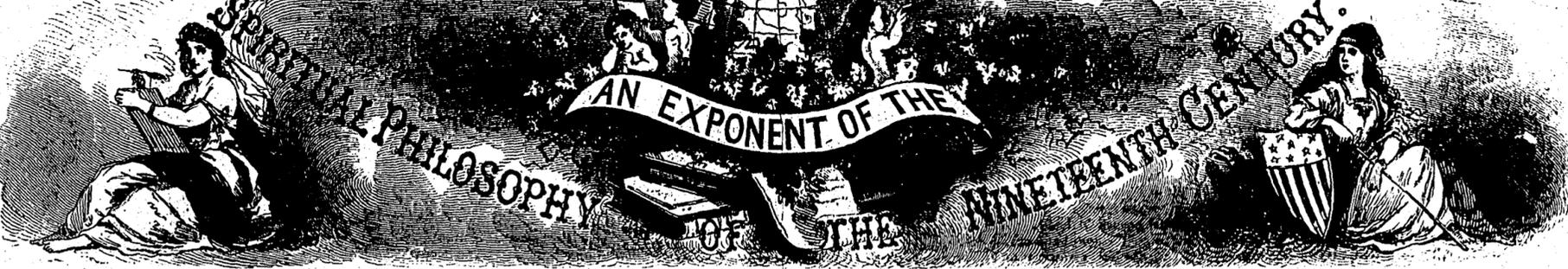


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## Literary Department.

### REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES OF A WORKINGMAN.

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Translated from the French, for the Banner  
of Light,  
BY SARAH M. GRIMKE.

#### INTRODUCTION.

We owe the permission to publish these memoirs to the kindness of a friend, whose sympathizing nature often led him, through his business relations with the working classes, into intimate intercourse with them. In conversing with a workman he did not forget his dignity as a human being, and when the duty of examination had been performed, the employer became the philosopher and the friend. He studied the men thus thrown in his way, that he might understand and serve them.

In 1846 he became acquainted with Pierre Henri, whose sobriquet was *The Just*. He was struck with the man's intelligence, his good sense and his pleasant disposition. A further knowledge of him convinced our friend that he richly merited the name which his scrupulous integrity had won for him. He immediately engaged him to superintend several buildings then in progress, of which he was the architect. Their daily intercourse resulted in reciprocal esteem, which soon ripened into confidence and affection. In their familiar conversation Pierre Henri had mentioned incidentally various circumstances which had occurred in his life. An accident revealed his entire history.

An unusual press of business detained our friend later than usual, and a sudden and violent shower preventing his return to his home, which was at some distance, he accepted the invitation proffered by the superintendent to take refuge in his house. He was received with all the courtesy which naturally springs from self-respect and a respect for others. The wife of Pierre Henri was a laundress, and with the assistance of her daughter had the oversight of a dozen women whom they employed. The son took charge of the workshop, allotted to each his task; kept the accounts, and when necessary handled the trowel and the hammer. All the workmen wore the costume and preserved the habits of their profession. The master-mason, enlightened by experience and observation, wished his children to avoid the danger of unclassing themselves, of leaving the beaten track and entering upon an untrodden road, where all is difficult because it is new. Besides, it was painful to him to think of their deserting those obscure classes to which he felt allied by the ties of brotherhood, and who were to him, in the great army of mankind, all that the regiment to which he belongs is to a soldier. He was thoroughly aware that the surest means of elevating the working classes was for those who possessed intelligence, education and virtue to remain identified with them. He knew that to mingle with the coarse and profane does not necessarily make a man coarse and profane, but that if he remains uncontaminated his example often allures others into the path of virtue. Hence he earnestly desired that his son might not only be a model workman, but a pattern of sobriety, industry and integrity.

After the exchange of civilities usual on a first introduction, our friend, who wanted to look over some memorandums, was conducted to a private room, which served as an office for the mason and his son. After completing his own business, he began to examine several estimates of buildings which lay on the table with other papers. Whilst turning them over, his eye fell upon a manuscript bearing this curious inscription:

"All that I can recall of my life  
Since 1841.

By Pierre Henri, called *THE JUST*."

On being questioned, the mason acknowledged that the manuscript contained reminiscences of his life, written on rainy Sundays, or during the long winter evenings, without any other intention than simply to narrate his experiences and the principal events of his life. He made no difficulty of allowing his guest to read it, and warning him that his patience would not hold out beyond the second page, told him that he was entirely welcome to take it home. Our friend thanked him, and promised to return it safely. Pierre Henri assured him that his son had made a fair copy of it, that the papers he held in his hand had long been destined to the laundry stove, and he did not care to have them returned.

Having thus become the legitimate proprietor of the manuscript, our friend read it, and then mentioned it to us. Some months had elapsed since we perused it, and on reflection we concluded that it was so interesting and instructive that it would be advisable to publish it. The next step was to obtain the consent of the author. After some hesitation he yielded, without any other restriction than the omission of some names, and some details of too personal a character to be made public.

We have used the liberty granted us to abridge several chapters, and in some places to express the idea more clearly. Sometimes, too, we have completed sketches which were either too confused or too unfinished. If these omissions and these additions have in some measure modified the work, they have always been true to the meaning and the spirit of the writer, as the manuscript, which we have preserved, will show.

This manuscript is carefully written, the interlineations in the text and the additions on the margin having been made by the son of Pierre Henri, who had a more liberal education than his father, and who belongs to that phalanx of poet-

workmen whose advent is one of the significant signs of our times. We have introduced them because the memoirs of the mason being somewhat defaced by time, the corrections of the son elucidate the meaning of the father, and complete his reminiscences by facts orally received from him. The memoir, begun under the title of *Reminiscences*, assumes afterwards the form of a journal, and ends by being a mere summary of events. Even this change is not without its signification, and undoubtedly corresponds to the states of mind experienced by the writer. When we are young we love to stop by the way and cast a retrospective glance at the landscape we are leaving behind us. Later in life, pressed by care, we think only of the present, of overcoming the difficulties which obstruct our passage. When advanced in years, we are occupied in calculating distances and avoiding the ruts.

Alas! Is not the life of almost every human being but a daguerreotype of that of Pierre Henri? We set out with our imaginations filled with dazzling pictures of the future; we finish by becoming arithmeticians.

Not thinking it best to print the entire memoir of the mason, we have selected such parts as seemed to us best adapted to calm the spirits writhing under the crosses of life, and to soften them in danger of becoming hardened by the ingratitude and hypocrisy of those whom they have served and trusted. At this crisis, we hoped the contemplation of the character of such a man, whose destiny was humble, but who nobly and patiently struggled against adversity, and triumphed over difficulties by his energy, his industry and his integrity, might encourage and strengthen those who are ready to faint under the heavy burdens of to-day.

#### CHAPTER I.

*The House in the Street Chateau London—The Neighbors of Pierre Henri—The Vendor of Chestnuts—The Little Sister Henrietta—The Friend Maurice.*

As far as I can remember, I lived with my father and mother, in a two-story house, in the street Chateau London, near the outskirts of the city. On the ground floor lived, all alone, a vendor of old clothes, who pursued his business during the day, returned home in the evening, regularly got drunk, went quietly to bed and slept off the effects of the brandy by the next morning. He rarely spoke to any one, and was as quiet as a dead man in his grave. Weeks often passed without our seeing or hearing him, but his life was so uniform that we could guess with certainty what he was doing at any given time. Until seven o'clock we knew Vautru was in the city, about eight that he was drunk, and, on inquiry, we found that he was always right.

One day, however, we were mistaken. Vautru did not go out as usual in the morning, and the little Rose, our neighbor, after having peeped through the air-hole which lighted his apartment, ran away terrified. We inquired what she had seen. She replied, weeping, that the clothes-merchant had turned black. Some neighbors went to look at this strange sight; they entered the room where Vautru lived, and found him burnt to death.

I can never forget this event, because it was the first time I ever saw a dead body. It had been placed in the coffin, covered with a white sheet, a candle at the head, and another at the feet. A plate stood on the lid, where each corner deposited some coins to defray the expenses of the funeral. My mother sent me with her offering, and I was shocked at the sight of this blackened corpse. Although Vautru had been our neighbor, I had taken little notice of him; but when I saw him stiff and motionless, and the thought occurred that he would never rise from that coffin, I almost felt as if I loved him, and I began to weep. I have concluded, in reflecting on this circumstance, that we should not be too careful to shield children from sorrowful spectacles. The buoyancy of childhood renders them thoughtless of suffering, while the sight of death and of sorrow melts their hearts and makes them less selfish.

Above the clothes-dealer lived the Mother Cauville, an excellent woman, left a widow with three children to support, and without any means. "My husband is gone," she said; "I have lost my only dependence; henceforth I must rely on my own resources. Whilst he lived I had every comfort around me; now I must provide for myself and my family." This courageous woman purchased a hand-cart and went about selling pot-herbs; the eldest daughter purchased a basket and sold the various fruits in their season, and her brother became an itinerant chair-mender. The little Rose, about eight years old, was left at home to take charge of the house and prepare the meals. At first poverty assailed them rudely; they measured out their scanty supply of food, and blew upon their benumbed fingers, and slept upon straw. But, little by little, the hard earnings of the widow and her children had increased; farthing added to farthing amounted to a sum sufficient to buy a mattress, to get a stove, to enlarge the loaf. Rose manufactured, in her spare moments, matches, which her sister sold, and knit stockings for the family. When I left them they had furniture, Sunday garments and credit at the baker's.

The example of the Cauvilles affords a striking proof of what may be achieved under great difficulties, with very slender means, by energy, perseverance and will. It is by uniting small efforts that we arrive at great results. Each separate finger has little power of accomplishment, but, united, they form a hand with which we can build stately edifices and tunnel high mountains.

My parents lived in the third story, above Mother Cauville, and in the attic cats and sparrows had taken up their abode. Most of my time was spent in chasing this game, or in strolling about the suburbs. I had about a dozen playmates, who, like myself, were better furnished with appetites than with shoes, and whose only parlor

was the king's pavement. Everything served us for amusement. During the winter's snow we fought great battles; we threw dams across the streams to convert the street into a pond; with the turf on uncultivated lands we built ovens and mills. In these childish labors and sports I was neither the strongest nor the wisest, but I hated injustice, and was frequently chosen arbiter in the disputes which arose among the boys. The condemned party sometimes revenged himself upon the judge by thrashing him, but this, so far from blunting my sense of justice, or making me repent of my impartiality, only confirmed me in the course I had pursued. The blows served the same purpose as the hammer with which we drive a nail; the harder we strike, the deeper the nail sinks. The same instinct led me to do nothing that I did not consider right, and to say nothing but what I believed to be true. For this adherence to principle I suffered severely more than once, especially in an adventure with a vendor of chestnuts.

He was a peasant who frequently traversed the suburbs of the city, with an ass laden with divers fruits. He always visited a fellow countryman who lived opposite to our house. The wind to which he was treated often prolonged his stay with his friend, and at such times groups of boys would gather round the ass, looking with eager and covetous eyes at his delicious burdens. One day the temptation proved too strong. The ass was laden with a sack of chestnuts, and through a hole we discerned the shining treasure, which seemed to be peeping out of the window on purpose to provoke our appetites. Some of the boldest pointed out the aperture, and proposed enlarging it. They deliberated upon it; I alone set myself in opposition to the plot. As the majority carried the day, they were about executing their design when I threw myself before the sack, exclaiming, "No one shall touch it." I was about reasoning the matter with them, when a blow on my mouth stopped my utterance. I returned it with interest—a general mêlée ensued. This unequal battle proved my Waterloo, and being overwhelmed by numbers, in my fall I dragged down the sack I was defending. The peasant, attracted by the noise, rushed out. I was prostrate under the feet of the ass, in the midst of his scattered chestnuts. Seeing my assailants flee at his appearance, he took me for their accomplice, and without waiting for any explanation, he began to beat me for the theft, which in reality I had prevented. In vain I remonstrated. The peddler was resolved to be revenged, and was, besides, too drunk to understand what I said. At length I escaped, half murdered, bloody and greatly exasperated.

My companions did not fail to rally me about the handsome reward I had received for my scruples, but my determination remained unshaken. Instead of being discouraged, my resolution to do right was strengthened. If my bruises and wounds gave me pain, I felt that they were no disgrace; and that whilst I was laughed at, I rose in the estimation even of my persecutors. I have often thought that the vendor of chestnuts in beating me rendered me a signal service, without being aware of it. Not only had he taught me that we must do good for the love of it, and not for the reward it may deserve, but he had furnished me an opportunity of establishing a character. Thus began—thanks to him—a reputation which I have never forfeited. If a good name is a recompense for noble deeds, it is also a check and an incentive; the good opinion which is formed of us stimulates us to merit it.

Except my integrity I had all the faults common to children the principal part of whose education is obtained in the street. No one seemed to care for me, and I grew up like the grass in the highways, under the care of God. My mother was too much engrossed by family cares to pay any attention to me, and my father was away all day at his work. To neither of them did I seem of any account, except as one more mouth to feed. They wished to keep me from suffering, but their care extended no further. This was their way of manifesting their affection. Poverty, which always stood sentry at the door, sometimes rudely pushed it open and walked in, but I do not remember feeling its clutch. When the bread was insufficient, my father and mother first satisfied my hunger, and then contented themselves with the remainder as well as they could.

Another reminiscence of the same period is the walks we took on Sundays in the outskirts of the city. We used to go to some large hall where the people were drinking and carousing, and not infrequently a battle ensued. I remember distinctly the efforts of my mother and myself to prevent my father from taking part in these quarrels, but we often had to lead him away disgraced by blows, and he left these terrible scenes very reluctantly. Sundays were always to me days of terror and of torture. A circumstance occurred which rendered them still more hateful.

I had a little sister named Henrietta, fair and delicately formed, who always slept beside me in a wicker cradle. I was tenderly attached to this little creature, who always greeted me with a smile, and extended her arms as I approached. The Sabbath walks were even more distressing to her than to me. Her cries always irritated my father, and he would utter dreadful curses against the innocent child. One day, transported by anger, he took her from my mother. He was half drunk; she slipped out of his arms and fell upon her head. They then gave her to me to carry. She uttered no cry, and my father congratulated himself that he had silenced her. I felt her head drop upon my shoulder, and thought she had fallen asleep, but from time to time I heard a low moaning sound. On reaching home she was put to bed, and the household was soon wrapped in slumber. The next morning I was awakened by the most piercing shrieks. My mother had my darling little sister in her lap,

whilst my father was gazing on them with a look of mute despair. The child had died in the night. Without comprehending then the cause of her death, I connected it with our Sunday walks, and this increased my aversion to them. After the lapse of a few weeks my father wished to resume them, but my mother refused to accompany him, and thus I was delivered from this bitter trial.

I had now reached my tenth year, and no one yet thought of my education. The indifference of my parents was greatly encouraged by the advice of Maurice, who had always been the trusted friend of the family. A mason by trade, as well as my father, and likewise from the same part of the country, he had, independently of the influence which these relations gave him, that authority which results from an unblemished character, from intelligence and experience, and from a degree of competence acquired by labor and industry. Among us it was said, "Maurice says thus, or so," and as the lawyers express it, that was the law. Now Maurice had a perfect horror of book-learning.

"What is the use of tormenting your son with the alphabet?" he often said to my father. "Have I ever needed the conjuring book of the schools to make my way in the world? It is not the pen and the writing desk, but the trowel, which makes the workman. Wait for two years; then you must give me Pierre Henri, and unless the devil interfere we shall make him buckle down to cutting and laying stones."

My father highly approved of this arrangement; my mother would have preferred having me sent to school, in the hope of one day seeing me wear the cross. However, she reluctantly abandoned the idea of my being a distinguished personage, and had not God interfered, I should not at this day have any knowledge of reading or writing.

#### CHAPTER II.

*Why and How I went to School—Mr. Saurin—I am banished to the Bench of Incurables—Pierrot and the Battle of Jena—I become a Good Scholar—The Arithmetical Sanctuary of Mr. Saurin.*

Our friend Maurice not only worked for others as principal of a corps of laborers, but he had begun some time previous to make little contracts on his own responsibility, which had brought him in some money, and this incited him to go on. He had been spoken to about some mason's work for a gentleman in Versailles, who had formerly employed him. He mentioned it at our house, and my mother advised him to get a friend to write to the gentleman. But Maurice had a decided repugnance to a correspondence; he declared that he would rather wait until Sunday, and go on foot to Versailles to conclude the business. Unfortunately another workman was more prompt, and when we saw him on Monday he told us that the gentleman had signed the contract the evening before his visit. He regretted Maurice came too late, for he would have given him the preference. Here was a job lost, worth several hundred francs, for want of a letter. Maurice detested pen, ink and paper, more than ever, which he declared gave the advantage to artful and cunning intriguers over honest workmen; by which we may understand that the honest workman was he, who could neither read nor write.

My mother drew from this circumstance a totally different conclusion. She saw that it would be an advantage for a workman to know how to put black upon white, and she proposed sending me to school. My father, who had thought nothing about it, made no opposition. They bought me a satchel, which was slung across my shoulders by a strap, and furnished it with two pens, a quire of paper, a leather ink-stand, a primer in which the alphabet was headed by a cross, and which they called, on that account, "The cross of God." Thus equipped they took me to the school of Mr. Saurin.

Mr. Saurin had been before the Revolution a lay brother or novice in a convent of Capuchins. It was there, without doubt, that he learned the strict discipline which he enforced, and also to speak through his nose. In other respects, he was the best man under heaven who ever ate God's bread—patient, obliging, disinterested! I liked everything about my master except his cat-o'-nine-tails. Nevertheless, I must confess he used it with a great deal of justice, and always accompanied chastisement with words of kindness. "It is for thy good, my dear boy!" he would repeat smiling. "Remember this correction, my child; who loves much, chastises much. I do this on account of the interest I feel in your welfare!" and at every sentence the knotted cord lashed your shoulders or your back.

As for me I was always among the best beloved, that is to say, among those most frequently whipped, and I must acknowledge I held the first rank among the Incurables. That was the name given by Mr. Saurin to the most inveterately idle and lazy. My love of locomotion, and my impatience under restraint, I tried to appease by flinging my legs from right to left, and contrariwise, or by a somerset, which changed into zigzag lines my neighbor's writing, and sent the ink spurting over the beautiful copies set by Mr. Saurin. These copies, suspended over every desk by a string fastened to a wooden pin, served much less as models for writing than as shields to conceal our tricks. Mr. Saurin, who always wore a smiling face, even when plying his cat-o'-nine-tails which made us cry, called them *capser screens*. I profited by them as much as any one, and a whole year passed without my having the least appetite for reading or writing. I was constantly recalling the words of Father Maurice, and I regarded school-learning as a superfluity which was unnecessary for me. In order to appreciate its value I had to learn its use.

It was then, if my memory serves me, the year 1806. One evening as I left the school-house, I saw about a dozen workmen gathered before a

great handbill pasted on the wall, but not one of them could even decipher the title. There was among my schoolfellows a little hunchback named Pierrot, who was the best scholar in the school, and who read with as much ease as others whipped tops. Spying the silver cross, which was suspended by a tri-colored ribbon around his neck, the workmen called him, one of them took him in his arms that he might see the bulletin; he began to read in a low musical tone:

"BULLETIN OF THE FRENCH ARMY.  
Victory gained over the Prussians at Jena."

