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Literary Department.

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THE RECLUSE OF THE HUT.

BY J. H. POWELL.

CHAPTER II.

When misfortune meets the poor, she does not always afflict them. There is oftentimes an antidote to the poison cup of adversity.

The sorrows of Want are sometimes like vapory veils that hide the face of the moon, but which have only an allotted lease of power.

An acquaintance with Poverty does not necessarily entail despair, because experience and endurance may have done their work, teaching the true soul to hope for the best, persevere for the best, and if need be to die for the best. When the victims of Want are inspired with the deathless principles of Virtue, what need they fear? They know the possible worst, and, looking forward to the best, hold fast to energy, prepared to slink beneath the social waves rather than content themselves with idle misery.

The true soul can say at all times, "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of our Heavenly Father." Soul-sustaining consolation to the children of misfortune!

But to the miser how dense is the blackness of misfortune's cloud! His heart, through sad, sad years, knows no sentiment other than his selfish passion for riches. There comes no friend to grasp his hand and breathe into his ear the melody of affection. Like a rank weed in the desert, he shrivels to the biting, killing frost.

In one night the Recluse lost the best half of his treasure. The bank notes consumed by the taper, had they been appropriated for the purpose, would have supplied him with luxuries of clothing and diet for a long life-period.

Old Tom Maunder was a changed man, not in heart but looks. The deep furrows in his cheek told the tale of his agony. The ashy paleness of his face and the lustreless expression of the eye spoke his great sorrow. He had lost a portion of his idol. The deity of his soul had been stricken by lightning, and the best half consumed. The old worshiper was dumb with grief. He did not rave to the mournful bass breeze; but he thought, and his thoughts, like scorpions, stung his soul to tortures. What could he do? How restore his lost treasure? The questions he would repeat to the years, and the years would answer, "Impossible!" and then he would turn to the world and read on its tablets, "Death."

The Recluse, devoted to his gold-deity, and sorrow-stricken at his reverses, for years provisioned himself solely with vegetables and fish. He never dreamed of buying the necessities of life, and spent a portion of his time fishing and herb-gathering.

His external appearance denoted the most abject poverty, and his unsocial spirit bent on the part of the natives the most extreme indifference. So he plodded up the hill of time. Few spoke a kind word to him. All looked upon him as an eccentric, miserable old fool.

On a certain Sabbath morn the Recluse was moodily meditating on the Past and Future, striving vainly to penetrate the gloom which obstructed his soul's eye. It was a bright, frosty morning. The birds caroled matins to the Creator, the waters leaped and laughed in the sunshine, and all Nature joined the chorus of praise. Of a sudden Westham Church bells pealed forth rich welcomes, seeming to say, "Come ye to church." At least they said so to the old miser, for he mechanically obeyed the summons, and found himself seated in a pew where he last sat with his mother. Old associations exercise a potent spell over the heart, especially when long years have intervened and we place ourselves in circumstances which recall the past.

Throughout long years the Recluse had discarded the Church and all the sacred services of religion. He believed all the formularies and preaching favoring what is called "worship" of less value than the antique relics of stone and stained glass belonging to the building. Yet here he was at church, "the observed of all observers." A stranger occupied the pulpit, the Rev. Moses Martain having been gathered to his fathers. The old man learned this by reading a marble tablet, "Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Moses Martain."

A strange influence, such as he never before felt, brought tears to the eyes of the Recluse. The rock of his nature melted a little, and feelings akin to humanity were with him. He thought of his buried mother, and felt a terrible quaking of conscience at his conduct toward her when she was on earth. He thought of the fatal mistake of his later life—the misery entailed upon himself by his idolatry.

His thoughts were broken in upon by the clergyman, who in solemn, loud tones, commenced the sermon with the text, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven."

These words almost congealed the miser's heart's blood. The preacher continued: "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good, and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil; for of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The clergyman descended impressively and eloquently on his theme, which was admirably adapted to the condition of the Recluse, and did not fail to offer a glowing tribute to the Carpenter's Son, showing that a life devoid of service was a life opposed to Christ and unfit for the kingdom of heaven.

Old Tom Maunder sat in the pew almost petrified. The words, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven," blazed on

the tablet of his memory, setting his very soul aglow with a preternatural flame.

How his heart quaked at the awful meaning of the text was forced upon him. He saw himself, in imagination, adjudged guilty before heaven, and consigned to eternal tortures.

"Woe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation!" said the clergyman in deep, impressive tones. The unhappy man was startled from his reflections for an instant, and he fixed his eyes intently on the minister and dared not look at the auditors, for he felt himself condemned and knew that his own face betrayed him.

The service over, the old man, on leaving the church, dropped a few shillings into the poor-box. It was his first good deed. "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good," he muttered to himself as he wended his way to the hut. The sermon had a temporary, good effect upon the heart of the Recluse, for he sincerely resolved to master his miserly habits and spend his remaining gold and life in good deeds, believing that the good God would even save one so lost as himself. Alas! good resolves come seldom, and seldom indeed are they faithfully carried out.

The visit of the old Recluse to the church excited no common interest in the neighborhood of Westham and Pensersey. The gentry and the peasantry alike marvelled at the incident, nor was the donation to the poor-box the least talked about. There would surely something happen. No one doubted the clerk and the sexton, who both vouched for the fact that old Tom Maunder had given something to the poor.

When the miser had comfortably seated himself by his wooden fire, which blazed freely because the fuel only cost the trouble of collecting, he forgot for a short time—blessed space—his life's idol, and, as he reflected deeply, the crackling embers threw upon his sad, pale features a lurid brightness. His heart had been touched by the finger of association, and his whole nature disturbed by the powerful impressiveness of the preacher. He saw himself sitting once again in the same pew, enchained by fetters of sacred truth, but now redeemed from the curse of gold. In this state of mind his frigid nature began to thaw from the warmth of holiness.

But alas! the old man's better nature was subdued. His thoughts of holiness all vanished. He was, in a word, a captive to his idol—a ruined fabric. A few brief hours only had he known the joy of freedom from the chains of gold which held his spirit to the sod. Those few hours proved him more the man than all his wasted years of gold-worship. Oh, that some kind, loving, ministering spirit could stimulate him to self-examination and self-improvement, and so divert his soul from dazzling death to true, humanly life. But not the Recluse owns a nature which repels angelic influences. The seeds of the wrong door spring up in the soil of neglect, scorn and repulsion. If men wickedly force themselves out of the dreary of social virtue, they must reap the consequences. The old Recluse had all along ignored society and taken upon himself the character of misanthrope. He, having sown the wind, must reap the whirlwind.

Society has little commiseration at best for the sufferings of its own members, and it is perfectly callous to those of its outlaws, especially when outlawry, as in the case of the Recluse, is self-imposed. There came seasons when the old man recalled the church and its preacher, his own resolves and their fruitlessness. He sighed, too, for some kindly adviser and sympathizer; but none came to him.

It was then that he felt how terrible was the mistake of his life, and how inexorable the law of retribution. What value now was his heap of glittering baubles? They could not purchase one single hour's real happiness; all they could do was to rear a golden wall between him and happiness. His cup of misery was full to overflowing. He prayed that it might pass from him, but his prayer was unanswered. In vain he strove to pursue a course of reflection favorable to remorse and repentance. The all-absorbing passion for gold gained the mastery and crushed out of his soul the diviner life.

He mused until the wooden fire went out, and then fell into a profound sleep. His body was restless, although his sleep was sound. He dreamed a fearful, torturing dream. He imagined he heard a terrible noise outside the hut, then a couple of robbers broke in, and seizing him violently, bound him hands and feet and secured him against one of the supports of the roof. The robbers then commenced to look for booty, but they betrayed disappointment, and the dreamer smiled. At length they turn over wood and potatoes piled away in a corner. The dreamer scowled. The robbers are still disappointed, and are on the point of giving the job up, when one of them kicks away a few potatoes and discovers a bed, which he drags from his hiding place with evident satisfaction. The dreamer's blood mounts to his face, and he bites his lip and raves. The robbers turn over the bed, rip open the tick and discover the treasure. The dreamer, with almost superhuman strength, essays to break from his bonds. It is in vain; weakness attends the effort, and he weeps. Presently the robbers, having secured the glittering booty, present themselves at the hut door. The dreamer nerves himself for a final effort, and like an outraged tiger, breaks from the bonds and awakens. The terrific excitement of the dream was not allayed until the old man had examined the hut door and assured himself not only that that was strongly barred and bolted, but that his gold was safe.

He retired again to his bed, but could not sleep. The recollection of the dream haunted him. Surely there was something of warning to him in the dream. He resolved to profit by it. He recollected that the robbers of his dream had avoided one spot in their search for the gold; that was the bed on which he lay. Surely this was an inspiration!

He proceeded at once to act upon it. Cautiously and delightfully he set to work, transferring his baubles from the bed under the wood and vegetables to that on which he lay. The work of ripping open the ticks of both beds was soon accomplished, and the needle made to do duty with tolerable dexterity.

It is not possible to describe the placidity of the miser's mind as he lay down again to sleep and dream upon his hard, heavy bed. Hard and heavy the bed truly; but what is the discomfort of a hard, heavy bed to the comfort of the satisfaction that the gold-places were all safe? The Recluse chuckled as he remembered his dream, and knew that he had sown the bright sovereigns in the tick of his bed. No one, he mused, would ever dream that he lay of nights upon an Eldorado.

CHAPTER III.

In life there is more sorrow than joy—more weariness than repose. The hours of gladness, like holidays, come only occasionally. Some people have the most care, and not always, as an offset, the most happiness. Struggle and poverty sometimes fail to disturb the placidity of a contented spirit. The baubles of wealth glitter but to the dire distress of the wealthy. The difference of misery with the classes is only in the dress. The poor man's misery is transparent in rags. The rich man's misery is veiled in costly draperies of caste. But the miser's misery is a consciousness, never-ceasing plague. He has no consoling impulses other than selfish ones. He nestles his idol in his bosom, unconscious that it is a serpent whose sting doth kill the soul. Ever fearing robbery and miserably pining for increase of treasure, he can never find the happiness dependent on true existence.

The Recluse began to limp in the feebleness of age. His body drooped like a reed in the breeze. He had not dared to enter the church since the eventful Sabbath described. But he had paid one visit to Herstoncove Castle, and for the first time in his life sought sympathy and advice from Old Timothy. But although the old warder gave him both, the Recluse left him none the better for his visit. His good intentions all vanished in air. He was still a miserable old miser, whose very dreams afflicted him and robbed him of peace.

He could look far back into the past, but save that solitary gift at the church, could congratulate himself on no truly Christian deeds. No orphan made happy through his bounty could bless him in life's dark, sad hour. No heart-breaking widows made happy by his bestowals could pray to the Almighty on his behalf. Even the dumb creatures knew him not. He would have found it a task to tell mankind the use he had been to them. The Recluse was a selfish man, and in the very gratification of the passion discovered punishment.

He rarely slept after four in the morning, and even in the coldest season might be seen wandering about, prying into gardens belonging to the villagers; nor was he particular to a shade in matters of honesty. If he saw a cabbage, pumpkin, or any other vegetable which appeared easy to abstract without detection, he did not long hesitate. In this way he managed to save expenditure; and as he walked, or rather limped to the hut, bearing off the stolen fruit, he would appease his conscience with the remark: "The wrong is not in the theft, but in being caught." Having through a series of long years prosecuted depredations upon the peasantry without once being detected, he forbore to think on possible consequences.

During one of these morning excursions the old Recluse stood before a garden. In an instant, after looking carefully around, he limped in and commenced cutting some cabbages. But unfortunately for him he was observed by a tall, shabbily attired man, whose countenance betrayed deep marks of care. This man had left his miserable home to steal, if anything could be stolen worth his acceptance.

When he saw the Recluse a sudden flash of memory lit up his understanding. He recalled the old man to mind, and knew that somewhere in his hut he had gold stored away. It was he who watched the miser, years back, transferring his property from the mansion to the hut. He, of course, could not tell what in reality was in the bag which Tom Maunder carried with him, but his suspicions were excited. He afterwards met the vagrant female with her child, who had been twice refused aid by Tom, and learned from her all particulars of his heartlessness. He further heard the story of the old miser's gift to the poor at the church, and felt stimulated to ascertain whether or not there was wealth stowed away in the fisherman's hut.

Quick as possible the man gained the hut and entered, for the door was unfurnished—thanks to forgetfulness on the part of the Recluse. Casting his eyes over the meagre-furnished room, the thief felt a shade of disappointment; there was nothing of any value he could lay his hands upon. He kicked the heap of wood and vegetables on one side; nothing valuable there. No time to lose, for the Recluse must be on his way with the stolen cabbages. Ah! the bed! he had not looked there. A second time was sufficient to bring him to the Eldorado. The thief's eyes dilated with greedy joy. He felt through the bed-tick; there was no deception—the gold places were there. The man was a veritable giant. He lifted the bed with its golden freight upon his shoulders and was gone.

Five minutes more and the Recluse returned to the hut, laden with cabbage sprouts and wood. He threw them into the corner of the room and fell on his face to the ground. The sad fact of ruin was discovered at a glance. Now was the hour of the miser's greatest grief. He had been out thieving on a small scale, and at the same time had been robbed on a large scale. The hand of retribution was upon him.

At length he rose from the ground and mechanically seated himself upon a stool. His face wore the hue of death. He lifted up his hands, as he hoarsely choked out curses on the fiend who had feloniously ruined him, and then he was silent in his sorrow.

It took time for him to fully understand his true condition. Here he was, a worshiper, robbed of his deity, and he was old, unloved, and a recluse. He prayed for death, but his prayers found no response, for still he writhed and groaned in dread desolation.

A fearful silence, and then a stern, unalterable resolve. The Recluse rose, nervously took a rope, and standing upon a stool fastened one end to the beam of the roof of the hut; in the other end he made a noose. He next got some bricks and erected a platform. He mounted and put the noose deliberately over his head. This he did as though performing some ordinary duty. He then kicked away part of the brick platform and felt the shock of hanging.

At that moment the door was forced open, and the clergyman of Westham rushed to the rescue. He cut the rope, and robbed Death of his prey.

It was a hard struggle with the suicide and Death, however. The clergyman feared the result, and ran as fast as he could for a doctor. He returned in the space of an hour, accompanied by a venerable old man, full of sympathy as well as medical skill. The doctor proceeded at once to bleed the Recluse and apply proper restoratives; but he did so with little hope, as the vital spark had almost deserted its tenement. The doctor was mistaken, hope revived, and old Tom Maunder breathed more free.

The life of the Recluse was spared. But he was not grateful for it. He cursed the cause of his pain with only the more vehemence, heedless alike of the doctor and clergyman, and of the danger of a fatal relapse through undue excitement.

When the thief left the hut with the miser's gold, he hastened to Pensersey Castle and concealed it. He then felt a sudden, unaccountable desire to return to the hut, and watch the effect upon the Recluse of his loss.

Raising himself to a position where he could see through a narrow crevice in the side of the hut, the thief was staggered to witness the preparations the Recluse was making for his own execution. Horror took possession of the heart of the thief. What to do he did not know. He thought he would enter the hut and protest against the suicidal act. But, then, he might be caught by the robbed with the robbery, and perhaps murdered by the desperate miser. No, he must not look the Recluse in the face; better he die by his own hand. The thief turned away, sickened, from the hut, not knowing where to go, or being decided what to do. He however went in the direction of Westham. It was still early morning, a little past five.

