

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
**TO TRIUMPH!**

BY WILFRED WYLLIE.

We see at length the daylight break;  
We hail the coming morn,  
When brows shall wear the laurel wreath  
That late were crowned with thorn.  
The old-time darkness flies dismayed,  
Before the coming light,  
And all the hills of Promise glow  
With splendor fair and bright.  
From height to height the glory runs,  
And o'er the lands unfurled,  
The azure heavens give out the song  
That charms the listening world.

"Thank God!" we cry, who gives to us  
To see the promised day,  
By bards and prophets long foretold,  
When Truth should bear the sway:

And all the chains, through ages worn,  
The world no more should see,  
And slaves, of every race and name,  
Should go forever free.

The awful rolls of old wrongs,  
The black debris of crime,  
Go floating past—the rotten wrecks  
That strew the sea of Time;

And charred and black, from chrism of fire,  
And red with human blood,  
Swift vanish out of mortal sight  
Adown Oblivion's flood.

But there are wrongs to conquer yet;  
Thick round our steps they rise,  
And we must join the strife where'er  
Our path of duty lies.

Take counsel, then, oh brother men,  
Of all the struggles past,  
And still relentless warfare wage,  
For triumph comes at last.

Across the battle's blazing bounds  
Our path to victory lies;  
And they must tread the verge of hell  
Who'd rest in Paradise.

And over in the way we walk,  
Life's far extremes must meet;  
So they must drink the bitter cup  
Whose lips would taste the sweet.

And they must wait in Night's domain  
Who'd hail the dawn of Morn;  
And those that throb for laurel wreaths  
Must first be crowned with thorn.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE RECLUSE OF THE HUT.

BY J. H. POWELL.

### CHAPTER I.

Strange peculiarities or eccentricities mark individuals as they move along in the ordinary routine of life. Some people are so dissimilar from others, that they seem to realize no happiness whatever from common habits and modes of thought and pleasure. Eccentricity is the soil in which they grow—the food on which they feed. There exist people so isolated in their extreme individualism that social intercourse is repulsive to them, and they, as a natural sequence, become repulsive to society.

The heart expands on generosity and loves. Isolation is the prison-house of selfishness. Mutual affection begets happiness—mutual antipathy, misery. How, then, can such natures as Tom Maunder, the Recluse, in their saddest hours inspire genial human sympathies, when their own selfish acts have closed the door of the temple of affection against themselves?

People who win the affections of their kind are those who perform unselfish, loving deeds. On the other hand, people who earn for themselves repugnance and neglect, who learn that the "wages of sin is death," are those who act unselfishly.

The way to win love is to love—like begets like. Loveable natures draw affections to them, and vice versa. If we sow to the wind we reap the whirlwind.

On the borders of the south coast of England, almost within sound of the heavy-toned, monotonous sea, stands at the present hour the decaying remnants of Herstonmouex Castle, partially covered with the evergreen ivy. In the history of Sussex, Herstonmouex Castle, with its memorable associations, forms one of its principal chapters. Here, in early years, Tom Maunder, or the "Young Squire," as he was called, loved to wander and moodily meditate. Yet he did not profit by his musings, as our tale will show. He never was known to share his time with others. No one liked him, or seemed to care for him. Although he gave Old Timothy, the sole occupant of the castle, considerable trouble looking and unlocking the entrance door to the ivied ruin, he never was heard to say "thank you," or to bestow upon the venerable warder one copper for his services.

Old Timothy was a strange, misanthropic man, yet he was generous and good. He entered the castle ere he had reached his seventieth year, being privileged to receive all moneys given him by strangers for showing them over "The Ruins," and detailing all he had heard of a historic and even legendary character.

At the time our story opens, Old Timothy was verging on eighty winters. He had lived a hermit's life apart from all human society, save visitors, on whom he depended for the means to live. He never once slept away from the castle, and had walked as far as the village about twice since he took up his quarters.

The first thing Old Timothy did with the visitor was to direct his attention to an immense wide spread ivy tree, which he said he planted with his own hands when a boy. Few could witness this giant trophy to the industry and

horticultural skill of "Old Timothy," and not feel the organ of benevolence as well as that of wonder excited. Whenever Tom Maunder roamed about the castle ruins Old Timothy would feel pity, yet he could never manage to show it in a way to reach Tom's adamant nature.

A little incident will show the characters of these two strange beings. Old Timothy admitted a young woman carrying a babe. She was pale and ragged, her face betraying marks of misery. She approached Tom Maunder, and modestly courtesying, begged in God's name for a little money to purchase bread.

"Out with you, vagrant, or I'll have you locked up. What do you mean by disturbing me in this manner?" he vociferated savagely, causing the woman to tremble from head to foot, and tears to stream from her eyes.

"I'm starving. Oh, God, what must I do! Pray turn me not away. I have not strength to go further without food and rest," and she sank with her babe on the grass.

"Then starve and be d—d to you," growled Tom.

Old Timothy stood near. Tears filled his eyes, for sympathy was in his soul. He cast a contemptuous glance at Tom, and then kindly assisted the poor woman to his little rude apartment, which might have been used for priestly purposes in the middle ages. Old Timothy was a good Samaritan. He gave of his scanty store of provisions, bade the woman eat and rest. A few hours sufficed to restore her strength, when she departed, carrying with her a portion of Old Timothy's savings and his "God bless you."

That day Tom Maunder left "The Ruins" more morose and miserable than ever. He hated Old Timothy for his generosity to the beggar, and he hated himself for his own selfishness.

Not more than a mile from Herstonmouex Castle stands a rude, low-built, antiquated fane. Facing the church is a grave-yard, full of dilapidated monuments of the ancient dead. Here repose the bones of bishops and lords and other high dignitaries, both of Church and State, whose power has long since passed.

The tourist, educated in the ordinary schools, no sooner enters this grave-yard than he feels himself standing on consecrated dust, and, unless he be of an unreflective cast, he will be awestruck with the presence of decay. The finger of Time leaves its pressure upon all things. Upon the tablets—many of them wooden and worm-eaten; upon the partially obliterated hieroglyphs that once told the name and age of the sleeper beneath. Time, like a ruthless warrior, passes on his way doing his work, heedless alike of joy and sadness, life and death. He enters the tabernacle of prayer, and gives a solemn and sombre shade to the relics of worship. Even "The Book of Books," in which the preacher finds words of salvation, does not escape Time's sacrilegious hand; but it is only the material over which he maintains authority; he cannot touch or change the everlasting testimony—only the parchment upon which it is written. Whatsoever is true in all books belongs to the spiritual, and is mightier than Time, the great monarch of decay. But every where decay is visible, publishing the might of Time—on the belfry, the aisles, the communion-tables, the pulpit, and even on the clergyman. If the living cannot escape the ravages of Time, how, then, can the dead? Behold the impress of Time in that most solemn of all sanctuaries, the grave-yard! Here, Death, sitting on his charnel throne, preaches in tablet, church, dust, the dead and living, the mighty doctrine of dissolution.

"In the midst of life we are in death," says the clergyman, in slow, measured tones. The daisies, peering sweetly from the grass, seem to reply: "In the midst of death we are in life!" "Ashes to ashes," and the gravel falls lightly upon the coffin.

There are no wet eyes. The lark carols richly in the heavens. The sun laughs gladly upon the scene, illuminating the brow of the clergyman as he reads the service.

Who is it that lies in "cold abstraction" in that lowered coffin? No other than Tom Maunder's aged mother. And he, the son, stands like an automaton, mechanically looking on. No tears moisten his stern eyes. He does not even mourn, and he is no hypocrite to make pretence. Nothing more required than a tablet to the memory of the mother, to complete the mission of death to the living.

In due time a tablet was placed over the remains, but it was of a cheap quality, not at all in keeping with the station occupied by the deceased when living, or to the means of the son.

Young Squire Maunder only found in the fortune which fell to him at his mother's decease means to indulge his taciturn, unsocial, miserly nature.

He was alone possessor of the family estate, his brothers and sisters having long since preceded their mother to the spirit-world. When they were in the form, the young Squire thought little of them, and much less when they left this "vale of tears" for the abodes of spirit-life.

At the death of Thomas Maunder, Esq., senior, the widow was left in possession of the estates and personal property of her lamented husband. She held her prerogative with royal firmness, and allowed her children few privileges, beyond an occasional party of neighboring children at the mansion, or short trips or picnic excursions to Pensersey Castle, Battle Castle, and other places of resort, within easy distance of Herstonmouex.

On most of these pleasure trips, Tom would sour the cup of sweets, by refusing to accompany his brothers and sisters, or if he did, by dint of strong persuasion on their part, go with them, the day would not pass pleasantly. He would insist on going where they did not wish to go, or in doing the very thing they most disliked. Mrs. Maunder was rendered very unhappy by Tom, and grew to fear even to trust him out of her sight with the others.

Thus years rolled on. The children, all except Tom, betrayed ordinary sweetness of disposition,

and naturally won from their mother various tokens of her appreciation. Tom watched every act of kindness bestowed upon his brothers and sisters with suspicion and hatred. He did not essay to conceal his feelings. The result was, he added sorrow upon sorrow, to the already depressed heart of his mother, and with the most heartless hardness, gratified his spite by spitting in the faces of the others, quarrelling with them, and proving himself more like a little fiend than a brother.

It was quite natural that Mrs. Maunder should love the children best who showed in their daily lives that they reciprocated the affection; and it was equally natural that she should feel repulsed by the hateful conduct of Tom.

She, poor woman! never thought of reforming Tom. The idea was never with her. Her education was of a strictly puritanical kind. Hence she could not help fearing that Tom's conduct was the work of the devil, and that nothing but harsh treatment here, and if he continued wicked, eternal punishment hereafter, were his legitimate deserts.

This fatal belief was the bane of her life, and preyed seriously upon her health. Tom never remembered his mother to take him to her side lovingly, and strive by gentle words to win his affections and inspire him to self-improvement.

It was a mere chance that the rest of the children were more lovable in their conduct than Tom—the credit is not due to the mother—yet she sincerely believed that they were destined for heaven; the "children of grace," whilst Tom's doom was the bottomless pit. Strange that a mother could hold such a horrible idea; but theology and not Nature was the prompter, and she was at the best only "a weak vessel," obeying "the inward monitor."

With such a mother how could such a lad as Tom improve? All his bad parts were stimulated, and his better parts unrecognized. Then again he felt himself neglected and despised, and often wondered whether his mother's constant exclamation that he was "a child of the devil" was not true.

The deep distress experienced by Mrs. Maunder at the thought of Tom's irredeemable soul, was destined to be accompanied by a fearful weight of woe.

Her hopes concentrated in all the children save Tom. For them she planned and sacrificed and lived. For him she studied how she could best punish him. She even contemplated leaving him penniless at her death, and took occasion to ask a lawyer if she could legally bestow the estates and personal possessions on the other children, leaving Tom disinherited. The legal adviser told her that Tom being the oldest son, when he came of age could actually, according to English law, possess himself of the estates before his mother's death. This was torture to Mrs. Maunder. But a calamity was about to fall upon her more terrible than any she had ever experienced.

A terrible fever struck into the "waiting tomb" all the children save Tom. Those she loved were gone. The one she hated remained.

Oh what agony was hers! Life was now a world without a sun; a continuous winter of cold and cloud. "When, oh when will relief come!" she cried in bitterness.

Months fled; Tom and his mother dwelt together as strangers, the one scarcely ever speaking to the other in tones of kindness. This dreadful monotony was occasionally disturbed by the Rev. Moses Martain, who was the sole minister to the spiritual needs of Mrs. Maunder, and the only visitor to the mansion. The appearance of the reverend gentleman was always the signal for Tom to saunter off, muttering to himself maledictions on the "white-chokered hypocrite."

Mrs. Maunder never failed to improve the occasion of the clergyman's visits by unlocking her heart and letting out her strong feelings against Tom. Of course the reverend gentleman sympathized with her, and believed Tom was doomed for the devil, if in fact that sable monarch had not already got him in his power.