It was the account of the battle of the five French battalions which the Prussian cavalry could not break; and of the five Prussian battalions which the French cavalry had scattered like leaves before the wind. Pierrot read this news with an air as proud as if he had been commander-in-chief of the army, and the workmen drank in the words with eager ears. When he stopped, the most eager called out, "What more? What more?" And others responded, "Give him time; allow him at least a little breathing spell. He reads well, this little citizen. Come, my jewel, you are under the command of Marshal Davoust."

They were again silent to listen to Pierrot. The reading finished, other passers by wanted to hear the news, and the little hunchback had to recommence. This deformed child, who had been usually treated with heartless ridicule, suddenly became an object of great consideration. It almost seemed as if he were regarded as one of the actors in the glorious transactions of which he had been the medium of communication. Every one spoke kindly to him, every one had a word of encouragement and courtesy for him, while the rest of us were forced to keep silence, at the risk of kicks and cuffs. This cripple suddenly became our king.

This struck me as the misfortune of Maurice had struck my mother. Without reasoning about the matter, I felt that knowledge was a good thing, and worth having. The triumph of Pierrot put me in the notion of learning to read. I cannot say that I formed any resolution, but from that day I became more attentive to my lessons. The praise bestowed upon me by Mr. Saurin cherished these good dispositions, and my first attempts inspired me with courage to persevere.

At the end of the second year I was master of reading and writing, and had begun to study arithmetic. These lessons were only given to favorite scholars, to those who, as the old Capuchin expressed it, were filled with the sacred fire. We assembled in a little private apartment provided with a blackboard, on which our master made his demonstrations. The profane were forbidden to enter this sanctuary; the room with the blackboard was to them like the chamber in the castle of Blue Beard. Mr. Saurin taught us the four rules of arithmetic, with as much solemnity as if he were teaching us the art of making gold, and perhaps he was teaching us a science even more precious, for I have sometimes concluded that the knowledge of arithmetic was the greatest boon one man can bestow upon another. Knowledge is a blessing, the love of labor is better, perseverance still better; but without arithmetic all that avails nothing; it is like striking the air. To calculate, is to find the relation between the effort and the result; that is to say, between cause and effect. A man who cannot calculate works at haphazard; he does not know whether he has chosen the right path; if he has, it is mere chance. Arithmetic is in industrial concerns what conscience is in things pertaining to honest dealing; it is only when it is consulted that we see clearly what is right, and the mind is at rest. Experience has often proved what I now say, for the benefit of others as well as myself.

Thanks to the instructions of Mr. Saurin, I learned to calculate with promptness, and to resolve all the problems which he set upon the blackboard. Since Pierrot left school I was the first in my class; the little silver cross always ornamented my patched waistcoat. Like Napoleon, I was made Emperor for life.

#### CHAPTER III.

*A Great Misfortune—A True Friend—Opinion of Mr. D. Concerning Children—Mr. Lenoir and his Geographical Maps.*

One winter's evening Mr. Saurin had detained me unusually late to solve some problems, and I did not get home until night-fall. On arriving, I found the door locked; it was the hour when my father was always at home, and my mother preparing supper. I could not imagine what had happened, and I seated myself on the staircase to wait for them.

I had been there for some time when Rose came out and espied me. I inquired if she knew why our door was locked; but, instead of replying, she looked terrified, and I heard her exclaim as she reentered her mother's apartment, "Pierre Henri has come!" Some remark was made, then I heard hurried whisperings. Finally the Mother Cauville appeared at the head of the stairs and invited me, in a friendly voice, to come up. She was just about sitting down to table with her children, and she invited me to partake of their supper. I answered that I would rather wait for my mother.

"She has gone out on some business," said the widow, after some hesitation. "She may not return for some time. Eat and drink, my poor Pierre."

I seated myself next to Rose. Everybody seemed struck dumb except Mother Cauville, who pressed me to eat. But, without knowing why, my heart was too heavy to partake of the food set before me. I listened intently for footsteps on the staircase, and turned my eyes toward the door every moment. The repeat flushed, they gave me a seat near the fire, and all the family gathered round me without speaking a word. This silence, these unusual attentions, frightened

me, and I rose, exclaiming that I wanted to see my mother.

"Be patient; she will soon return," said the widow.

I demanded where she was.

"Well, she is at the hospital."

"Is she sick?"

"No; she went to take your father there, who has met with an accident."

I earnestly declared that I wished to go to them. Of this she disapproved. She pretended that she did not know to what hospital the wounded man had been carried, and averred, moreover, that if I went, I would not be admitted. There was, then, no alternative; I must wait. I felt as if my heart was in a vice, and I was strangling. Every one seemed to partake of my distress. We were seated around the fire, which was gradually dying out; the rain and the sleet rattled on the dilapidated roof of the old house. Just then a dog began to howl, and, without knowing why, the tears flowed down my cheeks. Mother Cauville took no notice of this. It seemed as though she feared to offer consolation lest she might inspire hope.

At length, quite late in the evening, we heard heavy footsteps on the stairs. The family all rushed to the door; I followed with trembling steps, and saw my mother in the entry. She was drenched with the rain; her face, disfigured with mud and blood, wore an expression I had never seen before. She advanced to the fire without uttering a word, and fell into a chair. It was evident that she wished to speak, for her lips moved, but only a low hissing sound escaped. I threw myself on her bosom and clasped her in my arms. After a long interval Mother Cauville inquired after Jerome.

"Well, I told you," stammered out my mother, in a voice scarcely intelligible, "the doctor warned me at once that he could not live; he had only time to recognize me and to give me his watch, and then—it was all over."

The neighbor clasped her hands, the children gazed at each other. As for me, I did not entirely comprehend the meaning of what my mother said, and I exclaimed that I wanted to go to the hospital to see my father. At these words my mother raised her head, grasped me with both hands, and shook me in a kind of frenzy.

"Your father! wretched boy! you have no father! Listen to me—do you understand? you have no father!"

I was terrified; I stared at her; it seemed impossible for me to take in her meaning, and I continued to cry out that I wanted to see my father. "Don't you understand that your father is dead?" interrupted Mother Cauville with some impatience.

The truth suddenly broke in upon me. I had seen the dead bodies of the clothes-merchant and my little sister. I knew what death was. That word revived in my memory many frightful images and recollections—a body wrapped in a sheet, a coffin nailed up, a hole dug in the earth. I uttered loud shrieks and sobbed violently. They forced me from my mother and carried me to our own room. I remember nothing more. When I saw my mother the ensuing day she was in bed. I thought she looked better than on the preceding evening, because she was no longer pale. They said she had the fever.

In the course of the day our friend Mauricet came to see her, but I was sent away during his stay. The next day he returned to take me to the funeral. I was dressed in my best suit, and a piece of black crape was tied round my hat. Only about six or eight persons followed the hearse, which astonished me greatly. My father was buried in the public cemetery. Mauricet purchased a wooden cross, which he immediately placed on the grave. I returned home, my eyes swollen and red, but with a lighter heart. It is thus with most children; grief cannot long repress the buoyancy natural to them. Since then I have often reflected on this subject. One day, in conversation, I mentioned it to Mr. D., the engineer, complaining of the ingratitude and insensibility of children. He quietly remarked that it was a wise provision of our Heavenly Father.

"The necessary avocations of life," said he, "divert the minds of men from their deepest sorrows. When we have a trade the mind must be occupied with our work. We are compelled to adjourn grief until work is done, and thus work affords us consolation by degrees, even in spite of ourselves." But the child has nothing to demand his attention, and if he was absorbed by his feelings he would dwell incessantly upon his sorrow, and death would be the consequence. God has not been willing to weaken children by such severe trials; he knows that they need all their vitality to increase in strength and stature; that the fire of life must burn with a steady flame before afflictions press heavily on the heart, or it would be quenched in tears. Therefore he has given to a child quick forgetfulness of misfortune, for the same reason that he has given him a sense of hunger, that he might take his necessary food and thereby grow to man's estate."

On quitting the cemetery, friend Mauricet returned with me to my mother's. At sight of us she melted into tears; our return announced to her that she should never see again the companion with whom she had spent twenty years. Mauricet was somewhat provoked.

"Come, Madeline," said he, with a brusqueness mingled with kindness, "this grief is unreasonable. Jerome, like yourself, is just where the good God wills him to be. Let us all accept our lot; he is at rest. As for you, go to work, and take courage. Here is this poor boy, who has need of his mother. Look! here is another Jerome. He already looks as much like him as two sons resemble each other."

So saying he pushed me toward my mother, who embraced me, sobbing.

"That's enough," said he, withdrawing me after a few minutes. "Wipe your eyes, shut up the fountain of your heart. You are a brave one, my old woman; now is the time to prove it. What do you expect to do now? Let us consider that; it is of more importance than anything else."

My mother answered that she did not know; that she saw no means of getting a livelihood, and she had no resource but begging from door to door.

"Do not talk so absurdly," said Mauricet, with some asperity. "Is that an idea worthy the widow of a workman? If you have hands to beg, surely you have hands to work—you whom I am always bringing up to my wife and daughter as an example. So, then, you do not know how to keep house; you are no longer the best laundress in this quarter of the city, you whose skill and industry have obtained for you the name of *The Little Notable*."

This well-deserved eulogy aroused my mother somewhat, and she consented to confer with Mauricet as to what she had better attempt. The mason had his plan all ready, and he induced her to agree to it so adroitly that it really appeared as if the widow had all the honor of using her own judgment. It was concluded that she should get a situation as caretaker of some back-

olor's rooms, whilst I should go into some work-yard to mix mortar and to learn a trade. Mauricet promised to watch over us, and if at the outset the avails of our labor should not suffice, he promised, in his unostentatious and homely way, to give us something to make the pot boil.

We quitted our room in the third story and took the basement, formerly occupied by the clothes-merchant. This change, to which we were compelled by our circumstances, was heart-breaking to my poor mother. It was impossible to get our furniture into the cellar room which we were to occupy, and we were obliged to sell whatever was not absolutely necessary. The cradle in which my little sister used to sleep, where I had so often seen her smiling face as she opened her bright eyes to welcome the dawning day, was what I regretted more than anything else. As to my mother, there was no end to her lamentations; her household had been her pride and glory, and to see it reduced and crowded into the little dark chamber we were to inhabit, seemed to her a disgrace as well as a misfortune. She buried her face in her apron, as if to hide her shame.

I know not why the poor set more store than the rich by the things which surround them and among which they live. Perhaps they value them more, because they have been acquired by hard labor and with great self-denial and difficulty; or, perhaps, because they are in constant use, and daily ministering to their comfort. With the poor, nothing is displaced, nothing is changed; the furniture with which they commence house-keeping remains intact until the family is broken up. So to speak, their surroundings become a part of themselves, and it seems as bitter a trial to part with them as with old friends. If by accident anything is broken, they repair or transform it into something else; even the pieces are turned to some account. When the fire has cracked the earthen dinner pot, they use it to plant sweet peas and mignonette, thus turning it into an ornament and placing it in the window. All these dilapidated things are like friends who have lived with us a long time. For my part, I always cling to things I have been accustomed to see and handle. This very day my garret is crowded with broken furniture and useless utensils; I call it "The Hotel of the Invalids for Disabled Servants." I know this seems absurd, but some allowance must be made for such feelings, and even whims, when they do not interfere with our duty.

The following week my mother found employment at an old bachelor's, who resided in a small tenement at the head of the Faubourg St. Martin. Mr. Lenoir had but one passion, and that was for geography. The walls of his habitation were covered with maps and ornamented all over with pins headed with sealing wax. These pins, as he told me, designated the routes of the most celebrated travelers. Their most trifling adventures were familiar to him; he knew the name of every place they had visited, and of every tribe in Africa. As a set-off to this foreign learning, he was utterly ignorant of his neighbors, and had never been outside of the district in which he lived in Paris. Hence this singular man was regarded as a monomaniac; but in reflecting on this subject, I have come to the conclusion that most of those who laughed at him were little if any wiser. Did they not also forgetful useful and available knowledge for ruinous or useless pursuits and fancies? Did they not also travel over their Africa with red headed pins, instead of being occupied in contributing to the comfort of their families? Often when I am tempted to squander my time I have remembered Mr. Lenoir, and that has saved me. The thinking man derives a lesson from all he sees and hears; even fools may give us instruction.

[To be continued.]

### Children's Department.

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

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

DEAR READERS, WHOM I CALL ALSO FRIENDS—For three months I have been away from you, carried off by a power not to be resisted on one of those journeys that bring us, through peril and suffering, very far on our way toward that city that is waiting for us all where the clear light of faith shines, and where we can see far back on the track that we have traveled, and find all along the way traces of the power that has been leading us.

When we go through any sickness or danger, our eyes seem dimmed, so we cannot see beyond the mists that gather about us; but a little further on, as we turn we behold so many glowing lights along the way that we wonder that we thought it filled with darkness.

The story of "Ned Rigby," by the missing of its final chapters, has perhaps been filled out by each of you, and so it has been rich with the colors of your imaginations, and perhaps you will not care if you do not read my concluding chapters. But to those of you who remember the story of Mr. Clyde, I will give the sequel.

I know it has been a great source of dissatisfaction with the orderly and prompt editor of the *Banner* to have the numbers of his paper marred by any omissions or failures. But I am sure you will take all blame from him, and not feel that he trusted too much to my former promptitude.

Your true friend,  
LOVE M. WILLIS.

### NED RIGBY.

#### PART IX.

The deepening twilight of December, in the city, seems like the sudden dropping of a veil over eyes that have been shining on us in the clearest light of love. It does not linger, as in the country, to coax us to the western window to see the wonder of the planet Venus, as she hangs her love-torch up to give us a little more of the beauty of light and usher in the great revelation hidden by the glory of the sun.

Mrs. Clarkson and Grace had been sitting in the bay window for an hour, and had been watching the passers-by with quiet interest; for Mrs. Clarkson had one of those warm, generous natures that feel sympathy with all mankind, and the walls of her elegant mansion did not occlude her sympathies, which went out freely to the unknown and humble, as well as to those she loved and honored. Grace shared her mother's sympathy with a child's enthusiasm and earnestness, but she was full of her own thoughts, for the great mysteries of God's providence were only shown to her in outward circumstances.

"Mamma," she said, "to-morrow will be Christmas Eve, and I am so glad! But why is not everybody glad?"

"The world is very glad. We do not know how many joys are to be found in the humblest home." But there's old Prudie, who was here begging this morning. I do not see what Christmas is going to do for her."

"Prudie is a beggar, and she has her joys, no doubt, or else she would be willing to work. And if she gets an extra dish for herself, or to sell to her poorer friends, she will be very glad."

"We will give her one, won't we?" said Grace.

"Certainly. We will have some gingerbread baked, and a little tea in a parcel, and that will be as great a joy to her as some of her patrons find."

"And then there's Mrs. Rigby."

"I was thinking of her," said Mrs. Clarkson.

"And we will go and find her, won't we? I want little girl to play with. Say, mamma, will we get good goodie? And now tell me the beautiful Christmas story we were reading. I do not know exactly what Christmas means, and perhaps that will tell."

"It is just the time for a story, indeed," said Mrs. Clarkson. "In this dim light we can better bring out the other pictures which the words will give us. There was once a proud castle that reared its head above the valley, and looked as a king might look who cared not at all for his subjects except to rule them. In the beautiful valley was a little hamlet, so humble that it was not more than a mushroom beside an oak, as compared to the grand castle with its turrets, its arches and its overhanging walls.

In the castle dwelt a solitary prince. He was grand, like a great pine in the forest, and as solemn, for around the pine clung no tender vines, only a few shreds of mosses, and around his life no tender affections were gathered. He had everything he asked for that his great possessions could give—everything that he could wish for was his, yet his life was as gloomy as a great granite rock on which no mosses grow or vines twine. He cared for no one, and no one cared for him.

In the little hamlet dwelt a widow and her two children. She was so poor that she could hardly get bread for her little ones, and their garments hung in tatters. She paid her tithe to the lord of the castle, and taught her children to hate him as an oppressor.

"He is as cruel as the north wind," she would say, "when it sweeps into our poor room and chills our blood. You must seek to do him harm; you must put poison-plants for his herds, and tear down the enclosures of his flocks; you must trample on his grain, and grieve his young trees."

"They are the scum of the earth," the lord would say of his poor tenants. "They have nothing and can miss nothing, so take from them the greatest measure of their harvest, and drive off their goats for the rental."

And thus there was a perpetual feud between these neighbors, on whom the same sun shone, and on whose dwellings fell perpetually the light of a common love.

One morning, as the lord of the castle lay looking at the sunbeams that stole in between his rich hanging curtains, he thought of his day's sports, and fell into a morning doze. All at once his attention was attracted by a little figure just above him, and he saw in place of the sunbeams a golden warp. It stretched from his room out of the window, and as he raised himself he saw that it reached to the little hamlet. The little figure had a golden shuttle, and she began to weave a web of most beautiful texture. On it were figures of little children, and they reminded him of the days when he played with his brothers and sisters, and there were faces of gentle women, and he thought, when looking on them, of his mother.

But how the little weaver wove. Her web reached out into the sunshine, and already there gleamed on it figures of flowers twining in garlands and crowns. His eyes followed the weaver as she toiled, until the golden gleaming web was finished even to the hamlet. Then she rolled it up and brought it to his room. She hung it over the wall, put it upon the bed, spread it on the floor, and festooned it at the window. The room became a palace of glory; it seemed full of warm light like that of the spring sunshine, and the lord of the castle thought himself in heaven, rejoicing in the light of the sun of love.

When all was completed the little weaver perched herself on the bedstead and waited for him to speak to her.

"Tell me, if you can, what all this means. I seem to be in a new life. I feel like a boy again, when I laid my head in my mother's lap, and she told me a fairy tale. Oh, if this life could only continue!"

"That is easily done. I have been weaving the web of love for you. Its threads reached from you to your humblest tenant. No such web could have been woven in your castle, for the threads would have been brittle and broken; besides, there was no place to fasten the threads; they must reach from heart to heart."

But those miserable ones do not hold the threads that join to my life."

"Ah, but they do, and you will never weave the golden web until you fasten them there. I have only shown you what you can do, and how you can make your home full of the golden glory of the heavens." Saying this she rolled up her golden fabric and disappeared. The lord opened his eyes to the dull room, through which stole the sunbeams, and wondered where he had been.

In the little hamlet, on a pallet of straw, lay the poor woman with her children. The night had given her poor rest, and her limbs were weary. She looked at the sunlight as it broke into the room through the leaves of the poplar. The light was beautiful to her, for there was yet a little love in her heart, and she fell into a tender sleep, with

one thought on the labor before her, and another of the days long gone by. She saw the sunbeams turn into golden bars, along which sped all kinds of beautiful things, such as she had known when she was a girl. Mother's smiles were there in the form of white lilies; father's caresses like white vells; sports and pleasures like shining gems; and as she looked, she saw that these golden bars reached to the castle of the lord, and that little fairy-like spirits were bearing back and forth these beautiful gifts.

"Let me break down these golden bars," she said. "I hate the rich; they are enemies to the poor; nothing shall join my life to theirs. The children turned in their sleep, and the mother continued."

