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JESUS—THE CHRIST OF LOVE.

(Extract from and concluding portion of a letter by L. J. Goddard, on the birth, nature and mission of the Nazarene—written to a lady of Philadelphia, a Spiritualist and member of an Orthodox Church, by request of her spirit friends.)

But enough on that head, though many little points, in respect to the origin and nature of Jesus, must remain untouched. Let me close, however, with a statement of what I accept and teach the Nazarene to have been, and what he now is. To make that precise view more clear to your mind, will necessitate the presentation of the several quite different renderings of him.

First, then, there is the Ecclesiastical (or Protestant and Catholic) view, which you have been taught to accept. It looks upon Jesus as one with the very Absolute and Infinite Godhead; as God himself; as miraculously begotten; as especially misused, or sent, or come to save the world by dying for it. It regards his wonderful works as miracles performed by a God, and transcending all law, as results of the action of his mere volition, and as confirmative of his Godhead.

Second, there is the Rational (or Infidel) view—just the opposite of the other. It considers the Nazarene to have been simply a highly, morally and intellectually, endowed man, born as other men are, and as, in no respect, different from the rest of them, except as his mental qualifications made him so. His miracles are, by this view, either wholly rejected (as never having been performed), or are looked upon in the light of political deceptions to enable him the better to perform his self-imposed beneficent labors. Theodore Parker, the Theist, and Renan, the French author, who wrote a very fascinating "Life of Jesus," give us the highest and best type of the Rational view. Both regard the Nazarene as the greatest Religious genius the world ever saw, and the founder and preeminent representative of the Absolute Religion of Humanity—so great and original, indeed, that, in the opinion of the latter, the world of men may well be pardoned for worshipping him as a God. On the other hand, other Rationalists look upon Jesus as in no wise superior to Confucius, who taught the Golden Rule hundreds of years before the advent of Christ, and point to the historic fact that almost every nation of antiquity had its special incarnation of Deity, born of a virgin, &c., and as come or sent to save mankind. (See Mrs. Child's History of all Religions.)

Third, there is the Spiritual-Rational for ordinary Spiritualists' view. By this is understood that Jesus was a man and a medium; that he was finely and superiorly organized (1st) by virtue of parental conditions and (2d) Spirit-operations, and take him, all in all, the most pure, loving and perfect man the world had produced up to his time. His miracles—such as are accepted as genuine—were results of his mediumship, precisely as the like, and even greater works are done to-day through mediums in our midst. Being superiorly organized and spiritually fitted, he became, more than others, the recipient of the Christ-Principle or Spirit, and was thus commissioned by the angel-world as the special representative of it. That Christ-Principle, or Spirit, is regarded as simply a most holy and divine influence that may come to all, as the Christ in them is awakened to receive the same. It breathes peace, righteousness, purity and Universal Love. The Spiritual-Rational view regards Jesus as a naturally begotten man, a medium, a moral-spiritual Teacher, a Reformer and a martyr.

These three views cover, in the main, the distinctive ground held in the premises—though there are many modifications of them extant to suit the minds of those who entertain them. I will now give you the view which has been given to me—as I believe by not only ancient Grecian and Hebrew Intelligences in the Spirit, but the Nazarene himself. As I believe that the latter communicates directly with many, I do not think it a piece of vanity or immodesty to declare that I believe he directly communicates with myself. You will observe that this view mediates between the Ecclesiastical and Rational estimates, accepts much from the Spiritual-Rational, and confines thereto not a little that is original.

Fourth, then—there is the Religio-Philosophical (or Celestial) view. I denominate it the Religio-Philosophical, for the reason that I consider it the estimate that Religion (not Theology) modified by Philosophy, and Philosophy modified by Religion would yield from a most interior standpoint, and for reasons which will become apparent to any analytic mind gifted with deep insight as this estimate is unfolded. But, perhaps, the term Celestial—so much abused—is, strictly speaking, better still. For the Celestial blends in one beautiful accord, like a divine conjuncture, masculine Science and feminine Religion, or Wisdom and Love. It corresponds to the plane of *innmost soul*. I do not say, however, that a person who is a recipient of Celestial Love and Wisdom—as contradistinguished from the Spiritual and Natural kinds—must necessarily entertain this Celestial view of Jesus. But I do say, that unless a person is in rapport with Celestial spheres and beings, he or she will not be likely to see any special or significant sense in the same. Nay, there will be some who will spit upon it. In several delectable methods of such sort will they show their perfect independence of my thought. Well, let 'em spit. Possibly a little expectation will do them good.

Now, let me first present you with the general idea I wish to convey. Perhaps no better way to do so would be than to quote the exact words of a spirit who once spoke on this subject, by the mouth of the prophetess, Mrs. Osgood, of the Banner of Light. He said, "Christ we believe to be both human and divine. His humanity does by no means deprive him of his divinity. We believe, also, that, by virtue of his organization, he was a specially; and because he was, he stood apart from the multitude. He was something in

like all those by whom he was surrounded. He was differently organized, both spiritually and materially. It may not be wrong for us to state that we believe his physical birth was foretold by those (spirits) who used all the influence they were possessed of to bring it about. That he was not brought into the world after the order of humanity we deny, because we know this law was never broken. We also believe both statements—that he was human and divine. By virtue of his divinity and peculiar physical organization he was what he was. He will ever continue to shed light upon the ages. Spiritualism does not propose to rob him of his divinity, but to clothe him with still more glory, to show what he really was—a human and a divine, a something you may well worship, for he was God-manifest in the flesh."

This is strong language, and almost embodies the Ecclesiastical idea. But, closely and critically viewed, it will be seen to be markedly different from it. And yet—as it ought to do—it takes from that idea whatsoever of truth Rationally can accept or affirm; while, at the same time, it presents a rational estimate lifted up into the atmosphere of the divine. All things are divine in their sphere and use; but that special divine is—higher and finer than the Natural or the Spiritual—the Celestial I refer to.

The view thus afforded by the quoted communication is, however, merely a general one. It does not yield a special statement of what Jesus was. What, then, is that special statement? Let us see.

I. The Nazarene, begotten naturally as we have been other men, was the first man who was born into a practical individuality from the *innmost*. What does that mean? Well, please consider—what is a fact—that all men are alike divine in the *innmost*; that, composed as man is of (1) body (the outer), (2) of mind and spirit (the inner) and (3) of soul (the *innmost*), the soul is the same in quality and quantity, in all—in the cannibalistic South Sea Islander as in the advanced American; in the Digger Indian, living on roots and snakes and snails, and the proud Englishman full of his broad and many-sided civilization; in the Equimaux taking his gallon of tallow oil per day, as common drink, and the refined, metaphysical, spiritual, skeptical, musical German. It is "the mind that makes the man." It is the mind, or inner, that grows up with and is affected by whatever affects the state of the body. And it is not soul but mind that confers individuality. All souls are alike, but minds never are.

Now this soul, which is, as I understand it, a distinct, divine germ or monad—and which, it is taught by advanced intelligences, enters by the action of the law of attraction the sufficiently matured spiritual matrix of the embryo in the womb, at about the seventh month—is the deep God in man. It contains wrapped up in itself, as the plan of the oak in the acorn, all possibility. It is microcosmic, a little universe, and is essentially and absolutely pure, holy, divine. No sin affects it. But it is the mind that makes the individual man, that gets the blotch or stain. The soul keeps intact. And, surrounding itself with a wall or sphere of fine, defensive, magnetic light or fire, self-emanated, it repels with its tongues of flame the taint of sin. But it yields something to the mind or man. It is the secret source of all his impulses divine. In its bosom dwells the Christ of Love—nay, the Christ of Wisdom and the Christ of Truth as well.

But most men, one might almost say, all men—the exceptions are so relatively few as compared with the millions masses—are living from the sphere of the middle plane, which is mind. They are individualized from that and the body, and, thus and so, they are what they are, as individuals. But in the case of Jesus there was difference. His soul—not a whit superior to yours or mine, or that of any one of his time—was quickened, intensified and wrought up into highest activity by spiritual processes, so that it yielded an elemental flow of its pure life to the mind and body—to refine, perfect and harmonize them. In other words, having been born (by degrees) into a practical individuality from the soul-sphere in himself, his soul, or *innmost*, became positive to his mind and body. In other men the relation was and is just the reverse—that is, the mind is positive to the soul. Well, what was the result in the Nazarene's case of this difference? The answer is, he spontaneously received, outbreathed and outlived the divine. He experienced unity with God—or the celestial plane of Divine life and love; for his celestial (or soul) responded magnetically to the flow which it attracted. The currents were intermingled and became one in his inter-consciousness. No wonder, then, that thus sweetly and profoundly realizing, he should exclaim, "I and my Father are one," though there was another sense in which (as he tells), he spoke those words. With all this, however, let us not over-estimate him. He was but relatively pure and perfect. For, as some of his fierce outbreaks of temper show, he was the battle-ground on which mind, affected by outer influences, contended at times with soul to grasp its dominancy and to become positive to it.

Now this condition of individuality—of divine individuality—in Jesus, was specially brought about by Celestial Spirits. Otherwise it would not have occurred, or have been possibly presented. How, then, did they go to work? (1) They, of course, had to look to the organic, cerebral, temperamental condition of the parents—that should be of that needed fineness, that harmonious and mediumistic quality, and elevated and religio-spiritual tone of character as to naturally give birth to a corresponding child. There is a law here that must be obeyed. Whichever the father and mother of Jesus were, they must necessarily have outstamped themselves on the organic nature of their child. But these Celestial beings went further; they magnificently influenced the child, through the mother's mind—perhaps operating by a certain extent, with their

ideal of the character they needed. That ideal, by dream or vision, and by impression, went into her. Her very spirit absorbed its essential spirit. She gave to the growing product in her womb the consequent inevitable impress on its brain and spirit-form.