It happened that the clergyman of Westham, having commenced hydropathic treatment for his health, was out taking open air exercise after his first ablution. The thief met and informed him of the tragic scene being enacted at the hut, and proceeded to settle preliminaries for a speedy voyage to America.

The doctor, after satisfying himself that Old Tom Maunder was out of danger, made a hurried retreat. Some two hours later the clergyman went his way also, having vainly striven to inspire the Recluse with the idea that the loss of his gold, if properly considered, would be his spiritual gain.

That night was a terrible one for the broken-down miser. His solitude was most burdensome to him. He dreamed, when after tedious hours he slept, of his lost idol, woke, slept, and dreamed again, when he actually went through the old pleasure of counting and recounting the gold. Deceptive happiness! He awoke to find all a dream.

What a strange medley of incongruities is man! View him in success and failure, in fortune and misfortune, he is still a problem difficult to solve. The Recluse of the hut having now no idol to worship, his affections must dry up, for no human generosity could he hope for to appease his grief.

Not only was he wretched in his solitude, but he was doomed to limp in rags to Pensersey and Westham, to beg the scant necessities to keep life in his worn-down body. He had not now courage to think even of suicide as a relief to him. The extraordinary courage which he manifested when he hung himself, was the courage of a sudden despair which seized him at the first view of his ruin. He was now miserable and weak, ready to sink into the ground upon which he limped, from sheer exhaustion of the vital forces. There was just one ray of light. Old Timothy was at the Castle; he would sympathize with him, and perhaps render him assistance. The old man had a true heart, and although an eccentric being was very much loved.

The Recluse determined to go to Old Timothy. It was his only chance. If that failed him, there was no hope—none. On his way to Herstoncove ruins, the Recluse came to a little cottage, snugly reposing in front of a garden. The old man was feeble; the light of the cottage, with its clean white walls, caused him to feel a sickening pain to think what comfort there is even for the poor, who know how to economize and live. He had scarcely reached the gate leading to the cottage, when he sunk to the ground unable to proceed further. A rosy-faced girl, full of life and love, not yet twelve summers old, came running out to see what ailed him. No time was lost; she ran in and told her mother that an old man had fallen down at the gate. The good woman, whose face bore deep marks of former sorrow, came out accompanied by the little girl, and at the prompting of sympathy assisted the old man into the cottage.

After a little time, and a repast humble but sweet, the Recluse felt invigorated and rose to

depart. The little girl took his hand and said: "Don't go yet, sir. Why need you hurry? Mamma don't want you to go yet; do you, mamma?"

The child's pleading tones brought tears to the miser's eyes. The mother saw the effect, and at the recollection of her own past sorrows wept likewise.

As soon as this ebullition of grief was over, the Recluse sat down to please the child, and ventured to ask the woman if she knew anything of Old Timothy.

"Poor, kind, Godly man! Yes," answered the woman. "He is where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"Dead!" exclaimed the Recluse. "Is Old Timothy dead?"

"Yes; unfortunately for many a poor beggar, the good soul is dead. He was not seen for several days. I went to the Ruins, thinking he might be sick, and found him dead upon his bed with the Bible open."

"You went there and found him! you! How did you know Old Timothy?"

The woman wept. "It is some eleven years ago since I first became acquainted with the old man. I was deserted by my husband, and left with this dear child at the breast, with no means but what the kind neighbors gave me. I called at the Ruins one day, and saw Squire Maunder, as he was then called. I asked, nay, prayed him to give me a little money to purchase food for myself and child. He cruelly swore at me, and refused—yet I was told he was wealthy. I felt myself deserted of heaven; at that moment Old Timothy took me into his room, supplied me with food and money, and told me to come to him again."

"Go on!" said the Recluse, conscience stricken, in choking tones.

"I was seeking assistance near Pensersey, soon after that, when who should I meet but Squire Maunder again? I was starving! yet I strove with my feeling of repugnance, and forced myself to ask him to aid me once again. He cut me to the quick with an oath. I knew not hardly what I said. Heaven forgive me! I uttered a wild malediction upon his head, and went my way to meditate sorrowfully on my poverty, and regretfully on my sin in denouncing with hateful feelings the man whose heart was adamant. I have not for some years heard anything of the squire, but my prayer is that he may never know the sorrow I in my wildness desired."

"He has known it all—all!" said the Recluse with suppressed emotion. "Behold me! I am the wretched son of a bitch!"

The woman uttered a shriek; the little girl ran alarm; but in a few minutes the trio were restored to calmness.

"Tell me all. How came you to be so comfortable as you appear?" inquired the Recluse.

"I had forgotten. I owe it all to good Old Timothy. He assisted me often when he was alive, and at his death we found his will, leaving all his personal effects to me. He had for many years saved the gifts he received for showing people the castle—these were sufficient to purchase this coat and give me a small weekly annuity."

It is impossible to describe the state of the miser's feelings as he recalled his past and compared his own selfish conduct with the generous acts of Old Timothy.

He hobbled away more than ever disconsolate, for he felt the terrible consequences of selfishness. He had proceeded but a few paces when he found himself tugged at the coat by the little girl, who, handing to him a few pieces of silver, begged him to accept them from her mother as a tribute to the memory of Old Timothy.

As the Recluse clutched the silver he felt that had he only possession of his stolen gold, he would lay it all at the feet of that darling girl.

The Recluse reached his hut, from which he seldom came out. Added to feebleness of body he had to endure feebleness of mind. This continued until he became quite mad, and in the method of his madness he raved about gold, proclaiming himself king over Peruvian mines.

Thus in slow process did the spirit pass from the coarse tenement of Old Tom Maunder, the Recluse.

Westham Churchyard was the scene of another funeral. The tomb of the Maunders was reopened to receive the remains of the last of the family.

The Recluse was entombed in the stillness of a winter's noon, when snow covered the glebe, resting on the grave-rails, and covering the brown moss upon the Church.

No tear was shed on the occasion of the burial of the mother, and no tear was shed on the occasion of the burial of the son. In the former case there was one present whose privilege it was to weep; in the latter case there were none present to whom a tear could have been sacred.

THEODORE PARKER AS A PRACTICAL MAN.—"The fine arts do not interest me," said Theodore Parker; "so much as the coarse arts, which feed, clothe, house and comfort a people. I should rather be a great man as Franklin, than a Michael Angelo—nay, if I had a son I should rather see him a mechanic, who organized use like the late George Stephenson, in England; than a great painter like Rubens, who only copied beauty. In short, I take more interest in a cattle-show, and feel more sympathy with the Pope's bull than his bull-hunt. Men talk to me about the absence of art in America. You remember the stuff that I used to twaddle forth upon that theme, and what transcendental nonsense got delivered from gawky girls and long haired young men. I tell them we have cattle-shows and mechanics' fairs, and plows and harrows, and saw-mills, sewing machines and reaping-machines, threshing-machines, and planing-machines. There is not a saw-mill in Rome. I doubt if there is one in the Pontifical States."

Forgive thyself nothing, and others much.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILMS.
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."
(LION HUNT.)

NED RIGBY.

PART VIII.

The voices of the children that followed a leader in a melody full of rich, sweet cadence, seemed to Nell like something out of another life. She listened and wondered, till at last her voice caught the harmony, and she sang with so much spirit that many eyes turned to her. But she did not heed them; she only knew that something in her soul was being softened. Her whole being was tuned to the music, and her eye lighted up and her face glowed with a new pleasure. Ned and Joe had come with her to the singing meeting and sat a little way from her, on the side with the boys.

"Jolly!" said Joe. "Who thought the girl would sing so? It's better than listening to the birds in the cages. I tell you she's a smart one. I must look out she don't get out of our cage." Ned did not listen to Joe's words, but heard only the soft notes that came from Nell, much as he had listened to the rippling water. He had come to the singing meeting because Nell had urged it, and because his mother wished him to. But Joe had insisted on coming, too. There was something in Ned's attention to his cousin that did not please him. He had seen her of late in the beauty of her growing character; and as the loveliness that came to her through her affection for Mrs. Rigby and Ned shone out on her face and in her manner, he began to feel proud of what he considered his ownership in her. He had no idea of relinquishing that ownership if it was likely to be of service to him.

"I say, Ned, I never thought Nell had such a voice, though I've heard her sing at her work, but it was in such a soft, low way."

"Hush!" said Ned; "that's the chorus. You can hear her voice above all the rest."

"See the parson look at her. I tell you she's a jolly one. Those men the other day said I'd be a fool if I let anybody catch her, and I don't mean to."

There was something in this speech that fired Ned. His face flushed and his hand quivered. He wanted to push Joe from him, but there was a sudden silence in the room, for Mr. Clyve had ascended the platform, and all eyes were turned upon him. His pale face glowed with a pure, spiritual light, and his eyes gleamed with a fire that had its centre in his soul.

"Children," he said, "I want to talk to you after that song, for you sung to my soul. As I heard your voices there seemed to come to me a beautiful memory. I was taken back to the days of my childhood, and I felt as if I was a child again. And now while those sweet memories are in my spirit I feel that we are all children, and that the kingdom of heaven is close at hand. But I do not wish to preach you a sermon, for children do not love to be taught by solemn words. The best teacher that ever lived taught by parables, which are only stories. And I will tell you a story, to let you understand what that Christmas song means; for you know if we wish to do good by our singing we must sing with the understanding as well as with the heart, and then we shall send our holy thoughts out with our voices, and the room will be full of the breath of love and like to heaven."

It was Christmas night long years ago—a cold, still night—and the stars shone out of the clear heavens, and the earth rested in their light, and it fell down in soft caressments, as falls the love-light of God into the silent heart of the weary.

In a little cottage alone in the woods dwelt a widow and her little girl. A lonely life they led, so far from the world and so far from all sympathy. Their fire burned on the hearth and sent a dim light over the room. There was no Christmas tree, and there were no burning candles, and no gifts were to be seen about the room. The simple supper of bread and milk remained untouched, for the little girl was not hungry when her mother was sad, and she sat on her low stool looking at the fire flames that chased each other up the chimney.

"Mother," said the child at last, "what is Christmas, that you cry so?"

The mother looked up and stopped her weeping. "Adel, my child, come here. I will cry no more. Christmas is a glad, beautiful time. Over the whole world people are rejoicing."

"Why are we not glad?"

"We will be, Adel; for Christ is here as much as in the great, grand cathedral, where I used to go to hear the Christmas songs. And the same blessed angels are bending down over this little cottage in the woods that bend over the palace where I used to go to receive the beautiful offerings."

"Tell me again the story of Christmas," said the child, "and then we will think how we can grow glad."

The world was very sad and desolate, because it knew not of a loving father who cared for all the weary and sick and suffering, and a little child was born to whom the angels could talk, and into his little spirit they put a holy wish—a wish to take away the burdens and sorrows of men.

And the little child listened, and in listening it seemed to hear the very voice of God, and the words it heard were these: *Love shall take away the sins of the world.*

And the little child went out among his playmates, and they spoke harsh words to him. His lip quivered and the tears came to his eyes, but the angels whispered "Love," and the tears fell to the ground and formed beautiful pearls.

And then he grew to be a boy, and other boys troubled him and gave him angry words, and his face flushed and his brow contracted, but the angel whispered the beautiful words to him, and from his hand, raised in anger, fell lovely flowers.

And he grew to be a man, and men treated him ill; they condemned him and persecuted him, and into his soul came great sorrows, and his eyes were dim with weeping and his heart was heavy with the love of others; but the angel whispered the word Love to his soul, and every shadow changed to brightness, and light shone from his face, as it shines from that star that looks in through the window.

And that is what Christmas means: *Love to all the world*; for the angels that bent over that little baby, as it first lay in its mother's arms, sang, "Glory to God in the Highest, peace on earth and good will to men." Now, Adel, can you not have Christmas with all the "world" for it does not mean silver or gold, or diamonds or pearls, or beautiful gifts, but only love.

And the next morning Adel awoke, and looked

out of the window to the softly falling snowflakes. They came down so gently, she thought that they must be coming with some sweet words to her, and she held up her hands and thought of what her mother had told her. She saw them covering the dark earth with a mantle of purity, and they seemed to her to be beautiful teachers of the first great law of love. And she watched them while her mother went her way out of sight into the deep woods, for she had to go for food.

And the snow fell faster and faster till it covered up all the paths, and made one great sea of whiteness under the bending trees. And the day went on and her mother could not return, for the snow was too deep, and the wind rose and piled up the drifts higher than the little cottage.

Then the shadow fell deeper and deeper within the room, and Adel knew it was night, and that she was alone. The wind was hushed, and there was a silence as great as the darkness, and Adel began to tremble. She wanted her mother, and listened for her coming; then she thought of all the dreary stories she had heard. It grew colder and colder within the little room, and all the fire-light faded on the hearth.

Then Adel remembered the story her mother had told her, how the revelation of God's love had come to the world, and she asked that an angel come and speak to her; and while she was thinking, she heard a child's low cry of suffering. What could she do, a weak child. She was ever afraid of the darkness. But she remembered again the story of Love, and she took her oat cake and went to the door. It was all darkness, save a soft light a little way from the cottage. The snow had blown into drifts, leaving an open space where the child's feet could walk; through this space shone the soft white light, and the girl stopped forth, wrapping her shawl about her. But as she went forward, the sound of distress seemed to go before her. She followed courageously, thinking only how she could help some one who was suffering. But her feet grew cold treading in the snow, and her hands were numb. Only her little heart was warm.

Finally, when she was almost perishing, and the light was growing dim so that she did not know where to walk, she saw lying in her path a little bundle, or so it looked to her. She turned it over, and heard again the moan. Then she felt the form of a child. She found the little hands colder than her own, and felt the face chill and stiff. She took the shawl from her shoulders, and wrapped it about the little one, and held the oat cake to its mouth, and as she did so a shudder ran over the form of the little one.

Adel thought how tenderly her mother had held her in her arms and warmed her in her bosom when the nights were cold, so she took the little one up to herself and put her arms about the little body, and she felt it grow warm, and the cheeks softened under her breath, and the hands clasped hers. Then she did not mind the cold wind or the drifting snow, but felt as glad and happy as if she sat in her mother's lap, looking at the bright fire-light.

While she was thinking of her own gladness she remembered the Christmas story her mother had told her, and as she clasped the little body up to her, suddenly a soft light shone about the place, and out of the light came a voice: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." And as Adel looked up she saw such a glory about her that she thought she must be in the great cathedral her mother had told her of. But there was no roof above her, and she looked straight up to the wonder of the heavens, and in the clear light she saw the form of the child floating up, like a golden cloud, and from its brightness shone down upon her a light brighter than that of the sun, and she heard again the words: "Love shall save the world." And as they echoed and reached through the infinite spaces above her, her senses closed, and she knew no more until she awakened in her mother's arms, sitting by the cottage fire.

"It was a dream," said Adel's mother, as she listened to the story. "You were cold and hungry, and the angels put you to sleep to make you forget."

"But where is the oat cake, mamma, and where is your shawl?"

"We will find them, child."

But they were never found, and Adel said in her heart that they were taken up in the golden cloud, and she kept repeating to herself the words: "Love shall save the world." It was her Christmas hymn.