"No wonder you tremble, fearing lest love shall be strong enough to make me remember that all men are children of one Father."

At this, the tiny sprites bowed their heads, and the beautiful gifts flew back and forth, as flies a shuttle in the warp.

"All children of one Father," they said in chorus, "and he is Love. The rich and the poor he leadeth by his hand. See how all beautiful things come at the bidding of his love."

And they sent up and down their gifts, that glowed as the flowers glow in the sunlight. The widow awoke and rubbed her eyes, and her face was solemn and sad. She had in her heart sweet memories. But as she looked out of her window and saw the turrets of the castle glowing in the light, the old feeling of bitterness sprung up, and she angrily shook her little ones, and told them that it was time to begin work, work, work.

But the golden web was woven and the golden bars were welded, and before noon the lord of the castle asked the woman to come and dust out his vacant rooms, and the children came with her; and the noise of their feet pattering over the floors was the sweetest sound he had heard for many a day, and when they went home at sundown, a gloom seemed to settle down on everything. And as the poor woman returned to her cottage, she put little sprigs of green over her doorway, and lighted a taper and called the day the day of the Sun.

And so other days followed, until the little ones were more at home in the great rooms of the castle than in their own dwelling. And the lord called them to him and took them on his knee, and listened to their prattle with smiles.

And so Love kept spinning her threads and weaving her web, and on her golden bars went up and down all the good things of heaven and earth.

"I see," said the lord, "we need each other. That is God's way of showing what his love is. I will these little ones and they need me; we will live together in peace."

And the woman in her home whispered to her little ones, "Do not forget that love is better than hate, and God gives us all some good things. I have no castle, but I have your love; I have no fields, but I have the opening buds of your minds. Let us all love one another."

And thus there began in that kingdom the reign of peace on earth; for love was the law, and love brought plenty to poverty, and kindness to desolate grandeur. And they called that kingdom the land of Good Will.

When the Christmas bells chimed, the lord awoke in his castle, and said, "Now I know the words that are ringing through the universe. Peace on earth, good will to men." They mean that the coming of the kingdom of heaven is love on earth.

And the widow wakened her children to listen to the bells.

"For," said she, "they ring new chimes. 'We are all children of one Father.'"

And the little ones looked up and said: "And we may love the rich lord?"

"Yes, for the love that gave you to me, gave us all to each other."

"That is a part of the story," said Mrs. Clarkson, "that I was reading, and it is a beautiful lesson of love to us at this time; for with the good Father there are no rich or poor, and all are alike whose hearts are filled with his love."

Grace sat looking thoughtfully from the window, as if she were trying to solve the great social problem that vexes so many wise minds.

"Did God make me rich and Nell poor?" she asked.

"I am afraid I cannot answer that question," said Mrs. Clarkson, "but it is certain that we are in our places by a power wiser than we are, and that we have something to do for each other."

"I know what it is," said Grace; "it is to make everybody happy."

"You have found out the great secret of a noble life, my little girl, and I shall let you lead me into the beautiful paths that always are to be found for the seeking; for little children stand close to the ear of God."

"Then I'll whisper, mamma, and ask him if he won't make all the little children happy."

"And he will whisper into your heart and tell you that he has made you one of his little servants, and that he has to do his work through just such loving hearts and just such willing hands as yours."

"Then, mamma, I must change my plan for to-morrow and ask lots of God's children; but I don't know many, only such as wear nice clothes and have a plenty of good things."

"But Nell knows them, for she lives among God's poor."

"Then Nell and I must have a party together."

"What do you like to go among children who dressed in elegant garments, while you had nothing better than calico?"

"I'll wear my gingham, mamma, and ask all the little girls to wear theirs, and that will be a calico dress party."

The result of this evening's talk was a busy time in arranging for a real Christmas entertainment that should express the full meaning of the song from heaven, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

### The Lecture Room.

#### The Search after God; or the Religion of Manhood.

A LECTURE BY HON. WARREN CHASE, In Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Feb. 21st, 1869.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Before proceeding with his lecture, Mr. Chase read Theodore Tilton's beautiful poem,

THE LOTUS PLANTER.

A Brahmin on a lotus pod  
Once wrote the holy name of God.  
Then, planting it, he asked in prayer  
For some new fruit, unknown and fair.  
A slave near by, who bore a load,  
Fell fainting on the dusty road.  
The Brahmin, pitying, straightway ran  
And lifted up the fallen man.  
The deed scarce done, he looked agnost.  
At touching one beneath his caste.  
"Behold!" he cried, "I stand unclean:  
My hands have clasped the vile and mean!"  
God saw the shadow on his face,  
And wrought a miracle of grace.  
The buried seed arose from death,  
And bloomed and fruited at his breath.  
The stalk bore up a leaf of green,  
Whereon these mystic words were seen:  
FIRST COME MEN-ALL OF EQUAL CASTE,  
THEN COME THEMSELVES THE LEAST AND LAST.

The Brahmin, with bewildered brain,  
Beheld the will of God writ plain:  
Transfigured in a such light,  
The slave stood sacred in the sight.  
Thereafter, within the Brahmin's mind  
Able good will for all mankind.

Man is by nature a religious being. If religion in man is the gift of God, it is implanted in his interior essence, and is a portion of the nature with which he was endowed at his creation. In every grade of human society can be found vestiges of religion; there is no religion without a God in it; and in every form the God is shaped and fashioned to the intellect which worships it. Man creates the God he worships. That portion of the race around the frigid zones, where the seasons are of such extreme rigor as to be incongenial to the culture and expansion of the human intellect, has weak and childish views of Deity; the views inter-entangled and attributes ascribed to God are puny and insignificant to us, and unimportant to the more advanced portions of the race; but those ideas are of the utmost consequence to those who worship in them.

In the torrid zone, where the inhabitants sleep in ignorance and live in idleness, and where sluggishness of mind and body seem inherent in all, the ideas of God and religion correspond to the state of the society; and their system of religion is extremely ridiculous to the more advanced portions of the race.

In the temperate zones, where the intellect is developed, there is not only more religion, but the characteristics of the religion are correspondingly advanced and superior.

This fact is marked in all the differing degrees and distinctive features of the religions of the world; that everywhere the idea of God corresponds to the degree of human development. There cannot be one God for all; for a God adapted to the wants of the more advanced, would not be appreciated by the lower grades of society. The inferior races and grades of human beings must have a God which can be brought down to them—such as the images, idols and monstrosities which have come down to us from the past, and which appeal to the physical senses of their worshippers. There are even among us portions of society who need visible forms of God presented to the eye, in order to aid in their conceptions of Deity; and the decorations and symbols in the churches meet that requirement, and bring the subject within the reach of their senses; the pictures of God presented to their view make them more religious.

Throughout society around us we can perceive the wide extremes of religion; the more advanced stages of intellect remove all forms from the Church; with them the pictures are not visible, but ideal—spoken in the prayers, sung in the hymns, and presented in the sermons. Their ideas of the character and attributes of Deity are taken from the discourses of the speaker, and from daily experience; and not from books—not even from the Bible are taken the sermons which most interest such an audience. The advanced mind of our days is not reached by descriptions of the Jehovah of the Old Testament, or the Christ of the New; but by taking the finest things which can be found in the conceptions of the higher nature of man, and making a character, which is called God, to place before the worshipper. Thus the religious nature is called out, not by the Jehovah of the Old Testament or the Christ of the New, but by an ideal, drawn from human life; from the teachings of the past; from the utterances of Brahma, Confucius, Mahomet, and all those mighty ones, who, inspired by truth in the past, according to their day, have sent their burning words down the centuries. And this collection is brought forward, week after week, and presented by the speakers of the advanced religious sects, as an incentive to a higher and holier life, and as the authority if not the word of God.

The religion of man advances along with his intellect; searching as it marches to a higher goal; and his intellect therefore must have a religion adapted to its manhood, as well as to its boyhood—fitted to the minds who are to receive it in every grade. You cannot impress upon your children, when they are learning the first lessons of the school books, the higher sentiments of your religion; you cannot bring the religion of our time that you receive down to the appreciation of the child; you can speak to it of those powers which are higher than it can comprehend, but it cannot understand at the time why one religion in life is right, and another wrong—especially in the sense in which you regard right and wrong. This power to measure and define actions, requires more experience. As the life and mind of the child expand you can gradually impress upon its mind the religion of your own day.

In the country where we live and ideas of God run through all grades of society, and showing themselves everywhere. There are no people among us who have no God. There are people who least of being atheists, but they are not so. A Godless people do not exist—a Godless man does not exist. Those whom we are accustomed frequently to call sinners, are the ones who most frequently call on the name of God. You may term it profanity, as you hear them "God bless" their friends or curse their enemies, they may be taking the name of God in vain, but are they taking it any more in vain than it is taken by ministers in the pulpits? Take, the inebriate who is too drunk to walk, but not too much so to talk, and you will generally find him to be a believer in the Bible and a believer in God, and about them he will talk, though incoherently. No wickedness in which he can engage can take out of him the ideas of religion which are ingrained; he has religion in his nature, and through the depraved conditions in which he has placed himself these elements come out, though you call it profanity. The profanity of our country is in reality but an inverted expression of its religious sentiment.

The Roman Catholic Church had gathered to its altars (and the speaker) the inferior intellects of the land, guided, it is true, by a few sharp minds, who directed them in the interests of the organization, and the tendency of those inferior intellects could be traced in her form of worship. The lecturer said he did not wish to be understood as speaking against the Catholic Church—no; if he could remove that Church by a motion of his arm, the motion would be the last one he would make, for he considered it to be doing a good work in the world—its work; when that work was accomplished it would pass away, as all other religious systems have passed when no longer needed by humanity. The more advanced Societies of Protestants gradually recede from the simpler and ruder forms of religious expression, and their prayers and utterances become more refined, and broader in intelligence, as they advance. You do not listen to such sermons in the Protestant Orthodox churches of the present day as your fathers listened to in the Colonial times. Look at the recorded utterances of Cotton Mather, and then compare them with the sermons of your own times, and you will see that the audiences which assemble to-day in the Orthodox churches would not listen to them. In all this departure from forms, and nearer approach to the spirit, can be traced a natural tendency to improved religious conditions.

God came down to man—or at least man believed he did—in olden times in rude fables and monstrous shapes; and later, ridiculous manifestations were received as words from him, and those manifestations—those idols—were only valuable as they met the wants of the worshiper. So the various sacred fables and the holy books are valuable now only for the moral truths which they contain, which truths shall live forever, whilst the fables themselves will pass away. Truth is forever

### BILL AND JOE.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

[We predict for this lyric, from the *Atlantic Monthly*, a currency and a permanent fame equal to the best of Beranger's world-renowned pieces in a similar vein. It touches that never failing key-note to which the universal heart in every condition of life responds. The author of "Old Ironsides" and "The Chambered Nautilus" has achieved a new triumph in verse.]

Come, dear old comrade, you and I  
Will steal an hour from days gone by—  
The shining days when life was new,  
And all was bright with morning dew—  
The lusty days of long ago,  
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,  
Front as a cocker's, and bow tall;  
And mine as brief appendix wear  
As Tant O'Shanter's luckless mare;  
To-day, old friend, remember still  
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,  
And grand you look in people's eyes,  
With H O N. and L. D.  
In big brass letters, fair to see—  
Your hat, and your bow tie, off they go!—  
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ornate robe;  
You've taught your name to half the globe;  
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;  
You've made the dead past live again:  
The world may call you what it will,  
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,  
"See those old buffers, bent and gray—  
They talk like fellows in their teens!  
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means!"—  
And shake their heads; they little know  
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!

Now Bill forgets his hour of pride,  
While Joe sits smiling at his side;  
Now Joe, in spite of time's disguise,  
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—  
"How calm, stern eyes that melt and fill  
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill."

Ah, penny scholar, what is fame?  
A fitful zone of fading flame?  
A giddy whirlwind's flecked gust,  
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;  
A few swift years, and who can show  
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,  
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,  
While gapping thousands come and go—  
How vain it seems, this empty show!  
Till all at once his pulses thrill;  
"Is poor old Joe's 'God bless you, Bill!'"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres  
The names that pleased our mortal ears,  
In some sweet lull of harp and song  
For earth-born spirits none too long,  
Just whispering of the world below  
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here  
No name shall follow in their train;  
When fades at length our lingering day,  
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?  
Read on the hearts that love us still,  
Hic Jacet Joe. Hic Jacet Bill.

A Scotch engineer has discovered a method of producing intense light with common coals, by mixing it with atmospheric air. Under ordinary conditions the introduction diminishes the illuminating power, but greatly increases the heat of a gas flame. In the new plan the mixture of gases is lighted after passing through a tissue of irridoplatin wires; the metal soon becomes heated, the flame disappears, and a vivid white light is the result. It will burn, it is said, in a gale of wind without protection, and a downfall of rain will not quench it.

No man is so learned but he may be taught; neither is any one so illiterate but that he may teach.

### VERMONT.

#### Formation of a Society in Stowe.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Thinking perhaps our spiritual friends and brethren throughout the country would be glad to learn of the movements and success of their co-workers in this Green Mountain State—those who dwell in the shadow of this grand old Mansfield mountain, the highest point in Vermont—I propose to give a brief account of what we are doing. I have been a Spiritualist at heart from my earliest recollection, and consequently have taken a deep interest in all the movements of the friends and workers in the broad field of this grandest and most glorious of all philosophies ever presented to mankind. For several years past we have procured speakers from time to time, as our limited means would allow, aided and assisted by a few warm-hearted and true friends, which meetings we have enjoyed highly, and feel as though they had been productive of much good. Last fall we adopted a brief plan of organization, and circulated it among the friends, and now we have the names of sixty-two members upon it, and I think there are many more nearly or quite ready to join us. We have organized under the name of the "First Society of Spiritualists of Stowe." February 6th we met and completed our organization and plans by choosing the following officers for the coming year: President, W. B. Parish; Vice President, J. W. Stiles; Corresponding Secretary, W. B. Parish; Recording Secretary, Lucius Sallies; Treasurer, Mrs. O. M. Tenney; Trustees, C. H. Hanks, J. C. Town, H. S. Atwood, Mrs. O. M. Tenney and Mrs. O. G. Hale. Committee to raise Subscriptions, &c., W. B. Parish, Mrs. Sarah A. Slayton and Mrs. Mary Ann Hanks. So you see we are in a pretty fair working condition, and hope, by the aid and assistance of our spirit-friends, to do a good work for ourselves and humanity.

W. B. Parish, Secy.

P. S.—As our plan of organization, by laws &c., are somewhat lengthy—and as you have such a world of matter from all quarters to publish—I thought best to omit it, but will say it is somewhat similar to that of other Spiritualist Societies, being liberal and free from all creeds, dogmas and arbitrary rules.

W. B. P.

Stowe, Vt., Feb. 23d, 1869.

Each ant in an ant hill knows its companions. Mr. Darwin several times carried ants from one hill to another, inhabited apparently by tens of thousands of ants; but the strangers were invariably detected and killed. Thinking that there might be a family odor by which they were recognized, he put some ants, from a very large nest, into a bottle strongly perfumed with musk, and they recognized them when taken to a new hill. At first they were frightened by their companions, but soon recognized, and allowed to pass.

valuable to man; but as we advance along the line of history we see on every hand sacred traditions and foolish ceremonies passing away from human worship—first the ridiculous expression, and now even the form itself. Last of all idolatry to quit its hold on the human intellect is the worship of the human form, which has been presented as an incarnation of the living God. This idea, in pictures and other methods, holds its place in the Christian Church. It has been endeavored in the past to expand this human form to immense proportions, and place it far, far away, beyond the reach of mortal perception—embodiment, as some denominations declare, the universe, bound into human likeness with all these worlds but parts infinite, of which man is the form finite. But gradually, as in the case of the worship of animals and monstrosities, and the grosser methods of religious expression, this form of God will drop away from human minds, and man's intellect can perceive how God can exist without a human body; that this divine intelligence can exist to whom no motive, motion, condition or possibility is obscure; that this eternal MIND can endure which-knows no past or future, but to whom all is forever present; that a divine intelligence can exist conscious of all that has been, and of all that will be.

Infinity cannot be measured, but it can be worshipped, and we can speak of its attributes. To the Infinite there is no here or there; no now or then. Men measure distances and changes in their lives by other kindred distances and changes, and upon these alone do we predicate times and distances; while to the Infinite all that to us was, and is, and is to be, is in the constant, eternal now!

An idea of God adapted to the manhood of the race; an idea adapted to the refined religion of the human mind; an idea adapted to the world in which we live, which it shall have broken away from its leading-strings and needs—its nursing priests and toy-books no more; when it shall become conscious of its powers—shall feel itself expanded to the full measure of true manhood and womanhood—where shall we find it? Incarnate in Jesus? No, but incarnate in God; incarnate in every existing form; which is found in the power which lifts us to that developed condition in which all shall recognize in the religious nature of man the true appreciation of God in man; in which we shall feel that the divine spark within us is the incarnation of God within us, and under such teaching shall strive to make our bodies living temples "holy and acceptable unto the Lord." The time is coming which shall bring this light to the world of man—the condition of manhood, when a religion fit for it must be born, even as Christianity was born to the age which required it; as Mahometanism came to meet a great need in its day, or the Protestants split-off from Catholicism—just as every religious denomination has its necessity, even down to the skirmishing sects of Unitarianism and Universalism, which border on the broad domain of Spiritualism. As each of these were formed to meet a demand of the age, so has Spiritualism been born to the age which needed it, bringing with it a higher and more advanced religion than the world had ever known. Ah! but it was born in a Bethlehem! It was born in a stable! It had no place in respectable society! Was Christianity any better off during the first hundred years of its existence? When in all the history of the past did any new religious truth come to the world having a place in respectable society? Where does God plant the beautiful water-lily, whose purity and whiteness are typical of nothing on this earth save a soul, who, sanctified by trial, and glorified with hope, waits by the shore of the river of change to be transported to the home of the angels? He plants it amid the sedimentary deposits of a stagnant pool, whose odor almost sickens unto death; up from that corruption the beautiful flower emerges, shedding its perfume to the hand that hears it away! So when a great truth is planted by the Divine Intelligence, it is nursed among colleges, hymned through cathedrals, preached in the churches? No! Only when it has been humbly nursed and cultured into strength to demand attention is it seen and appreciated by those for whom it was prepared and intended.

The truth—Spiritualism—has come; we have found it in a stable, outside of society; no respectable church to take it in; no college to acknowledge it; scarcely a welcome even in the families of Europe and America; and yet it is the germ of a higher life. It is true it had its babyhood in the physical manifestations, it has seen its wild oats, and is verging upon its manhood, and the advanced minds of our country begin to see that there is in it a religion for the future.