At last, the Nazarene came to birth. But he was a mere pulling, tugging, sucking little fellow—though doubtless esteemed by his mother as the most wonderful baby that was ever born. So here we have him—simply a child; a child in feeling, thought, knowledge, growth, experience, everything. As a child, he must obey the laws which govern the growth and development of childhood. Of course, therefore, the animal part of being—that being called man, who is, at once, animal, human and divine—was, at first, most active. Otherwise, how could the body get sufficient development? But, by-and-by, this child ceases to be such, and, by degrees, becomes a man. The record says—though I don't think much of that record—that, till his thirtieth year, Christ lived and wrought pretty much as other men. What was he doing, in reality, all this time? He was growing, developing, getting experience, becoming acquainted, by contact and converse as well as by insight, with the world of men—as needs must be, if he is to teach it. All this while the Celestial Spirits with this special work in hand have not been idle. They have been mastering and controlling the circumstances which are psychologically helping to mold the mind and character of Jesus; they have been directly and powerfully inspiring his open, flexible and highly mediumistic mind; and they have, by glory of given vision and gloom of awful trial, been quickening and intensifying his very soul. At last, the product of all is—a soul man. Then the Christ in him moved and spoke. Then the Christly influences from the Unseen overshadowed and filled him, and he became, in a special sense, the Christ of Love, the God of Love (but not of Wisdom and Truth) manifest to man. In other words, he was, in the providences of God over this planet, molded and fitted to become the special Representative on Earth of the first principle of the Divine Trinity: Celestial Love, Wisdom, Truth.

Is there anything intrinsically in all this? To me it appears preeminently rational as well as divine. For we behold the conjoint operation of two sets of laws, Natural and Spiritual, to give us just such a man as Jesus was—both human and divine. But there is need of a fuller statement in these premises.

II. Therefore, let us see wherein the Nazarene was what he was, still further. If, as I am compelled to teach by the illuminations and inspirations that come upon me, Jesus is, to-day, the head and centre of the angel-host over this planet, Earth's spiritual King, and, relatively considered, his personal God, how precisely was it that he should so come to be? What special connection is there between his present (declared) position and his past as we have indicated it. Well, reference has been made to the providential economy over this planet—which means, simply, the Divine Government of the Angel-World over the world of men. As there is, physically, a divine government of Earth by the laws of Nature, so, spiritually, there is a divine government by the laws of spirit. And as the unbounded, Infinite Divine Life, or God-hood—the permanent Essence and element and controlling Law and Method of all existence on the millions of orbs of Natural and Spiritual space—is not an individual or person, any special, intelligent, adaptive, or providential influence from God to man must come by intermediates somewhat like God and man. These are spirits and angels. The higher and superior govern and direct the lower and inferior by a fixed law of being. But these governing powers, these hierarchies of the skies, are, themselves, servants of Law, and are governed by it. The supremacy of Law is written not only within their own interiors, but on the constitution of all things.

Now one great, universal law is, that of Centricity. By it everything has its centre—from an atom to a solar orb, from man to angel-hood. So, therefore, Earth has not only its physical, but its spiritual centre. That centre must be an individual spirit. He is the head of the angel-host ruling the destinies of this planet. Now, as I am taught, Jesus was the direct and special Representative of that God-man in the Spirit, who was, in the essential sense of molding the Nazarene's character and inspiring his life, his spirit-father. So that when Jesus said, "I and my Father are one," he did not simply mean, in the general sense, that the ways of his being were in accord with Natural, Spiritual and Divine Laws, but that, in a special sense, he was one in will of beneficent intent with the spiritual head of the planet. Here you see a certain sort of incarnation. Precisely in this way, also, may Plato, Socrates, Confucius, Pythagoras, Jesus and many others return to-day—moulding and making chosen ones their special representatives, and living out, or re-producing on Earth, the essentials of their unfolded lives. I affirm that is in the present scheme, now grandly opening.

Who, precisely, the then spiritual head or center was, I know not. Nor is it material to know. Suffice it to affirm that he was king of this planet; that his sense indicated, the especial guide and spiritual father of Jesus; and the Representative in the Heavens of Spirit over Earth of the divine Trinity: Love, Wisdom, Truth. But the Nazarene was mainly the Representative of Love, only, when in the form. How comes it, then, that he now seeks to return as the Christ of the full Trinity? It is because of the law of progress. And just as, hundreds of years before his advent, it was foreseen that Jesus would, and it was planned that he should, appear as a living character, so it was foreseen that, at last, thus chosen as he was as the first God-man and Christ of Love, he would come by regular succession and by virtue of endowment to the kingship of the planet. If you will, there was a certain sort of

foreordination here. The providential Divine, or Angelic Economy, stretches back to the almost incomputable past and forward to the immeasurable future. It travels in circuits so vast that whole eras are swallowed up. Nations rise and collapse, like bubbles on this boundless sea. Yet its grasp takes in and guides a single life or a single thing.

On the other hand, the action of the law of progress upon Jesus—though you must even then include the wonderful influence of spirits—fitted him, at last, after nearly eighteen centuries of unfoldment, for his present position as a relative Lord. For, you must bear in mind, the soul of Jesus—having no more intrinsic capacity than yours or mine—was not fully developed on earth; or, rather, his mind was not. It is a pitiable mistake to view him as the representative of all possible knowledge. We must judge being by its exhibit. Civilization in the nineteenth century—that civilization which is simply the product of the come forth from within man, and whose elements are (1) Religion, (2) Literature, (3) Philosophy and Science, (4) Art and (5) Commerce—is as much the result of the developments of Science and the applications of Art as the workings of a Christly religion. Look around you, and see what invention has done for the good of man, what Discovery. Where would we be to-day without the printing-press, the steam-engine, the thousand labor-saving machines. God is the root of all these. That is, these came from the God within man, or as inspirations to him from the Divine in the Unseen. But Jesus taught nothing of all these. His was purely a moral-spiritual mission. Love was his theme, not Wisdom. Love is the mother of Religion, but Wisdom is the father of Science. Jesus, it is clear, was not the Scientific Christ. The Scientific Christ (conjugally wed to the Religious Christ) is yet to come. But, as I am impressed to affirm, the Spirit Jesus will be his special guide. And in this connection, as I am near the close, I will quote the words of a spirit given, publicly, some four years ago, through one of our most gifted mediums and teachers—Miss Lizzie Doten. I prefer so to do rather than to quote myself, so often moved to speak of the coming of a new, divine center. After lengthily discoursing on "The Living Word"—or new Bible are long to be given to man—the spirit said: "The New Testament for this age is not yet written, nor can it be. Its revelations lie far forward in time; but the light of the future is blending even now with the present, and men are looking hopefully forward to the advent of that great spiritual man who shall be the ripened fruit of the Age, in whom the Living Word shall again 'become flesh and dwell in the midst of men.' He shall represent in himself the perfect Trinity of the physical, the moral and the mental; or, the social, individual, and the spiritual. The first and second Adams shall find in his enlarged grasp of thought the full complement of their natures, the consummation of the mission which they in part fulfilled. 'The common people' will also, 'gladly hear him,' and Disciples and Apostles will not be wanting to disseminate the Living Word that falls from his lips, and write his teachings of Wisdom upon their hearts."

I think I have about done. I have endeavored to display before you the truth as it is about Jesus; that he was not Absolute and Infinite and very God, but the first man born into a practical individuality from the *innmost*; that he was the Christ of Love, but not of Love, Wisdom and Truth; that he was the highest and finest manifestation of the Divine, and, therefore, God-manifest to man; and that he was the medium-author of the Absolute Religion of Humanity. He was born as we were; was tempted and tried; terribly suffered to be fitted for the Christship; and, finally, like Socrates and others, died a martyr to the truths he loved and taught. It is not by a mere belief in the virtue of his death, but his life, that will help us; and it is only by practicing his teachings that we are saved from the hell of selfishness within ourselves.

Finally, looking hopefully forward to his second advent, through some chosen medium, when he shall appear as the *trine Christ* of Love, Wisdom and all Truth, and as the Head and Organizer of a New Dispensation, now largely opening, I hail with joy, in the midst of this sore sickness that is upon me, a present communicability, direct, with himself. Whoever truly invites him receives him. And such an one, whether man or woman, will bear his denial of that error, with respect to himself, which hangs like a pall upon the Churches. I am, very truly, &c., L. J. GODDARD. Philadelphia, December, 1867.

LYCEUM.

The current use of this word, by its adoption to designate the schools of children, held on Sundays under the tutelage of Spiritualists, in avoidance of the use of the terms, *Sunday Schools*, whose long usage by the churches distinguishes their quality and character, will, perhaps, justify a few remarks concerning its derivation, signification and appropriateness of application—and also because the Children's Lyceum is distinctively an institution of Spiritualism—and besides, by the common consent of its millions of believers, the name LYCEUM, seems to be received by them as truly significant and well chosen.

The word is derived from the Greek adjective, *lyceus*, (bright, limpid, having a white light,) an epithet applied primarily to Sol, the Sun, one of whose mythical names was Apollo, fabled to have been the son of Jupiter and Latona—twin-born with his sister Diana, in the island of Delos, she being called Phoebe and he Phoebus—the fable shadowing forth the fact of the creation of the sun and moon at the same time, in one day, and representing them, she a huntress and he an archer, each, as befitting quivers well filled, to indicate their rays—Diana ruling the night, Apollo ruling the day.

The root of the word is the noun, *lyce*; Latin,

lux—Anglicized, *light*. By the laws which govern Greek accentuation, the second syllable is accented—and the derivative, *Lyceum*, taking a Latin metamorphosis, carries the same accent—hence, in English usage, the rule governing the accent of the original word, must be followed; it should be pronounced, *Ly-cé-um*, not *Lyc-e-um*. This pronunciation accords with the rulings of the best lexicographers.