Now, children," continued Mr. Clyve, "love is given to us all, so we all have something to do to save the world. Did you ever notice how tenderly the sun shines down into the by-ways of our city? Have you ever noticed how it would make a whole street luminous, changing its dull things into beautiful ones, and making its unlovely ones seem to bear an impress of glory?"

Well, just so does your love shine into the dark places of sin and wrong. There can be nothing very sad or very hard to bear where there is plenty of the light of love. Now let us be preparing ourselves for this blessed feast of love."

Nell walked home silently between her cousin and Ned. It was not so much the words that she had heard as the spirit that seemed awakened in her, that changed her manner. When they came to Mrs. Rigby's door Ned expected that she would beg to go in and spend the night, but instead, she said, "I shall go home with you, Joe. I want to. I felt just as if Mr. Clyve was talking to me, and telling me I was just like all those dismal places where the light did not shine at all, and I remembered I had not washed the dishes for two days, or fed the hens, and there were ever so many things I had to do."

Joe cast a look of exultation on Ned, for he thought he had triumphed over him. He could not comprehend the noble thoughts that were stirring in Nell's mind. No mind can conceive of motives and desires that are superior to its own capacity of feeling, and therefore all noble souls must suffer from the estimation of those less advanced.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THY COMING.

BY O. L. BURNHIDE.

Earthquake in divers places and the sea,
That roars as with a voice of prophecy,
Swells with the summer islands yet to be!
While round the world a low complaint is sighing
For the last, greatest day. Four out your voice,
(Sovereign wrathful from your fiery trials)
Angels of coming judgment, and thus bless
The thrifty earth with a reviving bloom.
The air is full of threatening, and crowds
Upward the struggling vapors till they loom
With fire portent; yet the curdled clouds
In sunlight break and smile beyond the gloom.
When will the great day with its legions come?
Orwigo, N. Y., Dec., 1868.

The deaf and dumb have held a congress in Berlin, Prussia, in which they discussed the possibility of a substitute for the finger language.

When are gloves unsealable? When they are kept on hand.

Free Thought.

Reply to Mr. Wolf's Criticisms.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—The article upon the Fifth National Convention, which you issue of this week contains, moved my very soul, centre with deep sorrow and sad regret that one of our own household could so mercilessly impugn the motives and conduct of those who have consecrated their lives to the interest of humanity and the diffusion of the divine philosophy which the writer professes to cherish. Strange it is that with the sublime and practical inculcations which angel bands are showering so profusely and constantly, endeavoring to guide the children of earth into the exercise of heavenly charity and fraternity, so large an amount of bitterness and unkind decisions should be indulged in by the recipients of their benefactions. Oh brothers and sisters! why will ye so tarnish the blessed escutcheon of Spiritualism, and do dishonor to our holy cause? Wot ye not that each stab aimed at the humblest advocate of our glorious religion affects all, and most surely wounds your own nature and retards your spiritual growth? In God's name, for the sake of humanity, I implore that this ceaseless aspersion be abandoned, and the coming year evidence a remarkable increase in that charity which "thinketh no evil," and is kind. Angels grant that these lines may be given and received under cover of that divine mantle. Bro. Wolff declares that he "is willing to be corrected"; so I will invite his attention to the official report of the late Convention, that he may discover his error in proclaiming that one mistake was made "in organizing a Secret Order," also "in taking possession of the entire work by that Order." How any mind could reach such a decision, with the unmistakable opposition to accept, as an appendage, the Secret Order referred to, exhibited, as it was, alike by those who understood the true design of that beneficial society, and others who had formed erroneous opinions concerning its purpose, we cannot imagine. Had circumstances required it, the most strenuous efforts would have been exerted by the friends of the Order of Eternal Progress to prevent the dire calamity of an acceptance of said institution as a part of Spiritualism, knowing that already it had been perverted, and the motives which had prompted its presentation at a previous Convention been sadly misunderstood. Aware that what was intended as a beneficial humanitarian society, open to all God's children, had even in its inception been prostituted from its high and holy purposes, their efforts would have been most earnest to divorce it from all connection with Spiritualism; but the prompt and decided action of the Convention rendered needless any such expression.

The Order of Eternal Progress was placed before the Spiritualists of America as the largest body of liberals that could be reached; fondly imagining them to be such, no other motive prompted the introduction. Would to God that it had been withheld from the Fourth National Convention of Spiritualists, and placed before those who would have viewed it in its proper light, and carried out its grand and noble purposes, instead of maligning so comprehensive an effort to relieve distress and advance the cause of human progress.

Bro. Wolff commits another grave mistake in associating the matter of badges with the Secret Society. They were exhibited and described as emblems for Spiritualists and members of Progressive Lyceums, and not the slightest mention was made of them in any other connection, as may be perceived by reference to the report of the Rochester Convention. As for the unfairness toward "the Agent of the Fourth Convention," we witnessed none, nor any remark that could have been so construed, unless those of Bro. Rein might have been so interpreted; and we are sure that brother could have had no such intention, possessing, as he does, full recognition of the unblemished "business integrity" of said agent.

But we must not trespass further than to assure every reader that this explanation is tendered by one who has the vital interests of both Spiritualism and the Order of Eternal Progress so deeply entwined in the fibres of existence, as to feel constrained to utter at least a feeble remonstrance when both are so wrongfully represented. That truth and justice may speedily be established, is the prayer of the writer.

CAROLINE A. GRIMES,
Corresponding Secretary of the Order of Eternal Progress,
1919 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

Meetings at Des Moines, Iowa, &c.

"The First Spiritualist Association of Des Moines," a legally incorporated Society, with Wm. H. Getchell, President, Mrs. Lydia Davis, Vice President, H. C. O'Brien, Recording Secretary, B. N. Kinyon, Corresponding Secretary, and W. W. Skinner, Treasurer, constituting the Executive Board of the same, is in full working order, and has a Children's Progressive Lyceum also commenced. Meetings are held in Good Templar's Hall (west side), each Sunday, at half-past ten A. M., and seven P. M. for lectures, conferences and music, and the Children's Progressive Lyceum is held at half-past one P. M.

Henry C. Wright, of Boston, occupied the lecture stand the last two Sundays, and is now on a lecturing tour to Adel and Redfield, from which he is to return to this city New Year's Day. His theme last Sunday, at half-past ten A. M., was:

"The existence, locality and occupation of man after he leaves this body," and at half-past two and seven P. M., "Heaven and Hell—what are they? How to keep Heaven in us and Hell out." These themes were discussed in a masterly and purely Henry C. Wright style, to not large but appreciative audiences. On seeing and listening to him, for the first time, I was impressed with the idea that he resembles the giant oak of the forest, with its massive trunk towering majestically heavenward amid the common trees, with its branches reaching out in loving sympathy toward suffering humanity, inviting all to rejoice and be at rest beneath its cooling and invigorating shade. He is paradoxical; i. e., he inculcates or notions contrary to received opinions, applied to persons. He appeals boldly to the strong common sense of his auditors and rests his arguments upon (to him) universal conviction. His logic is like a tornado, riding down all impediments and crushing out all opposition. When he boldly declares that men and women are the principle and instinctive governments and religions the incidents, and that men and women must be held sacred, though institutions, governments and religions all perish, he is truly Henry C. Wright, towering in majestic sublimity above the fogs and clouds of institutionalism and the plumes of the pulpit and rostrum, who reverse this grand proposition, and calmly rests in the realm of individualism, and direct communion with and responsibility to God through the individual organism.

This proposition comes from the high seat of justice, and goes to the centre of justice in each individual. Venerable and noble man! Noble and soul-sanctifying proposition! Man, the noblest work of God! Man, God incarnate in the flesh! Hear his soul gushing out for the sacredness of men and women! If the Bible condemns the man to be hung, hang the Bible and let the Bible live! If the God of the Bible condemns the man to be hung, hang the God and let the man live, says the majestic old man. He worships at none but the shrine of a humanitarian God. "Be killed rather than kill; suffer rather than inflict suffering," are maxims of his, too good for the common minds of the day to appreciate.

These are but specimens of his many maxims, covering the whole field of human, mundane ex-

istence, and I place his work, styled the "Self Abnegationist," as, in many respects, superior to Christ's Sermon on the Mount. Still, I cannot but think that he falls to carry his maxims down to their logical results, as necessary to inaugurate the millennium.

Good maxims in passages have been propounded by Confucius, Christ, Paul, Plato, and hosts of men and women, and in the present, are preached from all the pulpits, by Infidels, Spiritualists, Atheists, by judges, as they pronounce sentence of death upon so-called criminals, and sheriffs, as they strangle them, by generals, as they go into general slaughter, which maxims, if practiced, would make this a most desirable world for mankind; still war, murder, rapine and extermination, as against the Indians on the frontiers, stalk horribly in our midst, through our land, and make night hideous. The world knows, under the institutions, to practice these maxims is to starve.

We say, as Spiritualists, that the essence of goodness, or God, is in each human soul. The secret of the past history of man is in the unprogressed and young condition of the earth, &c., to produce higher and nobler types of mankind. In the future, as the capability to produce nobler types is unfolded by progression, and as some of us now think we see, we must mount upon a higher plane, where cause and effect shall conspire to the millennium era, i. e., men's motives and highest self-interest must accord with the desired end.

We must ascend so high as to discover over and amid all this sea of trouble that all the principles, laws and efforts of God and Nature conspire to the happiness of all the individuals of the human race, that we must promote our individual happiness by most promoting the happiness of all. Then will each produce the good to the extent of his efforts, mentally and physically, to give freely to his fellows in need, and the motive and spring of conduct then will be to give out rather than gather in, as at present. Then will each consider all needful and beneficial to supply the needs of mankind, as belonging to God, instead of himself, and that he is God's steward to dispense where needed, all that he can. Of course the separate and exclusive ownership of property, the common mother of war, rapine, murder and crime, will be abrogated, and the "shortest road," and the only one that ever was safe and sure, will be adopted by earth's inhabitants, viz: to do good to others and most promote the happiness of our fellows, as that directly and immediately brings happiness to our own souls. Now we toil, sacrifice and suffer for wealth, not that it will immediately make us happy, but that it may at some future time, which seldom, if ever, arrives.

The noble old man, in a private discussion with me, affirmed the doctrine of the right of the man to his own earnings, or so much as shall be necessary to supply his needs. "Earnings," I insisted, was an institutional term, based on the separate and exclusive ownership of property, as established by man, and which cannot be found in the universal law of God. Again, if a man is entitled to his earnings, what is the man entitled to who is crippled or incapable of laboring? He insisted that a man should earn before he eats. I insisted that this involved the determination of the exact period in our growth at which the term "man" is properly applied, since we are born helpless, and must be fed during infancy. But the venerable man declares that "man's natural demands are (to his God) only commandments of the natural demand is for happiness in his own individualism, and in these utilitarian days of steam travel and lightning messages, the "shortest road" is required. This is by abrogating the low, miserly selfishness of accumulating property and money, which sets duty and interest in antagonism, and harmonizing duty and interest by ministering to the needy and afflicted, and including who they are, or how they become so, which always brings a direct return of happiness to the soul.

B. N. KINYON.
Des Moines, Iowa, Dec. 25, 1868.

The Labor Movement.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—It affords us great pleasure to notice so large a space in your wide-spread and influential journal devoted to a subject of such vital importance as that treated upon under the caption of "The Final Solution of the Labor Question." While we can but joyfully greet any effort for the emancipation of the working classes, and agree with the writer that all attempts in that direction up to the present time have been only mitigative and not remedial, we still fail to discover in the plan he proposes the solution of the question. We see no principle introduced, the application of which would reconcile the now discordant elements, labor and capital, or rather the laborer and capitalist. He seeks yet to perpetuate the present system of *effete* institutions, which are non-productive and parasitic in their functions, and are in themselves the operating causes of existing evils. All he proposes is *accumulation*, by taxation of fifteen per cent upon consumptions, himself being the capitalist and vehicle of appropriation. This is nothing more nor less than simple cooperation on a broad scale, of which the world is full to-day.

The great need of the age is a system of industry, power and exchange, embracing principle of equal scope and application, the practicalization of which, from the very nature of its operations, must result in the end proposed. Such a system involves the reconstruction of all industrial and financial institutions. It consists in making the natural elements of production, in conjunction with labor, the basis of operations, instead of currency in speculation, and by encouraging the exchange of products, establishing an equilibrium between the functions of production and distribution. This would at once relieve the labor-market, not only of those who now spend their time and force in the commission and punishment of crime, but, in fact, of all non-productive consumers, converting all that element into a wealth-producing agency, which must result in a universal supply of temporal comforts, and also of the ruling and elevating luxuries of life. Any plan that does not embrace the practicalization of the above principle, must prove only another experiment, ending in failure.

Yours for humanity,
J. B. CROCKER.
Hygienic House, 13 Light street,
New York, Dec. 28th, 1868.

SLEIGHING.

BY GEORGE S. BURNHIDE.

With never a pulse of the wind set humming,
The snow has come, and still is coming,
Yonder, and hither, and everywhere,
Its silent feet in the pathless air.
Tidy down, and around, and over the ground,
With a rustle and a lowing rumble in,
Nothing but beauty and peace profound.

Now, how for first never wait for the sun!
The girls are dancing, the sleds are prancing,
The boys are glancing, and sigh for a run!
In the glimmering, shimmering, hovering covering,
Like flaky moonlight dropped on a lover in
Shadowy gleams that a lover knows.

With their foliage clouds and moonbeam snows,
Now verily, merrily, cheerily go
Over, and under, and through the snow,
Willie, and Lillie, and Nellie, and Joe,
Black-eyed Nellie, and blue-eyed Willie,
Razel-eyed Lillie, and berry of Joe.

Twinking under the brow of Joe,
With the mischief in him as big as a crow!
Ho, with a shout! we are out and away!
Tangling, mingling, jangling, jingling,
Laughing, chaffing, twirling, ungling,
Bells on the horses, and bells in the sleigh,
Merrily, cheerily measure the way.

Shout up to echo with "Oaw, oaw!"
To frighten the crows from the thicket and haw!
Shuffle toes, muffle nose, under the buffaloes!
Smothering, feathering, gathering snow,
Over and under, around and below,
Yet nobody cares but the whitening crowd!
Fast driving the sleigh with the jingles of life,
And a tug for the fellows who do by the angle
When life goes leaping along the snow!

"Without doubt," said a wise Arab, "all men are equal, as the fingers of the hand. Behold! look at these fingers; their origin is common; they cannot be parted without grave words; but one of them is long, the others shorter. If all were alike I could neither touch nor strike alike, nor grasp. Be sure it is with men as with the fingers of the hand."

"ANGELS."

An article in the *Banner of Light* of October 31st, 1868, headed "Angels," by J. W. Woodworth, has been very much by its new phase of interpreted application that the Bible angels are identical with the "spirits" of modern Spiritualism. I do not understand the Bible writers to mean organic spirits in any form. Biblical angels of the Old or New Testament signified ministrational messengers. Let us have a fair investigation of this important Biblical issue. Many words darken counsel. The ancients looked through forms in the discovery of principles in spiritual things, such as men, women, animals and inanimate life, each personal symbol had its own peculiar signification and application. The ancients had no idea of a disembodied spirit after the death of the body. All visions contained in the Bible are symbols significant of things belonging to each dispensational age, and need an interpretation, such as Abraham's, Jacob's Peter's and others. The Book of Revelations, no one needs opened up to John is a reality.