After a full and most serious conversation on Tom and his certain doom, the two would kneel, whilst the Rev. Moses Martain thanked Deity that the wicked are cast into hell, and the "elect" or "children of grace," like Elijah, are carried into heaven.

Mrs. Maunder sat often alone, reflecting on the will of God in carrying her children to heaven. She had no fear for the dead children—only for the one living. The pleasures of the world had now no longer any charm for her. The delights of her soul were all in the grave, her dead hopes in the sand.

She gradually declined, puritanical to the last. Her home was more like the altar of a church than a habitation. Silence and sanctity held ghastly preëminence, and the widow, never failing to inspire her remaining son with deep disgust for what he wickedly pronounced "cant," passed into the embrace of death in the certain hope of joining the loved ones on the other side of the grave.

The Rev. Moses Martain was the chosen clergyman to perform the last rites of sepulture. Tom was the only follower, and the clergyman the only mourner, for he had often received benefits of a maternal character from the lady, and mourned the fatality that cut him off from further perquisites of the kind at her hands.

Young Squire Maunder returned from the funeral to the lonely mansion gloating over his good fortune. He was now sole heir to the estates. His mother, having been a frugal woman, did not live up to her means; the property was valuable, and he felt proud as a Peruvian miner. He had no companions, immense wealth, and no useful idea what to do with it.

He looked himself from all prying visitors, and took a whole day and night to decide what he should do with the property, and how secure his gold. Gold! the very name was cheering, but the sight of it electrifying. He reasoned to himself:

"If I let the world know how rich I am, I shall be plagued to death with a host of greedy beggars. No, no! I must turn the estates into gold—heaps of gold—and live as though I were myself a beggar, and then I can be at peace."

His determination fixed; the Squire gave instructions for the sale of the mansion and estates, and everything that would fetch gold. Accordingly the necessary time and means were employed, and the whole of the property was transferred to the purchaser.

The late proprietor was greatly annoyed at the trifling circumstance of being paid for the property with a check. He had set his heart upon gold, and gold he would have.

It took a considerable time and more than one bank to supply gold enough to purchase half the check; the rest was accepted in notes. It never once occurred to him that by taking charge of his own money he would lose a large yearly interest. But it did occur to him that banks may fail—and lest such should occur, he would take charge of his own treasures.

Behold him now in the mansion, which is no longer his own, counting his heap of glittering baubles! Avarice looks through his greedy eyes and is seen in every movement of his body by invisible intelligences—perchance by his mother and his father, and maybe the departed brothers and sisters.

He counts the golden pieces and forgets the total—counts them again—his memory is still treacherous; but he realizes a miserly delight in handling the precious ore. He counts and recounts, but does not arrive at the sum total of his wealth—and never will; some mysterious influence operates upon his memory, and it proves ever treacherous to him; still he delights in the task, and counts on.

Night steals slowly along—the miser still counts his gold; but he arrives at no satisfactory total.

At length, overcome with weariness, he falls asleep—dreams strange, horrible dreams of robbery and murder; starts, shudders, and awakes to discover daylight in his chamber, and the gold in a glittering heap before him.

Squire Thomas Maunder, that art now on the edge of a fatal precipice! The affection which the Almighty hath given thee to bestow upon human, loving beings, and on himself, thou bestowest upon shining lumps of dross! The sacrifice thou makest is great! Thou exchangest for that which can yield thee naught profitable, save dress and food, all that can make thee happy in this world and in the next! Thou shouldst have been only half made, a body without a soul, a shell without a tenant, a universe without light!

The gain which grew out of loss, to thee is irreparable loss—the loss of manhood, and all that adorns human character—better lose the whole world!

Had the fates proved kind to the young Squire, they had left him poor, and perchance, poverty might have whipped him into useful service, and by keeping him occupied might have killed the miserly instincts that were eating up his humanity. But it was not to be. Mrs. Maunder died. Her son came into possession of wealth—sated his lust—became a miser—and paid the penalty.

The new proprietor was content to allow the Squire to occupy the mansion for three months, at the expiration of which he gave him to understand he should take possession. Every day was passed indoors, watching the treasure—every day of at least two months. It now became a pressing necessity for him to look about for some desirable tenement where he could content himself, and secure his gold and bank bills. Hiding the treasure, and securely locking up the mansion, the miser wandered forth in quest of a retired hut.

On his way he was accosted by old Timothy, who had felt considerable surprise at not seeing him at the "Ruins" of late. But he was in no mood for gossip—never so at any time—and on this occasion betrayed anxiety to pass on unquestioned.

Old Timothy had heard from the lips of the Rev. Moses Martain of the death of Mrs. Maunder, and the consequent change in Tom's fortune. But he had no idea that young Maunder was a miser; he knew him to be a misanthrope, and hoped that his good fortune would be the means of making him more sociable and human.

"I've missed thee a bit of late, Squire; what's been amiss with thee?" inquired Old Timothy with a trembling voice.

"Mind your own affairs, and you will not be troubled with mine," growled Tom.

"I beg pardon, Squire! I beg pardon for asking thee, but I thought thee might be ill, and needing a little assistance and friendly advice! I beg pardon! I beg pardon!"

Old Timothy, with his form bent low, hobbled off, whilst the miser scowled at him as though he could inflict the most excruciating punishment upon him for daring to address him.

He had proceeded a distance of some two miles in the direction of Pensersey, when a young woman carrying a babe, looking pale as misery, begged him in God's name to give her means to purchase bread, or she must, she said, drop dead from exhaustion. His fierce eye caught hers. He recognized her as the beggar who had solicited alms of him in "The Ruins."

"Woman, begone! leave me! I never encourage beggars! Work for bread if you want it, or starve and be d—d to you!"

This unfeeling speech cut the woman to the soul. She did not, however, as before, sink at his feet, but rose upright, and looking him sternly in the face, exclaimed:

"May the bitterness of want come to you at the hour you are the most happy! May you be robbed of every shining you possess! May friends forsake you, until in the hour of your sad, sad grief, you are driven to the verge of suicide! You have twice insulted the widow in her sorrow; and instead of speaking kindly when it would cost you nothing, you have used the language of a selfish,

miserable, mean miser. I would sooner die than accept charity at the hands of such a wretch as you are!"

He stood petrified for an instant or two. The woman, folding her child to her bosom with the desperation of passion, turned from him and was soon out of sight. He muttered imprecations on her, threatened to give her in charge and teach her to insult a man of his wealth. But this was all so much waste vapor. She was gone he knew not where, and he was on his way in search of a habitation.

He had wandered until he reached the sea without seeing anything suitable. Here he was scarcely a league from Pensersey Castle, whose ivied walls bear marks of Roman art and offer a volume of lore to the antiquarian. But he cared nothing for the old castle nor its historic associations. But he did care for what he was in search of.

At length he came to an old wooden hut, formerly used for a fish-house. It was a square building, with two small windows facing the sea. He looked in at one of the windows and saw that the hut consisted of one large square room. The roof was low, and the rafters heavy and visible. He resolved to purchase this hut, and felt delighted at the distance it was situated from other habitations. True, it was a contrast to the mansion he was about to desert, but what cared he for expensive furniture? All he required was a place to lay his head and secure his money.

Strange he never thought of death and the impossibility of having his glittering hoard with him in spirit-life! Had he thought on this subject, however, he might have caught the idea that if he could not have his gold and bank bills with him, he must have the miserly spirit there which caused him to play such a useless and selfish part on the stage of life here. A ray of joy lit the miser's face as he left the hut to seek its owner, an old fisherman residing in the little village of Pensersey. This manifestation of joy was the result of reflection. The hut had evidently been many years in disuse. It stood too far off to be of any real value to anybody; therefore he doubted not that he would be able to purchase it for "a mere song." When he found the owner, he took advantage of his apparent poverty and drove a hard bargain with him.

It never troubled Tom Maunder to remember that he had purchased the fisherman's hut for a trifling portion of its value, through deception. If the old adage, "All is fair in love and war," be deemed correct, "surely," thought the Squire, "all must be fair in business transactions." The devil is said to quote Scripture when it suits him. Tom Maunder would quote or misquote Scripture, or any book or person, if, by so doing, he could save or make a penny. Having accomplished the easy task of purchasing of a poor man the forsaken hut by the sea, the miser's next difficulty was to make the hut tenable and get his property there. He was very much troubled, during his absence from the mansion, fearing burglars; but, to his great relief, he returned to find his wealth undisturbed.

It took nearly a fortnight for Tom Maunder to get his hut in condition to receive its freight of mortality and gold. But, by dint of hard work and perseverance, the thing was accomplished, and that, too, without any assistance from others. He thought at first of employing a carpenter, but, on reflection, he deemed it advisable to do the work himself. His grand idea was to be considered poor, then he thought he should be permitted to live in peace.

At length he left the mansion where his life had been passed, and took up his abode in the hut, having, by slow process, transferred the whole of his gold and notes to the new dwelling-place. As he passed to and fro, he looked furtively about him to see if he was watched, but no one was observed by him. Yet his movements were not an absolute secret. Secure, as he imagined, in the solitary hut, with his wealth for a companion, he listened to the savage voice of the sea and was not always free from superstition. Since his mother's death he never once attended church. He was no hypocrite in religion. He did not regard the Sabbath as a day for religious exercises, and, above all, he had a horror of collections. It was an axiom with him to look upon poverty as criminal, and it was his custom to pronounce maledictions on all beggars who dared to solicit alms of him. Nor did he consider the church collectors deserving of less malediction than beggars. Hence he deemed it best to stay away from church, to save them and himself from annoyance.

Years went on their eternal round. The recluse of the hut was despoiled by the peasantry, from a very natural feeling his own conduct had induced. The farmers and squires for miles around had almost forgotten that such a man existed. Thus in absolute solitude the recluse was enabled to indulge his passion at the shrine of gold. The natives ceased to speak of him as the "Young Squire." They now called him "Old Tom Maunder," and, in very truth, he deserved the change of appellation from them; for he had allowed the season for seasoning with good deeds a good name to pass. Fatal delusion! he had retired to the fisherman's hut, imagining that people would come to believe him poor, and he would thus be secure from beggars and robbers.

One winter's night, whilst the wind howled mournfully and the waters dashed against the hut, the recluse found it impossible to sleep. He fancied that every gust of wind which smote against the windows was some intrusive bandit forcing an entrance to his treasure. He leaped from the bed, rushed to the door, found it fast, and its taper. All was secure. Still the wind sang its dirges and the sea was troubled. He lay down once more, but could not sleep. He rose again, and to pass the time, resolved to count over his notes and gold.

He had proceeded with the pleasing task all satisfactory for a time, when his treacherous memory set him to repeat the figures; and so on, calculating and forgetting, he counted far into the night. In a state of half abstraction he found it requisite to snuff the taper. The whole of his bank-notes lay heaped upon the table. By some unaccountable turn of his body his coat-sleeve caught the candle-stick, suddenly turning the lighted taper upon the treasured notes. In an instant they were under.

[To be concluded in our next.]



## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.  
Address, No. 16 West 24th street, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
—LUCY HENRY.

## NED RIGBY.

## PART VII.

Nell went on her mission very much as the little bird goes to its morning work of cheering and blessing the world. Her heart sang sweet songs of hope. She believed in the divine power of love, though she only knew that she was happy in the wishes that rose out of her heart, very much as the violet's perfume rises to meet the south wind. Those wishes were her prayers. Who shall say that they did not reach the high heaven where pure angels dwell, and who listen at the hearts of little children, as mothers listen to the breathings of their babes?

But little Nell's heart lost its courage and its hope as she came nearer to the place of her destination, for she felt the atmosphere of pollution that rose like a dense fog from the cellars and grog-shops, past which her little feet were now slowly moving; for with the loss of courage she seemed to lose the elasticity of her step, and any one would have said that she was tired, for the heart always gives impulse to the movements.