The word as pronounced by multitudes, with the stress of voice on the first syllable, is offensively suggestive in sound. Regardless of the laws governing language, and the books of reference for correct pronunciation, this bad enunciation seems to have obtained, for it, in community. A poem, a year or two since, was written for and sung at an anniversary of a Children's Lyceum, having in the same, the word, with measure and quantity, in disregard of these rules, thus corrupting, as well, the word written—so that the example of that author would teach us to speak and write *Lyc-e-um*!

The word, it would seem, as used by the Grecians, denoted always some place made light by learning, in the arts, in philosophy, etc. Especially was the place where the philosopher of Stagira taught his disciples called the *LYCEUM*. How beautiful is the term thus significant! Fancy for a moment the old philosopher seated in the Lyceum, (in the old time teachers always sat while discoursing; witness the Nazarene,) hard by the banks of the beautiful Ilissus, enchanting his hearers with high truths concerning the Universe and its Laws. Here, indeed, were the flashings, the coruscations, the scintillations, the illuminations of genius, whose glorious beams, like an *aurora borealis*, have shot through the strata of the piled up centuries, till our own eyes of this age are dazzled with the effulgence.

In more modern times the word is used in an enlarged sense, and now may mean, instead of a place, an association of persons for literary or other improvement. In this sense it has been properly applied to the gatherings and assemblies of children on Sabbath-days, (with us no longer *Sabbath-days*.) We have seen it to be significant of Light—enlightenment is the object of these schools. Whether applied to place or person, it is a most appropriate appellation—but let it be grammatically pronounced. DR. HORACE DRESSER.

Familiar Letters from "140 East 15th Street."

LETTER THE SECOND.

EDITORS BANNER—I think it may be rationally doubted whether any generation previously occupying the surface of this planet was ever so stirred up and pitched into and refused to be let alone, as the one of which you and I form an humble part. In the good old times, when a fanatic disturbed the repose of the Church, they just got up and made a burnt offering of him and then went to sleep again. So when some blundering patriot became so fool-hardy as to question the divine right of the reigning potentate, whoever he might be, all that was necessary was to chop off his head, confiscate his estate, and again "order reigned in Warsaw."

But now! Well, one would suppose that the Church of England might at least let itself alone; but such is the universal "pitch in" tendency of the age that it can't. There was a time when it probably felt itself the best anchored institution on the globe, and with some show of reason, too, for it trusted neither God nor man, so careful was it to guard against innovation from without and heresy from within. It marked out exactly what man is to believe; how he is to worship God; and how God is to permit himself to be worshipped; made for him a form of prayer to suit all occasions, and insisted that God should answer the prayers thus put into his mouth after the prescribed ecclesiastical pattern, or keep his blessings to himself. In short, it took upon itself the ordering of the universe generally; for, from somewhere about the period A. D. 1520, (Henry the Eighth and his pious court-adherents so determining,) it was irrevocably resolved that religion, as to both faith and practice, should henceforth run in the grooves then and there prescribed for it, alike defying the logic of facts and the progress of ideas forever! Here's sixty, one would say; here is eternity itself outlined.

As I have been for some years an interested observer of the workings of these sublime resolves, you may well believe, in view of that sameness, that when I read among the religious notices in the New York Tribune for January 4th, that "The Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith would, on the following Sunday evening, deliver a discourse upon liberal principles in the Episcopal Church," I resolved to hear from his own lips what was meant by such a startling announcement. "Liberal principles in the Episcopal Church!" I said to myself, what can this mean? Have they that turn the world upside down and stir it up with a long pole, gone into the Episcopal Church also? I will go and see what this new horror means. And I went, and I heard, and I saw—I saw a cloud which, perhaps not much bigger than a man's hand just now, portends wind; a tempest, in fact, which, if I mistake not the heavenly sign, is destined to sweep away the ecclesiastical cobwebs, heavy as they are with the dust of three centuries, if not to take the very roof itself from off the church and let the light of day in upon its worshippers—a privilege unknown and a blessing unenjoyed by them for ten generations. Moreover, without the sign in heaven, it is the logical sequence of the doctrine of the sermon.

I learned from it that the immediate cause of its delivery was that the secular time of the week then just entered upon, is to be ecclesiastically devoted to the trial of a promising young Presbyterian, who is charged (in substance) with conduct wholly unbecoming his sacred office, thereby bringing reproach upon the holy priesthood, of which he is an unworthy representative, in that he had, wickedly—that is to say, without the au-

thority of the Bishop, and without the least regard to sound ecclesiastical exclusiveness, but solely on the unclerical ground of a common belief in the same God and the same Saviour—proclaimed the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to certain sinners, in a meeting-house belonging to and usually occupied by a set of barbarians, known to travelers by the name of Methodists. I did not learn that there was any pretence but that they needed it badly enough, but the charge simply insinuated that the Episcopally anointed culprit had imprinted a foul stain upon the robes of the priestly office, in thus condescending to go to the world with a gospel message, instead of sticking to his own pulp and bidding the world come to him for it or be damned.

Now, this is the doctrine of the Bishop and his party, and the sermon of "the Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith" was a repudiation of it in toto; and with him agrees the Pastor of St. George's, whose son is the offending sinner. It is a bold step thus to arraign the infallibility of the highest authority in the Church—a Presbyter to publicly attack a Bishop! The Reverend Doctor admitted to be an open breach of ecclesiastical law and might lead to God only knew what, but they (the liberal priesthood) were ready to abide the issue. And so it has curiously come about that our St. George, of New York, like him of the olden time, has also a dragon in the horrid shape of ecclesiasticalism to grapple with and utterly subdue, before there is the least chance of possessing its own soul in peace. Ecclesiastical dragons, you see, come home to roost, as well as another.

The Reverend Doctor complained, and certainly with justice, on the score of policy, that it was bad management on the part of the Bishop to prosecute this matter, now that the Church needed the few yet left to her, who had any brains, to prevent an all but universal stampede back to Rome—that *fool's paradise*—where rituals take the place of reason, and Christ is present in a bit of baked flour instead of in the life of the communicant.

So we go, no quiet anywhere, or for anybody, or anything. God has come to life again, as you shall see; and inspiration and revelation are again afloat. You know our holy religion mumbled God some two thousand years ago—put him in an ecclesiastical sarcophagus for the faithful to be astonished at, declaring that he had said his say and done his work, and was of no further earthly use whatever. Now, just read this, which I cut from the editorial page of the New York Tribune for Jan. 7th:

A HAPPY PREMONITION.

To the Editor of the Springfield Republican: Sir: Several papers have reported the death of the Rev. Edward Burnham of Newburyport, Mass., in the late terrible disaster on the Lake Shore Railroad. This is incorrect. Mr. Burnham is here in Holyoke, preaching for several Sabbaths at the Second Baptist Church. He was saved from the accident by the direct intervention of Divine Providence. On the night before the catastrophe, he had put up at a hotel in Cleveland, Ohio, intending to take the very train in the morning to which the accident happened; but his mind became so fearfully impressed that he must not remain over night, that he left at 10 that evening, and thus escaped. It may be remarked in this connection that Mr. Burnham has always heretofore rode in the last car of the train, which, in this case, was the one burned.

Holyoke, Jan. 6.

This is getting serious. That blessed old doctrine, blined into our ears from every pulp in the land, namely, that when God desires from active life, having exhausted all his energies upon the Bible, inspiration also dried up, is slapped directly in the face; and that too, not by an infidel, but by the personal experience of a reverend gentleman, who, if he is in good odor with the "Second Baptist Church" of Holyoke, must, in theory, still maintain the same falsehood, or else that same "Second Baptist Church" of Holyoke has got into the habit of being ahead of all the congregations with which it fraternizes.

Yes, God, nobody short, has stepped out at last from behind the veil of asserted impossibility to impress a living soul, directly in the teeth of the universal declaration of the reputed Christian Church that the thing never has occurred since the days of the Apostles. How that "Second Baptist Church" will relish the upsetting of its faith by this fact, remains to be seen. It can't get out of the dilemma by calling it a miracle, for the doctrine is patent that God has done nothing as well as said nothing since he wrote the Bible; although that hypothesis will doubtless be in high favor for a time; and the "Rev. Edward Burnham, of Newburyport, Mass.," will be judged a special favorite of heaven in consequence.

To be sure, those who have paid any reasonable attention to the facts of daily occurrence for the last fifteen or twenty years, are knowing to "direct interpositions" of the same character, by the thousand, and see just as much and no more of the presence of God in them as they do in the orderly movements of the solar system; but if the "Second Baptist Church of Holyoke," aforesaid, is at all of kin to the first Baptist churches of any other part of the country, it will never accept a fact that can be explained, and, consequently, in common with the entire system of Orthodox belief of which it forms a part, it is destined to be stirred up, turned and overturned by facts which give the lie to its faith; until very shame it will be obliged to confess that inspiration is none the less divine because it is common, and spiritual intercourse with mortals none the less useful because it can be proved.

140 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET.

Letter from Washington.

EDITORS OF THE BANNER.—It is with pleasure that I again undertake to inform your readers of the progress of Spiritualism at the National Capital. It is a pleasure because I believe the Spiritualists generally desire to know, and because I can speak of success in all our labors in this city, where representatives from all quarters of the globe congregate, giving us a medley of religion, virtue and vice.

Our Society constantly increases, which is attributable, to some extent, to the energies and good management of Dr. Mayhew, our President; but more, I think, to the philosophy itself, and the ability of its exponents. I trust that a little more than our proportion of the enterprise and intellect of the city are with us; but we have not invited this for the sake of strength. We feel abundantly able to manage our own concerns.

Our present lecturer, Mrs. Brigham, seems a culmination of all the better angels of our nature—a delicate lady, whose features seem to have been designed only to express the happiest attributes of the soul.