But many people say, "It is a religion without any God." Why? Because their God is not in it. Each Church fails to find its God, and so declares us to be a Godless people. But we are not a Godless people; our God not only pervades and permeates this whole world, but every word and every form of being. Our work and religion refer to a God of this world; while we are here our religion is to consist, not in praises to God, not in giving glory to him when we do not possess the glory to give him, but in doing good to one another—in actions, not in words. In the religion of manhood prayers will be carried in baskets—not baskets of tracts from which the spirit has escaped, leaving only the printed page, but baskets full of the necessities of life; not in carrying coils to Newcastle, nor glory to that Being whose glory fills immensity; not in doing deeds for Christ's sake, but in doing deeds for our brother's and our sister's sake—for the sake of all those who need them. This religion is to be brought into real life and into actual practice; it is to be carried into every department of existence. We are to weave this religion into all the circumstances of daily experience; we are to abandon the old and foolish forms of inverted religion, called profanity, and, at the same time, abandon that phase of religious expression which is used in the pulpits of Christian societies; we are to abandon the long, wordy prayers, the utterances which condemn mankind, and the excuses that are offered to God for the conduct of the race. We are to bring this practical religion into the minds and actions of men, so that they may feel and know that there is no prayer or power, in earth or heaven, that can set aside the effects of our actions in life. For in this new religion we shall know that there is a law of compensation for every act—an ample reward for each good deed, and a corresponding recompense for evil conduct; and the soul shall find, in every stage of being, its works following it. We shall know, in this coming time, that our kindred, and those with whom we have mingled in this life, are living yet; we shall from them obtain a knowledge of their mode of life; we shall know that, in that state of being, whatever we have done for truth will come back upon us in blessings, to reward our efforts, whilst the self-condemnation which will come to us for misdeeds will supersede and render unnecessary a general Judgment Day, or a mighty Judge for all; the condemnation shall come from the power within each individual soul, and not from any without.

In this religion for manhood we shall find a God everywhere; a spiritual life corresponding to the physical life, as the divine essence corresponds to every form in the mineral, vegetable or animal kingdoms, in the human system and in the spiritual world. As the divine essence unfolds the mortal form without the will of the individual, as you enter this stage of being, not by any power of will, but by a power which unfolded your form and wrought out for you the external features and the internal consciousness working through form, so, throughout the universe, the divine power is at work in all things, unfolding external forms and living in them, but never dying, casting off and taking on as you move through the stages of being, and expand your life in the spiritual or celestial world. Little did we who first became interested in the opening phase of Spiritualism, as unfolded in the physical phenomena, dream of the possibilities therein contained and about to be given to the world.

But some were ready to inquire: "If Spiritualism is true, what, good is it going to do? Allowing it to be true, what are you going to do with it?" We did not propose to do anything with it, for the first ten years it was among us. What do you do with your children at first? You propose to feed them and take care of them, and about the time they attain the age of ten years you begin to call out the tendencies, the drift, the direction of the child's mind. So have we done with Spiritualism. At first we nursed it; it was in a state of infancy; it rapped, moved tables, jerked the arms of media, and performed other childish acts, and many cultivated minds were repulsed from it on account of them. Those same people did not find fault with the manifestations of childhood in the families of their neighbors, but were unwilling to allow such a stage of childishness in the undeveloped theory of Spiritualism. They would not have seen a God in the child Jesus, had they beheld him in infancy. They did not see that it was necessary for Spiritualism to have this early phase. As our new religion has advanced beyond the physical manifestations, we have recovered from the scientific demonstration of great truths, the philosophy of a continued, conscious existence after death, an approximate knowledge of the elemental structure of spirit forms, and kind words from those who have gone before, and from whom we never hoped, perhaps, to hear again! After our curiosity is satisfied we begin to inquire about religious and scientific knowledge, and upon

matters connected with that life and our own; by such inquiries we have gained information concerning the religion of the spirit-world—a religion adapted to the wants of human life, and it passes over all God-worship, over all phases of popular devotion, over long prayers and psalms of praise, and in simple forms of beauty and rationality appears to man, bidding him turn his devotions to the race; that his services, if servant he would be of God, are to be performed in good acts to his fellowmen. Among the utterances of the early days, even among the fables, we will find the record that whosoever you have visited in sickness or in prison, whosoever you have clothed and fed in time of need, whosoever you have supplied with the means of physical life and mental culture and rational devotion, these are the gods, and as you have done it to them you have done it to God. These teachings can be found in the Old Book and the New—among the grand sentences of truth which have been dragged along the past by those philosophic and reformatory minds who lived a thousand years in advance of their time, and inculcated the divine lesson: "Do not to others as you would have others do unto you."

Leave those old ideas. Let the Catholic have his picture, and curse it not; let the idolater have his image, and curse it not; but see to it that you, who have a superior religion, exhibit its superiority in your acts toward your fellow beings; see to it that you

"Count all mankind of equal estate—  
Then count thyself the least and last."  
Remember the saying of one of old: "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." He who blesses a fellow being shall have the blessings of the divine government showered upon him; he who inspires men to nobler actions, he who turns to light and love his fellow being whose nature is immortal, but whose pathway is drifting to darkness, has paid his devotions to God, and his religion is sure and steadfast and immovable—a religion that needs no mouth-utterances, but is revealed by practical work; a religion whose devotion shall expand through all the spheres of being, taking on inspiration and throwing it out to the world as the flower disseminates its perfume; a religion which shall lead the soul onward and upward to the joys awaiting it in the home of the angels.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
**GUARDIAN ANGELS.**

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAY.

"They are gone, and here no longer  
Small their mortal forms appear;  
Make our faith, O Father, stronger  
That their spirits still are here.  
Here to wake the faint of feeling—  
Bid the "mist" of memory flow;  
Here to bid no hope appealing,  
Bring us, from all our woe!  
Oh, when round us night is falling,  
May our souls, in hope secure,  
Hear their holy voices calling:  
"Come where life and joy endure!"

The sunset crowns Rome's glittering turrets high,  
And evening shadows creep along the plain;  
The vesper bell rings upward to the sky,  
And choral anthems shake each lordly fane!  
They sing of her who bore a saviour's pain  
To bring the Christ, the promised Saviour, down  
When Syrian shepherds heard th' angelo strain,  
And Chaldean sages stooped his brow to crown  
Whose manly life-tide flowed 'neath priestcraft's midnight frown!

Beyond the broad Campanian's level breast,  
Mid twilight shadows bend a pilgrim band;  
From many a distant clime their feet have pressed,  
To gain th' "Eternal City's" wished-for strand.  
Among the shattered wrecks, the ruins grand,  
That speak the floating breath of earthly power,  
They kneel in silent awe, by crosses fanned,  
Rich with the perfume of the prayerful hour—  
The vestal virgin's chantborne from the far-off tower!

Prone in the dust around, neglected lie  
The cross-crowned staff, the keys, the scallop-shell;  
When marching on to greet th' Italian king,  
These bade the expectant bosom prouder swell.  
But now, in hearing of the vesper bell—  
The precious goal in sight—the journey o'er,  
The wanderer needs no aid Hope's beads to tell;  
His toll hath brought fruition's heavenly lore!  
And Faith with eager hand draws in the golden store!

And o'er the kneeling group a woman stands—  
A girlish figure, stately and serene—  
She points the travelers on, with eager hands  
Nobly uplifted 'mid the wondrous scene;  
She points, while yet written on her holy mien  
Is traced: "Not yet your goal is there!  
Where, on her seven-hilled throne, an ancient queen,  
Rome sits, and upward from the city's glare  
St. Peter's mighty dome looms through the twilight air!"

We seek a holy shrine, through earth's dark way,  
Through sin's hot sands, and fierce temptation's woe;  
We seek the portals of eternal day,  
And God's evangel cheer our wanderings slow.  
Think ye the endence of the Jordan's flow  
Deafens the friendly ears who've gone before?  
Think ye the voice whose kindling power we know  
Is hushed for aye where death's black waters roar,  
And Eden gives no smile back from her golden shore?

Not as the north-lights in the midnight gleam,  
When frosty stars in chilling silence roll,  
So in the twilight thought, the peaceful dream,  
They come to cheer the sin-beleaguered soul!  
They bid the beacon blaze, the watch-hells toll  
To mark the invading fiend's delusive powers—  
They tell how Autumn creeps in russet stole,  
Through Winter's sorrowing path to Spring-tide's hours,  
And vernal gases that float o'er fair, celestial flowers.

Oh! in our wandering comes a vision bright;  
We see the heavenly city's gates of gold,  
And all the spirit's power is plumed for flight,  
To reach that land—to clasp the loved of old!  
'T is then the guardian speaks: "Not yet ye fold  
Th' immortals in your arms of crumbling clay;  
Life claims your duty; dare the winter cold  
Of trembling age—or manhood's blazing day—  
Till God the Father calls, and angels lead the way!"

When human spirits bow in humble prayer,  
And deaf the pompous creeds of priestly sway,  
Loved friends departed cleave the vales of air,  
To wipe the tear from sorrowing eyes away!  
They point beyond earth's broad Campanian grey,  
Where towering domes and glittering spires arise—  
Where God's bright glory sheds a fondness ray—  
And farther than th' Italian sunset dies,  
The smiling Summer-Land sits throned among the skies!

**THE WASH-TUB AND THE BALLOT.**

EXTRACT FROM AN ESSAY DELIVERED BY P. T. LANE, BEFORE THE FRANKLIN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, LAWRENCE, MASS., FEB. 10TH, 1860.

Poor Biddy, who stands at the wash-tub every Monday morning, ought to be commemorated. You erect for her a pyramid of soiled linen, which she diminishes to the tune of innocence an hour; but when she has her rights, she will swing the ballot as her countrymen do the "sholelah"; then we shall honor her not by giving her soiled shirts, but by granting her full and equal rights with ourselves.

When we throw up our arms into mid-air, and wriggle ourselves into a clean shirt, we ought to pronounce a benediction on poor Biddy at the wash-tub.

A clean shirt is a "thing of beauty," and it might be "a joy forever" were it not for the wear and tear of buttons, and the fact that we mortals who wear them are made out of the "dust of the earth," and with a clean shirt, even, cannot overcome the natural tendency to grovel in our native element.

People joke about a shirt on a bean-pole, but a shirt will keep clean and tidy on a bean-pole longer than on any mortal man I ever beheld!

We adorn the walls of our rooms with beautiful pictures; we delight in crayons and chromes; a case of stuffed birds always finds a ready market. "Now if we can think of nothing better we ought to erect a 'stuffed shirt' in honor of the poor women who wear their shirts out over the wash-tub.

Woman at the wash-tub has this inspiring motto: "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." The woman who had such a horror of dirt that she scrubbed through the floor into the cellar, we ought to honor as a Kitchen Saint. (Perhaps A. J. Davis, in his next new book, will titillate her with that "sacred" appellation.) You have doubtless heard of the old lady who conceived heaven to be a place "where she could sit down and rest with a clean apron on."

As cleanliness is next to Godliness, the washer-woman's vocation is one that cultivates the noblest of virtues. We

ought, then, to give her the ballot. But the man who sits down in a puddle of tobacco juice and talks politics—ho should stay at home, and sit in a wash-tub, and soak.

Dirty men get elected to office here on earth; but I think they will never be counted among the "elect" in heaven. It would never do to put them within spitting distance of the "Great White Throne." That place must be reserved for old ladies with clean aprons.

I have somewhere read of a scene like the following:  
SCENE 1st—Mother in the cellar spitting wood.  
SCENE 2d—Daughter in the parlor, singing to a well-dressed simpleton, "Who will care for mother now?"  
I can imagine a scene almost as striking as that:

SCENE 1st—Small, delicate woman at the wash-tub, rubbing away for dear life.

SCENE 2d—Stout, portly man behind the counter selling tape, and declaring that it would be unfeeling for women to vote!

Men let their wives get down on all fours, and with soap and scrub away hour after hour. Ask these same men to let their wives arise and put on a clean attire and go to the polls with them. Oh no! that would be undignified! Most men think it very becoming for their wives to work among pots and kettles, and do the drudgery for the whole household. The lords of creation go to their counting-rooms and offices and "sling ink," as Artemus Ward calls it; but the women—they may stay at home and sling "dish-water."

The most vehement opponent to woman's rights is generally the man who has but one shirt to his back. He evidently fears that while he is lying abed for the purpose of having his nether garment cleansed, his wife might leave it soaking in the tub, and go to the polls without him!

A woman at the wash-tub is a more comely sight than a man with dirty jaws at the ballot-box.

Woman at the wash-tub can only cleanse our apparel; but give her the ballot, and she will make our political character as spotless as our linen. She would take the noisy, blustering politician on election day, and trot him on her knee until all the venom was "gulped" out of him.

Give woman at the wash-tub the right to vote, and every "den of vice" will be in "hot water." Her moral influence will be as cleansing as her "soap-suds." A woman who can go out on a cold, windy day, and with mouth full of clothes-pins reach up in mid-air to hang the clothes-a-drying, is more exposed than she would be at the ballot-box.

Give to woman at the wash-tub the ballot, and every vote she casts will be a moral clothes-pin, with which to fasten the cords of creation to the line of duty. And she will "fight it out on that line, if it takes all summer."

As the Lord said in olden time, "Mox is my wash-pot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe"; so woman with the ballot will say, politically, "The National Capitol is my wash-pot; ox every Doughface will I use my shoe!"

Then give to woman at the wash-tub the ballot, for politics is like a dirty shirt, and woman alone can cleanse it.

**Original Essay.**

**MEDIUMSHIP, OR "THE WAYS OF GOD," OR SPIRITS, WITH MEN.**

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

"The field is the world, and the reapers are the angels." God sends forth his angels as ministers of good, emphatically, to man. His Omnipotent Wisdom ordains that it shall be the office of the higher to reach down and assist the lower, always, and not, by any means, depress it, or hinder its upward progress. This Omnipotent Wisdom provides that the world of spirits, disembodied of flesh, shall reach down from their higher sphere and raise up humanity from the plane where it is groveling in sensualism to that where it can receive truth, and recognize the hand of benevolence in the ministrations of those whom God has ordained to be his direct ministers to them.

It has been the method of "Providence," or spiritual beings, to deal with individual men as well as nations, according to the necessities of the situation; and these necessities have developed methods which have puzzled mankind, and prompted some thought and investigation of the "whys and wherefores" of the evident dealings of the Superintending Intelligence of the universe with men. Some have scouted the idea of a Superintending Intelligence; others have manufactured a devil; and others, legions of devils, whereon to shoulder the responsibility of what seemed to them devilish, or inconsistent with their notions of just dealing by an All-wise Intelligence. Others have dimly discerned that God's benevolent angels oftentimes veil their faces to men, and appear in the disguise of "demons of darkness," that they may effect some purpose which in the order of Nature must be effected, and can be by no other means. This latter class are few; but having divested themselves of the fear of Satanic influences, they fearlessly plunge into investigation of all phenomena, and gain wisdom thereby which places them upon a plane where they discern the clear light of Infinite Benevolence shining through all the ministrations of spiritual beings to men.

Man in the flesh is the one great enemy—the only "fiend" which man in the flesh has to dread; as effective in the second sphere has developed intelligence means whereby the evil-disposed of that sphere are restrained from preying upon helpless victims in the lower sphere. This will not appear unreasonable, as men know that the intelligence already developed in the first sphere is devising means for protecting helpless victims from the influence of the depraved; thereby greatly aiding progress of all classes of men; and it cannot be questioned that a superior intelligence and power to that in existence in the first sphere has been developed in the second. The sages of the second sphere make it their employment to devise means for the good of all grades of men below them; and they have not in vain devised for ages. They are God's instruments of good to men in the flesh; they are his intelligence, in a sense. They are prompted by an individual intelligence wrought out by the experiences and discipline of their active lives, and are also aided by inspirations from the sphere above them. These sages are the guardians of the interests of every soul of man in earth-life, and they prompt the necessary discipline to which every soul is subject, and also superintend, to the necessary degree, the immediate guardians of all individuals in the flesh, that nothing in reality inconsistent with or detrimental to the most rapid advancement possible of each individual may transpire. If this is fatalism, or takes from individual man any inherent individual right, then be it so; for this is the method Nature has established, and through which she elevates man to his high destiny; in other words, evolves and individualizes the God-principle inherent in her. She, in reality, subjects man to no process, no experience or discipline, which robs him of his individuality, or prevents the most rapid development of this individuality, as she cannot do this consistently with her own designs. The individualization of spirit, the advancement of man to the plane where he acts as her most effectual assistant, is the great end of all her action; therefore, when man, from his standpoint in the spiritual sphere, judges of the wants of men below him, and acts in God's stead, "in appointing his ways" for him, it is Nature acting in her legitimate way.

Say men in this day: "Whence come the contradictions, the mistakes, the evident untruths, which are dictated through mediums? Is it from their imperfect development, or design on the part of the dictating spirits? If it is from the former cause, surely it is time mediums under-

stand it, and seek a remedy; if from the latter, to what motive shall we attribute it?" Important interrogatories and suggestions are these truly, and it is time mankind were answering them correctly for themselves. It is true that men know too little of the laws governing mediumship and perfect control by the communicating spirit, to judge, at all times, whether a mistake comes through the imperfect development of the medium or by design of the spirit communicating; yet men should be capable of judging whether there is not some design manifested attributable to some spirit, or grade of spirits, whenever a mistake occurs. It is undeniable, as must appear to all on due consideration of the subject, that the controlling spirit must understand the grade of development of his instrument, and he can withhold a truth which he knows will appear through the medium's brain distorted. If his own disposition or knowledge does not prompt him to withhold that truth until it can be given correctly through a well developed brain, his guide or teacher has the power to restrain him. That this is not always done, and truths come forth through mediums distorted in every possible manner, is because the wisdom which controls in the matter of communicating with men in the flesh permits it to be so for wise purposes.

"Thus saith the Lord," has bound the intelligence of past ages and the present to the dogmas of the Church; has stunted the growth of man's reasoning faculties, from compelling their disuse. Now, shall it be the method with intelligent spirits who have, in this dawn of the spiritual age, opened a free communication with men, to rivet the chains which theologians are binding about the intellects of the people? Shall they in any way sanction the habit of the people of the present to accept, unquestioningly, all or anything that is revealed? How are the chains to be broken? How are the people to be set upon their guard against the practice of their acquired habit of believing what their teachers say, without reasoning themselves on all propositions presented by them? Let intelligent, thinking minds, refer to the past history of mankind for an example of the effects of this closing of the reason and submission to authority. The stagnation of mind, which was almost the universal condition throughout Christendom after the Church had gained its maximum of influence in the world, resulted naturally from the disuse of the intellectual faculties, which was compelled by the Church. "I hold the keys of heaven, earth and hell, and of science and art," said this monstrous usurper and oppressor, "and ye shall think only as I dictate, at the peril of the most exquisite tortures that my inquisitors can invent!" Art, science, philosophy and literature languished, being smothered by the "abomination of desolation" that sat in the highest place. Grossness sensualism alone was encouraged and held sway, for the reason that the intellect had no freedom for action. The human race would have stagnated as a whole, had not a remedy been interposed to stay the power of the Church and set men to thinking. Reason began gradually to come into exercise, and when the human intellect was aroused at the dawn of a brighter age, men braved the terrors of the Inquisition for the sake of maintaining the privilege of exercising their own reason.

"Take things as you find them, and do the best you can," is the only maxim by which the world of spirits can be governed in dealing with men. This universal tendency to submit to the authority of the Scriptures, or of creeds, or established theories in the schools, acquired by habit and demanded by public opinion, must be checked, else the great good which it is the will of the spirit-world to do for man cannot be done. It must be checked, I repeat; and it will be checked, at whatever expense of faith in the communications of spirits on the part of those who have not yet developed sufficient faith in the Spiritual Philosophy to cause them to stand firm, whatever stumbling-blocks may be thrown in their way; or at whatever expense of faith on the part of Spiritualists in the integrity of purpose of those who communicate and permit errors, contradictions and mistakes.