She turned the corner and went according to Mrs. Rigby's direction, and came to a little store that had colored pictures suspended in its windows. She lingered before them; half from the wish to delay her disagreeable task, and half from the desire to look at the images that were to her so full of thought. One picture represented a child in its mother's arms. Nell's heart saw a beauty in the representation that few others could see. There was something in the mother's smile that made her thought go back, as if to hunt up a treasure that had been lost. There was a picture of a child holding flowers. The child's dress was very crimson and the flowers very gay, with colors that never followed the kiss of the sunshine, but only the painter's brush. But Nell was no critic. She only knew what pleased her fancy or spoke to her heart, and in the child's face she saw something that made her recall the day when she gathered mosses and heard the pleasant voice of the stranger.

Perhaps it was not the picture that made her recall that day, but the coming near her of a presence that linked her thought, by the subtle power of magnetism, to the scenes of that day. She was just beginning to feel that she had done wrong to thus linger when Mrs. Rigby was waiting for her return, when a gentle tap on her shoulder made her turn suddenly, and she saw bending over her the same gentle face that looked so kindly on her as she sat listening to the story of the mosses.

"And what do you here, my little one?" he said. "Are you wondering if those pictures came down from the skies? for you look as if you had been seeing heavenly things."

"I was thinking about the flowers," said Nell, "and wishing I could hold them."

"Do you love flowers so much, my little one? Then come with me and you shall have some." "Me? Flowers for me?" said Nell. And her eyes gleamed with a brightness that was like the flashes from a vase of water set in the sunshine. But the light faded in a moment as she remembered what was before her. "I can't go," she said, sadly.

"It is not far, and we will call and ask your mother's consent."

"My aunt would not let me go; she would say it was nonsense. But I have somewhere else to go, and I must hurry."

"We will walk together, then, and we can talk a little. I have thought of you a great many times within a few hours. You did me a great deal of good the day that we went moss-hunting."

Nell looked up into Mr. Clyve's face with a pleased wonder.

"You do not know how?" he asked. "Well, I will tell you. The kingdom of heaven dwells in the heart of a little child. We sometimes wander about the world, with so little faith in good things and beautiful things, that we forget that the good Father is always near us and blessing us. A good, gentle, loving child, is one of the doors to the beautiful temple of God's love. You do not quite understand me. Then I will say very simply that you did me good because you loved me a little, and because I could read in your eyes your patient gentleness."

As he had been saying this they neared the low grogery where Mrs. Rigby had sent Nell. She clasped the hand of Mr. Clyve tighter in her own; she would hold little fingers about his as if she would hold him securely to herself.

"I must stop here," she said timidly.

"You stop here?" he said, with a tone full of wonder, yet of compassion. "This is no place for such as you. Who sent you here?" He asked this with a sternness that made the tears come to Nell's eyes in a moment.

"Oh don't scold me," she said, from the force of habit, as she said so often to her aunt; "but I must go; Mrs. Rigby sent me."

"Sent you? Poor child, tell me what for, and do not be afraid."

"You know Ned—he's good; his mother says he is."

"Mothers do not always know," said Mr. Clyve sadly, more to himself than to Nell. But she heard and replied:

"But I know, and he is good, and I like him."

"Well, what has his goodness to do with your coming here?"

"Ned likes to go with Joe, and Joe is n't good," said Nell in a whisper, and looking around as if she feared some one would hear her, "and Joe comes here. And we want Ned to help us make some moss baskets, so I am going after him."

"And a mother could send a little girl to a place like this? Why, listen, Nell, to that rule laughter; are you not afraid now?"

"I do not know. I was afraid, till Mrs. Rigby told me that the Good Shepherd would take care of me, and that I was one of his white lambs, and nothing would hurt me."

"Did she tell you that? Bless the woman's faith, it is greater than mine. And so the Good Shepherd will take care of you, and I will represent his loving care. Come, you need not be afraid."

Together they walked into that low rum-shop, the pale-faced, spiritual man and the frail, gentle girl.

The sound of rude mirth came from an inner room. The outer room was respectable, with its rows of bottles labeled with the various names called cordials, bitters, &c., but which within have similar poisons. A red-faced, but very obsequious man, bowed to them behind a polished counter. Mr. Clyve paused a moment, as if hesitating what to say: "We have come to find

some one that is here," he said, with a tone of assurance.

"There is no one here, sir," said the man, "no one at all, sir—very hard times—business exceeding dull—no customers—all fall up soon." "No one at all, sir—would be happy to serve you—perhaps you'll take a little bitters—quite free, sir, and it would do you good. No one at all here, sir, 'pon honor."

All this time Mr. Clyve had been hearing the door that led to the inner room. The man at the same time gradually slid around the counter and confronted him.

"Private room, sir; no one enters there, except on business with the firm."

"I have business," said Mr. Clyve calmly.

"I can transact all business for you," said the man; "walk this way, sir. Is it concerning goods bought, sir? we are always quite ready to pay."

Just then a shout of laughter came from the inner room.

"The person I want to see is there," said Mr. Clyve, "and I will find him if you will open the door," as he said this, he showed a slip of paper.

"You see whose service I am in; please open the door."

The man bowed humbly and threw open the door, and Mr. Clyve and Nell passed in. The shawl fell back from her white throat, and the hood from her sunny hair. A fresh color flushed her cheeks, and her eyes gleamed with the surprises that had come to her.

A stove stood in the centre of the room. On the floor was a carpet that had once been gay. Red woolen curtains shaded the dim light that came sifting down through the gloomy back yards, chairs and benches filled the spaces about the room, and three or four round tables. The furniture looked battered and dingy, and the atmosphere of the room was stifling from tobacco smoke.

Mr. Clyve and Nell entered this room as sunshine enters a cloud, and rifts its darkness. They stood near the door, but their eyes went over the whole room, and sent their presence to the further corners. Nell's glances passed all the coarser, grosser men, for she had nothing to do with them, and were not quiet until they fell on a half-dressed form in one corner of the room. She knew it was Ned, rather from feeling than from actual sight. She left her protector's side, and was beside Ned in a moment. She laid her hand in his, just as he was on the point of lifting a glass to his lips. He was not stupefied, only a little excited, and as he felt Nell's gentle touch, his face first kindled with pleasure and then with resentment. She saw the change in a moment, but was not terrified by it. She whispered in his ear: "Come, Ned, you will go home with me."

Ned said, loud enough to be heard through the room:

"Home? ha, ha! No, no, you stay here. Come, Nell, that's a good girl, sit down."

"Yes, sit down," said Joe, who was close by; and as he said this he gave her a push on to the bench.

Nell gave one glance to her protector, who stood calmly waiting.

"Stay here, I say," said Joe again; "that'll be fun. I'll fix it with the folks at home."

The rough, coarse men began to look at Nell and to laugh.

"Come here," said one; "you are a dainty bit; make a nice waiter girl, hey? Don't be shy and blush so; you'll like us all when you get used to us."

He reached out his hands to draw Nell to him to kiss her. Her little figure lifted itself, and she seemed almost a woman as she thrust back his touch. Several of the men laughed, and then Nell bent her head on to Ned's shoulder. Another laugh from the men roused Ned; he sent back an angry glance, and rose to go with Nell.

"Ha, ha," shouted half a dozen voices.

"Led by an apron string," said one. "Pretty dear, won't you have a little pay?"

Nothing so overcomes the moral virtue of the weak as ridicule. Ned could not bear to be laughed at; and he said to Nell in a low voice:

"You'd better go home; I can't go—I can't just now; I'll come soon—quite soon; you go first and get every thing ready; that's a good girl!"

"Ned, I have come for you, and I shall not go without you. The men may laugh as much as they please; I can stand it; it does not hurt when you are here, for you'll take care of me, Ned, won't you?"

Ned took hold of her hand, and his face lighted up with a sort of pride, as he said:

"Go, Nell, that's a good girl, and I'll get you something real nice; I'll bring it home in a little while."

"I can't go," said Nell; "I promised I would n't, and I'll stay here all day if you do n't come."

"Good pluck," said one of the men; "let her stay, boy; we all like her company; let us sing her one of our songs," and he struck up the low words of a common melody.

Ned's manly pride rose within him, and he said loudly:

"Stop till I get out of here. She shan't hear that song! You may laugh as much as you please."

"Now be steady, boy," said Joe; "that's my property."

Nell clung closer to Ned, and she whispered: "Don't let him touch me. He'll beat me! Take care of me!"

As Nell said this her face was radiant, and her eyes gleamed with an intense desire. Ned looked at her, and the eyes of a dozen men fell on her at the same moment. There was a silence, and Ned took her by the hand and led her toward the door. Mr. Clyve had already passed out. As they all came out upon the sidewalk a gleam of light flashed before them.

"Ah children," said Mr. Clyve, "I'm glad to have found you. I wanted you to come to our chapel to learn our Christmas hymn. It is some time before Christmas, but there is a great deal to do, so we begin in season. Will you come? I will call for you to-morrow evening."

As he left them Nell clung closer to Ned. She did not know till then how the presence of their friend had strengthened her. They soon reached Mrs. Rigby's room.

"Oh my darling," said she, as she kissed Nell, "the Good Shepherd did take care of you; I will never doubt his power again. Come, children, see what I have done with the moss—made a little temple; and I put in it all my thoughts of love for you, children; and I fancied it was as pleasing to our Heavenly Father as if I had been worshipping him in a grand church."

This led Nell to tell of their good friend who had invited them to go to his chapel to learn to sing. Ned laid his head down and went to sleep, but his mother was not distressed for him, for his eyes had been clear and his voice steady. As she and Nell worked at the basket she lifted up so many prayers it seemed to her as if every sprig of moss was a word spoken to God.

A fool's tongue is long enough to cut his own throat.

## Original Essays.

## REVIEW OF AN ORTHODOX SERMON.

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matt. vi. 33.

This was the text. A few leading points of the sermon will be stated as the basis of a few thoughts on the character of the teachings of the Orthodox clergy, generally, at the present time. This sermon was preached, on a funeral occasion, by a divine of considerable reputation among as intelligent people as are found in any of the large towns and educated communities of the Empire State. The following is a brief synopsis of it:

There is a providence manifested in the affairs of men, evidently, as Jesus taught in the chapter in which the text occurs. The good man has the promise of a reward for his good acts; judgments follow the wicked. There appears two sides to this question of a providence of God, which guides the affairs of men, as an individual discovers, as he notes how the wicked prosper and the just suffer. The individual reasons that there can be no providence, inasmuch as there is, evidently, no distinction between the just and the unjust in the distribution of trials or punishments and rewards. Again, he reasons, there is a providence, because he can trace it in his own life, which is dotted with circumstances, showing plainly the interference of God in his behalf. It is useless to reason upon this question of God's providences. Man cannot reason out the problem as to why God deals with man as he does—the just and the unjust; nevertheless there is a providence; Jesus so taught in the chapter referred to. Great minds have reasoned on this subject, and have failed to understand it. The solution of the question has never been achieved, and never will be in the present state. There are many things which men cannot reason out, which there is no use trying to reason out while men are in the present state. God does not design that men shall know why he thus deals with them. God withholds the immediate punishment for sin, and the immediate reward of faith and virtue, because, by threatening an immediate punishment for sin and promising an immediate reward for virtue, the selfish nature of men would be aroused; they would shun evil and do well for the sake of the reward and to avoid punishment. Yet the fear of ultimate punishment should restrain men from evil doing, as the certainty of ultimate rewards should prompt them to well doing. Faith in the promises of God should stimulate men to well doing, although the certain reward is deferred. Faith in God's word was the only ground of safety for men, considering the vicissitudes of life and the certainty of death. The fact that the deceased had early sought the Kingdom of God and His righteousness was, doubtless, what had sustained her in the dying hour. The dead still live; as witness the appearance of Moses and Elias to Jesus, Peter, James and John, in the mount of transfiguration. Jesus could, doubtless, reveal to the sight of the mourners all their loved ones departed, if he chose to do so. They should not think of their dead as they seemed to be, but as they are—living spirits in a world next to this.