I have seen no sight more sublime than this frail woman standing before a densely crowded hall, wherein were senators, lawyers, editors and scholars, all listening with breathless attention to a discourse, beautiful in grammar and system, deep in reason and lofty in ideas.

For an example in speech, I would invite the attention of our Congress to the discourses of this lady. We shall part with Mrs. Brigham with reluctance, and the memory of this interesting woman, from near the rugged mountains of Vermont, will long live with us.

Mrs. Daniels is now in our city, where she will remain some time. We hope to hear this very eloquent speaker before she leaves. Bereft of so much she loved—her life so sad—our sympathies go out to her, and we are confident that other friends and warmer sympathies will guide her through the scenes of time.

I am glad to state that Mr. Foster has consented to give us a course of lectures, in addition to those delivered before the Society. So great is the interest taken in the masterly lectures of this speaker, that the community have urged him to give us a series of lectures. It is a wonder to me that some Society able to sustain him do not receive the permanent services of this profound speaker.

Now you will observe, I trust, that the Spiritualists are not idle in Washington. Our greatest trouble is that we have not a hall large enough to hold all who would be glad to attend our lectures. The numbers and energy of the Society, however, will soon oblige this difficulty.

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 hearths, that that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ears to meet in happy air."
(LUCAS HUNT.)

THE ROSE-TINTED DRESS.

PART I.

If there was anything that Margy envied her pretty cousin that came to visit her, it was her lovely pink dress. Margy dearly loved flowers, and especially roses and pinks, and this soft, delicate merino looked so much like the blushing roses that grew in the garden, that she used to call the dress the rose dress. It made her think, too, of the delicate azaleas that bloomed in such fair clusters in the wooded swamp, and also of soft sunset hues. No wonder she longed to possess a garment that suggested so much that was beautiful and fair.

Margy was the pet of her mother, who wished the little girl to have every beautiful thing, and especially that which made her look so like a rose-bud, and gave to her fair face a beauty not seen in the brightest of sunsets. So, after the lovely dress had been packed in her Cousin Kate's trunk, and was whirling away in the cars with its owner to the city, Margy's mother read the thoughts of her good child, and said:

"I have made up my mind to send for a dress for you just like Kate's. It shall be equally as nice, and of as lovely a tint."

"And shall I have it for the Festival?"

"Yes, Margy, and I will get Susan Hooper to come and make it."

This announcement made Margy's waking dreams more full of poetry and imagination than all the fairy tales she had ever read—not because Margy was a vain child, but because she loved beautiful things and longed to possess them. Her mother was a widow of a small income, who could have lived very comfortably in her quiet home, but for her far-reaching sympathy and her generous heart. But these noble traits were always getting her into all sorts of troubles. She gave a dollar to one needy applicant, a dress to another, a sack of flour to another, until very often her own little store was gone and she knew not how to replenish it.

Margy shared in her mother's benevolent wishes and acts, and often took off some garment, at her mother's wish, to give to some one more needy. And her mother, who was called by half the neighborhood Mrs. Goodwill, though her true name was Goodell, always meant to replace Margy's lost garment with something much better; but it very often happened that the child had to hunt up some cast-off one, and wear it for weeks before the good widow could by any possibility save enough to buy the new.

But she had given her word that Margy should have the pink dress, and she resolved to turn a deaf ear to those that should come to her, for at least one month, and then she should be abundantly able to please the pet child.

"Ah, Margy, I love you so much, and yet one would hardly believe it, for I do not dress you in fine garments, and I keep you from many places you would like to go to, because I cannot afford to buy you a new hat, or make you wear your old cloak; but do you know, Margy, I sometimes think I am weaving for you thus a brighter garment than I could buy for you if I had all the wealth of the world, for will not the gratitude of all those I seek to aid bless you more than a golden garment?"

"You are so good, mamma, that I am ashamed to say I want anything."

"Let us not talk about that; I have five dollars now, and next week I shall have as much more, and then, my rose-bud, you shall bloom with the fairest."

The good widow sat by her comfortable fire that evening and thought of her blessings, and envied no one. She let her thoughts go back over her Margy's life, and she grew glad in the good child the more she remembered her sweet, unselfish ways; but a rap at her door broke her pleasant reverie.

"Oh, Mrs. Goodell, I am so glad you are at home," said a feeble voice; "I was afraid you'd be out."

"Why, Hester Prince, are you able to be out this cold night? I was just wondering about you as I heard the cold wind sweep past, for I don't forget the chill I got in your room the last time I was there."

"It's colder now, for I haven't scarcely a stick of wood."

"Then do stay here, poor soul, and keep comfortable. I'll make you a cup of tea in a minute."

"I can't stop; my boy is down again with chill and fever, and I mustn't leave him. I can't bear to tell you, but we haven't a thing to eat, and only six sticks of wood."

"Poor, dear soul, how lucky that I baked to-day; and then I ordered a cord of best wood here to-morrow morning; I'll have half go to your house; and you must send for the doctor, too."

"Oh," said Hester, with a sigh, "if I only could."

"I'll pay for two visits, that'll be a dollar, and perhaps then he will be better."

Hester's face lighted up as if new life and strength had come to her, and they had, for hope gives the body strength and the spirit life. She went away with her basket well loaded with the principal part of the widow's baking.

And now Mrs. Goodell was alone, sitting by the self-same fire, which seemed to her to cast a rosy tint about the room. Perhaps it was that which reminded her of Margy's dress. She went into the little sleeping-room where her darling lay in peaceful slumber. A fresh rose-tint bloomed on her cheek, and a smile, as from pleasant dreams, rested on her lips. No wonder the widow was proud of her and thought her fit to be a princess.

"Have I wronged thee, my little one, that I have broken into the store that was given for thy use?" said she, with a little sigh. "But it is only a dollar that I have given; there are four left, and the one I have taken shall help to make thy beautiful wedding garment when the Lord calls thee to his Festival."

These words comforted the widow, and she went back to the rose-tinted room to dream again of good and beautiful things. The next day the half cord of wood was sent to poor Hester, and Margy also carried some tea and sugar, a glass of jelly and a bottle of cooling drink. With all these comforts and the care of the doctor the boy was soon better. Mrs. Goodell rejoiced greatly for the boy's sake and her own, for she knew herself well enough to be very sure that she would not resist serving the poor boy to the last of her carefully hoarded four dollars. She grew very cheerful, and gladly took her cup of weak tea to serve in place of the rich beverage she had deprived herself of for Hester's sake.

About a week after this, Mrs. Goodell was about her morning's work, when the sound of a tiny rap came from her back door.

"Dear me," said she, on opening it; "you little mite of a snow-bird, did n't you fear this cold wind? Come in and warm your little toes."

There huddled up to the fire a little bunch of brown garments, from which peeped a little pale face, with so sad and pitiful and timid a look, that all Mrs. Goodell's good-natured and loving words could not bring it to a smile.

"Here, take this cookie, child, and tell me how do they do at home."

The sight of the cookie seemed to inspire the little one with some courage, and she drew from her pocket a little crumpled piece of paper. Mrs. Goodell succeeded in reading a request from poor old Mrs. Tuft to come to her immediately.

"Tell the dear old lady I'll be down right away. And here, you'd better take her this pie; and here's another cookie."

The little one went with a light step, and Mrs. Goodell soon followed, wondering how those little feet had plowed through the drifts, when her own were so chilled and wearied. She reached the little snow-covered cottage, to find old Mrs. Tuft confined to her bed by an attack of rheumatism.

"Oh how good it is in you to come," said the old lady. "I've been lying here a week with no one to do a thing for me but that little one. She has been so patient and kind in her little ways that I had nothing to complain of; but now we are all out of flour and butter, and we have had no tea or sugar for a week; and Mrs. Tuft refused to send another drop of milk till the last month's bill was paid. I did not want to send for any one, but what could I do? I've prayed night and day, and seen little Ellen grow paler and thinner every day, and I could think of nobody but you."

"Who should you think of but me? And how could your prayers be answered if there were not kind hearts to come to your help? Now keep still and don't worry. I put some tea and sugar into my bag—how lucky!—and we'll have a cup in a minute. And here, Ellen, run over with this dollar to pay the bill for milk and bring back a full pail, and we'll soon have a good dinner. I brought along a little flour—that was lucky, too—and the oven is all hot, for you have plenty of wood."

So Mrs. Goodell prepared the old lady and her little man looking grandchild the first good meal they had had for a week, and when she had made everything comfortable she returned to her home in the twilight to find her fire burning, casting its rosy light on everything in her snug little room, for Margy never forgot anything, and in her good, quiet ways, cared for her mother's comfort.

As the good widow sat musing in the soft light after Margy was asleep, she thought again of the promised dress, and remembered that another dollar had gone, and still another must go on the morrow, for she could not leave old Mrs. Tuft without necessary comforts. She went up softly to her dear child, now in the first deep sleep of health. She kissed her fair cheek, and said, as if she could be heard:

"Do I wrong thee, my sweet one? Am I taking from thee what belongs to thee? Oh no, it cannot be. For how could I do less than I have done? And thou wilt forgive me, for thou art so true and good."

Mrs. Goodell had not a heart to tell Margy of what she had done, but the next morning she begged her to hurry with her work—for Margy had her share of dusting and sweeping—that she might go over and help the little Ellen.

When Margy returned she was full of sympathy for the old lady and her little grandchild, and willingly went to the store to spend the dollar her mother gave her, though she knew it came from the five that had mingled so in her thoughts for the past week.

The widow sat taking her comfortable after dinner nap in the high back chair, when she was roused by a heavy rap on her door. The bending form of an old man stood before her. He was a stranger, but Mrs. Goodell read his face in an instant, and murmured to herself, "a stranger and yet took him in."