There is but one method of countering this tendency among Spiritualists of accepting, unquestioningly, all that is revealed from the spirit-world—one method of teaching all men the important lesson: THAT REASON IS ABOVE ALL AUTHORITY; and the great effort should be to develop Reason, which stands as Governor among the intellectual faculties. It is of small importance, comparatively, in what faith an individual starts out upon his career of development. He is destined to discover the true faith, ultimately, through his reason, by comparing all faiths. The help which comes from being early taught the true mode of nature in dealing with man and the universe at large, is important; however, let it not be proclaimed in the ear of the investigator, "You shall not question this or that proposition, because it is well understood to be established truth," lest you stultify his faculties at once. Give him plainly to understand that nothing is too sacred to be questioned that does not commend itself to what reason he has already developed, at the same time admonishing him that he is to cultivate his reason by all means in his power, and hold himself open to the reception of new truths, which, being combined with those already received, will cause him to change his opinions—to form new bases from which to start anew on his grand tour of investigation of Nature's broad principles.

If you say to the believer in the power of spirits to communicate, "Spirits make no mistakes, particularly the wise ones that communicate through the best mediums," or "the good spirits do not mistake facts, or permit mediums to do so," it is, in reality, telling the individual that there are things upon which he will not be required to reason. If he can believe, implicitly, that good spirits can always be trusted to state sentiments to him which cannot be questioned, he is on dangerous ground—dangerous to the proper exercise of his manly prerogative.

It should be understood by all men that there are differences of opinion among spirits upon important questions, and different opinions are promulgated through mediums with all honesty of purpose by the communicating spirits. Men in the flesh differ in opinion, and promulgate their opinions, and investigating minds are called upon to judge for themselves which are correct. Again: Different forms of expression are in use among spirits, as well as among men in the flesh. These different forms of expression are frequently misunderstood and misapplied by those who study spiritual communications. Certain expressions are sometimes purposely used to carry out the designs of the spirit, which expressions are just, and in perfect consonance with truth, but from the circumstance of the imperfection of human language, or from the particular mode—characteristic of a certain language—are not exactly expressive of the ideas conveyed to the mind or minds addressed in the flesh. For instance: we of certain circles in spirit-life call our grandparents, to remote generations, fathers and mothers, as they in reality are, but not in the exact sense

that men in the flesh apply to these terms. We call that revered grandmother, that ministers to us in our mother's stead, mother, as much as we call her mother that gave us birth. We can be misunderstood by men in the flesh in the use of this or similar terms, if it suits our purpose to be, but not otherwise. If we would inculcate an important lesson to or through a medium, and can do so by causing the misuse of a term better than in any other way, we sometimes do so.

A wise teacher in your schools sometimes takes the book from the hand of the pupil and reads, purposely making mistakes in his reading. This he does, not to inculcate the practice of incorrect reading, neither to distort the author's meaning, but for the sole purpose of inculcating the practice of careful reading. The pupil understands this, unless he is very stupid, and is not prompted to make the same mistakes that his teacher did, but to avoid them. This exactly illustrates the mode of spirits with men. They, in reality, make their method as apparent as the teacher does; and it men do not discover it, it is for want of due care, which the very method will be sure to develop in time. When an important question is answered in perhaps a dozen different ways by as many different mediums, and, also, artfully dodged by others, is it not plain evidence of the design of spirit-teachers to elicit thought on this question on the part of the interrogators? Does it show a design, on the part of spirits, to teach the habit of lying more than the practice of teachers in earthly schools, who resort to many methods to elicit thought in young minds? The many devices of spirit-guardians and teachers are all of this sort, or conceived with the view of bringing out the thinking and reasoning faculties of men. Grown-up children can bear harder lessons than babes, therefore hard lessons are given them to learn.

I would inculcate the important principle that mediums should be instructed; that it is entirely unfitting that any should stand up as public teachers who are ignorant entirely of that they teach. It has been demonstrated, beyond a shadow of doubt, that mediums who have attempted to teach scientific principles, being entirely ignorant of the first principles of science, have failed to elucidate scientific principles to the satisfaction of scientific men. The trouble lies in the difficulty which spirits experience in seeking to install a magnetism into the medium's brain that does not find its like there. The magnetism of whatever knowledge an individual has acquired remains in his brain, as the nucleus which will attract other magnetism of its like; according to the principle that knowledge begets a love of itself. When there is no magnetism in the brain stored from study of scientific works or treatises on philosophy, art, history, &c., a spirit seeking to develop that brain as an instrument whereby to teach in any of these departments, must labor at the same disadvantage that a teacher of these branches in earth-life does with a pupil who has never acquired an idea of the knowledge sought to be imparted. The latter has first to overcome the greatest of all obstacles to the success of his undertaking, viz: the apathy or want of interest of his pupil; and this he can only do by scattering a few gems in his mind, at great cost of labor—a few elements in his brain, to be the forces to attract others. The spirit must overcome the obstacle of a lack of appropriate magnetic conditions of the brain for receiving into it truths of any nature, by the method of first instilling the requisite quality of magnetism into the brain in sufficient quantity to be attractive to the mass of magnetism that must be impelled into it as the thoughts of the spirit when he wishes to give utterance to these thoughts through the medium's organization. A tedious process, both for the spirit and the medium, is that which compels such a long period of preparation. When spirits take the risk of communicating great truths upon any important branch of knowledge, through mediums ignorant themselves and not half developed for this use, they take the risk of being entirely misunderstood by men in the flesh, or of having the truths they wish to teach entirely misrepresented or distorted by the process of coming through a brain unprepared to give them utterance.

Much has been necessarily attempted through but partially developed mediums in this the opening of the dispensation of the Spiritual Philosophy; it having been a necessity to awaken interest in spiritual manifestations by every means in possession of the powers that worked for the institution of the dispensation. The best instruments at hand were chosen, and years of preparation were foregone, in most cases, in order that some good seed might be sown and germinate to bring forth a harvest in the near future.

Ignorant mediums have been necessarily used, and Spiritualists may understand with what results to the public. Some scoff at them, and turn away disgusted from Spiritualism, because they blunder frequently in expressing truth. Others more thoughtful accept the good, making due allowances for the bad. The time has come when the great body of Spiritualists, and mediums in particular, should understand that the public are calling for educated, intelligent mediums in greater quantity than they are found. Mediums necessarily work on the plane on which they are developed; and spirits are developing mediums on a plane where they know that their duty is to acquire for themselves all the knowledge in their power, and expect no revelation from the spirit of that which they may know of themselves by research. By this plan mediums are put upon their guard, and stimulated to study the subjects of which they treat as mediums. This is the only method whereby mediums can be perfectly prepared to be good instruments in the hands of spirits for promulgating truth. The only tests that this class of mediums can give will be the truths they utter. When it comes to pass that such tests satisfy the people, then they will have arrived upon a plane where the higher wisdom of the second sphere can be safely dispensed to them. Until then they must have test mediums, and mediums of all grades, as at present. Until then many will expect the highest truths through any or all grades of mediums; and if perchance they find "stumbling-blocks" here and there to arrest their attention and point them to the direct path to wisdom, they will cry out, "It is the devil," or "It is undeveloped spirits," or "the mediums are corrupt, and draw around them lying spirits." Let it be so. "The sword of the spirit" is sharp, and "pierces even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit," of separating the spirit of truth from the great mass of commingled truth and error, which, from its voluminousness, blinds the vision of men. Truth is to be elicited, at length, by just the means in progress in the world at the present time; therefore, let men rejoice. Let mediums patiently wait the day when their vocation shall be better understood by all; and let them not shrink and cower at the insinuation that many "cast them out of being the instruments of Satan," or of "undeveloped spirits." If they understand their calling, they know, though others may not, that those who minister through them are God's ministers for good to any they may minister unto. If they do not understand their calling, and have not yet learned that God never made man to be an instrument of a disembodied "fiend," then they should seek to learn from Nature that most important lesson, that Divine Benevolence and Intelligence instituted the law that the higher sphere, or the higher element, by reaching up and communicating to the lower, never degrades, but elevates these thoughts to the criticism of a criticising public, confident that truth will prevail, and no injustice, ultimately, be done to any.

Planchette—Whence Came it?

Within the last two years the attention of the ever curious public has been largely attracted by experiments with "Planchette," and through its agency, thousands in this country have been converted to the knowledge of spirit intercommunication.

It has been introduced in the families of the learned and unlearned, the pious and the (so-called) profane, the rich and the poor alike, under the name of Planchette, where had the name "Spiritualism" been associated with it, no admission would have been allowed.

Mediums have been found in most of these families, through whom the little instrument would be endowed with life, motion and intelligence, and messages from the departed have been written out, calculated to attract attention, stir the affections and enlighten the intellect of those present to the recognition of the fact of a life beyond, and to the intimate connection existing between the dwellers of earth and the dwellers in the spiritual spheres.

My object in writing is to answer, so far as I can, the oft-repeated inquiry, "Whence originated this little instrument?" So far as I know, it originated about ten years ago in France; and, in 1859, being in Paris, I visited, in company with and by invitation of the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, the family of Count —. The Countess was a medium, and, through her, communications were daily had with the spirit-world, by writing with the "Planchette."

There is also in the Banner of Light of the date of May 28th, 1859, an extract from a letter written by me while I was in Europe, giving a brief statement of my experience with "Planchette," which the curious can see by referring to the file.

I have thus stated my knowledge of the origin of Planchette, and have shown that the statements which have been put forth in various scientific, religious and secular journals, in regard to its origin in this country, are false; and that the claims of parties in interest, that the little instrument was patented, or patentable, is absurd.

No one need pay an exorbitant price for it, for, with a pocket-knife, an ordinary gimlet and a shingle, any person can make one, with slight cost, that will perform as well as those with ivory castors.

With such an instrument, and a little patience in sitting with it, almost every family will find a medium of their number, through whom their spirit-friends will gladly communicate messages of love that shall scatter from their pathway every doubt of a glorious hereafter for all humanity.

Boston, March 9th, 1869. H. F. GARDNER.

The Right Position.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I was particularly pleased with a short editorial in the last number of the Banner of Light, addressed "To whom it may concern," not because I discovered that you were taking new ground upon the subject of allowing personal controversies to occupy the valuable space of your paper, for this has been the general policy of the Banner of Light from the first, but because its re-statement presents a cardinal principle of the Spiritual Philosophy, to which we shall all do well to take heed, viz: that individual idiosyncracies and short-comings are superficial and transitory, incident to the powers of development, and are unworthy of much public thought or attention, while the great principles of virtuous living—the best ideals of noble manhood—and the conditions of higher spheres of existence, are most worthy, and profitable to occupy our attention.

As a man thinketh, so is he, is an aphorism of inspiration in the olden time. Pure and noble thoughts make pure and noble lives, and it is equally true that the habitual contemplation of vicious and sordid characteristics of poor human nature tends to reproduce the same qualities in the observer.

We have to thank you, Messrs. Editors of the Banner of Light, for your generally successful efforts to keep out of the mass of fault-finding and contentious communications which angular and mistaken brethren pour upon you through the mail-bags.

H. B. STORER.

Bible Logic.

The Bible says that "God is a spirit, which no man can see and live." The Bible also says that "God created man in his own image, and breathed into him a living soul." If then the external body of man was created in the image of God, (whether in form or substance only), and that body be vivified with the actual breath of God, where is the difference in nature between God and man? The Bible would seem to teach that there is none in element, but only in degree, for man was not to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, lest he should rival his Creator in his attributes! Here then would seem to lie the Biblical difference: Man is a finite spirit, clothed in the finite elements of earth; God is an infinite spirit, clothed in the infinite elements of the universe. In this the Bible probably speaks truly.

PAUL.

Vineyard, N. J.

The lectures here through Willis F. Wentworth, the three first Sundays of February, were well received, and deeply interesting to those who could appreciate the true philosophy and aims of Spiritualism. The second and third Sundays of March we are to have the inspirations of the angels through Mrs. Nettie C. Maynard.

As our indefatigable friend Loomis is dispensing each Sunday about thirty copies of the Banner of Light to our audiences, in addition to the regular subscribers by mail, you can safely say that we are a lively spiritualistic people, and notwithstanding the church societies here have been blessed with what is called "revivals of religion," we have been by the angels blest "more so."

L. K. COONLEY.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have notified the Brighton butchers that they intend to stop the cruel practice of "bleeding calves," on and after the 30th inst.

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

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

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Banner of Light.

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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.

A New Starting Point.

We open to-day the Twenty-fifth Volume of the Banner of Light. Little did we imagine, when we issued the first number twelve years ago, at the impressive behest of the angel-world, through what a series of varied experiences we should be compelled to pass. During that term—brief enough to look back over, but long in the prospect—we have faithfully devoted our talents and industry to the momentous work in part entrusted to our keeping. How well we have thus far performed our service, and to what extent we have accomplished our task, the invisible presences all around us are alone capable of fully testifying. The obstacles that have confronted us have been legion, and at times—alas, how often!—our heart has well nigh failed us, and we have earnestly prayed to be relieved. But our sleepless angel-guides have as often cheered us on, promising anew their protection and support while we were passing through the vicissitudes incident to the responsible work to which we were committed. And it is in compliance with their earnest solicitations that we have kept constantly at our post of duty. To-day we are ready and willing to admit the truthfulness of their promises, for they have ripened into unmistakable and visible verities.

We have lived to see the sacred Cause advocated by us years ago, when its disciples were few in numbers but firm in purpose, grow to imposing proportions, so that it already counts its believers and advocates by millions. We are satisfied. Yet we are admonished that we have not at present any right to claim a relaxation from our labors. They are still needed, perhaps more than ever before. We have assurances which beget a conviction, that we are to pass through severer ordeals in the future than any to which our faith and patience have been subjected in the past; and that although we have in a measure overcome ignorance, bigotry and superstition, we are in the future to prepare ourselves to encounter envy, pride and malice. But the promise comes to us, freely and fully, that we shall under all circumstances be preserved from harm, and, with other workers, be instrumental in the final establishment on earth of a free religion, such as the world has never yet been blessed with or even known.

From the very inception of our work in this broad field of labor, it has been our effort to show to our fellowmen, by conclusive and comforting testimony, that liberated spirits do in reality return from the higher-life and commune with us; teaching the better way; showing that the avenue to the tomb continues on to the realms of life immortal. Men have worshiped, through all the past, only from the external; to-day they are learning how to worship from the internal; the circumstance of life has changed to the circumstance of life—from the God without to the God within. We are to be guided by the ever-living Present, instead of the dead Past. The scriptures of Nature are to take the place of written scrolls and parchments. We mean not to tear down any faster than we are able to build up a more beautiful edifice. And hence our thoughts go out only in charity to all who differ from us, and even to those who manifest impatience with our faith.

Upon those who are engaged with us in rearing the beautiful, shining temple, whose foundation-stone was laid by the great medium, Jesus, eighteen hundred years ago, we would enjoin harmony of action, to the end that the glorious fabric of SPIRITUALISM shall stand completed without spot or blemish. We know that "to err is human—to forgive divine," and therefore it should be our constant and prayerful endeavor to educate ourselves more fully in the potency of that irresistible, that crowning virtue, CHARITY, which endureth long, suffereth much, is not puffed up, and never vaunteth itself. Let our good words find their fittest and fullest illustration in still better deeds, remembering that the world advances at last only by virtue of what is done, and that words are vain, and phrases empty, that fail to find embodiment finally in those humanitarian movements which form the substantial records of Time.

Obedient that spirit alone, the countless thorns of earth will give place to beautiful flowers, and the spirit-world be wholly peopled with well-developed individualities, instead of—as now in part—subjects of ignorance and superstition, spirits in prison, whose baleful influence is yet felt by the people of earth. Spiritualism comes to liberate this crowd of imprisoned ones; and hence, as in acting our parts in life, we descend lower or rise higher in the moral scale, so do those in spirit-life who have not yet risen above earth-influences, rise or fall correspondingly with us. As we perform life's duties well or ill, so shall our condition be in the great Hereafter.

Entertaining views of this character, we enter confidently, but never more seriously, upon another year's labors on behalf of humanity's highest good. Profoundly conscious of the great work in which we are engaged, we pray with reverent humility for that assistance and counsel from the higher spheres which we have gratefully received in such generous measure through the eventful past.

Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

Arrangements are being made in this city to celebrate in a suitable manner the twenty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism. Tremont Temple has been engaged for that purpose. It will take place on Tuesday evening, March 30th (as no suitable hall could be obtained for the 31st). The Children's Lyceum will occupy the first hour of the evening with an exhibition of their various exercises, to be followed by speeches, interspersed with singing, &c. It will be an interesting affair, and worthy of the occasion. The admission fee will be fixed at the low price of twenty-five cents. We hope to see the hall crowded to its utmost capacity.

Music Hall Meetings.

Miss Lizzie Doten lectured in Music Hall, in this city, Sunday afternoon, March 7th. The theme announced was, "A Communication from the Spirit of the Times." In her usual terse and pointed style she touched upon various important subjects, including many needed reforms, and pointed out the great good Spiritualism was doing for the benefit of mankind. It was an able discourse, and the audience were well pleased with it. She closed with the following noble original poem, entitled

HESTER VAUGHN.

[Hester Vaughn was tried for the crime of infanticide. She was convicted, and sentence of death passed upon her. Subsequently, by the efforts of benevolent individuals, and the pressure of public opinion, her sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. Susan A. Smith, M. D., of Philadelphia, who visited her in prison, and was chiefly instrumental in obtaining her release, gives the following statement in relation to the circumstances attendant upon her alleged crime: "She was deserted by her husband, who knew she had not a relative in America. She rented a third-story room in this city, (Philadelphia,) from a German family, who understood very little English. She furnished this room, found herself in food and fuel for three months on twenty dollars. She was taken sick in this room at midnight, on the 6th of February, and lingered until Saturday morning the 8th, when her child was born. She told me she was nearly frozen, and fainted or went to sleep for a long time. Through all this period of agony she was alone, without nourishment or fire, with her door unfastened. It has been asserted that she confessed her guilt. I can solemnly say in the presence of Almighty God that she never confessed guilt to me, and stoutly affirms that no such word ever passed her lips."]

Now by the common weal and woe, Uniting each with all; And by the snarers we may not know, Until we blindly fall— Let every heart by sorrow tried— Let every woman born, Feel that her cause stands side by side With that of Hester Vaughn.

A woman, famished for the love All hearts so deeply crave, Whose only hope was Heaven above, To succor and to save; With only want, and woe, and care, To greet her child unborn; A weary burden, hard to bear, Was life to Hester Vaughn.

No friend, no food, no fire, no light, And face to face with death, She struggled through the weary night, With anguish in each breath; Till that frail life which shared her own, Had perished on the morn, And left her to the hearts of stone, That judged poor Hester Vaughn.

Who was it, that refused to draw A lesson from the time, And in the name of human law, Pronounced her grief a crime? Was her accuser, cold and stern, A man of woman born, Whose debt to woman could not earn Some grace for Hester Vaughn?

The word of judgment is not sure, To wealth and station high, But that she was alone and poor, Was she condemned to die. Oh God of Justice! for whose grace The servile worldlings fawn, Has not thy love a hiding place, For such as Hester Vaughn?