We read of "Angels of Death" and "Angels of Life," evil angels, &c., signifying ministries of death and life, erroneous teachings, &c.

Yours for more light,
ELIJAH WOODWORTH.

Our brother "does not understand the Bible writers to mean organic spirits in any form," but "Biblical angels of the Old or the New Testament signified ministrational messengers." I will not "darken counsel by many words" on the organic or inorganic construction of spirits. I think our ancient angelic friends and our modern spirit friends are one and the same thing, and both have organisms; that is, not only angels, but Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration, and my Aunt Elmira, who has been dead five years or more, whose mother, a seer, saw on several occasions *post mortem*. ALL were organized beings, if they were facts, and I am inclined to believe them facts. I am incapable of conceiving anything that can evolve thought that is not based on an organism, however sublimated; that is, every intelligent communication comes to us through a human organization, (if am not forgetting printer's ink,) and critical thought will not except the so-called supermundane, and that angels, or spirits, ancient or modern, sacred or profane, Jewish or Gentile, are of human origin, unless they are myths.

If Biblical angels signified "ministrational messengers," and nothing more, then Biblical language contains no literal meaning. The Swedenborgian has a very beautiful way of transmitting it all into the spiritual sense, and in that shape can swallow a "Deluge" or a "Jonah." That is better than the Orthodox, who pretends to swallow all, and in reality swallows none. The rationalist seeing no difference between the Bible and other books, is eclectic, takes what is good, and rejects the large balance as worthless. The Spiritualist does the same, but by virtue of this new awakening, the demonstration of the continued existence, apparition and communication with mortals after death, turns into probable or true much that the rationalist has to reject; for instance, a man born blind is restored to sight, the new churchman sees no physical act, but only a man's eyes opened to truth; the rationalist sees a miracle, marks it "fable," and passes it by; the Spiritualist seeing the same thing done to-day, or similar, says it is probably a true statement, lets it stand.

The article, "Angels," which has caused this discussion, endeavored to carry the point a step further, and cover the larger and angelic ground; thus the new churchman reads in Judges of the angel who came to Mrs. Manoah, and again to her and Manoah, foretelling of the birth of Samson, and he says, a "ministrational messenger"; that is, the statement is a spiritual fact, no reality in a material sense; the Evangelical man says a special providence or miracle; the rationalist seeing no such violation of law to-day, prefers to consider ancient testimony doubtful, rather than that God is capricious. The Spiritualist, by virtue of his phenomena, sees an actual truth, not a poetic one merely, in these words of Longfellow:

"The spiritual world
Dies all about us, and its avengers
Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms
That come and go, and we perceive them not,
Save by their influence, or when at times
A most mysterious Providence permits them
To manifest themselves to mortal eyes,"

and therefore takes the angelic visit to Manoah as a fact. That is the burden of my argument. I am aware, unless we give the subject the benefit of the doubts, so to speak, the details of Biblical angels will not exactly fit the details of modern spiritual angels; but one can see an underlying general fact in both, old and new, that compels us to admit that there was and is a mysterious intelligence in close connection with human history, from earliest times, and as in childhood and youth many things observed made a different impression upon us than the same things do in mature age, so it is reasonable to suppose that when mankind was younger, the same things told the observer a different story from what they would tell us to-day.

That the ancients had no idea of a disembodied spirit after the death of the body is hardly correct, and our friend will see it without correction; but that the Jews knew nothing of it is probably true. They got the idea while in captivity, in Babylon, from their victors, about six hundred years before the birth of Christ; and in his day, a large and cultivated sect (Sadducees) rejected it altogether. This passage from the writings of Theodore Parker may be better than my words; so I quote:

In Greece we find the belief in future life in a rude form in Homer; we find it connected with metempsychosis in Orpheus and Pythagoras; assuming a new form in Sophocles and Euripides, and becoming a doctrine settled with Socrates and Plato and his school in general.

Perhaps, let me say here, if the Jews had had a belief in a continued existence after the death of the body, it might have modified their records in our favor; as far as that goes, it favors the point which the article "Angels" endeavored to maintain. An ancient description of a comet varies from a modern one as much or more than the ancient angel from the modern. The former is known to be identical, why not the latter, without injustice to a fair inference.

Visions and dreams came to the ancients, and they come now; they may be spiritual and they may not. Jacob may see his ladder, with the angels ascending and descending; so may Andrew Jackson Davis. St. John in Patmos may have revelations that are symbols; so may John Bunyan in his "Pilgrim's Progress." But facts or fiction, realities or symbols, they hardly bear upon the point in question; for, outside of all dreams, visions, poetic expressions or "ministrational messengers," there are recorded and considered supernatural occurrences, the appearance of beings in human form called angels, that made communications to mortals. Now these records are facts or fictions. A rational man who disbelieves in angels, and the people, consistent with modern Spiritualism, and the fact is gratifying to me, for it improves the warp and the woof of the Bible, in my estimation, and improves, also, modern Spiritualism, by making its pedigree substantial, as not being a thing of this age, but as indigenous to the soil of humanity, hence a truth that has come to stay, not transient like a meteoric shower, but permanent like the stars, that ever and forever look down upon us.

J. WETTERBERG.

servance of the above laws is the standard of morality adopted by this Society.

servance of the above laws is the standard of morality adopted by this Society.

Realized. That we are opposed to the granting of licenses for any and every species of gambling, drinking or prostitution, or other immoral or criminal practices whatever, at we believe that with the aid of woman's suffrage this crime can be eliminated, granting the Indians by men among themselves the right to sell liquor, and to sell their own goods, and to travel, and to express their views on any matter.

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 Boston, Mass.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN, Mt. Johnson Centre, Vt.

DR. A. D. BARTON, inspirational speaker, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. W. W. BROWN, 100 West 12th street, New York City, N. Y.

Mrs. EMMA F. JAY BULLEN, 101 West 12th st., New York.

Mrs. NEELEK, D. BRIDMAN will speak in Washington, D. C., during February and March. Address, Elm Grove, Colorado.

Mrs. E. BURR, inspirational speaker, box 7, Southford, Conn.

Mrs. E. BRYAN, box 51, Camden P. O., Mich.

Mrs. C. BRYAN, 1000 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Wm. RUTH, Esq., 108 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

HENRY BARNES, 10 Spruett street, Hingham, Mass.

Mrs. N. B. BURNETT, 100 West 12th street, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. M. A. C. BROWN, West Randolph, Vt.

DR. JAMES K. BARKLEY, Palmyra, Mich.

Z. B. BURNETT, 100 West 12th street, New York, N. Y., Cal.

AMIE L. BALLOT, inspirational speaker, Mankato, Minn.

J. H. BUCKFORD, inspirational speaker, Charlestown, Mass.

P. B. BARNES, 100 West 12th street, New York, N. Y.

DR. W. BARNES, 100 West 12th street, New York, N. Y.

VERGENE CHASE, 511 Broadway, New York

Mrs. ALBERTA A. CANNON, 100 West 12th street, New York, N. Y.

ALBERT L. CARPENTER, *care Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. ANNIE M. CARVER, trance speaker, (Chicheston, O.)

Mrs. C. CLARK, trance speaker, (Chicheston, O.) every third and in W. Whoughby the third Sunday of each month. Address, Palmyra, La. Co., O.

DR. J. H. CANNON, 100 West 12th street, New York, Mass.

P. J. COVLES, M. D. Ottawa, Ill., box 157.

FRAN CLARK, LYONS, Mich., care Col. M. F. Fox.

Mrs. J. J. COLLIER, 100 West 12th street, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. J. J. CLARK, trance, 1 Jefferson place, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. I. L. CHADWICK, trance speaker, Vianland, N. J., box 272.

Mrs. ELIZA JOSEPH, 100 West 12th street, New York, N. Y. will lecture and take subscriptions for the *Banner of Light*.

Mrs. MARIEA F. CROSS, trance speaker, Hampstead, N. H.

Mrs. CARIE M. A. CROSBY, trance speaker, Brooklyn, N. Y., care 241 East 4th st., N. Y.

DR. H. L. CHANDALL P. O. box 718, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mrs. ANHELIA H. COLBY, trance speaker, Lowell, Ind.

DR. H. L. CHANDALL, 100 West 12th street, New York, N. Y.

DR. THOMAS C. CONSTANTINE, lecturer, Thornton, N. Y.

Mrs. ELIZA C. CHANE, inspirational speaker, Sturgis, Mich., care 241 East 4th st., N. Y.

Mrs. HEITIE CLARK, trance speaker, West Hartford, Mass.

Mrs. M. W. J. COLDEN, Chaunpin, Hempden Co., Minn.

Mrs. EMMA C. CHADWICK, inspirational speaker, Vianland, N. J., box 272.

CHARLES P. CHOCKER, inspirational speaker, Fredonia, N. Y.

DR. LAURENCE CHAMBERLAIN, 100 West 12th street, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. C. M. CAMPBELL, M. D., Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. CONN. W. D. DANIELS's address in January, Boston, Mass. W. W. BROWN, 100 West 12th street, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. LIZZIE DOTES, Pavilion, 55 Tremont street, Boston.

HENRY J. DRUGIN, inspirational speaker, Carlington, O.

ROBERT DUTTON, M. D., 100 West 12th street, New York, N. Y.

DR. E. C. DURN, Rockford, Ill.

[illegible]

day that Silley came to our camp we delivered into his hands all the goods which he had taken from the hostile Indians and fed and creft for in our families.

Q—Do you know what number and what Indians of the tribe and sentenced were guilty?

A—I cannot answer for the rest, but there were only two guilty, one out of our own people and one of the Crefts.

Q—Who attributed murder, then, to the big woods to the bad feeling of the young men, occasioned by the attempted robbery of the Crefts? Did they not also have some legal claims of the traders, in addition to all the money received from the sale of the lands?

A—No, I do not think it simply about the matter of the big woods. All I know is what I have heard; but, I do not doubt that it was the result of the bad feeling of the young men against the Crefts.

Q—Do you know the amount of money that you were to receive for the land north of the Minnesota river?

A—Yes, I do. The amount given to the Crefts was very large sum.

Q—How much did you consent to give for the payment of old debts?

A—I have told you already that I did not consent to sell my property, and refuse to come in to sign the paper without consent.

Q—Did the Indians owe the traders for goods furnished them?

A—Our credit with the traders amounted to little or nothing. We received \$20 per head each year in gold as annuity.

I played and prided, a wondering boy,
And am I not an infant still?
Or should I pace a sixscore span,
What were it to the eternal plan
Ordained me by Almighty will?
All earthly time is faggot-smoke:
The soul is an upspringing flame,
That kindled, mounts to whence it came
And frees itself from yearly yoke,
As I were old the life within

OREGON.

State Organization of Spiritualists.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—A Convention having been held in Oregon, at the late State Fair, I send you the following report for publication, not claiming for it, however, any other merit than a step forward. The following is a copy of the notice published of the same at the time:

And cease to blossom thought and want,
 Would, like an hour oak, branchless, gaunt,
 Would drizzle through a hollow skin.
 But new thoughts gush, and wants, as bold
 (And wider) as when twenty years
 Through dauntless youth had sent flying fears
 Had shot me into manhood's mold.
 High beauty's glory's no more was higher,
 N'r so ethereal yet its power,
 Nor yet of reaching thought the dower
 So glittering with celestial fire,
 And never in those earlier days,
 When Joy was bold and hopes were new,
 Were rainbows of a more heavenly hue,
 The future so with life ablaze.
 The quick perennial now is mine
 As much as in my woful youth—
 Nay, more; for gleams of gathered truth
 Their safety on its tempests shune.
 This mighty now, this lord of life—
 And yet of life itself the thrall—
 Both sparkle 'mid the sparkling all,
 With transcendent vision rise;
 With vision peering in the deeps
 That deepen with the spiritual ken,
 Aglow with best revelations, when
 The spirit toward its freedom leaps.
 Life is no moulder, in place swathe,
 Our clay-clad bones in sleep to hold;
 It's flame that burns, it's power that

—[Putnam's Magazine]

Evidence

TAKEN BY INDIAN PEACE COMMISSION, ON DEMAND OF
GEN. HARNEY, COMMISSIONER.

June 15th, 1863, On *Dard Sleem's* "Deer Lodge."
We are here, on the *Snake River*, B. T. J.

Q.—You are chief of the Antee Sioux?
A.—Yes.

Q.—How long have you been chief?
A.—I don't remember exactly, but it was the year after
the war. I was about 15 years of age at that time, and went
to Washington and sold our lands as the Missaileps river
was our old treaty for the sale of lands to the Gover-
ment. I was then 15 years of age, and gave me my medal
which it was about thirty three years ago.

Q.—State what you know of the games that led to the Missa-
leps massacre by a portion of your people, and your sub-
sequent troubles.

A.—I went to Washington the first time, when I have state
d before, and was sold our lands for the sum of \$100,000.
R.—Wood. I went for this purpose. I had now sold all our
lands from east to west—from sunrise to sunset. I went
across the mountains, and saw the soldiers of the United
States, and the soldiers near our country at Red Wood. I
was going to Washington. I collected the chief men of the
tribe and took them to the fort; some of them failed to
appear half a day in hunting them up and getting their signa-
tures to a letter that they wished to write to the President.
The soldiers were put in the care of our men, and we
and that we were not interfered with by the whites. I told
the commandant of the fort that I wished him to write a letter
for me for our people, and he wrote me a letter, and I
gave it to the soldiers. I had now a blanket and feathers; carried a
gun, and a horse.

TAKEN BY INDIAN PEACE COMMISSION, ON DEMAND OF
GEN. HARNEY, COMMISSIONER.

[illegible]

and painted his face; he wished him now to write the Order Father that he wished now to leave off all these things. He said, "I wish you to give me some good things, such as whiskey and plundering and thieving, and I wish you to give me your ways. I know that your ways are good, and that your people obtain land and hold it; they plant corn and raise all kinds of domestic animals. I wish you to give me some of those things, so that I may have them without a country we will be obliged to go on the plains; go out on the bare prairies we are in danger of perishing from cold and starvation, and there are other tribes that live there that are likely to kill us." The Order Father told him that he would give him what he wanted, and that he would send him and his men up on the Minnesota River, and help him to live like whites. I took this letter, and carried it to Washburn. After a few days I had an interview with the President. He shook hands with me, and told me to tell him all that I had wanted, and that he would do my best to satisfy me. I told him that I wished him the better, and that I wished to

[illegible]

Q.—Were any Indians that did not voluntarily come in to surrender for friendly purposes taken prisoners by the troops or Government?

A.—I do not know of any, except "Little Six" and "Moccasin Bottom," who were captured through information given by the Indians to the soldiers.

Q—How many Indians were killed in battle or on the trail by the whites during the war?

A—In one battle, the battle of Wood Lake, there were killed. At other times there were one or two killed. I know of no others.

Q—Big Lake, being first duly sworn, testifies as follows:

Q—You are a chief of the Santee Sioux?

A—Yes.

Q—You have heard the answers and statements of Wabasha?

A—Yes.

Q—Do you concur in that statement in every respect?

A—The statement is true.

Q—Have you any additional facts to state? If so, state them.