"Come in and warm yourself," she added aloud. "It's a bitter cold day, and you have been traveling, I see."

There was something in Mrs. Goodell's manner that thawed out the cold restraints of people as quickly as her fire thawed their frozen garments, and it was not many moments before she had learned the history of the poor forlorn old man that sat opposite to her. He was trying to get home to see his only and much loved daughter die. He had forced himself away from her that he might earn comforts for her in her last days. He had sent to her his last dollar when he was summoned to see her die. He started on foot, but feared he should not reach her in time for her last words. Mrs. Goodell went to her bureau drawer and took out the two remaining dollars.

"The train leaves here in half an hour. Take this and buy a ticket," she said, urging him to hasten.

"Oh, madam, I have no words to thank you. If I did before I can repay you, I leave your reward to be given in that home where we shall not have to sell our hearts that others may not die."

Tears fell down the old man's cheeks faster than the melting frost had gone, and he hurried on with the widow's blessing following him. Thus she saw departing the rose-tinted dress that was to give her darling Margy such delight.

[To be continued.]

(Original.)

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN ASH-TABULA COUNTY.

On a beautiful, bright day in May the birds were singing gayly to each other; violets and buttercups were blooming on all sides of a sloping bank that ran down to a fine stream of water within sight of my front door. My little girls were out in the yard, chatting with each other, and running about as happy and free as the lambs that were nibbling playing in the next field.

"Let us ask mother to go and take a walk," said Estella, the eldest. "We shall find some yellow violets down by the brook. I saw some the other day."

My consent was easily obtained; so onward we went, laughing and chatting through the fields and by the running brook, over the wildwood bank and through tangled masses of blackberry vines.

We returned to the house with weary limbs, our arms filled with branches of the flowering thorn and the wild-wood pink. Flower-pots were filled with water, and then our gay treasures were placed in them, to be afterward placed in the window-sills, wondering ever so much that with such resources of happiness around us we could not be therewith content and gladdened every day of our lives.

Estella, at last being wearied out with play, seated herself in a large rocking-chair, and went to sleep. I noticed with some surprise that her

chair kept rocking without any effort of her own. I think she slept fifteen minutes. Then one of her sisters came running in with so much noise that she awoke and immediately burst into tears. "Oh, mother," she says, "I have been with father, and walked around with him in a beautiful garden. Cousin George was there, and our baby, and I saw Samuel Beadle tending some flowers. I was so happy that I did not want to come back; but father took me in his arms and kissed me, and then told me to come back and stay with you and make you happy. It was he that rocked me. He is sitting there in that chair; he has on a suit that I don't know. I see his soldier's cap and blue pants, with a green sash around his waist. Mother, he smiles and looks at you. He is holding our baby. Oh, dear father, I cannot stay without you!" she exclaimed, while tears ran down her cheeks.

She continued to watch him the remainder of the afternoon, until, as the day wore away, the rosy hues of a bright summer sun fell softly over many a tangled marsh and lumbering deep, and the moon's pale radiance stole into my little room, and my little ones, weary with excitement, fell into that sweet slumber which belongs to happy, innocent childhood, as yet free from the cares and turmoils of a busy, bustling world. While my little ones slept I heard noises in the adjoining room that I could not explain upon any natural principle.

The next day we went out into the fields as usual, and on our return Estella saw her father sitting in the rocking-chair; afterwards she saw him leave the house and walk into the garden, stopping occasionally to look at my flowers. She could see the vision distinctly at first, but after two hours it would gradually fade away. She was then nine years of age, truthful and loving, and had been her father's favorite. She could not have deceived me if she had tried.

New Lyme. N. M. A.

HARVEST TIME.

BY ANNA P. HAZARD.

The lengthening shadows, leaving the green lea,
Creep down the rugged rocks and stoop to kiss
the sea;

Then hurriedly climb up again, and turn to flee
Back to the purple hill.
Up the broad path the reapers homeward go—
The little gleaners wander to and fro;
And from the valley, lying just below,
Echoes the tinkling rill.

The lindens, leaning over the green lane,
Are hung with samples of the golden grain
Caught from the fullness of the laden wain
As it bore home its prize.
Their clustering leaves press the bright light
And so they reign.

And so each reigns twilight all the day,
Save when some straying sunbeam, like a fay,
Peeps in with laughing eyes.

Beyond the harvest fields the rolling land
Slopes to the sea; toward the level strand
The waves ride proudly in, to greet the sand.
Each hour its altered crest;
Then, rearing up, sweeps out again to sea,
Chanting upon their way sweet melody,
And so they rise and fall unceasingly,
And never are at rest.

Wrapped in a peaceful stillness Nature lies,
As if while gazing on the quiet sea,
She had looked past their depth, had met God's
eyes.

And in that gaze grown calm;
As if awed by the solemn sight she lay,
Or, fallen asleep, was dreaming time away,
Singing unconsciously, by night and day,
A reverential psalm.

Half veiled in golden light of shimmering air,
The landscape stretches, wonderfully fair,
No trace of paling beauty anywhere;
Nature is in her prime.

In richest robes the hills and woods appear,
The lakes and springs lie motionless and clear,
Ruled by the fairest Queen of all the year,
Beautiful Harvest Time.

The silver river, winding through the lea,
The singing birds on every greenwood tree,
The music of the never silent sea,

The deep and solemn wood,
Are never-changing witnesses that He
Who made all these fair things so graciously
Is mighty in His love, and prayerfully
I whisper, "God is good."

Hushed for the night is labor's busy hum,
The patient oxen from the homecroft come,
Their yoke unloosed, and their day's work
done.

Down to the little spring,
In from the sea the fragrant breeze room,
Bearing the scent of sea-flowers, freshly blown,
And murmuring of their wild, free ocean home,
They gladden everything.

Like little lambskins hastening to the fold,
And seeking shelter from the night and cold,
Drift the white cloudlets to the gates of gold,
And enter one by one;

All day ranging about the quiet sky,
God's great wide pasture-ground stretched out on
high,
They've wandered, and now weary homeward
lie.

Where gleams the sinking sun.

Into its rainbow-curtained setting-place
The golden orb rides down with stately grace,
Slow veiling in the clouds its radiant face,
And lo! at its command,
Longer the shadows fall on rock and tree,
From my night fades the harvest plain and sea,
And twilight clasps its pale arms lovingly
About the peaceful land.

* It will be seen by an obituary in another column that the writer of the above beautiful poem has passed to her home in the Summerland.

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

THE COMING CONFLICT.
DEAR BANNER—I find that the most of thinkers, both among Spiritualists and elsewhere, are satisfied that conflict is impending, and that sooner or later it will burst.

"With the coming of the lightning
And the rolling of the thunder,"
upon many a startled ear. Some, however, doubt that religious conflict will ever rise to the mark of blood in this, our enlightened land. True, other lands have felt the blighting scourge of religious intolerance in full deluge, but ours is to escape with the hanging of a few witches and Quakers. Those, however, who thus think, do not realize that they who sow dragons' teeth cannot reap a harvest of golden grain. Straws show which way the wind blows, and if the following does not come from the heart of a tornado of blood then I am mistaken. I found it in a scrap of a temperance paper that was wrapped around a store parcel. Who the writer is I do not know, but he is pleading for temperance, and the Sabbath also, making the latter the primary consideration, of course:

READ! READ! READ!

What this writer says:
"Religious men are not to be bought and sold like meat in the shambles. We may not be able to stop them in their work of folly, but we warn them that religious men will not submit to dictation; that they will not stand by and see the institutions of our country destroyed; that they are not owned by oligarchs, and that they mean to maintain the Christian Sabbath, and so withstand the encroachments of the rum power; that they will do this if they are compelled to suffer every party line—to go for the time being into a minority, and, driven to the wall, stand, defending the faith once delivered to the saints. We repeat this warning."

ing, and consider the leaders in the anti-Sunday, temperance crusade that we speak of as a consideration, and with a knowledge of the sentiment of Protestant churches. We warn them further, that in the contest for the Sabbath, it may so fall out that Roman Catholicism in America and Protestantism will be found side by side, for neither of these will consent to be marginalized by German atheism. We warn them once more that in such a division a mighty division of the German element will be with us. These German whip-crackers, who assume the airs of plantation slave-drivers, have no mortgage on the brains, the hearts, the consciences of thinking, industrious Germans of the country, whether Protestant or Catholic.

This is a Christian country. The foundations were laid in Christian faith and self-denial, and again and again in the most solemn manner has Christianity been recognized as the religion of the country—not as a creed, not as a form, not as something to be established and sustained by legal tithes, yet as the fundamental, essential, religious spirit of the nation."

Here the paper is torn, and I can quote no further. The underlining is my own, for the purpose of drawing attention to particular passages; and now, thinking men and women, what of it? The prophecy of the nineteenth century is—

"The horrid ghosts of treason
And theology were there.
The nation's government had sold its soul
Unto the fiend of power."

Time was when it was deemed sacrilege, almost, to mention religion and politics in the same breath. They had no connection; one was of the earth earthy, the other from heaven, and therefore too pure to be associated with that which bore direct influence upon the welfare of humanity. Temperance and slavery were small things; too small, even though millions of human beings perished thereby, to be brought into the house where God was worshipped at the expense of man; but humanity triumphed finally; the churches conceded when they must; but when did the "Protestant Churches" as a body, warrant any such "warning" as above, to wit: a separation from political parties for the sake of humanity; and echo answers, when? But when the "Sabbath" is in danger, then the "Christianity" that has failed to win the hearts of the people will appeal to "the fiend of power," through the ballot, to accomplish its ends. And not only this, not only does the writer affirm that Protestant Churches are united in this matter, but that the Catholics are with them.