Come to the bar of Judgment, come, Ye favored ones of earth, And let your haughty lips be dumb, So boastful of your worth. What virtues, or what noble deeds, Your faithless lives adorn, That thus by laws, or lifeless creeds, You sentence Hester Vaughn?

What countless crimes—what guilt untold— What depths of sin and shame, Are hidden by your lying gold, Or hidden by a name! Ye pave your social halls with skulls Of infants yet unborn; Then virtuous with suspicion lulls, And crushes Hester Vaughn.

Ye, who your secret sins confess, Before the Eternal Throne— Adulterers and Adulterers! What mercy have ye shown? For place and power, for gems and gold, Ye give your souls in pawn, But Heaven's fair gates will first unfold, To such as Hester Vaughn.

The "mills of God that grind so slow," Will "grind exceeding small"; And time, at length, will clearly show The want or worth of all. Distinctions will not always be With such precision drawn, Between the proud of high degree And such as Hester Vaughn.

Through Moynemensing's prison bars, She counts each weary day, Or "neath the calmly watching stars, She wakes to weep and pray. Thank God! for her in heaven above, A brighter day will dawn, And those who judge all hearts in love, Will welcome Hester Vaughn.

At the close of the poem, the controlling influences stated that they would not be able to use the organism of the medium again for lecturing until she had sufficiently regained her physical strength. This is to be regretted, for Miss Doten ranks among the ablest lecturers on the Spiritual Philosophy, and cannot well be spared. We trust, however, it will not be long before she will be able to resume her public labors.

Prof. Denton next Sunday. We are happy to announce that Prof. Wm. Denton is to lecture in Music Hall next Sunday afternoon, March 21st. This able and popular lecturer is sure to fill the hall. His subject will be—Spiritualism and Science Man's Great Saviour.

Getting New Subscribers. The work of obtaining new subscribers is being effectively carried on by our old subscribers. It proves conclusively that the Banner of Light could be circulated largely in every town and city in the country. The following are additional names of those who have sent us one or more new subscribers: Nathan Lamb sends twenty-one dollars and four new subscribers; David D. Wait sends the money for a new subscriber and four renewals; N. S. Medberry, one; J. H. Rees, one; David H. Hale, one; A. M. Vannalway, twelve dollars for three renewals and one new subscriber; Enos Foster, one; J. B. Atwater, one; Mrs. Lewis Putnam renews and sends a new name; L. K. Coonley, two; John G. Webster, one; Harriet W. Tarbox, one; David Thomas, one new and two renewals; J. Carl, one; Preston Day, one; D. T. Averill sends his second new subscriber; B. F. Porter, one; Martin Daniels, one; Joel Boyd, one; Lewis Bisbee, one, and promises more; Jerome Fuller, one; Jennie Simple, three; Hiram Lee, one, and renews his own; A. S. Hayward, two.

Cambridgeport. Mrs. N. J. Willis will lecture in Washington Hall, Cambridgeport, Sundays, at 3 and 7 o'clock, March 21st and 28th, and April 4th.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

The reports of these circles which we publish every week upon our sixth page, are attracting more than ordinary attention and criticism at this time. All acknowledge that the invocations are pure and holy; but many of the messages which follow, from the uneducated, are little understood, and, therefore, condemned. We hold that the lowly in life, whose opportunities when here were limited, have just as much right to be heard, in their way, as those who passed their earth-lives under more favorable conditions. Each express themselves according to their ability. All in a measure prove their identity by their own peculiar style of expression. Many undeveloped ones, on ascertaining that our circles are free, embrace the opportunity to reach their earth-friends through our columns when they have no other avenue open by which to return. And they are welcome. "I am holier than thou" has too long divided the human race; the lines of caste, of position, of education, have been drawn closer and closer as time rolled on, and now the All-Wise is about to sunder these cords. Through lessons of sorrow and anguish those in high places are to learn that all the human race are brothers and sisters, and that they are dependent each upon the other. When this great revolution is accomplished, wars will cease, and all can with safety carry on their daily pursuits in peace and plenty. Our circles were established to help on this glorious epoch, and mankind will yet acknowledge the wisdom of the spirit-world which inaugurated the Message Department of this paper.

We print the present week messages given at this office Dec. 7th and 8th. The questions and answers, it will be seen, treat upon important subjects, especially the somewhat lengthy discussion between the controlling intelligence and a clergyman.

Thomas S. Bradstreet hailed from Northfield, Vt. Said he and most of his people believed in the literal resurrection of the body at the second coming of Christ; but he had entirely changed his mind since he became a spirit. He tried to believe in the Baptist religion when on earth, was baptized, but it did not serve him in the spirit-land. He said he was just the same man now that he was when he lived on the earth—no better, no worse—and if he could come back to live, he should belong only to God's universal church that all belong to, and should try to be an acceptable member.

Deacon Eli, of Amesbury; Samuel White, of Keene, N. H.; Nancy Jane Powers, of Lawrence, Kansas, and George H. Merrill, desired to communicate privately with their people.

William Boyd, from Wisconsin, gave a somewhat lengthy, but quite interesting message. Augusta Stearns, of Hartford, Conn., and Mary Ann Tibbets, of Lowell, followed. The former was anxious to communicate with her father and mother and two brothers, to tell them how happy she is in the beautiful spirit-world. The latter informed us that she was born in Bath, Maine, and she desired to impress upon the minds of her relatives that they should not grieve because she died out of the Church; that it did not make the least difference.

For Gravestones. What shall we write on the gravestones we set up at the head of buried friends? It is admitted that a very perceptible advance has been made in the sense and sentiment of such inscriptions. Superstition is being compelled to draw aside the thick curtains of its gloomy realm, and let in the modern light and life of humanity. People do not drive over their graves as they used to; nor do they suppose that, because a friend is dead, the world has lost its reckoning; nor do they addict themselves to such strained conceits and turgid hamdrum of galvanized sentiment as until pretty recently was regarded as the only thing worth bringing out in view of death. The fine, because natural, fancy of Dickens has entered into many bereaved hearts; and the ground is not always stiled cold, where men lie "in cold obstruction" and "rot," but warm, where ugly seeds sprout in the form of beautiful flowers, and good men and women leave their lifeless forms and fly up as angels to heaven. All this striking change in public sentiment comes of the more liberal and elevated tone of thought and presentation of faith. We go out at death—we are not confined up and imprisoned. We are released, exalted, enlarged, glorified. Death is losing its terrors, as Christ promised it would. The literature of graveyards for the next century will be a great improvement on what it has been in the past.

A Worn-out Dogma. It is very common for parents, on the death of children, to speak of the event as the work of a "wise Providence," no matter whether the little ones came to their end by an ignorant disobedience of the laws of Nature or not. "God in his wisdom," they are accustomed to say, "has seen fit to remove my little ones by death." Now, in a very great many of these cases, there is no special Providence about them, and certainly there is no wisdom. A mother, for instance, half clothes her offspring, a tender young thing, and turns it out with almost savage cruelty into the wintry weather. What can she expect but the loss of her child? She has—no doubt ignorantly—disregarded one of the plainest laws of Nature, that human life must be shielded from extreme cold if it is to be preserved. That is God's law. She has broken God's law, yet she talks of God having "in his wisdom" bereft her of her offspring. The plain truth is, she has murdered her own child, and now seeks to appease her remorse by pleading the wisdom of the God who gave it to her. Yes, but he accompanied the gift with certain fixed laws for its preservation; and to break those laws, whether ignorantly or knowingly, is to defy God and trample on his gifts.

The Anniversary in New York. The observance of the twenty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism, at Cooper Institute, New York, on Wednesday evening, 31st inst., should be kept in mind by the friends in and out of the city, as it will doubtless be an occasion that we can all look back upon with pride and pleasure. The feast must indeed be an intellectual one, when we can enumerate among the speakers the names of Hon. John W. Edmonds, Hon. Warren Chase, Andrew Jackson Davis, Mrs. Mary F. Davis, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Dr. R. T. Hallock, Prof. S. B. Brittan, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Mrs. Emma F. J. Ballene, Dr. H. P. Fairfield and others.

The Lyceum. We are pleased to learn, by a note from Bro. Fred. W. Davis, of Fitchburg, Mass., that their Children's Lyceum "is doing finely, growing rapidly, and all seem to take a new interest in it."

Frank L. Wadsworth has a "Chicago Department" in The Present Age. His introductory reads well, Success to him in whatever field he may labor.

Our New Heading.

The readers of the Banner of Light will not omit, this week, to thank the gifted artist and engraver who has embellished the present number with so beautiful a specimen of his taste and creative skill. If they will be at the pains to compare the new heading, herewith presented, with that of their last number, they will be sure to appreciate all the numerous points of superiority in this heading over the former one, that has served a good term, and earned a right to go into honorable retirement. Doubtless many, who have become familiar with its expression from its regular visits, feel a pang of regret to part company all at once with so pleasant a friend, whose coming suggested so much to them. But allowing for every feeling of that sort, we think we may confidently present this heading as a production in most points far better adapted to the character of our sheet and the sympathy of its readers, and more fitly expressive of those aims and purposes which inspire our regular weekly exertions.

This improvement in the appearance of the Banner very naturally suggests to us to say that still others are in course of preparation, to be brought out from time to time, and certain to excite the approbation of our appreciative hosts of readers; and we improve the occasion to impress earnestly on their attention the importance, not less to themselves than to us and to the cause, of revived exertions in extending the circulation of the Banner in every part of the world.

Woman's Work.

The organization of women in New York, for advancing the interests and securing the protection of the sex, is laying out good work, and a good deal of it. There is no kind of question that, in a large, commercial city, like New York, there is an urgent need continually for just such an association, which shall undertake to perform those nameless offices which at present are left unperformed, to the manifest wrong and wretchedness of the sex. Among the other projects, already set on foot by this association, is a founding asylum; in other words, they propose to open one of the wards of the Bellevue Hospital to unmarried women, for the delivery of their children; then, if such mothers, hitherto styled "unfortunates," are not desirous of taking with them their infants when they leave the asylum, the latter are to be sent to Ward's Island, to be properly taken care of until they are grown up, when they will be put out to trades. The rate of deaths among these little people in this State is as high as ninety per cent.—a shocking fact when taken in connection with the average number of infants that are raised elsewhere, with ordinarily good care. As society goes, not more in New York perhaps than in other cities, an Institute of such a character seems to be of pressing importance. Not only are unhappy girls, who are about to become mothers, to be cared for in their extremity; but their infants are to be reared with care, instead of neglected, as at present.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums. Moses Hull has no definite appointment for April, and will answer calls for that month, for either New England or New York. During May he speaks in Marshall, Mich. June and July he will perhaps spend in Minnesota.

Mrs. Juliette Yeaw lectures in Washington Hall, Charlestown, March 21st.

E. V. Wilson will lecture in Cleveland, Ohio, during the Sundays of March, 1869. This will afford his many friends along the Lake Shore Road, and within fifty miles of Cleveland, an opportunity to hear him on week-day evenings. Those wishing his services had better write him at once. Direct to Cleveland, Ohio, during March.

A. S. Hayward, "Healer," will leave Chicago the last of this month, for Boston. Will make short stops on his way, if mutual benefit can be obtained; letter address after April 1st, care of this office.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield is lecturing in the Everett Rooms, New York. His late engagement in Philadelphia was a perfect success. More came to the hall than could gain admission. He has been reengaged to lecture there during April. The doctor's permanent address is Blue Anchor, N. J.

Mrs. Jennette J. Clark is lecturing in Stafford Springs, Conn., during this month. The first Sunday in April she is to speak in Fall River, Mass.

C. Fannie Allyn lectures in Rochester, N. Y., during June; in Stafford, Conn., during July; in Putnam, Conn., during August; in Lynn, Mass., during September.

Home Again.

Our young friend, Cephas B. Lynn, who has been actively engaged in the Western lecture-field since July last, has returned East to remain a few months. March 21st and 28th, he addresses the Spiritualists of Charlestown, worshipping at Central Hall. Mr. Lynn is ready to make engagements East or West for the coming fall and winter. His address is No. 9 Kingston street, Charlestown, Mass.

Musical Seances. Miss Mary E. Curry has resumed her private seances at her father's residence, 39 Franklin street, Haverhill, Mass., and will continue them every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. Our readers are not unfamiliar with the history of the remarkable manifestations through the mediumship of Miss Curry. She is one of the best and most reliable mediums in the country.

Worcester. Prof. William Denton's lectures in Worcester are creating intense interest. Audiences of over two thousand people assemble in Meschall's Institute Hall to hear him. He speaks there every other Sunday. On the 21st of March he will lecture in Music Hall, Boston.

The Spiritual Weekly Papers and Monthly Magazines. The Religio-Philosophical Journal, The Present Age, and The American Spiritualist, are sold at our office. The Rostrum, London Spiritual Magazine, and Human Nature, are also for sale at our counter. Circulate the documents.

Marblehead. A. E. Carpenter lectured in Marblehead Sunday, March 7th. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. He also organized a Children's Lyceum. The subject of Spiritualism is taking a new start there, and great interest is manifested.

Salem. Moses Hull has been lecturing in Salem the past two weeks, with the best of success. Hundreds were unable to gain admission to the hall. Spiritualism is truly enjoying a revival there. We believe Mr. Hull goes thence to Springfield.

Our sincere thanks are due Mary E. Carter for the excellent translations from the French she has made for our paper from time to time.

New Publications.

MARIE DE CHAMBLAY is a romance by the elder Dumas, having for the plot, and marrow of the story the clairvoyant demonstrations of the heroine, who gives the name to the book.

B. B. Russell & Co., of this city, publish a fine engraving of a timely group, styled "GRAND GRANT AND HIS FAMILY," which is a really fine production.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for March comes to us full of excellent reading matter.

ANNIE OF GRIENSTEIN is the last one of the Scott novels published by Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia.

Belvidere Seminary.

We have before us a fine photographic view of this already famed literary institution, conducted so successfully by the Misses Bush (Belle Bush being one of the principals), and located in the delightful city of Belvidere, N. J., where it has been carried on with remarkable success for the last three years.

We are rejoiced to know that the Seminary is filled, and hope that all Spiritualists, who would have their children instructed according to the principles of their own liberal faith, will keep this successful institution steadily in their minds.

Here we think it well to introduce Miss Belle Bush's sentiments in regard to establishing a National College. In a private note to us she says:

"It seems to me their most sensible way would be to go to work and establish schools and seminaries of their own, in as many States as contain Spiritualists enough to sustain them, and then in time let them establish a grand central university, which shall take the best students from all the other schools, and give them every advantage for obtaining the most practical, literary and scientific education. If the Spiritualists could only be induced to act like sensible men and women, if they would only consent to lay aside all party spirit, all petty ambitions and jealousies, and come together in the true spirit of love and say this thing shall be done, why, there is means enough, and intelligence enough, and power enough, in this and the angel world, to erect such temples of learning as should be the glory and wonder of the age."

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

Oh the world's so full of beauty, I cannot help but love The humblest paths of duty Which lead to those above. The heavens are fair above me, The earth is fair below, And everything around me Reflects love's warm, bright glow.

Light of the Valley.

A few copies of this very interesting work on the Spiritual Philosophy of the nineteenth century have just been received from London. It was written by Mrs. Newton Crosland, author of "Memorable Women," "Hilred the Daughter," etc.

AN IMPORTANT WILL CASE.—One of the most important will cases ever before a New York court was on trial in Orange County last week. The gist of the matter in dispute was whether Mrs. Mary L. Powell, widow of Thomas Powell, the wealthiest man in Orange County, was capable of making a will.

Christina Nilsson, the Swedish queen of song, commenced her career by wandering through the streets of the principal cities of that country, playing a violin and singing the rude, native songs. She is now the favorite of Europe.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The article by Mrs. King, on mediumship and messages, or instructions from spirits, contains information that will be of use to all, whether skeptics or believers in the Spiritual Philosophy. We hope no one will neglect to read it.

The splendid poem entitled "The Beautiful Land," and the prose article headed "Soul Aspiration," published in The Banner of Light without credit, originally appeared in the Banner of Light. We like to have good things copied from this paper, particularly when due credit is given.

A landlady in Boston, it is said, makes her besouffé so light that her lodgers can see to go to bed by them.

President Grant will be forty-seven on the 27th of April.

A school committee-man writes: "We have a school-house large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high."

Fog Signals—Coughs and colds.

ECONOMY.—A lady in one corner of this State, it is said, skims her milk from the top, then turns it over and skims the bottom of it, then around the edges, and finally splits it in two parcels and skims both inside ends of it.

A LITTLE MIXED.—Cymon relates the following good 'un: An old lady, whose early education had been neglected, was in the habit of getting a little girl to come in and read to her. The parson of the parish had lent her Pilgrim's Progress, and a neighboring boy had loaned her Robinson Crusoe. The priest calling upon her subsequently, asked how she was interested in the travels of the pilgrim. "Marvelously much," replied the honest dame; "what terrible troubles him and his man Friday undergone!"

The number of depositors in Massachusetts Savings Banks during the year 1868, was 383,974, and the amount of deposits \$94,838,336. Nearly seven-eighths of it is held by Irish people. "Who says the poor are not rich in Massachusetts?" exclaimed Pat.

AN EARNEST REQUEST.—At a camp meeting last fall, in the highest heat of excitement, an over-zealous worker in a frenzy of fervor exclaimed aloud, "Lord, come down among us; do come; come now; come just as you are, do not stop to change your clothes!"

Said a very old man—"Some folks always complain about the weather, but I am very thankful when I wake up in the morning to find any weather at all."

The son of Rev. Mr. Montague, residing at Whitewater, Wis., was delivering a college valedictory address, a short time ago, when, in taking his handkerchief from his pocket, he pulled out a pack of cards which fell to the floor. "Halloo," he exclaimed, "I've got on father's coat." The worthy divine, who sat in front of his promising son, was more confused than his hopeful scion.

A hindrance to marriage—the Government tax on matches.

"Ah!" said a Methodist brother of a humble society to another of a higher grade, "if you have got a bigger and handsomer house of worship than we have, we've got the same Jesus! you can't beat us on that!"

The Swedenborgian New Jerusalem Society of Springfield, Mass., dedicated their neat and inviting sanctuary on Maple street, Wednesday afternoon, to the worship of the Lord Jesus Christ. If by this is meant to aid the poor unfortunates all over the land, then we endorse it. If not, not.

If a redbreast comes into your fruit garden, does he come there a robbin'?

Disgusting meanness—To tan a dog's hide with his own bark.

Mark Twain relates the following story of a stranger who was coming up the Connecticut river, and was trying his best to sleep; but every now and then the boat would stop, and a man would thrust his head into the room. First he sung out "Haddam!" and then "East Haddam!" and then "Haddam Neck!" and then "North Haddam!" and then "Great Haddam!" "Little Haddam!" "Old Haddam!" "New Haddam!" "Irish Haddam!" "Dutch Haddam!" "Haddam-Haddam!" and then the stranger jumped out of bed, all excited, and says: "I'm a Methodist preacher, full of grace, and forty years in service without quail! I'm a meek and lowly Christian; but—these Haddams! I wish the devil had 'em, I say!"

There are five hundred and fifty American students at the various German universities, and over one thousand male and female American pupils at first-class German boarding schools.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A shoemaker of this city, the other night, took home a pair of shoes to his wife.