A.—Where there is a long matter to state, and a single name is designated to state it, there will be many things proper to be left out, as the memory is uncertain. I know some particulars, but I can't tell you all, since I have been overruled. I have been deposed as chief, and hence I have not talked with my people. I was a chief in Minnesota. Probably these people are not aware of these facts, and I therefore tell of it. Wa-pa-sha is chief, and you have heard him talk. I was imprisoned three years. When I came back to my people found that my hand had been taken away from me, and that I was deposed as chief. The people are not satisfied. I want to speak for them. Although the people that I have left behind might wish me to say something, still, if I do

I will be accused of being desirous of being made chief agent for the benefit of the Indians. I wish to add this statement to the morning of the break of day, and I have already told them that the Indians are bringing in women and child prisoners, and that I considered this wrong, and thought that they ought to be sent to the fort. He agreed with me and sent me to speak to "Little Crow" about it. I told "Little Crow" that these prisoners had done no wrong, and that he badly off if carried far from the Indians, and that it would be well to send them to the fort. He said that he would do so, and he de-termined to take them with us where ever we went, and that they should suffer with us. Then those who pitied them got them in our possession, and took care

them: I cared for five men, one woman and four children, and others did the same. These were our good deeds toward the whites, and we came in to the whites with every day's food, and sent them to the whites. The whites were then by the whites. The Indians have no such custom, they know that among the whites, whenever a white man is raised by either party, the fighting stops, and Gen. Sibley planted a white flag on the prairie, where we could see it. I fixed his letter to the flag, and in that letter he told us that he wanted peace. The Indians stopped fighting, and we went to the whites and told them that we had peace. We did not have a few soldiers first, and then kept bringing more, until we surrounded us, and then he dealt with us as Wa-pa-sha told you. No general Council was held after the traders were

Q.—Did you sign the treaty for the cession of your land north of the Minnesota river?

A.—I did not sign it, but I have been told that they stole my name and put it to the treaty. I never received anything for the payment of our annuities, and were almost starved waiting.

Q.—You are a chief of the Santee Sioux?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How long have you been a chief?

A.—Ten years.

Q.—Did you sign the treaty for the cession of your land north of the Minnesota river?

A.—I did not sign it, but I have been told that they stole my name and put it to the treaty. I never received anything for the payment of our annuities, and were almost starved waiting.

Red Legs, Flute Hand, Scarlet-All Over, and Iron Dog, being first duly sworn, depose and say that the foregoing statements and answers of Wa-pa-sin, Big Eagle and Wa-pa-sin are true and correct as they belong to the facts and have personal knowledge of the facts referred to; and make the further statement that prior to the attempted application of our annuities under the treaty for the cession of our lands north of the Minnesota river, there never had been any hostile feeling amongst our people toward the whites.

list our people not friendly towards them; and looked
 them as our benefactors. There would have been no reason
 if the money had been paid to us, as required by our treaty.
 We hereby certify that each of the above persons was
 sworn in our presence, and the answers and statements
 each taken down by us this fifteenth day of June, A. D. 1861.
 on board the steamer "Deer Lodge," on the Missouri river.
 Wm. S. Hays, Secy. of the Indian Peace Commission.
 Witnesses—James C. O'Connor.

LIST OF LECTURERS.

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

J. MADISON ALLEN, Ancora, N. J.
F. HANSON, A. A. A., 109 West 12th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 1st, 1890.
 and 31, in Rochester, N. Y., during February; in Syracuse, N. Y., during March; in New York, (Everett Rooms), during April; in Salem, Mass., during May. Address as above, or 214 North Main, Mass.

MRS. ANNA E. ALLEN (late ill.), inspirational speaker, Boston, Mass.

BOB CHAMBERLAIN, trance speaker, Chicago, Ill.

J. MADISON ALEXANDER, inspirational and trance speaker, Chicago, Ill., will answer calls East or West.

MRS. N. A. ADAMS, inspirational, box 277, Pittsburgh, Md.

HARRISON ANDER, Calumet Station, Clinton Co., Iowa.

JAMES P. AULICK, Springfield, Mass.

MRS. N. K. ANDREWS, trance speaker, Delton, Wis.

DR. J. T. AMOR, box 200, Rochester, N. Y.

MARY A. AMPHILKOT, care of J. Stolz, M. D., Dayton, O.

REV. J. O. BARRETT, 95camore, Ill.

MRS. H. H. B. BARNES, box 356, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. ARRY N. BUSHMAN, inspirational speaker, 24 Canton street, Boston, Mass.

in Monroe Centre the first, and in Farmington the fourth Sunday of every month.

GEORGE F. KITTREDGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. M. J. KUTZ, Watnick Lake, M. Ch.

CYNTHIA B. LYNN, inspirational speaker, will lecture in Sturgis, Mich., during January.

J. S. LOVELAND, Monmouth, Ill.

Mrs. F. A. LOGAN, Chicago, Ill., care of R. P. Journal.

JOHN LOWE, New Bedford, Cutler, Mass.

Mrs. A. L. LAMBERT, trance and inspirational speaker, 959 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D., Burdick House, Buffalo, N. Y.

MARY E. LONGDON, inspirational speaker, 60 Montgomery street, Jersey City, N. J.
 H. T. LONKARD, inspirational speaker, 88 East Jefferson street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 H. T. LONKARD, trance speaker, New Ipswich, N. H.
 LOUIS B. MACDONALD, semi-trance speaker. Address, Wauwouge, Juneau Co., Wis.
 PROF. R. M. M'CORD, Centralia, Ill.
 MARY M. MANNING, trance speaker, Birmingham, Mich.
 JAMES B. MORRISON, inspirational speaker, box 378, Haverhill, Mass.
 THOMAS E. MOON, inspirational speaker, Boston, Mass.
 MRS. M. W. NICK, Portland, Me.

MR. F. H. MASON, inspirational speaker, No. Conway, N. H.
 O. W. MANCE, trance speaker, 35 Rutland Square, Boston.
 DR. J. W. MANN, trance speaker, 100 West 10th St., New York.
 DR. JOHN MATTHEW, Washington, D. C., P. O. box 607.
 DR. G. W. MORRILL, JR., trance and inspirational speaker,
 Boston, Mass.
 MRS. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROUGH, box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.
 MRS. RAKAH IRENE MATTHEWS, Quincy, Mass.
 J. WM. VAN NAME, Deerfield, Mich.
 W. M. OGDEN, New York.
 GEORGE A. KIRCK, inspirational, box 87, Auburn, Me.
 MRS. E. N. PALMER, trance speaker, Big Flat, N. Y.
 MRS. PIERCE, lecture, 104 St. Louis St., New York.
 MRS. E. M. PEARSE, trance speaker, New Albany Ind.

A. A. POND, Inspirational speaker, Rochester Depot, Ohio.
J. L. POTTER, trance, La Crosse, Wis., care of E. A. Wilson.
W. F. PRADY, Inspirational speaker, Duane, Mich.
DR. B. D. PAGE, Port Huron, Mich.
MRS. ANNA M. L. POITS, M. D., lecturer, Adrian, Mich.
JOHN R. PICKARD, Lecturer, Grand Rapids, Mich.
J. H. POWELL, Terre Haute; Ind., care James Louis' Will
lecture week-evenings.
Miss J. PEPPER, trance speaker, South Hanover, Mass.
A. G. ROBINSON, Lecturer, W. Southfield, Mich.
DR. P. B. KARNOLDIN, care box 3352, Boston, Mass.; till Jan
19, care Ellen F. B. Dowd, Davenport, Iowa.
S. S. SARGENT, Lecturer, Providence, R. I.
Wm. PERSE, M. D., Inspirational speaker, Burlington, O.

Mrs. E. B. Rusk, Providence, R. I. (Indian Bridge).
 Mrs. H. Hinks, Inspirationist speaker, Boston, Mass.
 Mrs. J. H. Randall, Inspirationist speaker, New York, N. Y.
 Mrs. Frank Reid, Inspirationist speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich.
 Rev. A. B. Randall, Appleton, Wis.
 Dr. House, Boston, Mass.
 Mrs. P. A. Galesburg, Ill.
 Mrs. P. A. J. Roberts, Carpentersville, Ill.
 AUSTEN E. SIMMONS, Woodstock, Vt.
 Dr. H. B. F. Brown, lecture in Philadelphia during January.
 Dr. H. B. F. Brown, lecture in Boston.
 Dr. H. and ALBINA WILHELM SEAGE, Jackson, Mich.
 Mrs. FANNIE DAVIS MITCHELL, Milford, Mass.
 Dr. A. E. Nelson, Inspirationist speaker, Boston, Mass.
 Mrs. CARRIE A. SCOTT, trances speaker, Elmira, N. Y.

Mrs. L. A. F. SWAIN, Inspirational, Union Lakes, Minn.
Mrs. C. M. STONE, Inspirational, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. N. J. SWANEY, Normal speaker, Nonak, Conn.
E. R. SWACIMMER, 128 No. 3d street, Brooklyn, N. Y. E. D.
Dr. E. K. SWANSON, Inspirational speaker, Schenectady, N. Y.
W. L. TAMMILA, W. 10th Street, Portland, Me.
ABRAHAM SMITH, Esq., Inspirational speaker, Sturgis, Mich.
MRS. MARY LOUISA SMITH, France speaker, Toledo, O.
MRS. M. S. STURGEON, Inspirational speaker, Boston, Mass.
J. W. MAYER, Inspirational speaker, Byron, N. Y.
Mrs. C. A. SHEWEN, Townsend Center, Mass.
Mrs. M. E. B. SAWYER, Fitchburg, Mass.
Mrs. MARY E. RYAN, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania State
Association of Spiritualists, Address care of Dr. H. T. Child,

34 RACE STREET, BOSTON, Mass.
 BELLA ANNE SMITH, Vocal speaker, Sturgis, Mich.
 624 VAN VICKLE, Greenbush, Mich.
 MISS MATTIE THOMSON, Conway, Mass.
 Mrs. ROBERT T. THOMSON, Harty, Ky. Co., Mo.
 Mrs. FORTNER N. THOMSON, Harty, Ky. Co., Mo.
 DR. S. A. THOMAS, lecturer, Westville, Ind.
 JAMES T. TRASK, lecturer on Spiritualism, Kenduskeag, Me.
 HUDSON TUTTLE, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 BENJAMIN TODD, San Francisco, Cal.
 Mrs. SARAH M. THOMPSON, Inspirational speaker, 161 St
 Clair street, Cleveland, O.
 I. H. W. THOMPKY, Providence, R. I.
 Mrs. CHARLOTTE F. TABER, trance speaker, New Bedford,

Miss, P. O. Box 322, New York.

Mrs. W. H. WHITE, 333 Madison street, in January, Washington, D. C.

E. V. WILSON, Lombard, Ill.

E. S. WHEELER, inspirational speaker, Cleveland, O.

Mrs. M. N. YOUNG, 1010 Madison street, with spouse in Rochester, N. Y.

Miss JANUARY: in East Boston during February. Address, 11 Dewey street, Worcester, Mass.

F. L. H. WILSON, M. D., 16 West 24th street, near Fifth ave New York.

Mrs. S. E. WARNER, box 323, Davenport, Iowa

F. L. WADSWORTH, 303 22nd Morgan street, Chicago, Ill.

Miss C. W. WATSON, 1010 Madison street, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. E. M. WOLCOTT, Canton, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Prof. E. WHITPLE, Clyde, O.

ro Lois W. Albion, Mich. Aft. care Colby Ind. will lecture
in Baltimore, Md. during January.
Mrs. MARY J. WILCOX, dance speaker, will lecture in
Miss. MARY E. WITHEK, 182 Elm street, Newark, N. J.
Dr. R. G. WELLS, trance speaker Address, 14 Brown street,
Prescott Corporation, Lowell, Mass.
Miss J. W. WILSON, 15 Windsor street, Cambridgeport, Mass.
M. B. WHITING, Albion, Mich.
Miss ELVINA WHEELER, normal speaker, Janesville, Wis.
A. A. WHEELER, 1000 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
A. A. WILLIS, Lawrence, Mass., P. O. box 473.
Dr. J. C. WILDER, Burlington, Iowa.

28 **MRS. MATHIE E.** Tremont street, Boston, Mass.
 29 **JAMES M. MATHIE**, 10 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.
 30 **REV. DR. WHERLOCK**, Inspirational speaker, State Center, N. Y.
 31 **WARREN WOOLSON**, Buffalo, Mass. Hastings, N. Y.
 32 **S. H. WORTMAN**, Tintonia, N. Y., box 1454.
 33 **G. W. WHITMAN**, Inspirational speaker, Rock Grove City,
 34 Floyd Co., Iowa.
 35 **MRS. E. A. WILLIAMS**, Hannibal, Oswego Co. N. Y., box 41.
 36 **ELIJAH WOODWORTH**, Inspirational speaker, Leslie, Mich.
 37 **A. C. WOODRUFF**, Battle Creek, Mich.
 38 **MRS. MARTINE YEAH** will speak in Leominster, Mass., Jan.
 39 10 **Address**, Northboro, Mass.
 40 **MRS. FANNETT YORRIS**, trance speaker, care *Banner of Light*
 41 Boston, Mass.

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

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1869.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY, to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

Notice to Advertisers.

On and after the first of February next we shall require, in all cases, PAYMENT IN ADVANCE for advertisements inserted in the Banner of Light. For all advertisements printed on the Fifth page, 20 cents per line for each insertion will be charged.

The Cry of Humbug.

People have become so much accustomed to this cry that it has ceased, in a great degree, to make any serious impression. Run over the list of inventions, improvements, discoveries and reforms, and tell us what one of them all has been introduced to the attention of the world, for its own special good, too, against which this very shout of "humbug" has not been raised. It is partly fashion, set by minds that are infidel to everything present and to come, and partly the result of that mental sluggishness which holds such a large body of people in its shameful thrall. Copernicus was a humbug. So was Galileo. So was Jenner. So was Espy, and Morse, and Hare, and the rest. All defied the strait-laced of custom and the fashion, offered liberal hospitality to the new ideas which many persons profess such fear of, entertained eagerly the suggestions which occurred with the passing hour and its fleeting occurrences, and behold the grandeur, the blessedness and the stability of their works. They held fast by their native faith, and remained loyal to their trusts. They did not compromise, were not afraid, advanced with a wise resoluteness, impressed every surrounding fact and incident into their service, and, finally, were crowned with the laurel.

That there is humbug in the world, and plenty of it, too, we should not dare deny; but it is not that which suppresses the free breathing of those who profess to believe in it, or compels a man to go about among his fellows like a solitary, because of the weight on his heart and brain. No humbug ever wrought thus in the feelings or faith of its devotees. And it is therefore the more conspicuously strange, that after all this long and expensive experience men are unable to discriminate between the false and that which at least may be true. Why should certain individuals deliberately prefer to encounter the sneers and ridicule of their fellows, for the sake of wedding their lives to great and far-reaching conceptions for the good of those who vilify them, when by abandoning their "hobbies" they might make matters perfectly smooth and swim with the pleasantly soothing and laxative current of popularity? Why do they hold fast by such preferences, except that they may give free scope and rein to their own thoughts, their own conceptions, their own development, and to their own gratification?