It is safe to assert that sermons like this were preached in the ears of intelligent people all over the land on the same day—the Sabbath, on which this was preached. Intelligent ministers of the Gospel, Protestant ministers, assume to teach intelligent congregations the way of life and salvation, while they themselves are as deeply in the dark concerning that way as the most benighted of their hearers. They presume upon the ignorance of their hearers, and reiterate dogmas as old as the Athanasian creed, expecting that, like obedient Papists, all will readily acquiesce in their teachings. Assuming that their hearers are unable to reason upon questions of such deep import as the "providence of God," "moral responsibility," "faith," &c., as the people were when the Church of Rome commanded implicit faith and obedience to all its doctrines on pain of death, they still reiterate these same old doctrines, telling the people, at the same time, it is useless to reason upon them; that their truth or falsity cannot be decided by human reason, but that they are to be received, without question, on the authority of the Scriptures. They appeal to some of the lowest passions that actuate men, to induce them to believe in these traditional dogmas. The promise of reward and the threat of punishment are the inducements which are held out to intelligent people to cause them to espouse the religion of the churches. They are told that faith in a system which they cannot understand is salvation from the consequences of sin. Moreover, that God overlooks depravity in those that profess this faith, as they that believe at the eleventh hour, or when the last sands of life are running, and the spirit is about to take its leave of the body with all its depravity upon it, are as sure of salvation as they who in youth have believed, and whose belief has led to a virtuous life. That the reward or punishment is postponed indefinitely, or until after natural death, is of no consequence when the question is considered as to the motives which prompt faith. The dying man looks for an immediate reward, as the young and healthy are uncertain as to the day and the hour when their shall come.

If appealing to the baser passions of human nature, and cautioning the people against the use of the highest faculty of their natures is necessary, in order to induce a faith in their system, it is time these ministers of a traditional theology should enter some other calling. If they can preach no higher Gospel to intelligent men and women, in this day, when to think upon all subjects is the assumed right of the people, and to fear to investigate any question is beneath the intelligence of many, and when men begin to appreciate higher motives for a virtuous life than dread of punishment or hope of some promised reward, the people are no longer in need of their services as teachers. It is in vain that knowledge is sought to be sown broadcast among the people, and light upon all important questions disseminated, as long as there are those who stand up as trusted teachers among them—those who have access to the ears of the young and the old, the inexperienced and unthinking, as well as the thoughtful and reasonable, who perpetually sound in their ears the cry of "Faith! faith!" and counsel an unreasonable faith in what they tacitly confess to be an unreasonable system, while they appeal to the baser passions of men to prompt them to purity of life, or, in reality, to a blind faith in an old system which the age is outgrowing as surely as there are preachers who deem it necessary to caution people against investigating the mooted questions of the day.

"Blind leaders of the blind" are these so-called teachers, who assume that God does not will that men study the lessons of his providence and reason concerning the good and the ill that befall the just and the unjust alike. Should not men study the lesson which adversity teaches, and thereby learn of a surety that God does, indeed, rule among the children of men as he rules in all lower nature? Shall any one assume to be perfect before God, so that it may be said that God has afflicted a perfect man? Is any one prospered because he is perfect? Who hath seen or known a just man, since there is none absolutely good, save God? The uses of prosperity and adversity are as plainly taught in Nature as are those of the sunshine and the rain. God builds up and tears down; builds up again, and again demolishes, that he may finally rear a perfect structure. A planet's surface is rent by the terrific earthquake and deluged by fiery streams which convert blooming gardens into desert wastes. Ocean-beds change, and sandy wastes take the places of vast districts of improved surface which sink and are covered by waters. Inundations sweep over the surfaces which volcanic fires and ocean waters have spared, and thus Nature's work of ages is, apparently, lost; as chaos has assumed away where before order and progress was the rule. What does this signify? Simply that the planetary surface had reached the limit of its progress until it could be broken up by internal forces, and the different varieties of rock and soil which had been accumulating in stratified deposits for ages could be thoroughly intermingled, and higher grades formed by the process of breaking up, disseminating liquidified rock over the surface and washing the deposits of distant regions to others. Old lands must sink and new ones rise, that the old lands may rest and ocean deposits be laid upon them, while the new lands may yield forth the products of Nature, as they have been enriched by the accumulation of aqueous deposits during the ages while they were being stimulated by rest. Following ages show the wisdom of Nature's plan of perfecting planetary surface. Geology teaches the important lesson that by successive seasons of prosperity and adversity has earth's surface been developed to its present condition. The sun shines, and all Nature rejoices in its beams. The flowers send forth their sweetest fragrance, the fruits gather their richest luster, and man rejoices in the contemplation of beauty and in the pleasant emotions which his system experiences. Again: the clouds gather, and the tempest bursts upon the world of beauty which was just before spread before the eyes of man. Nature weeps as devastation and ruin, perhaps, is spread where before was the rich promise of the harvest. Is there no use in the tempest? Is it so mysterious that occasionally tornadoes and floods devastate cultivated lands? pestilences depopulate districts? earthquakes cause great destruction of human life and the products of human industry? that tempests sweep navies from the face of the deep, that man should not seek to understand the necessity of these things? Blessings in disguise, such visitations are termed; and who but understands enough of the uses of affliction to know that God chastises his children for their good?

Human reason has been termed "carnal," while blind faith has been deified. It is time this should be reversed; that reason should be deified, and that blind faith should be characterized as sensualism.

With all the light of the Spiritual Philosophy shining around them, it is impossible that ministers can deny the fact that the spirits of the departed do manifest themselves to men. They learn this from Scripture, but will not own it until forced to by the growing sentiment of the people in favor of the doctrine. They will assert to hesitating congregations that it is possible for Jesus to touch their eyes and make them see their departed friends, instead of stating fairly that there is a law by which spirits communicate with men; which law was in operation in the times of Moses and Elias as well as since the time of Jesus, as their Scriptures plainly teach. When a people are so far advanced that they can no longer think of their departed ones as sleeping in the grave, or consigned to a burning hell, or lifted to a heaven too high to permit their ever revisiting the scenes of their former life, is it wise in preachers, who are resolved on keeping just behind the great light that is shining in this day, to admit that there is a state next to the earthly, in which spirits exist, and feel, and act, and communicate with one another as men? It would be far safer, far wiser, and more in accordance with the spirit of the age, if those assuming to teach the people on the most vital questions, should first enlighten themselves, learn the value of an enlightened reason, and casting off the yoke of bigotry and sectarianism which so firmly binds them, preach a gospel to the people that would elevate their conceptions of God and humanity; would prompt them to virtue for virtue's sake, instead of stimulating their superstitious fear and their selfishness; would strengthen their belief in the interposition of Providence in the affairs of men, and finally unite them as brethren of a common humanity and children of a benevolent Father, "who will have all men to be saved and come unto a knowledge of the truth" and to the possession of wisdom.

## POSITIVE SCIENCE HIGHER AND BROADER THAN FRENCH POSITIVISM.

BY DR. J. R. BUCHANAN.

The exposition of Positivism in the New York World of Nov. 27th, by the Positivist Society or "Observer," is not a matter so trivial or contemptible as to be quietly dismissed with a sneer.

It cannot be denied that the general tendency of science and scientific speculation at this time points toward the goal which Positivism has reached, and boldly proclaims as the highest result attainable by the human mind. (See the work of Buchner on Force, recently translated from the German.)

What is this consummation of philosophy? It affirms that matter, spirit, deity, immortality, mind, volition, emotion, etc., are effete ideas, which science has exploded, and that nothing exists in the universe but force and motion, whence come all that we call matter, mind, soul, God and spirit. It is a system of rigid, logical, severe materialism, which, if fairly carried out, annihilates all ideas of God, religion, morality, and the future life of the soul. And yet religion, being an indestructible and eternal element of the soul, even the writer "Observer" displays its power by laboring to engrave upon his soulless and Godless system a religious theory and practice.

The moralism or religion with which he plasters over the hard and rugged outlines of his philosophy are entirely extraneous, and inappropriate to the structure on which they are applied. For if there be nothing in the universe but blind, resistless and eternal force, of which men, animals and plants are the inevitable phenomena, morality and religion have no more to do with human life than they have with the movements of the solar system.

The Comtean Philosophy (if we may make such a word) or French Positivism, is but the prolonged rebellion of the *a priori* metaphysicians against the inductive or Baconian system of investigation. It claims to discard metaphysical speculation and adhere rigidly to science, and yet in all the history of philosophy, there is not a more perfect example of dogmatic metaphysical

speculation intruding upon the domain of science than in the writings of Comte.

The German painter who retired to his closet in order to evolve an idea of the camel, he had to paint from the immense depths of his own consciousness, was an excellent illustration of the metaphysical philosophers, who before science had determined what are the facts, rush in with their ingenious hypotheses, derived from the depths of their speculative consciousness, and endeavor to pre-occupy the entire field.

Such was Comte and such are his followers; eager to leap to the final, perfect philosophy of life, before science has gathered the facts upon which a rational philosophy can be based. Comteism will be as evanescent as all the other forms of ingenious speculation which have preceded the march of science.

To be more specific, Positivism undertakes to determine dogmatically the nature of man, and base a system of action on its speculative ideas, before determining the nature of the human constitution by positive science. There is no system of anthropology in the minds of the Positivists; there is no recognized system of anthropology in all our universities of the Old World or the New. In the language of M. de Bonald, "Europe in the nineteenth century is still awaiting its philosophy."

Hence the terribly materialistic tendencies of science. Its labors heretofore have been almost entirely physical. With mole-eyed assiduity and an immensity of labor it has explored all material phenomena of the universe, and approaching man, it has looked through all his bones, ligaments, vessels, membranes, nerves, glands, cells, fluids and globules, and even looked into the intimate chemistry of life, and the mechanism of sensation and motion; but there it has stopped on the very threshold without inquiring into the nature and organic connections of man himself, the mysterious being inhabiting that body, the examination of which has satisfied the savans. As the shell is to the kernel, so is the body of man to the conscious being inhabiting that body. Scientific men have generally been satisfied with the shell, and shrunk from the investigation of anthropology, as a savage might halt to survey the outside of a temple, and shrink with superstitious doubt and fear from entering its interior.

And yet it is only in man that we can find any scientific foundation for moral or religious ideas. The proper exploration of anthropology determines whether man has a soul or is a mere complicated combination of forces and vibrations. Anthropology is competent to answer the question whether man has an immortal soul, and through what mysterious anatomical arrangements that soul holds its communications with the body. The divine laws are as plainly stamped on the human constitution as they have ever been stated by Revelation, and the harmonies of religion and science are discoverable chiefly in anthropology.

When we omit anthropology from the circle of science we produce that inevitable, that "irrespressible conflict" between religion and science of which Positivism is an example, and which is a more formidable conflict than theologians generally suppose. For science minus anthropology is purely material, and all its tendencies, intellectually speaking, are atheistic and sternly material. It finds everywhere its fixed laws that know no inflexion or suspension. It finds all phenomena fully accounted for by law, by force and motion; and having through all the universe found no trace of the spiritual or divine, (since it has not explored man,) it either sternly and honestly excludes the spiritual and divine from the horizon of its knowledge, or it silently and prudently bows before the great mystery which is surrounded by the veneration of mankind.

All science is positive, and anthropology, the only science which touches the realm of the spiritual, the immortal, the divine, is not less positive and demonstrable than physics, chemistry or botany. And yet in all our systems of education anthropology has yet no place—it is almost entirely absent from our libraries and even from our medical colleges, except as to sundry physiological, phrenological and ethnological fragments of knowledge not organized into a science. The science of the soul, the science of the brain, the material, positive seat of all our consciousness, is almost as thoroughly ignored as if man were a mere galvanic battery, and his soul a transient phenomenon that disappeared with the dissolution of his body.

It is now a quarter of a century since I demonstrated before a New York audience and before a scientific committee of investigation, that an anthropology had been established on an experimental, positive basis; and that committee reported that my demonstrations "opened a field of investigation second to no other in the promise of important future results to science and humanity."