"This is a Christian country." Ah, indeed! Then the spirit of the country must be Christian; for you might just as well talk of a black man with a white skin as to talk of a Christian country where the spirit of Christianity is not the ruling power; and if this spirit is the ruling power, then the evils that prevail are consistent with this spirit, or they would be ruled out. But they are not ruled out, and I will leave it to the advocates of such a Christianity to take which horn of the dilemma they please, while I proceed to give my own views of the case.

How can that become a renovating power which sets tradition, institutions, dogmas, creeds above humanity? the dead form above the living soul? makes a wicked deed worse, because done on a particular day? If people will sell liquor, and other people drink it, they shall not do it on the Sabbath. Such is the language of the above article; and why? Why should it be so much worse to sell the intoxicating draught on this one than on the other six days? Because the Sabbath is of more value than man, is the reply that is found in the spirit of the above article. Its language is, "We will prevail on men to stop drinking and selling by applying the grace of God, and thus save them as fast as we can; and those we cannot reach must go to hell, of course; but the grace of God is not sufficient to save the Sabbath, and so we will vote for it, fight for it, save it any way we can, for 'this is a Christian country,' and Christian institutions must stand, though all the world go to hell on the other six days." Out upon such a Christianity! No wonder it is a failure.

And while its votaries are thus crying out against the desecration of the Sabbath, what are they doing upon the self-same day? Let the answer be heard in the following letter from one of the victims of

THEOLOGICAL TORTURE.

"—Jan. 22d, 1868.
MRS. WAISBROOKER: Dear Madam—I do not know as you will have time to answer this; but if you have time, please answer it and oblige a suffering fellow mortal.

I have been brought up in the Orthodox faith, and all of my friends are of the same faith, being Methodists of the strictest kind, and firmly believing in the doctrine of eternal damnation, and that without a change of heart, being re-created out of a state of nature into a state of grace, no one can enter the kingdom of heaven. Well, I never had that change of heart, nor ever can. Something of a very strange nature happened to me about four years ago, and since that time I never could pray to God, and so of course, when I can't pray for wicked thoughts, I at once concluded that the devil had entire possession of my immortal soul, and that thought has haunted me all these years, and a more miserable creature than me never existed on earth. I never said anything to any person about my inward suffering. My mother died when I was young, and I could not unobscure myself to any other person; so I struggled away and tried to be cheerful, and no one would ever have thought what a sad heart I carried in my breast. My sufferings were so intense at times that I would run away from the house into the woods, and there I would try to pray; but the thought of the devil would drive me back again, and many a time I have fancied I heard him coming, and the agony I endured at such times was beyond description.

I now have settled down into a state of calm despair, and I am waiting my time to leave the earth, if I don't take my life. Anything is better than suspense, and if I must be damned, the sooner the better; but still, in my inmost soul I do not believe there is a hell, and again I go, and so between hope and despair I struggle away. There are very few Spiritualists here, not more than six or seven; and there have been revivals going on in all the churches of this place, except in the five that are Catholic. There are eleven churches here; the town contains about six thousand inhabitants, and some new comers have arrived since the census was taken. A great number have been converted during the continuance of the revivals, and now when it is too late the old women around me come and say, "My dear

1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* contents were determined by the method of Arar and Johnson (1977).

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 158 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 commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

Invocation.

Oh God, while unnumbered universes chant their eternal anthem unto thee, while the voice of Nature, like the cadences of some deep-toned organ, doth perpetually chant thy praise, thy children would join the chorus, giving all honor unto him who was, and is, and ever shall be. Thou art the one God, the eternal; thou art our Father, and we are all thy children. Thou hast dealt with us in mercy and in love, though thou dost exhibit thy majesty and thy power everywhere around us. We behold thy glory in the heavens and in the earth, and thy voice everywhere speaks unto the soul in majesty and in power. Yet thou art still the one God and Father, and we are thy children. Therefore in the midst of all thy greatness, surrounded as we are by thy power, still we will look up to thee with confidence, knowing that thy love will shed a holy benediction upon us. Thou hast led us through all past eternity. We are in the present, and the eternal future is also ours. And for all this wondrous display of thy power and thy love toward us, we would bow down and thank thee with the deepest reverence of our inner lives. And while we thank thee we would ask that thou wilt lay upon our shoulders still heavier crosses; that thou wilt force upon our being still higher possibilities, that we may march on, growing strong through the experiences of eternity.

We ask not that thou wilt remove all obstacles from our pathway. We only ask for strength to grapple with all error; for light with which to overcome all ignorance. We only ask that thou wilt continue to shed the sun of thy most holy love upon us, dispelling all the shadows, and giving us to know the way unto thee. Thy children who still dwell in the vale and shadow of time, ask to know of that which is beyond death. Oh, infinite Wisdom, unveil their senses and roll back the curtain that hangs between time and eternity. Roll back the shroud and show them the gleaming faces of their dead. Let their inner lives rejoice in the knowledge of their life beyond the tomb. Shed upon them the sunlight of faith, and dispel all the shadows of doubt. Gather into the granary of their lives all those grains that shall become food for the soul, driving away all the chaff, so that they may hold in their lives only that which is true, which is everlasting. Let thy light—the light of divine truth—enter into the inner consciousness of thy children who are gathered here. And may they feel that heaven within which is the privilege of all thy children to enjoy. May they come into sacred communion with thee, through the capacities of their own nature. May they ask for no priest, for no oracle to stand between their souls and thee, and may they come face to face with thee and thy truths, so, oh Spirit, Father, oh one God over all, thy children may no longer fear death, but understand that life, as it is of thee, is everywhere. Amen.

Dec. 10.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, in pursuance of your usual custom, we are ready to answer whatever queries you may propound.

Ques.—Referring to the passage, "So would our souls praise thee, oh Father, Son and Holy Ghost," in the Invocation in Banner No. 8, of May 11th, what are we to understand by it? Is it meant to affirm the doctrine of the Trinity? If not, why use language devoid of meaning or truth?

Ans.—"The Father, Son and Holy Ghost," means simply the past, present and future, or the Jewish Jehovah. I can understand it in no other light. We know that there has been a past through which we have come. We know that we exist in the present, and we believe we have abundant evidence that we shall exist in the future. Therefore, in this sense, there is a God past, a God present, a God to come; and yet the three, I believe, are one—for I can believe in only one God. The terms are not meaningless. They have a deep significance, an inner sense, which the soul grasps at sight and applies to itself with power. The soul knows that it has come through all past eternity, that it exists in the present, and that it will exist in the future—all this I believe the soul absolutely knows. And I believe, also, that it is the soul that makes all true prayer. I do not believe in lip-service. I do not believe in those prayers that are born simply of the external life. I believe in those deep prayers that come from the soul, and that always recognize the God in the past, the God in the present, and the God in the future.

Q.—Is it true that spirits look possession of the bodies of men and tortured and maddened them in the time of Christ, as related in the Bible, and does it happen now?

A.—I believe it is true. There are various degrees of possession or obsession. There is what may be called absolute obsession, and there is partial obsession, and there are, as I said, many degrees of both. The terms possession and obsession are, I believe, synonymous. I may possess this subject in one certain direction, or I may possess the entire nature. It may be under absolute or only partial control. And I believe in every age disembodied spirits have had the power to possess or obsess mortal forms, sometimes for what you call evil, sometimes for the greater good.

Q.—What is the history of the deaconess? Was it a revelation to Moses or anybody else through spiritual agency—that is, through a medium—or was it entirely of human origin?

A.—During my earthly life I believed it to be the voice of God to his servant Moses. But in my second state of experience, I believe that the man Moses knew no more of it than you know—perhaps not at all. I believe that all truths may be called the voice of God. I believe they

are true inspirations from the highest wisdom, and it matters very little whether they are given through a Moses or through a little child. Truth is truth wherever it comes and under whatever garb it exhibits itself.

Q.—What is the history of the institution of the Sabbath? How should it be passed, irrespective of sectarian prejudice?

A.—Again, during my earthly life I believed in the religious observance of the Jewish Sabbath. It was a part, and a very great part of my religion. But since I have ascended from earth to the spirit-land, I have learned that God has sanctified and made holy all days, and that he requires absolute service and divine worship at the hands and hearts of all his children every day in the week. I have evidence which causes me to believe that the observance of the Sabbath, both Jewish and Christian, originated with those heathen worshippers whose religious history dates very far back in the past. It belongs to those who look to the heavens and behold there the only true representation of Deity; and finding the only true representation of Deity—that is to their conception—in the heavens, they worship their Deity in all sincerity and truth, in accordance with their belief. So, according to my belief, the Jews and the Gentiles have received these Sabbath ordinances from those whom both Jews and Gentiles denounce as heathen and idolaters. You have much to learn concerning worship, and it may be that idolatry itself will be dashed to the ground by the unerring hand of truth, in your case as they have been in mine.

Q.—What is the distance of the second sphere from the earth?

A.—The second sphere, so called, is the sphere of mind—that can act independently of flesh and blood and bones. It is the sphere where the mind can exhibit a larger degree of power than while attached to mortality, and that second sphere is by no means any particular locality. It may be here in your midst, and it may be ten thousand miles away. Some theorists have determined that the second sphere is a belt which is about sixty miles beyond the earth's atmosphere. They tell us that it measures so and so. They tell us that its atmosphere is, but for my own part I have no evidence that the second sphere exists there any more than here. The mind becomes to a larger extent free after death, and in its second sphere of action it may take up its abode sixty miles from the atmosphere of the earth and still be in the second sphere, or it may dwell here among its kindred on earth, and still be in the second sphere. Special localities belong more to the things of time or material life, than to spiritual life. You will all learn this when you pass out of the mortal and become more free in the spirit.

Dec. 10.

Mary Graham.