The world ought to be conscious, by this time, of having received blessings enough under the disguise of this vulgar epithet humbug, to exercise some little patience and discrimination over it. It has been deceived by this hollow cry so often, that prudence no less than decency should suggest the propriety of a slower judgment and a larger charity. So long as the original and advancing minds of the age do not betray any symptoms of trepidation in the face of the popular assault, and so long as such noble results have in numerous illustrious instances flowed from it, too, what is the use, what is the reasonableness of keeping alive a cry of this character, only to end in the same popular discomfiture as before? Is not this latest age liberal enough in its sentiments and large enough in its views to put an end to these puerile proceedings? None are fooled but those who choose to be. Wait and see results. Give everything a chance, and everybody a hearing. A very little time will suffice now to test the truth and worth of anything.

Current Non-Belief.

On every side are to be seen evidences of a lack of faith in what is asserted merely because of its being asserted. The age is preeminently one of investigation and inquiry. It puts endless questions on every variety and every class of subjects. Some penetrating writer very properly says that the infidelity, so called, which is the characteristic of the time, is wholly of an innocent sort, and pervades the professedly Christian element of society as much as, or more than, all the others together. No fact is less susceptible of denial than this, that it is useless to oppose this infidel feeling with either denunciation or ridicule. It is the real Spirit of the Age, restless, determined to investigate, courageous, bold, and still profoundly religious and disposed to confide and trust. All it seeks is to review and revise its old forms of faith, expurgate what is childish, outgrown, and without vital force and meaning, and reform its statements of belief with a more strict adaptation of what is already known to what is secretly and fully subscribed to. Can any truly religious association refuse hospitality to such a spirit, when it seeks only a higher religion still?

Fitchburg Lyceum.

The Children's Lyceum at Fitchburg celebrated their first anniversary on Saturday evening, Jan. 2d, as we learn from Fred W. Davis, its Secretary. A large number of friends were present, and after the preliminary exercises were over, a beautiful tree was disclosed, well laden with remembrances for the children, and a happy scene ensued during their distribution. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens and mottoes. Among others were the following: "Charity and love bring heaven," "Ever forward," "Live for others," "There is no death." The affair was over by nine o'clock, and all seemed to enjoy every moment. The Lyceum is in fine condition. May it continue to prosper, and yearly participate in like festive occasions.

Henry Ward Beecher lectures in Music Hall in this city, before the Mercantile Library Association, Wednesday evening, Jan. 13th.

Spirit Message Department.

"John Clemence" reports at our circle, from England. Wishes his sons, John and William, who he says do not know (or did not Oct. 33) that he had passed to the spirit-world, to go home and settle up his accounts. He is very anxious to have his sons know of his return. The message will be found on our sixth page. Should the parties called for see this, we hope they will have the kindness to enlighten us upon the subject—whether true, or not.

Robert C. Buck, killed in battle, the oldest son of William Buck, of Bucksville, Ala., reports himself, and desires to communicate in private with his friends.

Josephine Austin, a spirit-child, is anxious to speak with her sister, at Augusta, Me. She came to us, expecting to find her sister here in Boston, and left the medium in evident disappointment.

Walter Jacobs, a lively spirit, reports as going out from Waterville, Me. "Talk ab ut being dead!" he says, "there is no such thing as dying!" And he is right. He, too, would like to communicate with his folks. Says Horace Tinkham showed him how to get back. Does anybody know whether such a person as Horace Tinkham ever lived? We don't.

Mrs. Elizabeth McHenry, who died in Roxbury, comes to aid her two children, who she left destitute. She manifested great anxiety in regard to—showing how deep-seated is a mother's love for her offspring.

A quaint spirit, who claims for his earthly name William Cutter, of Medford, displayed his individuality graphically while in possession of the medium. The message but faintly outlines the evident peculiarities of the man.

Hiram Cole, of the Second Indiana Cavalry, who lost his body in the late war, comes treating of the errors of Old Theology. Preaches quite a sermon. Read it, by all means. He wants his people, who were Methodists, to know that that sect has not any churches built in the spirit-land as yet.

A little girl nine years old, Annie Davis, hails from New York. She was quite talkative. We should like to hear from the mother in regard to the statements made by this spirit. We have no knowledge whatever of the parties named.

The invocations and questions and answers are excellent.

MEM.—A spirit communicated at our circle on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 5th, who said he was killed in Liverpool a few hours before falling from the masthead of an American ship, giving his own name, name of the vessel, and other particulars.

A Hit at Counter-Jumpers.

The Sorosis, (signifying fruit gathered from many flowers), a weekly paper published at Chicago and devoted to the interests of woman, by Mrs. M. L. Walker & Co., is a spicy affair. "Patty Pry" writes for it. Just see how she pelts the "nice" young counter-jumpers of the city. Every word truth. She enters a fashionable dry-goods store to make a slight purchase and have a peep at the sales-people, "the workers in the gilded hive," but, instead of being waited upon by a nice, tidy little sales-woman, as she expected, the pins she asks for are presented by a young man, a broad-shouldered, able-bodied masculine, who, for the consideration of something between fifty and sixty dollars per month, perhaps more, has obligingly consented to let his God-given muscle and sinew soften—along with his brain—in selling pins, needles, buttons, delaines, silks, poplins, etc., etc., for the profit of his employers. The moral of "Patty's" observations and deductions culminate in this wise:

"It seems to me little to say that a man has lost sense of his manhood, when, in place of a just pride in his bodily strength—given him to handle iron and guide the plow—he craves in, like a coward, behind the back of some weak woman, and, trusting her aside, devotes his time and energies (!) to lifting frail feathers and cutting off yards of ribbon. It is a fact that men content these places with women, or they would not get them. Were it, as it should be, regarded a disgrace and meanness for an able-bodied man to fill such a place, he would be seldom to be seen in it; and, when he was, it would not be with the look of ineffable conceit and consequence he now fills it. If a number of right-thinking persons can effect a change in any matter, why may they not in this? Certainly it bears importantly on the interests of a very large proportion of women in the middle walks of life. This is the class whose entrance into the printing-office and the counting-room is watched with such jealous eyes by many of the opposite sex. Do these jealous watchers ever think of the thousands of places in retail dry-goods stores throughout the country, filled by their own sex to the exclusion of poor women?"

Indian Testimony.

In telling the story of our current troubles with the Indians, it is only just to read both sides; and as the red men are the ones now pursued with such eagerness, all that comes from them in the shape of testimony deserves to be carefully weighed and considered. The evidence offered before Gen. Harney, Indian Peace Commissioner, will be found in another part of this paper. It tells a tale of outright treachery which should make white men blush. The whole cause of the Indian troubles in Minnesota, which culminated in a general massacre and hanging, was the fraudulent claims of the traders, who caused the regular annuities to be kept back from the tribes, at which glaring injustice the young men of the tribes revolted. The details will be made plain on their perusal. It now appears in evidence before Peace Commissioner Taylor, that Black Kettle and other warriors were deceived and entrapped in a similar manner, Black Kettle being notoriously "the friend of the white man"; that the battle recently fought occurred in a tract of the Seminole nation that was ceded by the treaty of 1866, and in a portion of the same that was specially provided as the asylum and final home of those Indians; and that the very fact that the Indians attacked were encumbered with their women, children, extra ponies, and other kinds of property, showed that they were not on the war path. Delegates from the Cherokee, Choctaw and Creek nations are urgent for a thorough investigation into the facts of the whole affair.

Lyceum Festival at Troy, N. Y.

W. H. Vosburgh, in a private note, says: "We had a grand time at our Christians Festival. We occupied the largest hall in the city, and it was filled to its utmost capacity. One of our finest bands discoursed its liveliest strains of music for us. Marching, music, dancing and distributing the presents was the order of the day. It was one of the finest exhibitions ever held in this city. In the evening the hall was cleared for a grand dance, which was a very fine affair. Our Lyceum is large and rapidly on the increase, and is in a very prosperous condition."

The Missionary Work.

A. E. Carpenter proposes to speak in Hopkinton, Mass., Thursday, Jan. 14th; Melrose, 15th; Stoughton, Sunday, 17th; Sharon, 18th.

Recognizing Spirits in Law.

The contest, over the will of Mrs. Mary W. Green, of Topham, Me., who died Aug. 21, 1867, involving the point, or rather turning on the point whether or not a will that was admittedly dictated by spirit-intelligence is valid, has at length been decided in favor of the testator. As this is not only an interesting but an important case, regarded in a practical light, for the Spiritualistic faith and practice, we present a full statement of the issues which were raised as follows:

Mrs. Green left four wills, and a codicil to the last made by her. The last of these wills, with the codicil annexed, was approved and allowed in the Probate Court as the last will and testament of the decedent. Mary Ann, the daughter, and only heir at law, appeared from this decedent, and, at the trial, tendered three issues, in substance, that the will and codicil were not duly executed; that at the time of making, the decedent was not of sound mind; that the testamentary writings were not the offspring of the decedent's own mind and will, but were produced by undue influences from other sources.

The formal execution was clearly proved. It appeared in evidence, and was conceded by the executor, that the decedent embraced the belief in Spiritualism, as called, about the year 1850, and that she was a firm and implicit believer in the doctrine of the communications of disembodied spirits to living persons, through the instrumentality of writing mediums, and that for a long period, extending from the time of adopting the belief, and one witness, who, however, was not much with her in the very last years of her life, said, as long as she lived, she was in the habit of receiving letters purporting to come from the spirits of her deceased husband and children and other deceased persons, through different mediums. The deceased had been informed by the spirits that she had power to heal diseases. She believed this, and sometimes experimented on sick persons without much apparent success. Some of the witnesses understood her to believe that this supposed power was the same as that given to the apostles.

The appellant put into the case many of these spiritual letters, so called. The executor put in to the case two small manuscript volumes and a third nearly complete, in the hand-writing of the decedent, containing these spiritual letters, many of them bearing dates extending from her first adoption of the belief to a period in 1864.

The testatrix was greatly afflicted by the alienation of her daughter, occasioned by want of sympathy between the decedent and the daughter's husband, but she imputed all her conduct to the influence of the husband; and after she came to Spiritualism she assumed that he was "a medium," and that it was by that power that he controlled his wife. A distinguished physician testified to an interview with the decedent in 1866, in which she unfolded her belief in Spiritualism and in her own power to heal diseases, and declared her conviction that Robinson was a medium, and that he could and did influence his wife's feelings toward herself, as witness understood it, even when not present. And while he remained in a general derangement, he considered her belief in these matters an "insane delusion."

The reason given, however, for this opinion, was, that witness "did not believe anything of it." Some of the witnesses who reside in Portland, and who evidently sympathized with the appellant, testified that on her way to Bloomington in 1864, the decedent seemed excited and looked wild; two witnesses testified that she had said at different times that her relatives thought she was crazy in believing in Spiritualism. Her sister and other relatives testified that she was never unduly excited, though greatly interested in her new belief. Otherwise no one had ever noticed anything at all peculiar in her manner or conduct. Her physician in her last sickness, who was a witness to the codicil, never discovered anything indicating aberration or unsoundness of mind.

It also appeared in evidence that she often, as she believed, ascertained by written communications the opinion of her departed husband as to matters of business. Two of the Portland witnesses, ladies with whom she had been familiar at times, testified that she always did this before acting, and that she relied implicitly on directions thus given. Another lady, residing in Brunswick, Maine, testified that she had said that she often thus consulted her husband, and that she treated his opinions and advice in the same manner as if he had given them living, but absent. Other witnesses of the decedent's relations testified, either that they never knew her to make such supposed advice and opinions the basis of action in business affairs, or that she actually did not do so; that by information derived from the spirits themselves she considered that such matters were out of the province of spiritual control, but that after acting she sometimes confirmed or tested her own views by consulting the spirit of her own husband. There is a passage in one of the so-called spiritual letters, purporting to come from her deceased husband, after the first three wills had been made, all of which three were made before she became a Spiritualist, in these words: "As to the will, it is right as I should have done." There is no other allusion in these communications to the will.

But the appellant put a letter of her mother's into the case, dated June 4, 1866, in which she says, "but knowing I have been governed by the wishes and directions of my spirit husband, and knowing, too, that God knows, that it has been my highest aim to be just with my child in every respect." The appellant's counsel, among other positions, assumed that Spiritualism is a delusion, and contended that her adoption of it was an insane delusion, that the will was the supposed dictation of the departed husband, and therefore not the intelligent and free will of the decedent; and that her belief in Robinson's control over his wife, which had influenced her action, was an insane delusion, and that, for each of these reasons the will should be void. The Judge, in accordance with the proposition of counsel for the executor, instructed the jury, in substance, that although she may have supposed that she received advice from the spirits of the departed, and may have acted upon such belief, yet the will is not for that cause invalid, unless she surrendered her own will and judgment to such supposed dictation, and that if she acted with freedom upon her own judgment the will is good; but if she was under any insane delusion, which moved her in making the will, it is void.

The case was seven days on trial, and the jury after a deliberation of twelve hours rendered a verdict sustaining the will.

Corra L. V. Daniels in Music Hall.

Next Sunday afternoon, in Music Hall, Mrs. Corra L. V. Daniels will give her first lecture this season in this city. Mrs. Daniels's reputation of being one of the finest inspirational trance speakers in the world, is sufficient to insure a large attendance. There is quite an interest in the community to listen to her truly spiritual productions in the form of lectures and poems.

Last March when Mrs. Daniels lectured here, she had left her sick room only a few weeks before, having been prostrated by a severe attack of yellow fever, and was really too feeble in health to have resumed her labors on the rostrum so soon. But we are happy to state that she has fully recovered, and is now in possession of her usual health, strength and vigor. Her beautiful inspirational utterances, in a clear, full tone, will easily be heard in all parts of the hall. She remains with us only three Sundays. Let no one miss this opportunity of hearing her, else they will regret it.

Shaker Convention.

Methods of progress proceed in cycles. This is an age of investigation. Thought, inquiry is in the very air we breathe. The Shakers, a people calling themselves the "United Society," and professing to have attained unto that "kingdom which is not of this world," propose holding a second Convention in this city, about the middle of February. Elder Frederick W. Evans and other speakers will be present. The time of meeting and place will be announced in the daily papers.

Circulating the Banner of Light.

The effort that is being made by our patrons, for each one to procure an additional new subscriber, is working well. Those who have made the attempt found but little trouble in securing one, and, in many instances, two, three and half-a-dozen. This fact shows at once how easy a matter it would be to increase the circulation of our paper twenty or even fifty thousand, in a short time. A better and surer method of spreading the Spiritual Philosophy among the people cannot well be carried out, or a greater amount of good more easily accomplished. Besides, it would strengthen our hands, and financially enable us to increase the value of our paper by improvements far beyond reach with our present means. We assure our patrons that they and the public will be the gainers by their efforts to increase the circulation of the Banner of Light.

Below we continue the list of names of those who are determined to do what they can to accomplish the object mentioned above:

H. W. Ballard renews his subscription and sends a new one. George R. Draper does the same. E. Cross sends the name and money for a new subscriber. J. B. Clough says, "I started out this morning, determined to obtain a new subscriber, and succeeded in getting two." Would that every subscriber would adopt his resolution. H. H. Powers sends twelve dollars and three new subscribers. This shows what effort will accomplish. Thomas Wentworth sends three dollars and a new name. Thanks, friends.

