the subtle motive-power that is exerted upon it through the body.

Q.—Is it likely that by pursuing Reichenbach's experiments with regard to spiritual manifestations, any new light may be thrown on the *modus operandi* regarding them?

A.—Yes; because Reichenbach deals with the imponderable forces existing in Nature, and who becomes acquainted with them becomes acquainted, more or less, with the *modus operandi* of spirit manifestations and goes back of the effect to the cause.

Q.—Would it not be best for our lecturers to speak more upon Spiritualism, and let the churches rest?

A.—As Spiritualism seems to be the great, absorbing theme of this age, I believe that a greater amount of good in a smaller space of time could be done by dealing with Spiritualism than with the churches. Your correspondent says, "Let the churches rest"—that is to say, if they can; but there is such an internal commotion among them that I should hardly look for rest there, for they seem to be not only warring with each other, but there is a general commotion among the members of each individual church. Spiritualism seems to have gone into the churches hand-in-hand with its twin sister, Radicalism, and those two angels are making such a commotion in all the churches that rest seems to me to be out of the question. That can only come when they shall have so far enlightened themselves with regard to the new isms, or old isms under new forms, that are abroad in the land or in their own heart, as to induce that rest. They are all dissatisfied, one with the other, and, to a certain extent, dissatisfied with themselves, and an earnest inquiry seems to be going out from every heart to know whether or not this modern Spiritualism is true or false. When every heart has solved the problem for itself there will be rest, and not till then.

Nov. 18.

Edgar C. Dayton.

I feel that it may perhaps be my duty to tender at least my thanks to the good people of Boston and vicinity, and I will venture to tender also the thanks of my medium, for the kind manner in which he was received. I refer to Mr. Forster. I had hardly expected that he would receive so warm a welcome, and that so many hearts would be thrown open to him, and so many homes. As he is very dear to me, of course I hoped he would be well received, and my hopes have been fully realized—more than realized. So I have to thank you, good people, and I have to thank those who are particularly interested in the meetings of Boston for the kind and courteous manner in which they treated my medium. I have the hope that at no far distant day my medium will spend more time with you; and, if my hope should be realized, I will endeavor to repay you for all your kindness by bringing down to your comprehension those truths that I have gained in the spirit-world, that you are all hungering and thirsting for. I have not mentioned my hopes to my medium, for this reason: I would not wish to plant seeds of unrest in his spirit unless I am very sure with regard to my movements. Therefore I have remained silent upon certain subjects that have engrossed much of my attention.

Nov. 18.

Jesse Rogers.

Yes, it is all right. "Spiritism" is a glorious truth. It is but one month since I was here—not

here in Boston, but in my own body, a body in which I passed fifty-nine years. I promised the dear ones I have left that I would return—for I was quite sure I could—that I would come to them at home, that I would come here, that I would manifest wherever I could, and I have gained permission to visit this place sooner than I expected, for, from what I was able to learn from the experience of others, I thought I might not be able to get here for some months to come. But I am here, and I report that all is well in the spirit-world. My expectations are more than realized, and I am happy and satisfied, and shall meet those dear ones that are so soon to come to me. They need have no fear, for death is not so grim a messenger as old theology would have us suppose. On the contrary, it is simply an angel that opens the door to heaven. I am Jesse Rogers, from Palmyra, Michigan.

Nov. 18.

Olive Barrett.

How strange! oh, how strange! I am here to do what I can to clear up the mystery of my death. Almost twenty-two years have passed since then, but my son and my daughter are living on the earth, and it is for their benefit I come. My son, at the time of my death, was sixteen years of age. He was apprenticed to a house-joiner, learning his trade. My daughter was younger and was at school, thirteen years of age. I was a widow, and was obliged to do something toward sustaining myself and my children. I had but a few hundred dollars left me by my husband, and I knew I must work, for it would soon be gone. So I came to assist in the work of the house—the house was where this building now stands. I was taken sick one night, and I died the next day before noon. It was said then that I must have committed suicide, because a bottle of poison was found among my things. Now the true state of the case is this: I frequently suffered from attacks of cramp, and was in the habit of taking any stimulant that might be at hand, generally some Thomsonian medicine. I was taken sick in the night, and I took by mistake the poison—by mistake! There was no reason why I should commit suicide. I was not insane. I had no wish to leave my children. I had no wish to get rid of the troubles of this world. I was willing to bear my cross. I did what I did by mistake. I want my children to know it, and I want them to know I can return; that I am happy; that I am not a suicide. It has caused them much sorrow, very much. My daughter has many times said, "Oh, if my mother had only died a natural death!" I have come to tell her that I did—I took what I did unintentionally. Oh, publish for me, won't you? [Yes.] What you have received is from Olive Barrett, the widow of Joseph Barrett, of Boston.