A newly arrived family were lately gazing at a shop window in Rockford, Ill. Little Girl—"Oh, mamma! is that a 'em'?" "Mamma—" "No, my child, that is a howl." "Father—" "No, my wife and daughter, that is neither a 'em' nor a howl, but it is a heagle, the hlemblem of this blasted country."

"She stoops to conquer"—the belle with a Grecian bend.

A WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION was held in Springfield, Mass., last week, which was very well attended, considering the stormy weather that prevailed at the time. This question is gaining in interest everywhere.

J. E. Hood, of the Springfield Republican, has located in Kansas, for the present, on account of ill health.

A New Lecturer.

A new light has come into the field—Mrs. Ida Francis—inspirational speaker. This lady addressed the people of Williamsburg, Long Island, the 4th of this month, also the people of Brooklyn, last Sunday, 7th inst., and is engaged throughout this month in the same place.

Wm. F. LEGGERT, New York, March, 8th, 1869.

Another Lecturer.

We, the undersigned, members of the Business Committee of the First Spiritualist Association of Charlestown, take great pleasure in recommending to the notice of committees in want of a speaker, Mr. Thomas M. Moon. He is a young man who has just taken the field as a public lecturer, and having during the past month lectured for our Association with entire satisfaction, we think it a duty we owe to him in taking this method of introducing him to the public.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 544 BROADWAY.

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

Large Assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books.

Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty-two volumes, all neatly and substantially bound in cloth: Nature's Divine Revelations, 13th edition. Great Harmony, in five volumes, each complete—Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker. Music Staff, Biography of the author. Penicilia, Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions. Morning Lectures (20 discourses), History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Spiritual Providence and Free Thought Concerning Religion, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual, Arabia, or Divine Quest, Hell: Key to the Summer-Land, Historical and Spiritual Mysteries Explained, Inner Life, Truth versus Theology, and Memoranda. Whole set (twenty-two volumes) \$25; a most valuable present for a library, public or private.

Four books by Warren Chase—Life Line; Fugitive Wife; American Crisis, and Gist of Spiritualism—can be had for \$2. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$5; 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, mailed on receipt of price, 30 cents. The Boston, a Chicago spiritual monthly, can be had at our stores; and also the Historical and Spiritual Mysteries Explained, our country on religious subjects, and fully up to its name. Call and see our assortment, which now comprises nearly all the books and papers in print on our widespread and fast spreading philosophy of Spiritualism.

Signs of Progress.

The public mind seems deeply agitated of late on the subject of our philosophy—more so than at any previous period of its history. Amid the surging of the waves, the press, of course, feels called upon to speak out on one side or the other, or on both sides, as it often does, while some of its editors and writers, Pilate-like, wash their hands and give the people's verdict. In this way the New York Sun (one of our best dailies) had a long article on the art and specimens of photographing spirit likenesses, in which its favorable report sent scores, if not hundreds, to the artist to test it, while we and the Spiritualists generally are yet undecided and have not sanctioned it as genuine, but have it under careful and critical examination, awaiting that complete evidence which we have on other phenomena. A few days after the Sun had a weak apology and some resolves of the photographers passed in council, condemning it without a trial and without its being heard in defence.

The Herald, as usual, writes up its comments, pro and con, and caricatures where it can and tells some truth where it must. It gave, for such a paper, quite a favorable report of our lecture at the Everett Rooms, on Feb. 28th. The best (or worst) item of news to us and its readers was that we resembled old Ossawatimie—John Brown. This is important news at our office, and inclines us to get a picture of the old hero and martyr.

These and many other items we could note are all respectable, compared with a long article in the Sunday Dispatch of Feb. 28th, made up of the froth and scum and filth of our language, for which the writer ranked the vocabulary and strung together the vilest epithets and dirtiest words in our written language into over two columns of slang and falsehood, with scarcely a decent or truthful sentence in the whole trade, and like all cowards, who stab in the dark, he left his name out and put his title of Professor in to give it credit, and to escape the shame and disgrace of such falsehoods. The Dispatch, which is only a basket in which garbage as well as dinners for Sunday are carried, of course carried it willingly without a name, and notwithstanding its bad odor. If such anonymous writers, who are ashamed of their own works, were ever worthy of notice, it would be easy to show how this one had solled himself by searching in the Swedenborgian helix to which he so often alludes. He smells sulphur every where, and sees the devilish footprints everywhere, in every person and place where Spiritualism has been received—hardly could he excuse a few personal friends, which most writers who abuse them do. But we should be glad to have the article read by Spiritualists generally—as it will not be—so that they could see to what depths of falsehood and vulgarity a Professor can go, and have it published in a Sunday paper. We could not blame the Professor for hiding his name, but we could blame the editor for affixing a title otherwise respectable to so scurrilous an article to recommend it to decent people. He recommends vigilance committees to put down Spiritualism, and might as well, while about it, have recommended vigilance committees of rum-sellers to put down temperance societies, or vigilance committees of Swedenborgians to put down Catholics. We suggest to the Professor that when vigilance committees are formed, he had better not be found in their reach, as persons whose hearts are full of the stuff that flowed out in this effusion will be the ones that will be in danger of dangling under the limbs of trees, or of being tied to lamp-posts by the neck.

Christianity and Spiritualism.

What has Spiritualism done? is often asked. One answer will do at this time: It has liberated the serfs of Russia, and put them on a human and land footing. What has Infidelity done? It has freed the slaves of America. The Abolitionists were almost universally branded as Infidels, and the slavery of the United States was invariably sustained by the Church till it fell and perished in war—a war under and in carrying out a Constitution which had no God or Christianity in it, and a Government well established as infidel from its foundation, but which has tolerated Christianity and slavery; the one has perished and the other is dying of the "dry rot."

What has Christianity done? Echo answers WHAT? and the sound dies away in the murmuring prayers that run up the tall spires of her costly churches; the shadows of which fall on the naked, hungered, sick and imprisoned neighbors, where the priest and layman passes on the other side; while the collars of such churches are used to store baskets of champagne, which have caused the misery we allude to.

Nearly two thousand years and entire control of many countries, and full freedom in this blessed country, and here stand the steeples as the testimony and monuments of folly and pride. She has D.D.d the colleges and most of the schools and institutions of learning, and pressed in the D.D.s wherever they would be received; but the good of it all is yet to be found.

"PRESENTATION OF THE SACRED WRIT"—This morning a Committee, consisting of Chief Justice Chase, Senator Frongiasen and George H. Stuart, waited upon the President, and on behalf of the American Bible Society, presented him with a copy of the Holy Bible.

As Grant is not a Jewish nation, and this is not a Christian nor a Jewish nation, but a religious nation of human beings, and protecting all forms of religion, and throwing its shield over all sects and all sincere worshippers of any and every God, as big as the Jewish and Christian; and since the bigots are not likely to get the five points of Calvinism into the Constitution during this ad-

ministration, therefore we propose that the President be furnished with a copy of each of the Holy Books of the world, and also a copy of each of the scriptures considered sacred, including a copy of the Apocryphal New Testament, and Journal Cove Journal and Advent Herald.

Charity.

In London, according to Dr. Hawksley, a distinguished physician and philanthropist, over twenty millions of dollars are annually spent in public charities in relieving the want, curing the sickness and educating the children of the poor; and this, in addition to the charitable relief provided by the municipality, and the constant dropping of gifts from private sources into the always open but never filled hand of want, gifts which have been estimated to amount to fifteen or twenty millions more. But, notwithstanding this magnificent provision, this abundant beneficence, poverty, want and wretchedness steadily increase upon the population, and the pauper class grows larger, more clamorous and more depraved every year.

This fact and description will apply to New York as well as London, at least in the constant increase of misery, poverty and crime, and yet our friends in the churches will not admit that Christianity is a failure. It surely has had time enough in England, with a government wedded to it, to have made a better condition of peace and good will on earth, if the power and love were in it which it claims. Since it will claim the benefits of civilization, we are determined it shall also have credit for its evils. Wars, poverty, crime and misery go hand in hand with wealth, aristocracy, pride and haughtiness, in which the Church ever exhibits her presence.

E. L. Loper, of Middleport, sends us money for parlor games. No State, inside or out, on the letter, and five Middleports in Post Office Directory, and we do not know to which to send! Will others please take notice and be sure to give the State, and then we can find the county, which is seldom mentioned, although we usually write it on the packages.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of New York.

This Lyceum gave an exhibition in January last, on the occurrence of its sixth anniversary, which proved a very decided success, but that exhibition being followed by a so-called time was necessarily very limited, so much so that many members who desired to take part in the exercises could not do so. The Lyceum has therefore decided to give another exhibition, in the Everett Rooms, on Friday evening, the 20th of the present month, to begin at 7 1/2 o'clock. This will not be a repetition of the last, but like that will consist of songs, recitations, dialogues and tableaux. The tickets of admission will be 25 cents; children, 15 cents, and reserved seats 25 cents extra.

P. E. FARNSWORTH, Conductor.

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 2 o'clock, and will continue until next May, under the management of Mr. E. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with able normal, trance and inspirational speakers. Season tickets (securing a reserved seat), \$2.00; single admission, 10 cents. Tickets obtained at the Music Hall office, day or evening, and at the Banner of Light office, 158 Washington street.

Prof. William Denton will lecture March 21.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE HIGGINS-BUSCHONAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. S. Jones, Esq. Single copies can be procured at our counters in Boston and New York. Price 8 cents. THE ROSTRUM: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Published by Hull & Jamison, Chicago, Ill. Single copies 20 cents. THE PRESENT AGE: Devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy. Published by the Michigan Spiritual Publication Company. Price 6 cents. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4w.Mf.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 17th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

THE BOND OF PEACE—The only Radical Peace Paper in America. Published monthly by E. James & Daughter, No. 600 Arch street, Philadelphia. \$1.00 per annum.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 West 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. M3.3w

Mrs. E. L. MOORE sends clairvoyant prescriptions on receipt of \$1 and two stamps. Address care of Warren Chase, 544 Broadway, New York. F27.8w

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. M0.4w C. D. & I. H. PRESHO, Proprietors.

DECAYED TEETH are often caused by the use of imperfectly powdered charcoal and gritty substances. THE BEST article for cleansing and whitening the Teeth, and correcting the breath, is "Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice." Made only by John L. Brown & Sons, and sold by most dealers at 25 cents.

Special Notices.

Agents wanted for Mrs. SPRONG'S POSITIVE and NEGATIVE POWDERS. Printed terms sent free, postpaid. For address and other particulars, see advertisement in another column. Jan. 2

BACK numbers of the Banner of Light, at \$1.00 per hundred; when sent by mail, postage 50 cents. Wm. F. LEGGERT, 158 Washington street, Boston. Dec. 19-1f

Spiritual and Reform Books. Mrs. E. F. M. 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 310 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books at Eastern prices. Also Planchettes, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. J9.1w

BE HEALED of whatever Disease you have by the GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY, MRS. SPENCER'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, and a tested description of your disease. THOS. PATTON PERKINS, M. D., Box 587, New York City. Those who mysteriously wonder-working Powders will be mailed to you, post paid. 1 box \$1. 6 boxes \$5. Jan. 2

DR. LIGHTELL, Oculist and Aurist, Has opened an establishment at NO. 2 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.

For the treatment of DEAFNESS, Discharge from the Ear, and all other Aural Complaints, CATARRH, and all BRONCHIAL and PULMONARY AFFECTIONS, and IMPAIRED SIGHT, Together with all Diseases of the Eye, requiring either Med. Feb. 27. Office hours from 10 A. M. till 4 P. M. 4w

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in Agents' rates twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment in all cases in advance. For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be Renewed at Constant Rate, unless left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesdays.

DR. WILLIAM CLARK'S MAGNETIC REMEDIES.

Tonic and Strengthening Powders; INVALUABLE in all cases of Debility, Weakness of the Blood in Consumption, Dropsy, long continued Agues, Obstructed Menstruation, &c. &c. They strengthen the system, give tone to the stomach, and restore the action of their natural healthy condition. Price \$1.00; three packages \$2.00, mailed free.

Vegetable Anti-Bilious Pills; They are both safe and thorough in their operation, carrying off all morbid accumulations, and clearing the whole system. Price 50 cents; three boxes \$1.00, mailed free.

Catarrh and Dyspepsia Remedy; Positive cure for these diseases. Price \$1.00 per box, mailed free.

Vegetable Syrup; Evacuates all Humors; strengthens and invigorates the diseased organs of the Liver and Gall-bladder, Eructation, Jaundice, Torpid and Inflamed State of Liver and Kidneys.

Female Strengthening Syrup; Invaluable in all cases of Female Weakness.

Bronchial and Pulmonary Syrup; Strengthens the glands and tubes, clears the air cells, and cleanses the membranes from unhealthy mucous collections.

Children's Cordial; Cures Colic, Pits, Green Stools, &c.

Children's Worm Syrup; Brings away worms without fail.

Price of the above Syrups and Cordials, \$1.50 each per bottle, with post and express. Address, Wm. F. Leggert, 158 Washington Street, New York.

JEANNIE WATERMAN DANFORTH, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 31 East 33d Street, New York City.

Parties at a distance can have full Clairvoyant Examinations from lock of hair, by addressing JEANNIE WATERMAN DANFORTH as above. Terms \$5.00.

By permission, the following parties are referred to: Herkley Street, Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 5, 1869.

DEAR MR. DANFORTH: Will you please cause to be sent by express to me, by the next mail, one bottle of your "Vegetable Syrup," and one bottle of the "Bronchial Syrup"? They have both been used by a relative of mine in a case of bronchitis, cough and asthma, and three or four pulmonary complaints, with excellent effect, and I should be glad to hear that the sale of these medicines is extended, both because of their having saved my relative's life, and because of their efficacy, and because of the evidence of their efficacy, which I may come to us from the next world.

Truly yours, ROBERT B. OWEN. Address, the Medicine Store, R. D. Owen, care Philip Hornbrook, Esq., Evansville, Ind.

THO. S. JONES—I see you are working the Banner of Light. Dr. Clark's spirit, who, controlling, prescribes for the sick through the organ of Jeannie Waterman Danforth. Permit me to tell you, a good feeling friend Danforth, that I have used these medicines, and they have cured me of my ailments—with the highest satisfaction. I know them to be excellent, as hundreds of others will testify. Dr. Clark is a noble and brilliant spirit. Most truly, J. M. FERREE.

THO. S. JONES—I consider it a duty I owe to Mrs. Jeannie Waterman Danforth, No. 31 East 33d Street, New York, to state to you the benefit of the medicines she has prepared. I had a very aggravated case of elevated, inflammatory eye, and had been confined to my house for several months. Finally, under her treatment, the inflammation subsided, and I turned home. There has not been any of the usual weakness or sensitiveness about them since, that is so common in the old eye cases. I can therefore recommend the different kind of drops and other medicines she has prepared, after the form of her spirit, which, having used them in my family, and have satisfied myself of their virtues.

Yours truly, M. E. JESON. Aurora, Canada Co., N. J., Jan. 12, 1869.

Mrs. DANFORTH—My wife wishes me to inform you that her medicine is near out. She is much improved in health and strength; must be about fifteen or twenty pounds heavier than she was before she used your medicines. Our health has improved in her looks. One lady here who has suffered for years from various diseases desires examination of her case, and she would be glad to hear from you. My wife wants more medicines, and the lady referred to will take some; send them to Waterford, Camden Co., N. J. Yours fraternally, T. W. TAYLOR.

S. S. JONES, Esq., Editor, Banner of Light, Feb. 2, 1869. Having by me a bottle of Dr. Wm. Clark's Vegetable Syrup, prepared by Mrs. Jeannie Waterman Danforth, and hearing that she had been confined to her bed, and that she was being nursed in her room from the effects of a fall from a building which injured his side, some year and a half since, suffering with pains from internal tumors, I sent him the bottle of the said Syrup, with directions to take it, and to take the Syrup internally, the result of which was that in ten days he was out of his bed, and at the end of a week he was able to walk. A devoted Catholic, said "she had spent quite \$100 upon him for doctors, with no good results; but having faith in your medicine, she would try it." His name is McCarthy, and he lives in this place, No. 118 Prospect street. Yours fraternally, ABBY M. LAFIN FERREE.

Mrs. DANFORTH—The clairvoyant examination by you whose hair I sent you is more satisfactory. She informs me that the diagnosis is more accurate and complete than she could give herself. Please forward remedies recommended. Yours, &c., &c., H. W. WATERBURY.

ISRAEL HALL, Toledo, O. CHARLES S. KINSEY, Cincinnati, O. PAUL BREMOND, Houston, Tex.

"A good clairvoyant medium is a blessing to humanity. We know Mrs. Danforth to be such. While practicing in this city she established a good reputation. She is now located at 31 East 33d street, New York. One of her controlling spirit guides (Dr. William Clark, well known in this city as a most recent physician) has prescribed through her several good remedies for those afflicted."—BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. Mar. 20.

OPIUM EATERS CURED

By Spirit Direction. SAMUEL B. COLLINS, MEDIUM, LA PORTE, LaPorte Co., Ind. See communication headed "An Opium Eater Cured" in Banner of Light, March 13, 1869. All correspondence strictly confidential, if requested. Mar. 20.

CO-OPERATION UNIVERSAL, OR DIVINE

A NEW and complete system of organization, predicated upon the principles underlying the three-fold and all-comprehensive relationship of man to God, in his being, in his fellowman, and in the universe of things, attaining through the reconciliation of all differences in Religion, Government and Finance, in the universal reign of harmony, peace and love. For particulars, apply to Mrs. Wm. F. Leggert, LaPorte Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Sent per mail, 25 cents. Mar. 20.

DR. JAMES CANNEY CHESLEY, No. 16 Salem street, Boston, Mass., Electric and Magnetic Physician, cures incurable Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and all diseases of the system, in treating those who are called lame; cures strange feelings in the head, feet, and all diseases of the lungs, liver, kidneys, and bowels; cures all diseases of the blood, which arise from impurity of the blood, disordered nerves, and want of magnetism. Those requesting examination of diseases, business, or anything by letter, from Dr. C., or Mrs. Stecker, will please enclose \$1.00 stamp and lock of hair, also state sex and age. If you wish to become a medium of note, call on Dr. C., the great healer and developer of clairvoyance. Developments of clairvoyance, and all other occult sciences, by Mrs. S. J. STECKER, in Salem Street, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, examines and prescribes for persons at any distance, by a lock of hair. She is also a tested medium of the recent physician, who has prescribed through her several good remedies for those afflicted. "—BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. Mar. 20.

Mrs. H. W. CUSHMAN, the Medium for Music on the Guitar in the light, has removed from 14 Lexington street to 151 West street, Charlestown, where she receives her orders at 11 A.M. also circles Monday evenings at 8, and 9 P.M. on Thurs at 3 o'clock. Cars pass the door. Mar. 20—2w4\*

A YOUNG WOMAN desires a situation in a respectable family, where she can earn or do light work. References given. Address Mrs. F. E., 109 Cedar street, Chelsea, Mass. Mar. 20—4w\*

D. WHITE, M. D., Homoeo-pathetic Physician, has removed from New Albany, Ind., to 2w—Mar. 20.

Basic Principles of Organization;

WITH A BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF THE CO-OPERATION UNIVERSAL, OR DIVINE MUTUALITY. Price 25 cents; postage 2 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORES, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. YOUNG AND O'DONNELL'S. Prices of Office, with Press, \$15, \$20, \$30 and \$42. Send for Circular to LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water street, Boston, Mass. Mar. 6—12w\*

FOR SALE.