My system of anthropology has been published and the edition all sold fifteen years since. My *Journal of Man* has been read by thousands; and thousands who have attended my lectures—among whom were some of the foremost minds of the country—have learned the truth, the importance and the grandeur of the new anthropology, many of whom, by cerebral experiments and by the practice of psychometry, have given conclusive proofs to other thousands, and yet the great world, absorbed in other thoughts, moves on unconscious of the existence of a true anthropology, as it moved on traveling in the old way two hundred and fifty years after Blasco de Garay had demonstrated in Spain the practicability of the steamboat.

So it has always been. Generations must pass away before a new philosophy can be accepted. Yet when I see grave errors in social philosophy, in medical science, in the treatment of insanity and in the proper conception of man's immortal nature, and finally an inroad of materialism from the realms of physical science, I am strongly tempted to enter again the field of scientific propaganda and assert for anthropology its true position at the head of all the sciences—the topmost height of terrestrial knowledge, in eternal correlation with the Divine.

New York, Dec. 14, 1868.

THE NEW NICKEL COINS.—The denominations of the new coins are to be one, three and five cents, and they are to be composed of one-fourth nickel and three-fourths copper. The one cent coin is to weigh a grain and a half, and will be about the size of the five cent silver coin which some of the existing inhabitants of the United States will recollect to have seen. The three and five cent pieces are to be about the size of the one and two cent coppers now in use, and will weigh respectively three and five grains. The new coin is to be legal tender for a dollar except for duties on imports, and all the existing nickel and copper coins will be withdrawn.

New Zealand has yielded \$11,630,000 in gold since 1865.

One million postage stamps are daily used in the United States.



BY MR. ELIZA M. HICKOK.

Sometime the shadows of Death's dark night,  
Will shut me out from my loved ones' sight, -  
And they 'll weep as I glide away ;  
But I shall know sorrow and darkness no more,  
And I 'll wait and watch till I welcome them o'er  
To the light of an endless day.

From the London "Human Nature" for December.

### Mr. Home's Manifestations.

## THE FIRE TEST.

...e have at last resumed our meetings; ...  
...tion, like everything else must end

[illegible]

them; they won't believe it possible." Mr. Home then proceeded to the hearth, and, breaking up the back of burning coal with his hands, placed a lump, the size of a very large orange, on the palm of his hand, and then, still addressing the invisible guests, continued to throw the coal about the room, so that the coal about for three or four minutes on his hand, having allowed each of us to test the intense heat, he put it back on the grate, and, to further satisfy us, showed his hands, which were not even blackened, and, strange to say, emitted a perfume, to which he called attention. After a moment's pause, in which, evidently, a discussion was going on between the invisibles themselves, Mr. Home said, "I will burn a lump of the phenomenon, take another lump of burning coal, and say one side will be black." He then proceeded to the hearth, and selected the hottest incandescent lump of coal, not quite so large as the last, but burning hot; then turning round to us, said, "Only imagine, they will not allow it possible." He then thrust his head into the grate, holding his face over the burning coals, and revolving the flame points on his hair, and, in a few moments, he came out, his hair something awfully solemn. I might all but say terrible in this ordeal, the dread fire test, that stands on the highways of the past warning mankind of the horrors of the power of superstition. Withdrawing his face from the flames, "See," he said, "Daniel has not burnt a fibre of the hair of his head." I cannot conceal that I shuddered. But the fire test did not terminate here; walking slowly to the left, he said, "I will further convince you of the truth of the phenomenon. Now, my lord, if you are not afraid, I will place the coal on your hand." I interrupted, and professed my hand, but was soon warned that my power could not shield me; though I only touched the burning coal on the dark side, and that for a moment, I burnt my finger. With singular *gang froid* force, the coal on his palm, I closely watched what was passing; the heat of the coal was intense, sufficient to have charred an inch plank right through. Mr. Home said, "Now, I will further convince them (meaning the invisible guests), and, taking the other hand of Lord pressed both hands firmly upon the glowing ember. The heat permeated through the back of the hands, which felt as if fire; the coal could be seen to glow, and, in a minute, the gap was relaxed, and, on examining the hands of Lord —, not a trace of injury, or burn, or even blackness, was visible. Fortunately we had a good clear light in the room, and those present, by their quiet and thorough investigation, aided to satisfy beyond doubt that the marvelous fire test applied to a guest who was not a medium was really being witnessed.

Mr. Home then turned to us and said, "I have now proved them wrong; their incredulity is pretty well conquered; but they want some other spirits to try, who does not understand how this is done. Well, let him; but they must not hurt Daniel; but I do not think he (meaning the spirit) knows how to manage the experiment." He then proceeded to the hearth, and, taking a small piece of coal, not thoroughly hot or glowing, said, "I just see, Daniel has burnt his hand." Mr. Home now stepped up to a side-table, upon which was placed a flower-stand, and holding

CHIA

OHIO,

If there are any Societies or neighborhoods wanting a speaker of this character, I am prepared to accommodate them when not otherwise engaged. Address, Richmond, Ind.

K. GRAVES.

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## ILLINOIS.

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### Note from a Thinker.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT— I have received your paper for some time, and you may consider me a life subscriber. I must congratulate you at the close of the old year (which is now dying to give a glorious birth to the new year,) for the successes which your journal has achieved in a few years in the United States, and the high appreciation which it receives abroad. So it must be; science marches on, although its advocates may be sometimes foully misrepresented and slandered by the ignoramus or by the false deceiver, many of whom may be found in the pulpit of the meek and lowly Nazarene, pretending to advocate his principles; but they not only falsify his doctrine in their sermons, but in their actions. There are but few persons in this country who are really scientific; the first is yours, and all co-operating with you on the same platform, and the *Phrenological Journal*. The latter, however, I have this objection to: that it borders too much on the materialistic. True, it says, "The brain is the organ of the mind," but there it stops; it confines itself to physical phenomena, causes and effects. But

Yours truly,  
Chicago, Dec. 1868.

Chicago, Dec. 1904.

**Chicago.**

Chicago, Dec. 23d, 1868.

[illegible]

NEW YORK.

### A Spirited Story

Now, Messrs. Editors, I should like to know if there is anybody else within the *Banner of Light's* travels who has known or heard of this case before? If any, speak, for I should like to know. It was just as likely to be a truth revealed then as now. What do you say?

Yours truly,  
ASHLEY CLARK.

Montage, N. 1., Dec. 10, 1888.

**SCANDAL LANE.**

So secret and so shy;  
Although the tenants oftentimes  
Include the rich and high.  
I'm told they're even cannibals,  
And when they dine or sup,  
By way of change they'll turn about  
And eat each other up!

They much prefer the youthful, sir,

## LIST OF LECTURERS.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of any appointments, or of any changes in the same, wherever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed.]

**J. MADISON AILEEN**, Ancora, N. J.  
**F. FANNIE ALLEN** will speak in Vineland, N. J., Jan. 3, Jan. 3 and 10; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 11 and 13; in Rochester, N. Y., during February; in Syracuse during March; in New York, during April; in New Bedford, Mass., during May; in East Boston, during June, and in Boston, Mass., during May.

**Mrs. ANNA E. ALLEN** (late Hill), Inspirational speaker, 129 South Main St., Lowell, Mass.

**M. MADISON ALEXANDER**, Inspirational and trances speaker, Chicago, Ill., will answer calls East or West.

**W. MADISON ALEXANDER**, Inspirational speaker, Uticbush, Mass.

**HARRISON ANGLIER**, trances speaker, Calamus Station, Iowa.

**JAMES G. ALLIN**, Springfield, Mass.

**Rev. J. J. ANDERS**, Springfield, Mass.

**Dr. J. T. AMOS**, 300, Rochester, N. Y.

**MARY A. AMPHLETT**, care J. Stolz, M. D., Dayton, O.

**Rev. J. J. ANDERS**, Springfield, Mass.

**MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES** will lecture in New York (Everett Hall) during January, in Salem, Mass., during February, in East Boston during March. Permanent address, 67 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

**Dr. A. P. HARRIS**, Uticbush, Centre, Vt.

**Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN**, P. O. drawer 3656, Chicago, Ill.

**Mrs. ABBY N. BURNHAM**, Inspirational speaker, 25 East Boston, during March.

**Dr. A. D. BARTON**, Inspirational speaker, Boston, Mass.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF, 1061 Washington street, Boston, Mass.  
REV. JOSEPH C. GILL, Belvidere, Ill.  
DR. L. P. GRIGGS, Inspirational, box 409, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
MRS. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON, Treasure City, Nevada.  
KERSEY GRAVES, Richmond, Ind.  
JAMES H. GRAY, Lawrence, Mass., will answer all telegrams

Mrs. C. L. GAGE, trance speaker, corner of Barrow and Washington streets, New York.

DR. W. H. C. MARTIN, 173 Winchester street, Hartford, Conn.  
A. L. E. NASH, lecturer, Rochester, N. Y.  
C. NORWOOD, inspirational speaker, Ottawa, Ill.  
J. WM. VAN NAME, Deerfield, Mich.  
W. M. ODEEN, Salem, Ill.  
GEORGE A. PERCEC, inspirational, box 87, Auburn, Me.  
MRS. E. N. PALMER, trance speaker, Big Flats, N. Y.  
MRS. PIKE, lecturer, St. Louis, Mo.  
MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, trance speaker, New Albany Ind.  
A. A. POND, inspirational speaker, Rochester Depot, Ohio.

LYDIA ANN PEARBALL, Inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich.

N. L. H. WILLIS, M. D., 16, 16 Twenty-fourth street, near Fifth ave  
 Mrs. S. E. WARNER, box 328, Davenport, Iowa.  
 P. L. WADSWORTH, 399 South Morgan street, Chicago, Ill.  
 W. W. WAGNER, 1000 North Main, Boston, Mass.  
 Mrs. M. E. WOLCOTT, Canton, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.  
 J. PACE, E. WINDFELD, Clyde, O.  
 Mrs. J. W. WILSON, 6013, 9th National, box 5019, New York.  
 LOUIS WAIKIROKIKI, Carthage, Mo., care Colby Harrington.  
 WILLIAM F. WESTWOOD, trance speaker, Oswego, N. Y.  
 Mrs. MARY J. WILCOXSON, care J. Spettigue, 192 South  
 Chicago, Ill.  
 Mrs. MARY E. WILKES, 182 Elm street, Newark, N. J.  
 Dr. R. G. WELLS, trance speaker. Address, 14 Brown street,  
 Cambridge, Mass.  
 Mrs. J. M. WILLIS, 75 Windsor street, Cambridgeport, Mass.  
 A. B. WHITING, Alton, Minn.  
 Mrs. W. W. WILSON, trance speaker, Janesville, Wis.  
 A. A. WIERLOKE, Toledo, O., box 634.  
 Mrs. S. A. WILLIS, Lawrence, Mass., P. O. box 473.  
 Dr. J. J. W. WILSON, 100 West 14th street, New York.  
 Mrs. HATTIE E. WILSON will speak in Marblehead, Mass.,  
 Jan. 10 and 11. Address, 100 West 14th street, New York.  
 W. W. WILSON, trance speaker, 100 West 14th street, New York.  
 I. WARDEN WOODSON, trance speaker, Hastings, N. Y.  
 B. W. WOODSON, 100 West 14th street, New York.  
 J. G. WHITNEY, inspirational speaker, Rock Grove City,  
 Floyd Co., Iowa.  
 Mrs. W. W. WILLIAMS, Hannibal, Oswego Co., N. Y., box 41.  
 ELIJAH WOODWARD, inspirational speaker, Lealito, Miss.  
 A. C. WOODHUFF, Hattie Creek, Miss.  
 Mrs. W. W. WYATT, trance speaker in Leominster, Mass., Jan.  
 10. Address, Northboro', Mass.  
 Mrs. FANNETT, York, trance speaker, care *Runner of Light*,  
 Mt. S. A. S. W. J. YOUNG, Hobe City, Idaho Territory.



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

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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1869.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Says A. B. French, President of the Ohio State Society, and traveling Agent of the American Association, a man of large experience. "It is not questions that we want, it is not songs, it is not new gymnastics, as much as it is soul-baptism in the work."