I was born in the fall of 1844, and entered my home in the spirit-life in the fall of 1867. From my earliest childhood I was in the habit of receiving almost daily evidence of the power of the spirit to return after death, but the evidence was largely increased as I drew near my spirit-home. As the mortal grew weak, the assurance of a life after death, and the power to return to those left here, grew strong. Death for me had no terrors. I knew I should not sleep in the grave. I knew I should join those of my friends who had gone before me, and I felt satisfied that I should be very happy, and should enjoy very much the freedom from the body. I suffered from the weakness called consumption, for a long time. I was hardly willing to wait for the messenger to come who was to bid me lay off the mortal, and become one of the number of that spirit-band that so often visited me. I often thought of this place during my sickness, and particularly during the last few days of my life. I thought if it were possible for me to make an early appearance here, I should, I knew, judging from the experience of others, that I should suffer temporarily by coming here, and was willing to endure that for the sake of knowing what I had such a firm faith in before death.

Perhaps my dear parents and many friends have no need of this assurance from me of life after death, and of the ability of the spirit to return; still I feel that there is a necessity on my part to come, and I know their hearts will be wide open to receive it. I know they will fold me in their arms with all the love that was mine when I was here in the body. I am sure of that. I am sure that no cold welcome will be mine. Others tell me that they come knocking at the door of the hearts of their friends, and they receive only a cold response, and if there was such a thing as freezing them in spirit, they would certainly be frozen. It is very hard for the spirit who returns to meet with such coldness on the part of those who were once so warm in love toward it; and oh how, think you, will such friends feel when they come to meet those loved ones on Eternity's shore, and know then how terribly mistaken they have been? Remorse and shame will settle upon their spirits, and it will be a long time ere they will entirely get rid of it. But, thank God, I have nothing like that to contend with. I know I shall be welcome, and oh, the thought lifts my soul and makes me joyous in return, though I suffer here somewhat, as I did during the last hours of my life in the body.

I realized nearly all I expected to after death. I entered a home as real, as tangible, yes, more so, than anything here. This world seems to me more the world of shadows, things are so fleeting. To-day they are, and to-morrow they are not. You think the spirit-world is unreal and shadowy, while it is just the reverse. You will find it so. I want all my dear friends to know that there is a divine and blessed reality in the spirit's return. And it is the greatest blessing that our wise Father could have conferred upon his children. No separation at death! Only think of it! The body is not the real. It is only the fleeting. The spirit is the everlasting.

I am happy, oh, gloriously happy in my spirit-home. I have now no sickness. None of the dark shadows that come in consequence of physical suffering attend me here. It is all joyous, and I am looking forward, oh, with so much joy, to the coming of my friends. I am thinking how happy I shall be to meet them, to welcome them to my new-found home, and how they will enjoy the pleasures of this spirit-life after passing through the hard experiences of the earth-life. I remember them all, and shall exercise all the power I am able to toward enlightening and blessing them with the glory of this old, not new philosophy.

I am Mary, daughter of Dr. Graham, of Evansville, Indiana.

Dec. 10.

Mrs. Allen.

Is this Mr. White? [Yes.] I am Mrs. Allen. [I am glad to meet you.] Give my feeble evidence in favor of life after death. Tell my children I cannot express the glory of this life. I cannot convey to them any clear knowledge of it—it is so beautiful. Oh, thank God that he giveth us the victory over death. Praise God that death is under our feet. I come to strengthen

the faith of my children. I told them I should come. I want them to know that the blessed philosophy is true. I am happy. I experience what I expected to, and oh, nothing would tempt me to return again here. I passed seventy years on the earth. I knew something of its dark and of its bright side. But this spirit-world is so divinely grand I am lost in wonder.

Oh, how thankful you ought to be to the Indians—the dear children of Nature. They have blessed you so much—you don't know how much you are indebted to them. You ought to constantly thank God for the gift of the Indians, who are so constantly opening the door for you to their beautiful hunting-grounds. Oh prize them—prize them.

[I was not aware you had passed away till last Friday.] Oh yes, thank God, it is all over. I am so full I don't know what to say. I only come to let them know I could come—and that it is all true. [Are you able to be around them?] Oh yes indeed, I was at my funeral. I thought I should be. Good-by. God bless you. Dec. 10.

(Mrs. Allen was from East Westmoreland, N. H., and the Chairman was well acquainted with her and her daughters.)

Aleck T. Forney.

I am singularly exercised in thought at coming here. I am forced to believe that a strange, mysterious power goes before us, leading the way for us, and whichever way that power leads, there we must go. We cannot turn either to the right or the left.

I was a lieutenant in the Confederate service. The night before going into the action in which I lost my body, I dreamed that I was in just such a place as I find myself in to-day, and that by a strange, mysterious force I was speaking to the people who had gathered there; and the strangest part of all was, I was dressed in female apparel. I do not wonder now, on taking possession of the subject and finding myself literally in the fulfillment of my dream, that I was disconcerted and absolutely wonder-struck. I hardly knew whether to push on or to back out.

On waking in the morning, almost before the first dawn of day, I was so thoroughly impressed with my dream, it seemed so vivid to me, that it was like a something that haunted me, and was only driven out of my thoughts by the stern activity of war. And strange to say, I thought no more of it from that moment till I found myself here, in the very place I dreamed of, with the very number of paintings that I counted in my dream—everything bears such a striking resemblance to that, that my dream is literally fulfilled. Now what does it mean? If the great God does not walk ahead of us and fashion our conditions ere we reach any certain given point—what am I to believe, if not that? [You would believe that your soul was here, would you not?] I don't believe the soul can overleap the bounds of eternity—I don't know—it is a problem which I shall try to solve, and perhaps at some future time I may be able to answer the question. I cannot to-day.

I have dear friends, some of them in New Orleans, some in Montgomery, in Richmond and Savannah. I want to reach them. I want them to know that this great, wondrous something that is deluging the world with its demonstrations of power, is absolute fact—spirits return. Death is annihilated, and the grave becomes no more the dwelling-place of the spirit.

I was attached to the 2d Louisiana Infantry, and my friends knew me by the name of Aleck T. Forney. My last letter to them was written on the eve of battle, and in that, I unconsciously foreshadowed to them my expectations—in that I made this very singular remark. I was wiser than I knew: "Let it turn which way it will, it will be right in the sight of God, though wrong in the sight of man." I am very glad to be able to remember this simple passage in my letter, for I hope it will convey some evidence to the minds of my friends that I not only live, but that I am possessed of a memory of the past, that I am attached to the past as I am to the future. It belongs to me—it is mine, and I earnestly hope, nay, more, I pray, as I never prayed while on the earth, that my friends may speedily come out of all their darkness and realize the light which is coming in great waves over the country, telling the North and the South that the dead live, and the thousands and tens of thousands that sleep on the battle-fields are alive, every one of them, and ready, when conditions are favorable, to return to their friends. And who shall stay the tide? The voice of God seems rolling over it, and the voice of man may cry out against it, still it will roll on.

I want my friends to seek out some one of those persons as mediums who are considered good, through whom I may come to them. I shall be made happier, and they certainly will lose nothing, and have every chance of gaining much by the interview.

[Do you wish this sent to any particular person?] I expect that Louis Forney will receive it. Through him I hope to reach my friends. Many thanks for your kindness. I hope sometime in the course of being to be able to repay you.

Dec. 10.

Séance conducted by Rev. Joseph Lowenthal; letters answered by H. Marion Stephens.

Invocation.

Our Father, thou Spirit holy and perfect, whose benediction falls alike upon all thy children, whose love sustains all, and whose wisdom will finally bring all to the haven of rest that the soul so earnestly sighs for—thou Spirit, thou guardian of mind and matter, we can lift our thoughts to thee in prayer, and though they may be sent out over the turbulent waves of matter, yet thou wilt hear them, and we know thou wilt answer them. We do not pray because thou art far from us, because thy love does not sustain us, because we do not know that thy blessings are all around us, but because thou hast fashioned us to pray. Thou hast planted the seeds of prayer in our being, and thou art constantly asking for prayer from thy children, and as perpetually thy children are praying unto thee. Yet, oh Divine Spirit, if we ask for aught we should not have, in mercy withhold it. If in our ignorance we beseech of thee to give us those things which will not tend to our highest good, oh, turn a deaf ear to our prayers, and lead us into paths of wisdom, where we shall understand what we need more truly, where we shall learn better our relation to thee, and to all the world of mind and matter. Our Father, we thank thee for all thy blessings; they are numerous, and we cannot count them. They are like the sands upon the seashore, numberless. We praise thee for the gift of human life, with all its sorrows and joys; for the gift of divine life, with all its keen sorrows and joys. Oh we thank thee that heaven is not that heaven that many suppose it to be while they dwell in earth-life. We thank thee that thou hast so fashioned the soul that it must continually change in the external, that it must continually change its appearance in outer life. We thank thee, oh, our Father, for the dark shades of time, for its experiences that cause thy children to bow their heads in sadness, and cause

their hearts to bleed before thee. Oh we thank thee for all thy manifestations—for spring-time and for summer, for autumn and for winter—for everything just as thou hast ordained, oh Spirit Divine, we praise thee, and we only ask that we may continue to draw nearer and still nearer unto a consciousness of thy greatness and our relation to thee. And may we understand thy voice that speaks to us through Nature, and may we be willing to learn of thee in the earth, under the earth, and in the skies. Through all thy works, oh God, may we be willing to learn of thee. So shall thy kingdom come unto us wherever we are; so shall we do thy will wherever we may be, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen. Dec. 12.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Why is it so difficult to communicate satisfactorily with spirits when they are so readily seen by mediums?

Ans.—There are more conditions which materially and spiritually interfere with the communion between departed and embodied spirits, than we could possibly number. Sometimes the atmosphere is very much against their control. Sometimes the mental atmosphere surrounding the medium is very much against control, however much the friends may desire to commune with them. It is impossible to enumerate all the conditions which are unfavorable to a perfect communion between spirits and their friends in the flesh.