Our Free Circles.

The Banner of Light Free Circle-room continues to be the centre of attraction for our resident citizens as well as strangers who come among us for a short stay, many of whom visit the city mainly for the purpose of attending one or more of these circles. They afford much gratification not only to the visitor, but to the readers of our paper all over the world—who anxiously await its arrival each week, to get a glimpse at the "Message Department," which furnishes food for thought, and gives a better general picture of life in the spirit-world than can be obtained through any other channel. These free circles have become a public necessity, and have been, and still are, sowing seed that is continually producing a rich harvest of happy souls. They are maintained at great expense to us, but we shall endeavor to keep them going as long as we possibly can, and, with the aid of our friends, shall no doubt succeed. We tender our sincere thanks to our thoughtful friend—as indicated in the following note—for his timely remembrance, and hope others will not be unkind of the good they can do by helping sustain the Banner of Light Public Free Circles:

WILLIAM WHITE & Co.—Dear Sirs: As the contributions to keep up the free circles appear to be declining, I have thought proper to enclose five dollars as a New Year's Present, to be applied by you wherever it is most needed.

Hoping to contribute some more before long, I remain, Yours truly, R. FULKERSON.

Elkhart, Ind., Dec. 31st, 1868.

Help the Needy.

It is not generally known that some of the more philanthropic and benevolent Spiritualists of this city have formed an Aid Society, the object of which is to render assistance to poor and needy women and children. This winter they find a large number who are almost in a state of destitution, while others are suffering for a sufficient quantity of clothing to keep them any way comfortable. This is purely a labor of love on the part of these "angels in human form," and they should be encouraged and sustained in their noble efforts by those who can afford to give a little of their spare money, or any kind of cast-off clothing. All such donations will be faithfully appropriated to the relief of those less favored by fortune. Though each gives but little, that little will prove a blessing to the giver as well as the receiver. The following named persons will receive any sums of money or articles of clothing donors may choose to give; or if word is sent to them, they will send for the articles of clothing. It will be seen that the parties are scattered in various parts of the city for the better accommodation of donors:

Mrs. D. N. Ford, 33 Rutland street;
Mrs. SANBORN, 636 Washington street;
Mrs. NEWELL, 63 Cambridge street;
Mrs. STARR, 147 Camden street;
Mrs. FRETZ, 2 Hollis place;
Mrs. M. M. HART, 93 Poplar street;
Mrs. WOODS, 68 Carter street;
Mrs. WARR, 4 Irving place, Charlestown;
Mrs. DOOLITTLE, 303 Third street, South Boston;
Mrs. BULLOCK, 55 G street, South Boston.

New Year's Festival.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Cambridgeport, Mass., celebrated the advent of the New Year by appropriate exercises, at Williams Hall, in this city, on Friday evening, January 1st. The Committee of Arrangements consisted of Messrs. Barri, Bullard, Newman and Wheelock, and Mrs. Bullard, Newman and Wiggin. A number of fancy articles, made by the children of the Lyceum, were offered for sale, games were played, and refreshments circulated gratuitously to all who attended. The little ones, for whose benefit the entertainment was arranged, seemed perfectly jubilant, and those present of older growth also participated in the enjoyments of the occasion with a hearty good will. Declarations were given by Misses Lizzie Wiggin, Fanny Dolbear, Ella Willis and Master John Murray; Miss Nellie Bullard represented (in costume) the New Year; and Miss Cora Hastings, in behalf of the Lyceum children, presented to Mrs. D. W. Bullard, their Guardian, a tintype album, containing likenesses of the scholars, the presentation speech being in the form of an original poem, written for the occasion by Mrs. Agnes M. Davis. The whole affair, notwithstanding the driving snowstorm, was a perfect success, and will long live in the memory of those who were so fortunate as to have been present.

Greeting.

The Present Age greets its readers from its new home "in the most beautiful town, in Michigan," Kalamazoo, and wishes each and all "A Happy New Year." We congratulate Bro. Fox and his associates, and hope the present year will pass pleasantly with them, that their arduous labors may be cheerfully borne, and that no differences of opinion will lessen the harmony that should always exist between brethren and sisters of the press everywhere. We endorse cordially and unequivocally the following extract, which we find in the leading editorial of the Age of Jan. 2: "Let us be one and all proceed with firm purpose to our several tasks, and work together in unity of spirit and kindness of heart, to aid and bless one another, and our labors of love will not be in vain."

Mrs. S. A. Horton and Bro. E. Whipple have been added to the editorial corps of the Age. No encomiums we might offer would add to the merits of these sterling workers in the field of reform.

Ye Ministers of ye Olden Time.

A Scotch minister, it is reported, went into his pulpit once in the olden time slightly educated, and leaned over the pulpit's desk, (holding the pulpit), saying: "G-d-v-e out the 28th Psalm." There be'ant so many," said the precursor, "then sing so many as thou bel'—Ez."

The above reminds us of the olden time when hot fire was popular among all classes of society, ministers as well as laymen, and potatoes were indulged in, ad libitum, every day in the week except the Sabbath! It so happened, at least on one occasion, as the story goes, that a jolly parson who was "ordained to preach the gospel" in Amesbury, in this State, partook on a Sunday morning of his favorite beverage without stint, which resulted, as often occurs under similar circumstances, in somnolency. It was meeting-time, and still the parson was drowsy; but by the application of an unusual amount of muscular strength his good spouse brought him to a partial realization of his condition, and he very naturally inquired what the matter was.

"Matter! matter enough!" replied the dame in a fever of excitement; "don't you know it's Sunday, past meetin' time, and the congregation's waitin' for you?"

"L-hord f-forgive me!" ejaculated the parson as he sat huddled, for he was pretty full; "I h-had f-forgotten it was the S-s-sabbath d-d-day."

And the "man of God" was assisted to the church by his dutiful companion as rapidly as possible under the circumstances. Although late, he nevertheless assumed his position at the desk, and as usual endeavored to perform the appropriate services; but unfortunately he utterly failed, for the effects of the flip perceptibly affected his head as well as his heels, and he felt the awkwardness of "the situation," but made the best of it, and with a semi-comical countenance exclaimed:

"My d-d-dear 'earers, you m-m-must do as I t-teach, not as I p-practice. The con-congregation is dissolved!"

The Good Resolves.

No time like the New Year, a natural division of life now for mankind, in which to form and put in practice the purest and best resolves of which we are every one capable. Have you given more, of time, thought, money, and care, to the gratification of the lower than the higher qualities of the nature? Then begin now and reverse the order. Resolve to live more closely to the spirit for the present year than ever before; and at its close look back carefully over the twelvemonth and see the astonishing improvement you have made. The steps may be very short, as we know them to be frequent, and they are almost imperceptible; but a full year will make entirely new marks in the character, and show the progress that has been achieved. Instead of resolving to do this or that specific thing, like the faithful performance of an understood duty, it is far better to seek to cultivate generally a more elevated and spiritual temper, and thus make the performance of duty flexible by being natural, and avoid those mechanical corners in progress which all of us are impatient to knock or round off. For this year, then, resolve to live on a higher plane.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

It always gives us pleasure to record the evidences of enterprise manifested by the several spiritualistic journals in our land. If subscribers do not come in as rapidly as they should, we have only to resort to redoubled energy to make our respective sheets worthy the patronage of the public. Thus we see that Bro. Jones, of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, has added a new feature to its already interesting paper, namely, the publication of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons. For full particulars see his notice in another column. Then, again, Bro. Jones is to send out the Journal for the next three months, as a specimen sheet, at the cost only of the paper it is printed on, 25 cts.

The Luxury of Skating.

The opening of the Tremont-street Skating Rink, in this city, affords lovers of the eminently healthful exercise, skating, a fine opportunity to enjoy this luxury to their heart's content—during "all sorts of weather." The remodeling of the rink has probably made it now the safest one of the kind in the country. The building cost \$130,000. It is substantial, elegant and perfect in its arrangements. It has a surface of ice 230 by 120 feet, and will accommodate one thousand skaters. During the thaw and rain, last week, the ice in the rink was in excellent skating condition. The rink will prove a health-reforming institution.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Wm. F. Wentworth is speaking in Baltimore, Md., during this month. His address is 133 South Broadway.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield is having full audiences at Painesville, Ohio. The Children's Lyceum is a live institution. Mr. F. goes to Philadelphia in February.

E. V. Wilson has been lecturing at Syracuse, N. Y., with great success.

We have in Press.

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

—Mrs. Rogers, of Medford, and Mrs. Patten-gill, of Lynn, sent us on Thursday last—to be placed on our circle-room table—bouquets of beautiful natural flowers, for which they have our warmest thanks. The angels have already blessed them for the gifts.

A Word of Cheer.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Enclosed I send you my annual subscription for the dear old Banner of Light for the ensuing year. Long may it wave, until every corner of this dark habitable globe shall be illuminated by the glorious light of the "New Dispensation."

Your issue of October 24th, containing a communication purporting to come from the spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte, is of itself worth a year's subscription for the Banner of Light. It corresponds with our revelations. Napoleon's ambition, as seen by our visionists in spirit-life, is reversed from what it was in his earthly career; instead of striving to be the greatest, he is now seeking to be the least of all, and servant of all, ready to do homage to, the least child of Zion, whom he considers better than himself, in consequence of having lived a more virtuous life in the earth-form, by which we may learn in what true progress consists in spirit-life. And this process of purification, or regeneration, may commence in this world.

Thine as ever,
JAMES S. PRESCOTT.
Cleveland, Ohio, "Shaker Box" 2244, Dec. 25th, 1868.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We are under great obligations to our friend, Horace H. Day, of New York, for bound volumes of the "Christian Spiritualist," published at New York in 1884 & 5.

A block of ten buildings, in Bangor, Me., mostly occupied by business firms, was destroyed by fire during the night of Jan. 1st. Loss \$300,000. Insurance \$147,000.

The school authorities of Boston have in consideration the formation, from the English High and the Latin schools, of an institution of higher grade, to be called the Boston Free College. The course of study will require, at most, six years, and only those will be admitted to it who have come from the grammar or other equivalent schools, and who have reached the age of twelve years.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE.—According to the new postal convention, which went into operation on New Year's day, between the United States and Great Britain, the postage will be on letters, twelve cents per single rate of half ounce in the United States, and twelve cents in the United Kingdom, prepayment optional. A fine of five cents in the United States, and four cents in the United Kingdom, will, however, be levied and collected, in addition to the deficient postage on each unpaid or insufficiently prepaid letter received by one country from the other.

The man who shirks the payment of his income tax is termed a "revenue cutter."

A young lady who teaches music in an academy in Western New York sent an order to a publisher, recently, in which she had spelled the words very badly. She apologized by adding a postscript as follows: "You must excuse this letter, as I spell by note, but spell by ear."

From the address of the Mayor of Boston we gather the following items: The Internal Health department employs 343 laborers and 114 horses. The average number of pupils attending our public schools is 32,885. The Public Library contains 145,000 volumes. 86 per cent. more paving has been done in 1898 than in 1897. \$238,000 were expended last year for the relief of the poor. The police force consists of 413 men. An agreement has been signed by the Mayor and Dr. Dix, owner of Hotel Pelham, which transfers to the latter, next summer, the two houses between the hotel and the Public Library, which will be demolished and the hotel moved toward the Library.

Liberal Spanish priests are devising a plan for an independent national church.

A correspondent who has been gulled, wants us to say that the parties who advertise to send a music box that will play eight tunes, for \$1, send a child's toy that can be purchased anywhere for twenty-five cents; also that the cheap dollar "time-keepers" are only sun-dials made out of cardboard with gilded faces. We might publish an item about these awfuls every day, and there would still be a plenty of fools to be gulled by them.—*Springfield Republican*.

It would be much more profitable than slandering people by wholesale.

The City Inspector reports that seven thousand gallons of milk are sold daily in Boston, the sum paid for the article during the past year being nearly two and a quarter millions of dollars.

Five Church livings in the gift of the Duke of Norfolk were lately advertised at auction in London, but only one of them was sold, although there was a good attendance of clergymen and speculators. The *London Star* accounts for the failure to sell by saying that those present evidently had much doubt as to the desirableness of investing in Church property. Doubtless it is foreseen that this corrupt method of providing for the care of souls will not be much longer tolerated.

A NEW METHOD of killing cockroaches is to burn out the eating-houses where they congregate.

An editor says—probably the editor of the *Springfield Republican*—"Our best thing will be found on the outside." That's the way with the most of the world.

An "invisible" virtue—Greeley's virtue.

The Vineland Democrat contains quite a lengthy account of the "miraculous cure" of Mr. Spencer, at the Avenue Hotel, by Dr. S. Van Etten. The editor closes his article thus:

"The citizens of Vineland know the case of Mr. Spencer and how low he had become in health. They have only to call at the Avenue Hotel to see that we have written the truth of his case. And all this—what is it? It is not the healer business, by humbugging, it is the genuine electrical treatment. We don't care what it is called, Spiritualism or any other term, we call it and know it to be the healthy healing effect of the purest kind of electricity, emanating from the human battery contained in the body of Dr. Van Etten."

An immense amount of lumber will be cut in the Maine forests this winter—three times as much on the Penobscot, it is estimated, as last winter.

The cost of lighting the streets of Boston last year was \$272,982. There are 1201 street lamps.

Miss Emily Faithful, a prominent advocate of women's rights, in England, and proprietor of a large printing establishment in London, recently stated in a public address, that out of 6,000,000 women in England, 2,600,000 were unmarried.

The net debt of the city of Boston is thirteen millions of dollars. It owns about two millions and a half square feet of land.

Good men to attend auctions—men whose faces are forbidding.

A German sued his neighbor for killing his dog. The justice asked the defendant if he killed the dog. "Pe sure I killt him, but let him prove it," was the dogged reply. This being satisfactory, the plaintiff was asked—with a view of assessing damages—how much the dog was worth. "The dog was worth nothing but since he was so mean as to kill him, he shall pay de full value of him." That picture will apply to a good many lawsuits.

Rev. Orrin Abbott died in Chicago, Ill., Nov. 23d, aged seventy-seven years. He was a Spiritualist.

Within the short space of eight years, the London paupers have increased in number from 82,000 to 131,000, or more than fifty per cent.

A transcendental preacher took for his text, "Feed my lambs." A plain farmer very quaintly remarked to him, on coming out of the church, "A very good text, sir; but you should take care not to put the hay so high in the rack that the lambs can't reach it."

It is claimed that the commerce of Chicago is more than two-thirds that of the port of New York, with the harbor closed by ice four months in the year.

The pannier dress is now spoken of by the irreverent as the "dromedary rig."

Auditor Wilder pays the Massachusetts treasury a high compliment when he says that "for sixty years, since the defalcation of Treasurer Skinner, there has never been a dollar lost to the commonwealth; nor any delay in the payment of its obligations; nor any trouble with the banks where our funds have been kept on deposit."

Be not all sugar, or the world will swallow thee up; nor all wormwood, or it will spit thee out.

BOSTON GROWING.—The *Post* publishes in detail the number of new buildings erected within the city limits during the past year, and estimates the value at \$13,700,000. Boston is certainly "progressing."