It was eminently fitting that Mrs. Mary Davis should be called to preside over the deliberations of this Convention, her own harmonious spirit and holy devotion to this special work tending to develop that fraternal feeling and earnestness of purpose which seems to have characterized its sessions.

### Corroboration of Spirit Messages.

The message of Frank E. Wales, on our sixth page, taken in connection with the peculiar manifestation, was sufficient to fully establish his identity. Mr. White being absent, Mr. L. B. Wilson was unexpectedly called to preside at the circle as Chairman. Mrs. Wilson was also present, and sat near the medium. Frank Wales was a dear and intimate friend of theirs. He was a most exemplary young man, and had passed to the spirit-world but four days previous, at the age of twenty-one, after a lingering illness of consumption. During his sickness Mr. and Mrs. Wilson visited him almost daily, and he, knowing that they were firm believers in Spiritualism, often introduced the subject, with an evident anxiety to learn what he could of the hereafter. He expressed an earnest hope that he would find all they had said, to be true. They furthermore told him they believed that "Birdie," their daughter, in spirit-life, would be able to assist him to return. A mutual agreement was made between them that he should manifest through some medium as soon as he found it possible to do so.

It seems that "Birdie" did aid him. Her parents both present, and the spirit being in rapport with them, made conditions more favorable for so early a return, and accounts for his speaking personally to them. His body had been removed that forenoon from his mother's residence, in this city, to North Bridgewater, for burial.

The words uttered, and the manifestation of the weakness which pervaded his system during the latter part of his sickness, together with the peculiar cough, all were strikingly characteristic of the person represented. His words were few, and given in a low and feeble tone, but they were sufficient for a first attempt. To Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, if to no one else, this was a good test of the ability of spirit friends to return and communicate with their earth friends, when conditions are such that they can.

The communication was given in so low a tone that the reporter did not catch all the words. For instance, in speaking of "Birdie's" helping him, he said, "She thought it would be grand if I could come so soon." Alluding to his father, he said, "He is getting along nicely." The word "cousins" should have been reported twice.

Another Corroboration.—Also in this issue will be found the message of Wm. W. Wardall. We forwarded a proof of the message to Mr. Wilder, with the request that he would examine the records, to test the correctness of the message. He returned the following answer:

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, DEC. 29, 1868.  
EDMUND BAKER, of Lowell, Wm. W. Wardall was Sergeant in Company C, 1st Regiment Massachusetts Cavalry, in 1863. Promoted to 2d, and then 1st Lieutenant, in 1863 and 1864, and killed in action on the 28th of May, at Egan's Church, Va., as appears by the records in the Adjutant General's Office, which I have examined. Truly yours, as ever,  
D. WILDER.

### Music Hall Meetings.

Professor William Denton closed his engagement at Music Hall, Boston, Sunday afternoon, December 27th, by a lecture on "The Way to be Happy." The hall was filled even to the upper gallery, by as respectable an audience as gathered anywhere in the city on that day, and by far the largest. His remarks were based upon the necessity of bodily health, and mental and moral freedom, as component parts of earthly happiness. We shall print a synoptical report of his lecture soon.

At the close of his address, the choir, by special request of many of the audience, rendered with great feeling that favorite song, by Dr. J. P. Ordway, "Dreaming of Home and Mother." During the services, Dr. Ordway's new song, just issued, entitled "Why not help your fellow-man?" was sung with fine effect.

Dr. F. L. H. Williams  
Of New York, will give his closing lecture at Music Hall, next Sunday. The Doctor's well-known reputation as one of the ablest exponents of Spiritualism, precludes the necessity of any commendatory remarks from us.

### Our Lyceums.

The EAST BOSTON LYCEUM holds its regular meetings at Webster Hall, Webster street, (corner of Orleans) East Boston, on Sunday mornings, at 10 o'clock. Its officers consist of J. T. Freeman, Conductor; L. P. Freeman, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. M. S. Jenkins, Guardian; Mrs. C. F. Freeman, Assistant Guardian, together with a good number of Guards, Leaders, &c.—in all, twenty persons. The roll of scholars numbers sixty-four; average attendance, forty-eight, exclusive of officers, the majority of whom are present at every session. The exercises at its meetings are similar to those of kindred organizations: singing, Silver-Chain recitations, etc. In the answering of questions by the Groups, it is made a specialty that every member should say something. The Groups in the Banner March carry small flags of the color of their badges, instead of the "Stars and Stripes," the latter being borne by the Guardian and her assistant.

Although the members of this Lyceum are scattered over a large territory, and have therefore to contend with many disadvantages, particularly in winter, yet there is no apparent reason why success should not attend it, as a feeling of interest is manifest, and harmony prevails in its ranks.

### Shall we have a Spiritual Temple in Boston?

"A Friend," in answer to our proposition in last week's *Banner*, sends us ten dollars toward the amount necessary to build a Spiritual Temple in the city of Boston, where Spiritualists may worship and Children's Lyceums be held. Who will follow suit? All moneys received by us for this purpose will be duly acknowledged and religiously cared for, until the auspicious moment arrives when they can be legitimately absorbed in an edifice that Spiritualists may look upon with just pride.

### The Missionary Work.

A. E. Carpenter proposes to lecture in Winchester, Tuesday, Jan. 5th, Manchester, 6th, Wrentham, 7th, Melrose, 9th.

Don't fail to read the well-written and interesting article entitled, "Review of an Orthodox Sermon," in this number of our paper.

### A Happy New Year to all our Readers.

May the blessing of prosperity make your hearts glad, generous, open—so that the Angel of BENEVOLENCE can enter and abide therein, to the end that the less fortunate of our Father's children here—the destitute poor—may be made comfortable, the sick administered to, and the erring persuaded to pursue the better way.

May this good angel also influence you to extend a helping hand to spirits in prison, who, though out of the form, need not only the warmest sympathy but the fullest cooperation of the educated in mortal to bring them up out of darkness into light. Millions there are, as many Spiritualists are aware, who must take their first lesson on the road to Progression by coming into magnetic rapport with the people of earth, notwithstanding this important fact is as yet but feebly understood. The holiest duty, therefore, a Spiritualist can perform is to encourage those who have passed on in ignorance—poor, imprisoned souls, who are not aware that their unhappy surroundings are the result of the unfavorable influences and conditions under which they were born and lived. Kind words, fresh and unadulterated from the heart, are more potent to bring these undeveloped ones to a realizing sense of their true condition than all the sermons Old Theology could utter in a thousand years. Never cast off any, who may come to you, with the idea that they are "evil spirits," for you may not know but that they are "entertaining angels unawares." Then Father-God and Mother-Nature will surely bless you, for the free-will offering of a generous heart.

"Droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed:  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

### Children's Lyceum Exhibition.

The Children's Lyceum No. 1, of this city, gave an entertainment in Mercantile Hall, Wednesday evening, December 30th. All things considered, it was the best affair of the kind it has given, and richly deserved the compliment of a crowded house, though we regret to say such was not the case. The various performances were a credit to all who took part in them.

The intellectual advancement in this Lyceum is strikingly perceptible, and highly gratifying. And it shows, too, the importance of better sustaining such an institution in our midst. The Lyceum is the basic fabric on which we are to build a permanent structure. Let us not unwisely neglect it.

### Radical Talk.

We find the following in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. It is from the pen of Dr. F. B. Randolph:

"No judge or jury that ever tried a victim for his liberty or life, was or is competent to tell how far a man was responsible for any given deed; for he may have done it as a sort of blithering proxy-slumbering yet gathering force for long periods, and breaking out in any given moment of our lives, when chemical or other states were exactly right for that sort of development; hence present prison codes are a humbug, law courts a solemn farce, justice a tragedy, the gallows an infamous ulcer on the body politic, a blunder; and this partly because we forget bodies, but God makes souls, and if by folly we build bad tenements, what wonder that the tenants often grow irksome and raise hell where heaven ought to reign?"

### Miss Pittsinger's Readings.

Miss Eliza A. Pittsinger, the California poetess and reader, gave an entertainment in this city, on the evening of December 23d, in Horticultural Hall. A fair sized audience greeted her, and undoubtedly many more would have been present had not the price of admission been one dollar, when there were so many other entertainments the same evening at less price. The selections from popular authors were quite varied, but we noticed her own poems received the heartiest applause—and they justly deserved it, for she is a good writer. We believe it is her intention to visit Washington soon, where she will probably give readings.

### James H. Powell in Indiana.

On Sunday, December 28th, Mr. Powell commenced a year's engagement to lecture Sundays for the Society of Spiritualists in Terre Haute. The *Express* and the *Journal*, of that place, devote each a column or more to a report of his first lecture. The Society appears to be in a flourishing condition. Dr. Pence, a generous and firm Spiritualist, gives the Society the free use of his fine hall. Mr. Powell will accept engagements to lecture week-evenings at convenient distances. We hope our friends in Indiana will keep him busy, for he is an earnest and faithful worker.

### Beecher's Sermons.

S. S. Jones, Esq., of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, says he is going to print Beecher's sermons. We inaugurated the publication of these sermons eleven years ago! Rather late in the day, isn't it, Bro. Jones, to go back to Beecherism, now that we have so firmly established the Philosophy of the nineteenth century—SPIRITUALISM? We paid six hundred dollars a year for reporting these sermons, and always considered that sum more than they were worth.

### We have in Press.

And shall soon publish, a new work entitled "THE GOSPEL OF GOOD AND EVIL." It is written from rare ability, and will command an extensive sale. It will be printed on tinted paper, and bound in beveled boards.

### "The Fire Test."

In this week's issue we print an account of a most extraordinary manifestation—the fire test—given through the mediumship of the celebrated D. D. Home. It will be read with the deepest interest.

### A Good Physician.

John T. Gillman Pike, M. D., Pavilion, 67 Tremont street, Boston, is one of the best physicians in the city. In cases of neuralgia and paralysis he is very successful, as well as with most other diseases.

WORKINGMEN'S INSTITUTE.—A meeting of the members of this Institute was held Tuesday evening in Tremont Row, under the presidency of Mr. Geo. McNeill, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Mr. Ira Stewart; Vice Presidents, Mr. James Lakin, Mrs. E. L. Daniels; Secretaries, Mr. H. Daniels, Mrs. W. B. Stewart; Treasurer, J. B. Bates; Trustees, Messrs. Ira Stewart, J. B. Bates, Geo. McNeill.

The Institute was formed two and a half years since for the purpose of promoting the labor-reform movement, and has been aided by a few leading public men who have taken an interest in the cause. There had usually been some difficulty, however, in raising funds to meet the rent of hall and other current expenses. On this occasion several members pledged themselves to be responsible for certain sums, which in the aggregate were sufficient to defray the expenses for the ensuing year. Fifteen and a half dollars, the proceeds of a Sunday meeting in Cambridge, was also appropriated to the same purpose.

### Prompt Response.

It was suggested by several of our patrons that each one send us a new subscriber, in order to keep up the circulation of the *Banner of Light*, and thereby spread the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy broadcast over the land. Quite a number have responded by sending one or more names, with the money. Friends, you have our heartfelt thanks for helping us on in the good cause we are earnestly working for. The *Spirit-World* will not fail to recognize and appreciate your disinterested labors.

In addition to the names given in our last, we append the following:

W. T. French sends two additional names from Ohio.

B. T. Horn forwards eleven dollars as his yearly donation toward circulating the *Banner of Light*.

Dr. Horace Dresser sends \$3 for a new subscriber.

Wm. Burgess sends pay for an extra subscriber. S. W. Richmond also sends the money for two new ones, as the best means of spreading, as he says, "the most sublime philosophy—the most soul-satisfying religion ever promulgated."

V. Carpenter renews his subscription, and sends \$3 for a new subscriber.

H. P. B., Jr., sends the money for an extra subscription, and says, "It is for my father—seventy-eight years old—rapidly approaching the Summer-land. He is anxiously inquiring for something to satisfy him that all will be well with him in the hereafter. I knew of no better source than the *Banner of Light* to gain the information he so much desires. Having been a member of an Orthodox Church for twenty or thirty years, he has failed to find rest for his weary spirit there. May angels help him to read and fully understand this 'new religion,' (to him at least,) that when he is called hence, he may pass over the river with joy and delight."