Q.—Was the earth formed, or created? and by whom?

A.—Both; both formed and created, certainly. Creation is constantly going on through everything in Nature, through everything in the realm of mind. Creation, when properly defined, simply means change—means nothing else. It cannot mean to form something out of nothing. That is absurd. It means change, a new exhibition of form. Your correspondent asks, And by whom? Suppose we should say by Moses? He would probably understand us just as well. Suppose we say by Jehovah? by the great spirit governing here and everywhere? Suppose we should say by the great eternal law running through mind and matter? It matters very little whether we determine in this direction or that concerning the person or power that has spoken this world and all others into existence. You may as well call it God as anything else. It is God, the great, good, infinite Power that takes care of us all—worlds as well as souls.

Q.—It was recently declared, at a public meeting, that Theodore Parker, when in earth-life, was an opponent of the Spiritual Philosophy, whereas his writings are strongly unctured therewith. What is the truth in the matter?

A.—Theodore Parker, in the external, opposed modern Spiritualism, but in the internal he did not oppose it. There was a something within me which said, in plain, unmistakable terms, "There is a great truth in modern Spiritualism," but I could not accept the external manifestations. I saw so much of chaff mixed up with what little good there really might have been, that I was not ready to accept any in my external reasoning. Nevertheless, as I before remarked, in the internal I was a believer in Spiritualism, ancient and modern. Those who knew me best know that I often remarked that I believed there was a very great truth, a wondrous philosophy underlying these crude manifestations. And I also believed that the world was not ready for such an exhibition of spirit-power. But I have learned many things since I passed beyond this human life. I have learned that God does not deal with his children according to their caprices. I have learned that nature and mind will march steadily on through the infinite law of progress, whether we will or no, and we may denounce the manifestations of mind and matter as much as we may, it is all the same. It will show whether we will it or not. The sun will shine whether it scorches us or not; and so it is with regard to the manifestations of mind. Mind is free, and it will run on through the infinite law of progress just according to the law. We cannot change the law. We have not the slightest power over it. So these spiritual demonstrations I believe to be the result of law, infinite law, and that law does not only pertain to mind but to matter. It belongs to the growth of the earth as well as to the growth of mind. It is an exhibition of both mind and matter, and we can no more control it than we can control the sunlight. We may shut it out from our own reasoning powers for a time, but it will shine on all the same, and its power will be precisely the same, whether we close our senses to it or the contrary.

Q.—Can the intelligence give the true origin of the Book of Mormon?

A.—Perhaps Joseph Smith could do that better than we could. It is an anonymous work. That has been fairly proved. The writer's name does not appear, and, although it is held by a certain class as an inspired work, something sacred, the voice of God, yet to me, as to thousands of others, it is simply the work of man and of a personage who, for some cause or other, did not wish to be known. Joseph Smith claims certain rights concerning it, which, by the way, he has never been able to substantiate; it is in very much the same position as many books of the Bible—children without any special father or mother. Dec. 12.

Frederic Seltzer.

I was not much acquainted with this power of coming back. I had not anything to do with it when I was here. I was told about it, and I once saw something, but had not any knowledge about it myself. But it seems to be something so natural that it is pretty easy for anybody to come if they only get into the right conditions. It is very much like everything else in the world; it has need of certain conditions to make it perfect. Now I have tried a great many times to come here, but I might as well have gone through a granite rock with my body I had here, as to overcome some of the conditions. They were just right for somebody else, but not right for me. I could not understand it, but the people in charge here said to me every time I come, "It is not right for you. You cannot speak there. You have not the right quality of magnetic life to go there now. You must wait." I could not understand it. I saw little children and old people and Irishmen come, and many others who seemed not to possess so much will as I, and I said, "I don't understand it. Here I am shut out and others coming, and they say it's right, it is beautiful," and I could not come, not at all. But it's something you've got to experience to know much about. The last time I came here I made a pretty hard effort. I was told by the conductor in general here, who was superintending affairs, that I might try. Well, I did; but I was sent back—it was worse than a cannon ball. I would come just so near, and it was back on me before I had any idea, and then I was out again. I saw it was no use; there was something wrong. But to-day I come. The guardian says to me, "I think it is right for you. I think you will be successful this time." Well, I come, I come near and nearer. I put

my hand on the shoulder, and then I was gone a moment—I don't know how much time I lost—then I was here. I tried, and I see I could speak, and I was able to move. Now I want to know what's the reason? I'd been here some days when it was fine air, and everything seemed much better than a day, but not right for me. [You ask me a question I cannot answer.] Well, I don't expect you could; but it's strange. It shows that there is very much to learn.

My name, to begin with—to come to business, I been speculating, now I come to business—I am Frederic Seltzer, of Cleveland; was not born there—I claim High Germany for my home. I have a brother Carl, and I want to tell him how I live here, and that it's true that I can come, and I want him to go to some place where I can come and tell him about the affairs he wants to know about. He says, "Oh, it's a pity he went to war." I don't think so. He would not go himself. He did not think he would stand it, and he advised me not to go. But something was pushing me, and I went. I got killed; but that's nothing. I only lost a body, and I got a better one. Now he knows my affairs are in a tangled state, and I want him to make things as easy as he can for those I have left. I should go to my wife directly, but she is so nervous she would go into fits if a ghost was mentioned to her, and I want Carl to get her familiarized with these things a little first. Tell her we are just the same, only the body is gone—just the same. It is all real, no fancy about it. I want Carl to show her—not come right out and say Frederic has come; his ghost has come back; no, but come easy, come easy. When you doctor a child you don't put in big doses, you know.

There is one I would like very much to come into communication with. I think he has some idea of these things, for he once said to me, "Mr. Seltzer, is it your people gifted with the second sight, the power to see spirits? Is there persons in your country who have the power to talk with the dead?" Says I, "I heard about it; I don't know." He said, "You look as if you were one of that kind. Why don't you try?" "Oh no," I said, "I don't try. I want anything to do with it."

Now I should like to come into communication with him. [Do you remember his name?] Samuel Hines. He is an American; he told me so. I think he knows about these things, and if he gets my talk he knows what to do to give me a chance to talk better than I can tell him. [Do you wish to say anything more to your friends?] I wish to say a great deal, but I haven't the right to stay any longer. I think, somehow, my brother will get this. My wife's name is Alice. Oh dear me, this is a queer thing.

Well, Mr. Chairman, if there's nothing better I can do for you when you're coming across this way, if you like music I will entertain you. [Thank you; I do like it.] Then I'll do my best when I know you're coming, to entertain you. Good-day, sir. Dec. 12.

Lillian Worcester.

Are you Mr. White? [Yes.] I am Lillian Worcester, from Milford. I am eight years old. [You never saw me before, did you?] No, I heard about you. I only been in the spirit-land just long enough to get contented and happy. I come here twice before, and Mr. Parker said, "You wait, little one, till you are better fitted to come, and I will tell you when you had better come." And I come to-day and he said, "Little one, I think I will make a place for you to-day."

I want my father and mother to know—I want you to tell them I come here, and I am very happy, and should not want to come back. And I joined the Lyceum, and I am nicely contented now. Tell them not to mourn any more for me, and when they think about missing me, think that I may be close by. Tell mother I've got a beautiful blue dress, all covered with stars, handsomer than any I ever had.

I am glad I was dressed in my blue dress, because it didn't look so dead-like. I saw it. Mother always said I should be laid out in blue, if I died before she did. Don't forget to tell her about the handsome blue dress I've got. I shall try to keep it, so they can all see it when they come. I don't know whether I shall outgrow it or not; but if I do I shall try to keep it. Don't forget to say how happy I am, will you? And don't forget to say I am much obliged for the flowers, and that we have got, oh, ever so much more flowers here where I live, than we had on the earth. I never saw so many flowers. Everybody has them that wants them. If I could I should have brought you some; but Mr. Parker said, "Little one, his eyes would not see them," and so I thought it would not be any use, would it? [Perhaps I could perceive their fragrance.] Would you like me to bring you some? Where do you live? [At 7 Indiana Place.] Who have you got to come with me? [You can come directly to me.] Can I? Well, if you think of me, so I can, to-morrow morning I will come to you with a basket of flowers and put them on your bed. Do you get up early? [Not very.] Well, I'll see. If I can't come then, I'll come in the evening, if that would do. [Yes, that would do. Do you wish to give me your brothers' and sisters' names?] No; do you care? [No; your parents understand this philosophy?] Yes, they know I am coming. Good-afternoon. Dec. 12.

William Sayles.

I am somewhat and on coming here, for I bring bad tidings to my family. Our ship went down, and I shared the same fate. I have a wife and mother and one child in New York State. They are not aware of my death. I told them they would hear from me by New Year's—I thought I should be home by then. Since the loss of my body I have been constantly haunted with the wish to make myself known on or before that day. So I come here with the hope of doing something toward softening their sorrow. I went down in the ship "Navarro," of St. Thomas. My name, William Sayles. I knew all about these things. I had thought that when the spirit was free from the body it enjoyed itself hugely, but I see that the causes of sorrow reach out even here. I am constantly thinking, what will my friends say—still more what will they do? If it were over I should be better. If they knew of my change I should feel better. But, oh God, how they will feel when my name is announced in your Banner as among the dead. But so it is. If it were not for those I have left behind, I should feel glad of the change. But as it is, I have left an aged mother, a sickly wife and a little one, and with not much of the wherewith to purchase the comforts of this world, and still there is a something that tells me it's all right. I shall be able to look after them, and to do more for them, I suppose, than I can now. I feel very helpless now, but still there is a very strong hope that that weakness will pass away, and I shall come out strong and ready, to work.

I feel that the book attending the news of my death will bring my mother to me. That is well, that gives the joy. And as Mr. Parker remarked in his prayer, "There is a power that takes care of

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