A AUTOMATIC GAS MACHINE—has been

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was claimed by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 153 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

Banquets of Flowers. Persons so inclined, who attend our Free Circles, are requested to donate natural bouquets of flowers, to be placed on the table.

Invocation. Oh Sacred Presence, oh Divine Life, from the darkness of human ignorance we would be delivered.

Oh Sacred Presence, oh Divine Life, from the darkness of human ignorance we would be delivered. We pray thee, oh Lord, that the sunshine of thy wisdom may penetrate our souls and illumine all the darkened chambers of our being.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to answer. QUES.—Will you give an opinion with regard to the following extract from Swedenborg's writings?

ANS.—The experience which you, as Spiritualists, have passed through during the last twenty years, should answer the question.

ANS.—There is indeed growth in the spirit-world, and the various processes through which the spirit passes are indeed analogous to those of earth.

ANS.—By no means. They so believed because Jesus had the power to make himself an objective reality to those minds and those human senses.

ANS.—No, they were not liars; but the Jews were right in their opinion.

ANS.—Yes, but they were not liars, because they did not say the body has risen, but he has risen.

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divine as of human law, and whose attains the highest finds the most happiness. The higher you ascend in point of law, the happier you are.

George H. Merrill. I am George H. Merrill. I want to go to my mother, if I can. My mother lives here in Boston.

Timothy S. Bradstreet. [How do you do?] Comfortable—comfortable. I am from Northfield, Vt. I hear it is your custom to receive from all persons who come here.

Invocation. Our Father, thou Infinite Jehovah, we ask that the benediction of the holy spirit of this hour may rest upon and abide with us.

Our Father, thou Infinite Jehovah, we ask that the benediction of the holy spirit of this hour may rest upon and abide with us, leading us out of darkness into greater light.

Invocation. Our Father, thou Infinite Jehovah, we ask that the benediction of the holy spirit of this hour may rest upon and abide with us.

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not regret it if they give me an opportunity to speak. Is it Mr. White? [Yes.] Why, how strange! [I am glad you have been able to come.] Dec. 7.

George H. Merrill. I am George H. Merrill. I want to go to my mother, if I can. My mother lives here in Boston.

Timothy S. Bradstreet. [How do you do?] Comfortable—comfortable. I am from Northfield, Vt. I hear it is your custom to receive from all persons who come here.

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appeal to the condition of this life; we have that in ours which can best appeal to the conditions of our life.

Q.—You closed your invocation with the term, "Father, Son and Holy Ghost." How are we to understand that?

A.—The term is used simply to convey the idea of the past, present and future—all-sustaining life that ever has been, that is, and ever will be.

Q.—Is the life-principle manifested in the vegetable and animal kingdom, and in man, the same in essence?

A.—In essence I believe it to be the same, but marked by distinct degrees through form.

Q.—Does it attain its highest possibilities when it culminates in man?

A.—By no means; for man, as such, is only a few steps higher than his brethren of the field.

Q.—Are we apt to place too high an estimate upon self?

Q.—Are we then to understand that there are races of beings in the universe higher than man?

A.—Oh, yes; because there are conditions of mind far superior to those with which you come in contact.

Q.—By Cl.—What kind of beings are they?

A.—Beings like himself who have had larger experience. It is the experience one gains in the world of mind and the world of matter that makes the human mind divine glory.

Q.—By Cl.—Have these superior beings passed through humanity? Have they been men?

A.—Yes, I so believe.

Q.—By Cl.—Jesus Christ was not, then, born of the Father, as he declared himself, when he said, "I and my Father are one."

A.—Oh, yes, he was. And you and I may assert the same with as much truth; since we cannot live apart from the Father, since we have no existence apart from his—the great existence called life—we, and that are one. It cannot be otherwise.

Q.—By Cl.—Why did he deny that the Jews were the children of God? as where he said, "Because ye do not the works of God ye are of your father the devil."

A.—All that statement he showed very clearly that he had not attained the highest wisdom; that he was human as he was divine.

Q.—By Cl.—Who was the more inspired, Moses or Christ?

A.—It would be very hard to determine; but it is not hard to determine concerning the order of inspiration.

Q.—By Cl.—Then Jesus was not the light of the world, as he had human imperfections and follies in him?

A.—Oh, yes, he was a light of the world, and a very great light, too.

Q.—By Cl.—Yet you acknowledge he lacked wisdom?

A.—Certainly, he did not possess all wisdom, and yet he shed abroad those divine truths that he had gathered from all his surroundings.

Q.—By Cl.—Is there any such thing as being translated, as is recorded of Elijah—that he never tasted death?

A.—No; I do not so understand it. The ignorance that surrounded the common people of that day gave rise to such a story.

Q.—By Cl.—Then that is a false story?

A.—Absolutely; falsely rendered in your record.

Q.—By Cl.—Is Jesus risen with that body which was nailed to the cross? or where is that body?

A.—Gone back to its primal elements; lived again and again in a thousand times ten thousand forms, for aught I know; but never resurrected from the dead, as your record affirms.

Q.—By Cl.—Then the apostles were false witnesses.

A.—By no means. They so believed because Jesus had the power to make himself an objective reality to those minds and those human senses.

Q.—By Cl.—Then the apostles were all liars, and the Jews were right?

Christ there is very much of error mixed up with their understanding of him, because they have worshipped the body; they have talked of the body; they have prayed to the body. That has been their ideal.

A.—None whatever—nothing that you can absolutely rely upon.

Q.—By Cl.—Then we may declare that we are now imposed upon, as well as the Christian world would have been?

A.—Certainly, you have the right so to do. It is incumbent upon you all to weigh and measure everything by your own senses.

Q.—By Cl.—There is a great difference. We give authority for ours.

A.—Ah, you have a very poor understanding concerning those of the spirit-world. You, like thousands of others, have placed the seal of divine authority where that of humanity alone belongs.

Q.—By Cl.—Does a spirit come by divine authority to teach us this?

A.—All things that are taught at all are taught by divine authority.

Q.—By Cl.—I don't believe it.

Q.—By Cl.—Lies are not of divine authority.

Q.—By Cl.—Are the most infernal lies by divine authority?

A.—All that do not agree with our best judgment are lies to us. It matters not what they are to anybody else.

Q.—By Cl.—Then there is no such thing as absolute truth?

A.—No, there is no such thing as absolute truth. Rest assured of that.

Q.—By Cl.—Then I say you are of the devil; for God is absolute truth.

A.—But since we cannot measure God, we cannot bring that absolute truth down to our comprehension and make it true to us.

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William Boyd.

How do you do, stranger? I thought I was booked for some other time, the Catholic Priest stayed so long. Now here comes a spirit of darkness; do not make no difference, I suppose, as we can't any of us say we are exempt. I am from Wisconsin.

August Stearns.

I am from Hartford, Conn. Nineteen years of age at the time of my death. Augusta Stearns, my name. I was sick fourteen months of pulmonary consumption. I found myself wondering if I should be afflicted with the cough here that I had before in ten days, but I don't know whether this one belongs to the body I contain, or whether it is mine. I am affected as you

were in your last sickness, on coming in contact with the body of the medium. I have a father and mother and two brothers living, and oh I am so anxious to communicate with them, to tell them how happy I am here in this beautiful spirit world. No more sickness now, no fear of death, no pain, and it is so beautiful, and we are constantly living in expectation of the joy that we are to experience when our friends come. Instead of looking forward to the dreariness of death, you see we are all looking forward to the time when we shall meet our friends—when they shall come. Just as soon as the pain of death is over, there is the clasping of hands and the folding in the arms of those you love. It is beautiful! Tell them never to fear death. It is beautiful!

You see, it is almost impossible for any one who knows nothing about the change of death, who knows nothing about where they are going, to divest themselves of the fear and the gloom of the anticipation. But you are compensated. Oh, it is so beautiful that the law is so active always! For the darkness of death we are compensated by the brightness of life. We are waiting in joyous anticipation for the time when our friends will come. When our own death was mentioned to us, how sad it made us! When I was asked if I was afraid to die, I wanted to say, "No." I think I did say, "No, not afraid, but oh! I would rather live," because I did not know, you see, what there was to come.

Tell my friends, from me, not to regret my death for a moment. They ought to be very glad that there is one more gone on to that beautiful world and make the way plain and beautiful for them when they come. Good-bay, sir. Thank you. Dec. 8.

Mary Ann Tibbetts.

I am Mary Ann Tibbetts. I died in Lowell, of fever, nine years ago this month. I was born in Bath, Maine, and I wish to reach my friends who are there. I was twenty-two years of age. There were five of us—five children—four beside myself. My friends have always been very sad because they could not reach me before death. They thought if I had only been with me they should be reconciled to my death. Please say to them that all I would have said before death I can say now, if they will only let me talk with them. Say that everything was done for me. I was kindly cared for, but I believe it was decreed that I should die then. Say I have met Aunt Caroline and Uncle Joseph. He was a Baptist minister. And say I have met my sister, and a great many of my friends, and my grandparents. Say, also, that my dying out of the Church made no difference. I am just as well off. My mother and I have a minister to pray with me. Tell her it is just as well. She has been made very sad because I did not. But it is just as well. In my last letter home I said, "I shall be home at Christmas." I had made arrangements to go. Say I was there, will you? [Yes.] And I was so sad, because they were. I would have been glad to have seen all smiling faces, but instead I saw no merry-making. There were all sad hearts and all other faces. I was there. Good-day. Dec. 8.

Seance conducted by Father Henry Fitz James.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Dec. 10.—Invocations; Questions and Answers: Capt. William Cabot of New Bedford, Mass., to his friend, Nathan Sabin; Samuel C. Crane, to his friend, General L. W. Daily of Andover, Mass.; Mrs. M. A. Jones, to her friend, Annie Williams, to her mother, in New York. Thursday, Dec. 17.—Invocations; Questions and Answers: Daniel King, of Boston; Miss Jane Miller, of Pembroke, N. H., to her nephew, Lieut. Wm. G. Smith, of Virginia Heavy Artillery, to his mother; Lieut. Wm. Hamilton, to Gen. Sheridan; Daniel Crane, of Kansas, to his brother.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Mattilda Snow, Geneva, Wis. \$50; A. S. Harmon, Hopkinton, N. Y. \$75; John B. Daily, Andover, Mass. \$40; Y. S. Philadelphia, Pa. \$200; E. Foster, North Valparaiso, Mo. \$1.00; S. F. Gordon, Bourbon, Ind. \$2.00; Jennie Temple, Midland, Wis. \$40; W. H. Hudson, Lotus, Ind. \$50; W. J. Symes, Cleveland, O. \$30.

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. M. E. BEALS, TEST, Business, and Medical Clairvoyant Medium.

Office hours for private sittings, 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Free Circles. Every Wednesday and Friday, at 3 P. M.

Evening Circles. Every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock.

425 1-2 WASHINGTON STREET, 425 1-2 (Opposite Essex.) Boston. 1w\*

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE, AT NO. 226 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.

Those requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. 13w\*-Jan. 2.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM.

292 Washington street, Boston. Mrs. Latham is eminently successful in treating Rheumatism, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, and all Bilious Complaints. Parties at a distance examined by a lock of hair. Price \$1.00. 4w\*-Mar. 13.

MRS. S. A. R. WATERMAN, Psychometrist, Clairvoyant and Medium. Will respectfully announce to the public that she will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c.

Those wishing personal information, should enclose separate the names of spirit friends, or lock of hair, and return postage stamp. Short letters, \$1 and two red stamps; delineations, tests, medical advice and lengthy letters, \$2 to \$5 and three red stamps. Will also give sittings at private residences. Address, Mrs. S. A. R. WATERMAN, Box 4193, Boston, Mass. 1w\*-Mar. 20.

MRS. GRIDLEY (formerly Mrs. Spafford), has returned to Boston, after an absence of a year, and takes rooms at No. 44 Essex street, where she will be pleased to resume her sittings in answer to the correspondence of her former patrons. Hours from 10 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M. Mar. 20-1w\*

MRS. M. E. JOHNSON, Medium for Spirit-ual Communications, Verbal and Written. Those desiring to see their autograph and receive a written communication, send a lock of hair, and return postage stamp, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Fee \$1.00. 3w\*-Mar. 6.

MARY M. HARDY, Test and Business Medium. No. 92 Poplar street, Boston, Mass. Sealed letters answered by enclosing \$1.00 and two red stamps. Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings. 13w\*-Feb. 20.

MRS. L. W. LITON, Trance, Test and Healing Medium. Office 314½ Broadway, Boston, Mass. Circles Tuesday, Friday and Sunday evenings, and Wednesday afternoons. 1w\*-Mar. 20.

MRS. ARMSTRAD, Test Medium. No. 3 Winthrop place, leading from 1819 Washington st., Boston. Mar. 13-3w\*

MRS. M. A. PORTER, Business and Medical Clairvoyant, 8 Lagrange street, Boston. Mar. 13-3w\*

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM, Test and Trance Medium. 75 cents per lb. for lbs. Seeds on Commission. Agents wanted. B. M. WATSON, Plymouth, Mass. 4w\*-Feb. 27.

THE AMERICAN GUARDIAN is the Largest and Cheapest Temperance Paper in the country. It contains Tales, Sketches of Travel, Poetry, Editorials, and a Children's Department, illustrated, besides one or two Serial Tales by distinguished authors. Published weekly at \$2 a year, or \$1 six months, by GEORGE S. FEIGUNSON & CO., 25 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, Pa. 4w\*-Feb. 27.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—I have a positive cure for Consumption, and also for Coughs and Throat. It cured the inventor and hundreds of acquaintances. We will give \$1000 for a case it will not relieve, and will send a single free to any sufferer who will address us, SAYRE & CO., corner of Broadway and Fulton streets, New York. 8w\*-Feb. 13.

ANNIE DENTON BRIDGE continues to make Psychometrical Examinations. Terms for metals, gold, &c., \$5.00; for character, (sometimes obtaining glimpses of the future), \$2.00. Address, No. 16 Phil. Row, 111½ East, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular. 4w\*-Mar. 20.

MRS. MARY LEWIS, by sending their autograph or lock of hair, to a psychometrical delineation of character, answer questions, &c. Terms \$1.00 and red stamp. Address, MARY LEWIS, Morrison, Whiteside Co., Ill. Nov. 7-20w\*

JOB PRINTING of all kinds promptly executed by EMEY & MOORE & CO., No. 9 Water street, Boston. 8w\*-Feb. 27.

SPIRITUALISTS' HOME—Board by the Day or Week, at 54 Hudson street, Boston. 6w\*-Feb. 27.

DENTIST L. A. PLUMB, 110 Hanly street, Ver. street, Boston, Mass. Feb. 6-13w\*

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE THREE BROTHERS! FROM one of Prof. Anderson's latest and finest productions. These beautiful Portraits will be sent by mail, postage paid. Price 25 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORES, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

Miscellaneous. THE GREATEST MEDICAL BLESSING OF THE AGE.

Dr. Kennedy's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Dissolvent.

READER, you may consider this a sort of a bread-cake reading, but I mean every word of it. These few lines, when your system is racked with

RHEUMATISM, you cannot even turn yourself in bed, or sitting in a chair, you must sit and suffer, in the morning wishing it was night, and at night wishing it was morning; When you have the

NEURALGIA, when every nerve in your being is like the sting of a wasp, circulating the most venomous and hot poison around your heart, and driving you to the very verge of madness; When you have the

SCIATICA, (that I have just got through with), that most awful, most heart-withering, most strength-destroying, most spirit-breaking and mind-weakening of all the diseases that can afflict our poor human nature; When you have the

LUMBAGO, lying and writhing in agony and pain, unable to turn yourself in bed, and every movement will go to your heart like a knife; now tell me if you feel that any of these diseases in a few days is not the Greatest Medical Blessing of the Age, tell us what!

Directions to Use. You will take a table-spoonful and three spoonfuls of water three times a day, and in a few days every particle of Rheumatic and Neuralgia pain will be dissolved and pass off by the kidneys.

Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, Roxbury, Mass.

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CASTORIA. A Pleasant and Complete Substitute FOR CASTOR OIL.

PROBABLY no greater general want exists than for a harmless yet effectual purgative. The millions of Pills annually used in spite of the most objectionable features pertaining to them, and so often felt by the user, conclusively prove that a simple cathartic, adapted to all needs and ages, is really required.

CASTORIA is the prepared prescription of an old Physician, and is simply a well-known purgative, so combined as to render it perfectly palatable, and still retain its laxative properties. Preserved without alcohol, it may be given with perfect safety to the youngest child or most delicate female. Whenever a cathartic is required, and having all the desirable qualities of Castor Oil without its nauseous taste, it is the mild yet most effectual Family Medicine offered to the public.

Unlike Pills, it is not liable to gripe, or its use to be followed by constipation. By gently yet surely curing Costiveness, it relieves the brain and face of RHEUMATISM, HEADACHE, MIGRAINE, SICK HEADACHE, LIVER and BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, and especially for disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, such as Cholera, Colic, &c. It is a safe, pleasant and effectual remedy. One trial will convince you of its desirable qualities, and its cost is no more than for the cheap physics which flood the market.

Prepared by Dr. S. PITCHEE & CO., 29 Brattle street, Boston, Mass. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers. Price 25 cents per bottle. 13w\*-Oct. 3.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

THE above is the name of a large sized weekly newspaper, printed upon extra fine paper, devoted to Spiritual Philosophy, Arts and Sciences, Literature, Romance and General Topics. It is published the choicest of Henry Ward Beecher.

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MORE GREAT CURES

OR MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

ASTHMA, CATARRH, NEURALGIA, BLOATED BOWELS.

South Williamstown, Mass., Oct. 25th, 1868. PROF. SPENCE—Dear Sir: I received a letter from you about a week ago, and in reply I sent you a box of POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, and urged them to try them. I did this with RICHARD ESTER, our neighbor, a man 73 years old, who has had the Asthma since 40 years. It also had Catarrh, and the Neuralgia, and was badly bloated across the bowels. He commenced using the Powders on the 10th of this month, and on the 15th he declared himself perfectly cured. He has since used the Powders, and his wife told me she did not think he could live through the coming winter; but she says he now eats and works as well as ever, and is as healthy as a horse. He is now in my office, and he is well known, as all who know him will testify. Yours truly, MRS. MARY E. JENKS.

Manchester, Mass., Feb. 9th, 1869. PROF. SPENCE—Dear Sir: A year ago last June I had a swelling just above my ankle, and every one that saw it said it was Erysipelas. For some time it became a sore, and from that time for fifteen months I was hardly able to go about the house. As I take Banner of Light, I had read about your POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, and thinking they might reach my case, I sent to the Banner office and got a box. I had had, before taking them, eleven sores in all. Before taking them three days, the sore began to disappear, and after using one box, was entirely well. I have taken over two boxes, and can now walk as far as I wish. The swelling is all gone. I have nothing to show but the scars. Yours truly, MRS. SALLIE YOUNG.

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