Written for the *Banner of Light*.

### INSPIRATION.

BY GRACE LELAND.

It comes, it comes, the tide of spirit-foelling,  
The inspiration from the spheres on high,  
The opening of the golden gates, revealing  
The shining wealth unseen by mortal eye,  
The hidden treasures of the radiant sky.

Oh, how that stream of gladness pours down  
From that rich Heaven to needy Earth below!  
The patient, weary hearts, that all unknown  
Each to the other, bear their weight of woe,  
Drink of this same pure well-spring's silver flow.

The temple wherein I, myself, abide,  
Stands in that flood of pure and holy light;  
I only have to open its portals wide,  
And all things beautiful, and fair, and bright,  
Flow in to inner sense of sound and sight.

Open wide the gates! the temple of my soul  
Waits for that radiant flood of life and light—  
Open wide the gates! ah me! how slow they roll  
Upon each rusty hinge! for doors of night,  
Care, wrong and sin have left theiron their blight.



## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Read the advertisement of "Agents Wanted" to sell the Fountain Pen, a favorite with everybody who uses it.

Postage stamps frequently fall from letters, an evil which a little care would obviate. Both sides of stamps should be wetted at the time they are affixed; for if only the gummy side is made wet, it will contract while the other will expand, and its adhesion made risky.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER will lecture before the Mercantile Library Association in the Music Hall on Wednesday evening, January 13.

The famous Grand Duchess de Gersolstein Schneider received a bracelet valued at \$15,000 from an English lord during her visit to Baden-Baden. The donor's name and title were set in diamonds. "What a pity," exclaimed the actress, when she received it, "that he is not a Spanish nobleman—his name would have been so much longer." More diamonds and less "Lord!"

The way to spread a matter—charge the Grunds with profound secrecy. It will go out in every first train.

GEORGE STEARNS, Esq., of Hudson, Mass., edits the *Pioneer*, published in that town. He is an able writer.

At a recent meeting of the "Radical Club" in this city, Mr. R. W. Emerson is reported to have said "that it was for woman to decide what her political status should be; that once she believed the practical advocacy of universal suffrage would find no support from tender and superior women, but that now those who most shrunk from a painful duty were at the same time most eager to perform it, and look forward to its consummation as a moment to be seriously hailed."

Mr. Anthony Trollope recently delivered a lecture on Education in England, in which he accorded to the United States the credit of having surpassed all other nations in popular education.

The population of the United States, taken by revenue officers, approaches thirty-seven millions. About a ninth of the whole are colored persons.

STARTLING REVELATIONS.—It is not likely the grocers and butchers are any more depraved than other trades and business men in New York. But the monstrous revelations now making in the *New York World* as to the dishonesty practiced in weights and measures, and the diabolism in adulterations and poisonings, should drive sleep from every eye and appetite from every stomach, and in some way the evil is abated. The *World* is earning the gratitude of every honest man and woman by these astounding disclosures.—*Revolution*.

Mr. Walt Whitman is said to have been for a long time "engaged on a poem, or a series of poems, intended to touch the religious and spiritual wants of humanity, with which he proposes to round off and finish his celebrated *Leaves of Grass*."

PREMONITION.—The wife of Capt. Henry C. Dean, one of the oldest residents of Oxford, aroused her husband a few nights since, saying that she heard some one knocking. He arose, but could find no one, and coming back to the bed found her dead. "It was Azrael, angel of death," whose knock she heard.—*Azrael*.

George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has offered to erect in Central Park, New York, at his own expense, a stone statue of Benjamin Franklin, by the sculptor Baily, and the offer has been accepted.

A citizen of Burlington, Vt., has invented a clock that runs by electricity, and never requires winding. It has only three wheels, no weights or springs, and it is claimed that it has little friction, is not affected by heat, cold, dampness or jarring. A single clock and battery can be connected with any number of dials and indicators, in the same building, or even along the whole line of a railway.

It is said that one green tarlatan dress pattern contains enough arsenic to kill three men, but then a dress is not taken internally.

It is creditable to man that he has, within the last thirty years, voluntarily and in tangible form, recognized the fact that woman is, to some extent, entitled to rights of which she has long been deprived by him, but which he has himself enjoyed.—*Ex*.

It would be more creditable if he went still further and gave her all her just rights.

Some men dislike the dust kicked up by the generation they belong to, so that, being unable to pass, they lag behind.

Most biographies make an error as to the age of the Pope. It is stated on his own authority that he was born in 1790, and is, accordingly, seventy-eight years of age instead of seventy-six, as is commonly believed.

## EXCELSIOR.

Put out thy talents to their use—  
Lay nothing by to rust;  
Give vulgar ignorance thy scorn,  
And innocence thy trust.  
Rise to thy proper place in life—  
Trample upon all sin.  
But still the gentle hand hold out  
To help the wandering;  
So live, in faith and noble deed,  
Till earth returns to earth—  
So live that men shall mark the time  
Gave such a mortal birth.

Uncle—"I dare say when I take you home again, Charlie, your mamma will have a nice present for you. What would you like best, my boy—a little brother or a little sister?" Charlie (after some consideration)—"Well, if it makes no difference to me, I'd rather have a little pony."

The French have discovered that the white of an egg given in sweetened water is a sure cure for the croup. The remedy is to be repeated till a cure is effected.

A lady of distinction gave a fancy ball not long since, and in order to be distinguished placed a servant at the door to announce the costumes as they entered. A couple of ladies appeared in full ball-room dress. "What costume shall I announce?" asked the servant. "We are not in costume," they replied. "Two ladies without costume," shouted the servant, to the horror of everybody.

James Parton writes in *Packard's Monthly*: "If you look into the early life of truly helpful men, those who make life easier and nobler to those who come after them, you will almost invariably find that they lived purely in the days of their youth. In early life the brain, though abounding in vigor, is sensitive and very susceptible to injury—and this to such a degree that a comparatively brief and moderate indulgence in vicious pleasures appears to lower the tone and impair both the delicacy and efficiency of the brain for life. This is not preaching, boys, it is simply the truth of science."

Jerusalem illuminated recently on the receipt of an edict from the Sultan liberating the city forever from military service and from the payment of any taxes levied on account of military operations.

## New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,  
544 BROADWAY.

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

## Large Assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books.

Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty-two volumes, in any and substantially bound in cloth; Nature's Divine Revelations, 15th edition, Great Harmonies, in five volumes, each complete—Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer, and Thinker, Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author, Penetrator, Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions, Morning Lectures (20 discourses), History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, Philosophy of Spiritual Providence and Free Thought, Concerning Religion, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Harmonium, Arabella, or Divine Guest, Stellar Key to the Summer-Land, Harmonical Man, Spirit Mysteries explained, Inner Life, Truth versus Theology, and Memoranda. Whole set (twenty-two volumes) \$26; a most valuable present for a library, public or private.

Four books by Warren Chase—Life Line; Fugitive Wife; American Crisis, and List of Spiritualism—can be had for \$2. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$6; postage 50 cts.

Persons sending us \$10 in one order can get the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed book rates. Send no other orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

London Spiritual Magazine, a most valuable monthly, mailed on receipt of price, 30 cents. Human Nature, also a London monthly of rare merit, price 25 cents. The *Reformer*, a Chicago spiritual monthly, can be had at our store; and also the *Radical*, the ablest monthly published in our country on religious subjects, and fully up to its name. We also have our department of books, comprising nearly all the books and papers in print on our widespread and fast spreading philosophy of Spiritualism.

## Useful and Useless.

We are not fully satisfied how far it is the duty of each human being to be useful to others to the extent of his or her ability, but we do certainly see a vast and wide difference in the real and practical value of many persons of apparently equal ability. At this time we will take for illustration two classes of females, who can be seen on the sidewalks of Broadway every fair day, and one class of them in stormy weather also. They are of about equal intellectual ability, but often differently educated. We allude to those who go to the shops and stores and work certain hours of the day, and often go and return in the snow and rain, on foot or in the crowded cars, and who earn their scanty pay, but not at the loss of health of body or mind, and who are better for the labor, if not too severe; equally moral and virtuous, and far more useful to society and their friends than the other class of respectable ladies who feel themselves above labor, and only walk up and down the street to display rich clothing, new fashions, and do a little shopping and call on their acquaintances in the stores, then hurry home—not to get supper, but to get ready for the party, the theatre or the ball, while the poor working girl has to help do the work at home, after her day's work in the shop. We do not object to either of these respectable classes pursuing their choice in life if they can, but what we do object to is the public estimate of value placed on classes, which we think is in a reverse ratio to real merit. It may be serviceable to carry or drag rich dry goods up and down the street merely to show them, or to show the ability to wear them at somebody's expense, but to us it seems more useful to manufacture some useful article, to work in a kitchen, or shop, or store.

In no place we have ever visited, except, perhaps, the nation's capital, have the two classes been so constantly and so prominently represented as in the main thoroughfares of New York. The pride of wealth and folly of fashion are here in full display on pleasant days; and every day, at morn and early evening, the useful girls move up and down by thousands to places of business, often weary and careworn, but saving for friends the small pittance, by walking instead of riding, even in the storm and without umbrellas.

We are among those who believe in a law of compensations and a full reward for usefulness, although, to our vision, the heart breaks and hand falls and body dies before it comes. Yet, knowing there is a continued or renewed life beyond, where much that awaits us is the result of our life here, we feel that each will, in that if in this stage of being, get all the pay that is due for good, practical application of time and talents to the best advantage of the race. Punishments for follies we do not count upon, but rewards we feel sure will come in due time to all.

It is no uncommon incident to see the most costly and extravagant clothing and trimmings, amounting in cost to thousands of dollars, on a lady who has never earned in her life, by any useful labor, the value of her head or feet dress. She has a perfect right to them and to wear them on exhibition in church or theatre, or on the street, for she came honestly by them; but for our life we cannot see why she is more valuable for wearing them, or entitled to more respect and attention than another poorly dressed, but who has earned her clothes, and helped to earn and pay for those worn by the other and more highly favored one, who only happened to be born of rich parents, or to marry a rich man, or, as is too often the case, finds a way to get at the purse of some rich man, who is neither husband nor father. Pride in itself is not wicked nor injurious, but when a person takes pride in idleness and uselessness, and claims superiority and distinction in society for such qualities, we cannot in our heart feel the justness of the claim. To us labor is noble and holy, and the best and most acceptable prayer to God, if it be applied to the benefit of others and advancement of the race.

## Labor and Living.

The editor of the *New York Sun*, in commenting upon the changes of the last eight years in our country, very truly says:

"The price of living has, on the average, more than tripled, though the wages of labor, advancing with a slower step, have only doubled. The income which enabled one to live luxuriously before the war, will now scarcely suffice to bring the two ends of the year together. The poor feel the pinchings of a severe poverty, and the man of moderate means can barely meet current demands through assiduous industry and rigid economy. Old men, who by years of toil and frugality fondly hoped they had laid up in store a sufficiency for their declining days, find themselves compelled to resume active pursuits that they may eke out their existence; while young men, who are now commencing to fight the battle, are learning that they are citizens of a very different country from that in which their fathers dwelt when they attained their majority."

This is sufficient defence for the many "strikes"—efforts to establish by law less hours for a day's labor, and the many rude efforts at organization and protection among laborers in the various branches of industry. In our view, the strikes are of little practical utility, and often injurious to both parties, in which the capitalist can best afford to bear it.