BEFORE AND AFTER.
Timid and shy as a frightened hare,
Who knoweth her heart or her secret thought?
Is it love? or a fancy lingering there?
Dearest of jewels are the slowest thought.
"Goy as a maiden!"—the adage is old.
For better, be coy than a maiden too bold!
Finally won! Is the wife like the maid?
Read here the answer plain as a hawk:
Trusting, in thine, a soft hand is laid;
Boldly in thine the loving eyes look
Ah, it is well! and we need not be told
"The love of thy wife is more precious than gold!"

The average consumption of Coccolinate water by the city of Boston during the past year, has been about fourteen and a half million gallons per day. The whole number of water takers is twenty-nine thousand six hundred and ten.

The new suspension bridge at Niagara Falls was thrown open to the public January 3d. A four horse carriage, containing Hollis White, Vice President of the Bridge Company, Samuel Kaefe, the engineer, W. Smith, Superintendent, and Wm. Pool, editor of the *Niagara Falls Gazette*, passed over, followed by crowds of pedestrians. The bridge is the longest span on the continent.

New Publications.
The *Providence*, in three volumes, illustrated, is a taking juvenile set of books, from the favorite publishing house of Lee & Shepard. The titles of these three books are—Birds of a Feather, Fine Feathers do not make Fine Birds, and Handicaps and Handicappers. We need hardly commend these beautiful little volumes to the young people for whom they are so attractively prepared.

DOTTY DIMPLE AT PLAY is the name of still another of the "Dotty Dimple Series," by Sophie May, from the press of Lee & Shepard. It is a pretty little book, and well worthy of its predecessors.

PALACE AND COTTAGE, or Young America in France and Switzerland, is the next volume in order in the "Young America Series" of Oliver Optic, published by Lee & Shepard. Its title indicates its character, while there is no need to recommend the popular "Oliver" to the favor of the army of young folks whom he delights and charms.

THE BOSTON ALMANAC and Directory for 1899, with large and full map, is precisely the book required by the new year, and will faithfully serve the turn of those who avail themselves of its resources. It is an exquisite specimen of typography, and has been prepared with the care usual to this most successful of enterprises. Published by George Gooldig, Milk street.

PICTURES FROM PRISON LIFE is the name of a book from Orlan Hughes, Warden of the Massachusetts State Prison, who furnishes a historical sketch of the prison, with narratives and incidents, and suggestions on discipline. By means of this entertaining, though sorrowful, narrative, Mr. Hughes intends to draw the attention of the public to the mutual relations of society and those who are under its ban. And his aim, and end, and purpose, is to secure the two great ends of prison life, which he believes to be the protection of society and the reformation of the criminal. The sketches are of a most interesting and moving character, while the suggestions in reference to prison discipline are from a person of long experience at his responsible post. Published by Lee & Shepard.

William White & Co., of Boston, publish a small volume with the title of "INTERESTING COMMUNICATIONS FROM SPIRIT-LIFE," which were written through the mediumship of Mrs. S. E. Park, by the instrumentality of her spirit husband. The index explains the scope of the book, offering communications on a variety of themes, all of practical and spiritual interest, and calculated to provoke thought and stimulate to improvement. The preface and introduction more fully explain to the reader the circumstance of the author's mediumship. After perusing these preliminaries, he will be prepared the better to appreciate and profit by the teachings which are given by the spirit communicating. We commend it to a wide perusal among believers in the Spiritual Philosophy.

A. WILLIAMS & Co. have the National Quarterly Review for December, 1898. Dr. Sears shows no signs of flagging in either his industry, ability, or courage in the management of this favorite Quarterly, but rather develops new powers and fresh resources continually. The table of contents of this latest number of the *National* includes the following articles: Infernal Divinities, ancient and modern; Early Christian Literature; The Sorrows of Burns; The Phenomena of Sound; Orangelism in Ireland—its History and Character; George William Frederick Hegel; The Miraculous Element in our Periodicals; Ancient Etruria; and Notices and Reviews.

C. K. Whipple, of this city, publishes a pamphlet containing an address of Henry Ward Beecher on "WOMAN'S INFLUENCE IN POLITICS," which makes No. 1 of a series to be called *Woman's Suffrage Tracts*. Coincident with this publication the supporters of this movement now become general throughout New England and spreading more or less rapidly over the Union, have issued a printed form of petition for an amendment to the Constitution of this State extending the right of suffrage to woman. The tracts which accompany this one comprise an address from George William Curtis, a speech by John Stuart Mill, and an article by Thomas Wentworth Higginson from the *Atlantic Monthly*. We need not allude more particularly to the address of Mr. Beecher on this interesting theme, but shall content our selves with remarking that it is wholly in his own style and vein.

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

The Annual Convention of this Association will be held in Boston, at the Melrose, (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. Secy.

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.

A very handsomely printed card, done in colors and bronze, large size, of the *Banner of Light*, giving price, etc., will be sent free to any address where the paper is sold, on application to William White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston. Societies should have this card in their respective halls, and lecturers should call attention to it. Now is the time to use every effort possible to get the *Banner of Light* before the public. We hope our friends everywhere will hear this in mind.

New York Department.

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544 BROADWAY.

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

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

Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed book rates. Send post-office orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

London Spiritual Magazine, a most valuable monthly, founded on receipt of once, 25 cents. Human Nature, also a London monthly of rare merit, price 25 cents. The *Rosacruz*, a monthly of rare merit, price 25 cents. The *Rosacruz*, a monthly of rare merit, price 25 cents. The *Rosacruz*, a monthly of rare merit, price 25 cents.

The Years.

Another of the shortening years of old age has flitted by the white-headed army to which we belong, leaving a few more weakening blows on the physical, and a few more strengthening ties on the spiritual system.

Many new facts have been added to the accumulating mass of evidence of continued life for each of us after the death of our bodies; adding, also, a large increase to the evidence that our future life will be a continuation of this—with the rewards and consequences of actions and motives that made up this life, with full and complete compensation or penalty, without forgiveness or atonement for sins or vices in this life by the death or mercy of another, except in personal and individual reconciliation and forgiveness of injured parties. A large number of our personal and some very dear friends have, during the past year, gone to live with the spirits, leaving their bodies to earth from which they were made, and we are constantly assured by them that the "Summer-Land" is a reality and a delightful country to live in, and their reports often make us exclaim: "Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time," and let us out into that pleasant sphere where we shall not have to reckon time by years, nor note the changes of seasons and death of friends.

To us, withdrawn from the conflicts of life, but absorbed in business more than ever, the life-currents flow calmly and smoothly as they near the ocean, and, while we feel more keenly, in soul, the kindness of friends, the blows of enemies hurt us no more; ceasing to blame, we only pity them, and would sooner do them kindness than to those who need them less.

On every hand we have witnessed, during the past year, signs of progress in the directions we have hoped and labored to effect it. Religiously, of the condensation and concentration of Christianity into one religious sect, in which it can, at last, shed its errors and come out into a "Free Religion," without the sectarian Christian name, where all can stand on a common and RATIONAL basis, and worship and serve God according to the dictates of their own consciences, without condemnation or praise for performing a natural requirement of the soul. In this great movement of the age, Spiritualism certainly has, so far, the inside track, and is rapidly gaining the confidence of all liberal minds in Europe and America, for its religion is simply natural and rational, and nothing more. In politics the tendency is rapidly toward that equality which justice requires and we have long advocated, which makes no distinction, in civil and political rights, between individuals, on account of race, color or sex. Public sentiment has drifted largely in this direction the past year, both in Europe and America. To this end true democracy surely leads, and to it the people will surely come, sooner or later.

In social life the literature of the day is fast doing away with the arbitrary distinctions by which society has made man superior to woman, while nature made her, morally and socially, his superior. The equal rights of wife and husband will soon be established in law and religion, and the fashions will soon after conform to them. In education, occupation and compensation, too, they will soon be equals, and the moral influence of woman will rapidly hasten to consummation the great temperance and other reforms which have so long faltered and failed for want of her help.

The great principle of peace and universal brotherhood has, also, gained the past year, and we may hope, as the effects of our late terrible war die away, that they may never be repeated in this country nor followed by another bloody war. This, however, can only be hoped for on the success of the other steps of progress, especially that of the equal share of both sexes in the Government.

In all directions we are thankful and rejoice at the progress made in the year 1898, and are hopeful and confident for the future.

Not So.

Some of the readers of the *Banner of Light* think the American Association of Spiritualists is in some way controlled by or connected with the "Secret Order of Eternal Progress," but this is not the case, as a majority of the Board of Trustees are not members of the Order, and the term of each one who is a member expires next August, and is to be filled by the next National Convention, in which no one can vote except delegates elected by the several State Organizations, and of course very few of them will be members of the Secret Order, as very few of the members of the last Convention were. We do not know that being a member or not being one of the Order, in any way qualifies or disqualifies a person from holding office or assisting in carrying on the great work of spreading this gospel of our time. In the last Convention the members of the Order asked nothing from the Convention, and the Convention took no paternity or care of it in any way. It, so far as we know, runs its own machinery, and does not claim to be composed altogether of Spiritualists.

The Willfully Blind.

The *Cleveland (Ohio) Herald*, which has for many years been spasmodically rabid on the subject of Spiritualism, has recently come down with a vulgar slang on the phenomenal manifestations in that city; and Bro. D. A. Eddy has tried to get a little light on the subject into the editors' heads, and into the columns of the paper; but they insist on turning the dark side of their lanterns to that subject, and like the deer blind of one eye, keep the blind side toward the water from which a boat is coming that will surely capture them. It is no use, Bro. Eddy, to attack

them from the land side; the spirits will do it from the blind side successfully in good time. Those witty editors, who are both sharp and shallow, and well accustomed to the use of pen and scissors, all have a weak and vulnerable side, and if tapped in the tender place, are sure to yield. The old New York namesake of the above paper has been converted several times, but it is troubled like the boy's itching toe, which would not stay scratched. It will not stay converted; it has to be regenerated about twice a year.

"Misfits."

The *Liberal Christian* is one of the ablest and best conducted papers published in New York, and comes to us every week with some rich and valuable contributions to the cause of human progress, and although it stands under the Christian avowal of the great human family and bears the sectarian name of Christian, yet it is doing more than any other of its contemporaries to liberalize the minds of Christians, and set in motion that investigation, discussion and free thought, which will develop itself and its readers out of Christianity itself, as the leaders in the early Protestant Reformation did out of the doctrines they taught. We clip the following brief extracts from an excellent article on the "misfits" in society, the whole of which we should be glad to copy if our space would permit:

"Every age must make its own apparel, in religion as in everything else. Every nation must have its dress of religious ceremonial as of cloth. A misfit here is just as truly a hindrance and discomfort as in the garments of the limbs. The trouble in the religious world to-day is that the teachers are trying to compel the people to wear clothes that were made for men of another time and mind, and American manhood, that stands up and is measured for everything else, and insists that everything else shall fit him, refuses to put on the old clothes of the Church and in religion wear a misfit. A worship must fit the body of flesh and serve the needs of the living spirit or it becomes a fetter and a pill."
The difficulty just now in our domestic life is that the wrong man is married to the right woman, and does not discover the misfit until he has worn all the gloss and newness off the wedding garment, and then wants to have it taken back. A great deal of our matrimonial tailoring seems to be all up-work, made by guess instead of by measure, and fitting only by accident; and when it fits, it fits too many instances, the material is coarse, flimsy, woolen, or worthless shoddy. The result is pinching, discomfort, genteel shabbiness and a great deal more derobing than is well. There would be no trouble if men and women would only see that the matrimonial garment fits before they take it, and after they put it on try their best to fit the garment if it does not fit them."

Spiritualists visiting New York, can be accommodated with rooms, in a private family, on more reasonable terms than at the hotels, at No. 140 East 15th street.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Services are held in this elegant and spacious hall every SUNDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, and will continue until next May, under the management of Mr. L. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with noble, brave and inspirational speakers. Season tickets (securing a reserved seat), \$3.00; single admission, 10 cents. Tickets obtained at the Music Hall office, day or evening, and at the *Banner of Light* office, 158 Washington street.

Mrs. Corn L. V. Daniels

will lecture Jan. 17, 24 and 31.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

The *LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE*. Price 30 cts. per copy. *THE ROSACRUZ*. A Monthly Journal of Esoteric Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. *THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*. Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. B. Jones, Esq. Single copies can be procured at our counters in Boston and New York. Price 8 cents. *THE ROSACRUZ*. A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Published by Hull & Jamieson, Chicago, Ill. Single copies 20 cents. *THE RADIANT*. A Monthly Magazine. Published in Boston. Price 35 cents.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1102 Broadway, New York, 4wJ2.

COSBUS BENJA'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. FINE, 105 East 12th street, second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. J9.

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. J24w C. D. & I. H. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

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Special Notices.

MATHILDA McCORD, 933 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. SPENCER'S POSITIVE and NEGATIVE POWDERS. 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 470 Kenney street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books at Eastern prices. Also *Flashes*, *Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders*, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. J9 13w

BE YE HEALED of whatever Disease ye may be afflicted with, by the GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY, *SPENCER'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS*. Send a brief description of your disease to FRANK SPENCER, A. D., Box 581, New York City, and these powders will be sent to you. *Positive Powder* will be mailed to you, post paid, 1 box \$1. 5 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.

DOCTRESS FANNIE C. JOHNSON, No. 17 Winslow street, Cambridgeport, Mass., Test Medium and Clairvoyant; sitting by letter; examines persons at a distance by lock of hair. Tells past, present and future. 1w—Jan. 16.

MRS. NEWELL, Trance, Test and Business Medium. Societies every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening. Test Circle Sunday evening 8 P. M. 143 Summer street, Room No. 3, Boston, Mass. 2w—Jan. 16.

MRS. M. R. CHESTER, Clairvoyant, Physician and Business Medium, has returned from New York. Would be happy to receive calls from her former friends and those wishing her services, at No. 164 Harrison Avenue, Boston. 1w—Jan. 16.

MRS. L. W. LITCH, Trance Healing Medium, Rooms 2 Gurnea Place, Near 39 Portland street, Boston. Circles Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7 o'clock. Wednesday afternoon at 4. 1w—Jan. 16.

MISS KATY FOX, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium, holds circles every Tuesday and Saturday evening at the Rooms of D. Doubleday, 351 Sixth Avenue, corner 34th street, New York. 1w—Jan. 16.

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Many other styles at proportionate prices. A new illustrated Catalogue of styles, and Price List, will be sent free to any person who will send for it. Address: MASON & HAMLEN ORGAN CO., 154 Tremont street, Boston; or 508 Broadway, New York. 3w—Jan. 16.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

THIS above is the name of a large abridged newspaper, printed upon extra paper, devoted to Spiritualism, Philosophy, Art, Science, Literature, Romance and General Reform. In it are published the choicest of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons.

For the purpose of giving Spiritualists and others an opportunity to judge of the merits of this paper, we will send it to any person for three months on the receipt of twenty-five cents. There is an excellent opportunity for Spiritualists to buy a first-class Spiritual Paper in the hands of friends who otherwise might remain ignorant of the Spiritual Philosophy for three months at the simple cost of twenty-five cents for each three months' subscription, which is just the cost of the blank paper at the Paper Mill. It is a Western Paper, and contains many of the peculiar characteristics of Western life.

We appeal to our Eastern friends, as well as all others, to give the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* a trial, and to send for it. Address, H. S. JONES, No. 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill. Jan. 16.

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