Nov. 18.

James Connelly.

It is most three years since I was here in Boston, in the body. It will be three years this January coming. I got permission from the folks what take care of things here to come, and so I suppose I can tell my story just as anybody else would tell theirs.

Well, you see, truth was, I come from Lowell to Boston. I was trying for a chance to work here. I wanted to get a chance to drive a cart of some kind. I came here to see if I could get into some of the coal works, and I got discouraged, and most miserably drunk, and was put into the station house—is that what you call it?—and, well, I got pretty rough treatment, any way, and I died there; that is the amount of it. I died there.

It was said I was so drunk I died from the rum. Well, I don't know; but I remember very well where I was taken, and I don't think I could have been so dead drunk. I take it it was something else. I don't think your places to shut up folks in is just the best that ever was. No, sir, I think it was a pretty bad place. [Do you remember which station-house it was?] I remember very well the policeman saying, "I am taking him to Court Square." I don't know where the devil that is, but I suppose you do. But I got just a word to say to that man when he comes here on this side. He and I will have a good smart brush. Got nothing to say here, you know. No, I said I'd behave just as decent as I know how. But he has got to meet me face to face, and we are going to settle that—yes, sir—I do not know who will get whipped, he or I. He says I died in my cell, and of rum. Well, perhaps I did; but I wonder who it was that kicked me into the cell—that is what I want to know—and who was n't satisfied when I was down, but kicked me then? Himself and I was all there was in the room. Now I don't know who he was, but he will know me, and if he's one that believes in our folks coming back, let him come and square it before he gets here, and that will be all settled. But—but I got a grudge and I can't seem to get over it. [Perhaps he had been taking some of the same thing as you.] Very likely! I don't know nothing about that, but I know he had good thick boots on any way. Yes, sir, it's bad enough to be bad—bad enough to be drunk without having anybody to kick you. I wasn't a fighting character at all—I was n't ugly at all. Everybody will tell you that that knows anything about me. But I suppose I did n't want to go there. I was thinking I was going to Lowell, to go home.

He says, "Go with me; I'll take care of you." I remember very well. Well, it's all right with me now; and if it isn't all right between him and me I'll make it all right, that's all. So if he believes in our coming back, let him talk to me before he comes. You see I have a wife and little one wanting me to take care of them, and I think if it was n't for him I would be here now, so I could take care of them; so you see when I think of that I get very cross.

I think I told him my name, James Connelly, and where I was from. You can tell him now I am from another place, and I want to have a talk with him. Good-day, sir. Much obliged to you.

Nov. 18.

Charles Hunter Garfield.

I been dead since last winter. I should be nine years old now. My name was Charles Hunter Garfield. I am from Cincinnati. I died with fever and sore throat. Alice died first. She is afraid to come. But Uncle William said I ought to come if I wasn't afraid, and if I could. He was killed in the navy. He thinks my mother would be a great deal happier if she knew I could come, and if she knew how we were and where we were. I want to speak with her. Alice does, too, and she is afraid to come here. Uncle William says, say for him it is all right about those papers.

Nov. 18.

Capt. Theodore Soule.

I am Capt. Theodore Soule, son of Nathan Soule. I am from Virginia. I was wounded at one of the battles before Richmond, and was taken prisoner. I was carried to Washington, and died of my wounds, or the fever that followed. My friends have heard reports which are untrue. They are these: that I died for want of care—that my limb was amputated and not cared for, and I was left to bleed to death. It was a mistake. It was not amputated at all. I received every possible attention, but I died. I have been making very ear-