Eight and ten hour laws we believe are good, and always vote for the smallest number, but these also fail to relieve the laborer. The true remedy, we believe, is in organization, cooperation, and self-protection—protection not so much from employers as from the shameful swindling of those who speculate in the necessities of life, and fix the ruinous prices which the poor alone have to pay. The rich man buys his coal and flour, and other necessities, in the summer or fall, or at times of lowest price, or loaning the dealer

money to buy with, contracts for it at lowest wholesale prices, while the poor laborer, compelled to get his supplies daily or weekly, has to pay often two, four, or even eight times as much. We rejoice to see that plans are maturing and movements organizing by the working classes to secure the advantage of wholesale and lowest prices. These measures, when perfected and honestly carried out, and as they surely will be, accompanied by temperance and abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and finally from tobacco, will prove the true remedy and regulator of rates between capital and labor. Laborers in combined cooperation will be capitalists and employers of the individual, and when they are as temperate and economical and as industrious as their employers are with organic cooperation, the strikes will cease, and legal regulations of hours for a day's labor will become obsolete, and the working men and women of our country will be, as they should be, the best, most respectable, most intelligent and most reliable and trustworthy part of our population, as well as the most independent and comfortable in social condition and domestic happiness.

## Tobacco and Rum.

The records against rum and tobacco never fail us. We could compile a volume from each week's testimony of crimes and misery resulting therefrom, and still the people and the sufferers more than tolerate them, even encourage and support those who manufacture and deal in them. We clip the following from a popular New York daily to show that others are on the track of these enemies of human happiness:

"SMOKING.—The *World* makes a strong argument against tobacco smoking, well worth the attention of the public. It declares that in nine cases out of eleven, where insanity has resulted from inebriation, the primary cause was smoking. It also gives the following list of patients in lunatic asylums under treatment for 'confirmed inebriation, resulting in insanity,' who preceded whiskey by tobacco smoking:

Asylums.  
Bloomington, out of 100.....87  
Flint, out of 64.....49  
Fenton, out of 36.....48  
Columbus, G. out of 71.....62

These figures may be somewhat exaggerated, but in the main they are correct, and they should be a warning against the abuse of all narcotics."

## The Cretan War.

On November 19th, says a private letter received at Washington, while the Cretans were engaged in the transportation of munitions of war just landed by the Enosis at Phoenix, in Spakini, they were suddenly attacked by numerous Turkish forces, and an obstinate encounter ensued, continuing the entire day. The Cretans succeeded in saving nearly all their munitions. The Turkish losses are estimated at one hundred and fifty men. The Cretans lost three warriors and carried away sixty-seven wounded. A son of the celebrated Chief, Maros Soysansk, one of the heroes of the anterior revolutions, was severely wounded and captured by the Turks. Other accounts are given, in letters, of additional conflicts between the Turks and Cretans.

## Corrections.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Allow me, while acknowledging the general accuracy of my discourse reported in your last, to correct the following mistakes: Six hundred and fifty thousand copies of the *New York Tribune* are printed every week, and not "six hundred and fifty thousand copies of the *New York Herald* daily." The earth rushes through space, not "through the atmosphere," a thousand times faster than the swiftest locomotive. A planet rushing through the atmosphere at the same rate as the earth passes through space, would produce a wind that would blow the very rocks to atoms.

Your sincere friend, WILLIAM DENTON.  
Wellesley, Mass., Dec. 29, 1868.

## Children's Festival.

The Children's First Progressive Lyceum of Charleston will hold a Festival in Washington Hall, 16 Main street, on Wednesday evening, January 8th, 1869, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Interesting exercises will be given by the children, to be followed by music and dancing for all. A pleasant time is anticipated. All are cordially invited to be present. Admission, 25 cents; children under 12 years, 15 cents. BENJ. L. COBB, Chairman.

G. H. CARTER, Secretary.

## Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

The Annual Convention of this Association will be held in Boston, at the Melancon, (Tremont Temple), Wednesday and Thursday, January 20th and 21st.

As there is to be an election of officers, and other important business matters to come before the Convention, a full attendance is particularly desired.

Let the friends in every part of the State make their arrangements to attend each session.

WILLIAM WHITE, President.

GEO. A. BACON, Cor. Sec'y.

## Particular Notice.

Subscribers who may have occasion to change the address of their papers, should invariably name the town, county and State to which they are sent, as well as the town, county and State to which they desire them forwarded, when they change their localities; otherwise, we must wait until they do so. A little care in this particular will save us a deal of perplexity in endeavoring to hunt up the names in our mailing machine, besides lessening the annoyance such subscribers subject themselves to in consequence of the non-receipt of their papers at the places they desire them sent, through negligence to conform to the necessities of the case.

## Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Sermons are held in this elegant and spacious hall every SUNDAY AFTERNOON, at 2 1/2 o'clock, and will continue until next May, under the management of Mr. L. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with able normal, trance and inspirational speakers. Season tickets (securing a reserved seat), \$2.00; single admission, ten cents. Tickets obtained at the Music Hall office, day or evening, and at the *Banner of Light* office, 158 Washington street.  
Dr. F. L. H. WILLS, of New York, will lecture Jan. 10.

## Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy.  
HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.  
THE RELIGIOUS-PHILANTHROPIST: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. J. Jones, Esq. Single copies can be procured at our counters in Boston and New York. Price 25 cents.  
THE REFORMER: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Published by Hull & Jamieson, Chicago, Ill. Single copies 20 cents.  
THE RADICAL: A Monthly Magazine. Published in Boston. Price 30 cents.

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]  
A. J. MATTHEW, PROPHETSTOWN, ILL.—\$5.00 received.  
MRS. M. K. HAMMOND, N. J.—Manuscripts received and filed for publication.

## Business Matters.

MRS. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4w32.

COUSIN BENNY'S POEMS are for sale at this office. Price \$1.50.

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

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second floor from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. 39.

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. 324w C. D. & I. H. PUGH, Proprietors.

MISS M. K. CASSIEN will sit for spirit answers to sealed letters. Terms \$2.00, and 4 red stamps. Address, 24 Wickliffe st., Newark, N. J. N28.

## PLACES TO BE SHUNNED.

There are some places in this world,  
Which we had better shun,  
Where sin's banners have unfurled,  
And mischief oft is done;  
Let each shun every den of vice,  
Which may to trouble lead,  
And, listening to a friend's advice,  
Be good, patient and content.  
And if your boys need "CLOTHES" to wear,  
Shun those who charge too high—  
Remember FENNO'S, in DOCK SQUARE,  
Is the best place to buy.

## Special Notices.

MATHILDA A. MCCORD, 333 Brooklyn street, St. Louis, Mo. keeps on hand a full assortment of *Spiritual and Liberal Books*, Pamphlets and Periodicals. *Banner of Light* always to be found upon the counter. Aug. 1.

Agents wanted for MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS. Printed terms sent free, postpaid. For address and other particulars, see advertisement in another column. Jan. 2.

## Spiritual and Reform Books.

MRS. H. F. BROWN, AND MRS. LOU H. KIMBALL, 137 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Keep constantly for sale all kinds of Spiritualist and Reform books, at Publishers' prices. July 18.

Herman Snow, at 410 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps for sale a general variety of *Spiritualist and Reform Books* at Eastern prices. Also, *Planchettes*, *Spence's Positive and Negative Powers*, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. 39.13w

BE YE HEALED of whatsoever Disease ye have by the GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY, MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS. Send a brief description of your disease to PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., Box 5817, New York City, and those mysterious, wonderful, new-working Powders will be mailed to you, post paid, for \$1.00. 6 boxes \$5. Jan. 2.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

Advertisements to be Renewed must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Thursdays.

## 10,000 AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED, at once, 10,000 more AGENTS, male and female, local and traveling, in all parts of the UNITED STATES and TERRITORIES. We want as well as East of the Rocky Mountains, also in CANADA and ENGLAND, to assist us in supplying the large and rapidly increasing demand for an article of established merit, small, handsome, portable, saleable, as beautiful as greenbacks, and as easily handled as silver dollars. Do not fail to send for our printed terms to agents, and judge for yourselves whether our terms to agents for the sale of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers, are more liberal than any ever offered to the public.

Address, PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., Box 5817, New York City. Jan. 2.

## DR. J. R. NEWTON

Will be at Exchange Hotel, RICHMOND, VA., On and after January 8th, 1869, for a few weeks. Jan. 2—1w

## MYSTIC WATER

FROM DAVID'S WELL.

NEW BOOK—JUST ISSUED, INSTRUCTIVE COMMUNICATIONS FROM SPIRIT-LIFE.

WRITTEN through the mediumship of Mrs. S. E. PARK, by the instrumentality of her spirit husband, who died this life in 1857. Price 25 cts. postage 10 cts.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORES, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

## MY LOVE AND I.

BY ABBY M. LAFIN FERREE.

PRICE 50 CENTS. For sale by J. C. PARKER, 498 Seventh street, Washington, D. C., and by MRS. FERREE, 118 Prospect street, Georgetown, D. C. Jan. 9.

MRS. HELEN R. LEEDS, who has devoted many years of close study to the subject of Spiritualism and its attendant phenomena, and who has been so widely known for her clear vision, practical application and explanation, would be glad to see her friends again, and all who wish to investigate the subject, at her residence, 26 Dwight street, from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 2 P. M. to 5 P. M. Terms, \$2.50 each interview—not to exceed one hour. 2w—Jan. 9.

MRS. L. W. LITCH, Trance Healing Medium, 2nd floor, 22 Grafton place, near 30 Portland street, Boston. Circles Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Wednesday afternoon at 2. 1w—Jan. 9.

MRS. ARMSTRAD, Test Medium, No. 3 Winthrop place, leading from 159 Washington st., Boston. Jan. 9—3w

GROSVENOR SWAN, M. D., will heal the sick at the Waverley House, Rochester, N. Y., from January 5th until further notice. 2w—Jan. 9.

WILLIAM ALLEN, Healing Medium, residence, Suffolk street, Cambridgeport, Mass. Jan. 9—3w

MRS. A. J. KENISON, Clairvoyant, Impres- sible, and Healing Medium, 157 Harrison Ave., Boston. Jan. 9—3w

SPIRITUALISTS' HOME.—Board by the Day or Week, at 54 Hudson street, Boston. 6w—Jan. 9.

## CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS

OF the following named persons can be obtained at the *Banner of Light* Office, for 25 CENTS EACH: REV. JOHN H. PIERCE, LUTHER COLBY, JUDGE J. W. EDWARDS, WILLIAM WHITE, EMMA HARRINGTON, ISAAC H. RICH, ABRAHAM JAMES, WARREN CHASE, ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, JOAN OF ARC, MRS. J. H. CONANT, ANTOINE (by Anderson), J. M. PEEBLES, THE INDIAN MAIDEN, 50 cents. 6w—Jan. 9.

## FOR SALE.

AN AUTOMATIC GAS MACHINE—has been in use about two years. It is in perfect order. This machine drives gas lighted and out to the very best effect. It burns clean, brilliant and steady. The machine can be seen at the store of TURNER WARE, 27 and 29 Broadfield street, Boston. Dec. 12—1w

## THE APPROACHING CRISIS;

BEING A REVIEW OF DR. BUSINEL'S RECENT LECTURES ON THE BIBLE, NATURE, RELIGION, SKEPTICISM AND THE SUPERNATURAL.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Author of "Nature's Divine Revelations," "Great Harmonies," etc. etc.

Price \$1.00; postage 16 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORES, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

## MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

## RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

D. D. T. MOORE,

Conducting Editor and Proprietor.

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X. A. WILLARD,

EDITOR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF DAIRY HUSBANDRY.

DANIEL LEE, M. D.,

OF TENNESSEE, SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENT EDITOR.

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## Contents of the Rural for January 2.

## RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

Description of a Circular Mansion, with Engraved Elevation and Plans. Our Builders' Department. 5

## FIELD CULTURE.

How to Manage Best with Clover. The Farm. Work-shop: Cotton Culture in the South; Wheat—Its Present and Future Production; Premium Potato Crop. 6

## FARM ECONOMY.

Cattle Racks and Feed Boxes (Illustrated); Grain Sowers; Subsoil Plow; Cement Wanted. 6

## SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

New York Wool Growers' Association. Sheep in the Wool Market; Combs of Agriculture on Reciprocity; Skinned Fleeces; The Winter; Sheep Literature. 7











**DAVID'S WELL.**  
Jan. 9.—1w\*

10 | **DAVID'S WEEK.**  
Jan. 9.—1w\*