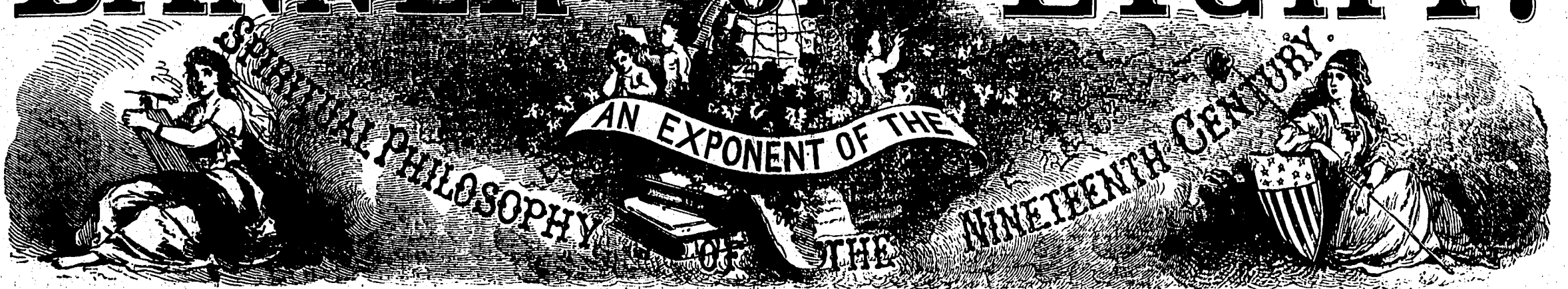


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 15.

THE PRICE OF TRUTH.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walks of daily life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.
Bought in the market at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl,
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,
Nor peers beneath the surface of the soul.
Great truths are dearly won—not formed by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard battling with adverse wind and stream.
Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine;
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth;
Nor 'mid the blaze of regal diadems;
But in the day of conflict, fear and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Flows up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seeds to the light—
Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain—
Truth springs like harvest from the well-plowed field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

SPIRITUALISM IN EUROPE.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

Once more the tides of change and time have brought me to the shores of my much loved America, and for a brief season cast in my lot with that "cloud of witnesses" generically called "American Spiritualists." The tides of change and time have been dealing with this very numerous army, too, I find, and that after a fashion, which, in many instances, I cannot but regard with "grieved surprise." Of this, however, I propose to write more in detail another time; at present I design merely to attempt answering the questions pressed upon me by nearly every old familiar friend I meet, namely, "What news of Spiritualism in Europe?" and "How does the cause progress there?" Speaking in general terms, "the cause" (as such) does not progress at all in Europe—in fact, it is there no "cause" at all. It is simply a phenomenal belief which, commencing an unfolding in Europe nearly simultaneously with its first manifestations in America, has been received and cherished in such a widely different spirit upon the two continents, that there can hardly be found a feature of coincidence between them save in the pivotal belief of spirit communion.

The genius of American Spiritualism all tends toward liberalizing the narrow spirit of religious sectarianism. One of its most obvious results has been the pulverization of creeds, and the inauguration of a religious system founded upon demonstrations as positive as can be deduced from an immense mass of coincident testimony touching certain vital points of belief; for example, the doctrine of universal and unending progress being persistently affirmed in every spirit communication that has been given in America since the "opening of the gates" by the Rochester knocking in 1848; the old theological doctrines of total depravity and endless punishment must inevitably fall, or else be sustained by a new revelation, as conclusive to the American Spiritualists' reason as the coincident testimony of millions of spirit communications. Again; the universal declaration of every returning spirit, (of the New World persuasion) is, "that each human soul is in the exact condition of happiness or misery, with all its infinite gradations between the two extremes, which the deeds done in the body have wrought for it. Now although such an affirmation is a wonderfully philosophical explanation of the doctrine that "the Kingdom of Heaven is not to be found by observation"—lo here or lo there—but that it is in solemn truth absolutely within and not without the human heart, yet this teaching does not at all harmonize with the belief in "vicarious atonement"—the necessity or even efficacy of a "Saviour," or any scheme of redemption founded upon the merits of a "God incarnate." Good Martin Luther plainly and sensibly interpreted the incomprehensible mysteries of redemption, through "vicarious atonement," by affirming that "if you would have the substance of a Saviour, you must give him the substance of a sinner." Just so, noble, stout hearted, Saxon monk; and so, doubtless, think, speak, feel and act the very substantial sinners of this nineteenth century, who cling so closely to the doctrine which furnishes them such a very convenient "substance of a Saviour," but our profane spirits who return to earth beneath the infidel standard of the stars and stripes, persist in declaring that they, the sinners, are in the unmitigated penalty of their sins, and that though they might have fondly cherished on earth the most devoted faith in Jesus as a "Saviour," confessed with their lips that he was "the very Christ," and duly performed all the salvatory rites that are supposed to be necessary for their admission into the fold of Christianity, yet, that "on their entrance" to the spheres of spiritual existence, they are unable to perceive that their faith, ceremonial worship, or lip service, has availed to increase their happiness; in a word, that their Christianity has in no way performed the sacrificial atonement promised and expected for them, but that sinners, as they were, they do not find themselves saved one bit; in fact, that their state seems no worse or no better than that of a sinful Mahometan, Jew or Gentile.

On the other hand, the combined asseverations of millions of communicating spirits ever have and still continue to declare, that the good and virtuous are in a state of ineffable bliss, whether they believed in Jesus or not; that the act of calling upon or denying his name has never yet been found to affect the condition of the disembodied spirit, and hence that as the wicked are not saved from the consequences of sin by an alleged "Saviour," and the good are not excluded from heaven by the absence of belief in Christian mysteries,

so the genius of American Spiritualism does not incline in the direction of faith in vicarious atonement—in itself the linch-pin around which the spokes of Christian doctrines cluster.

To European Spiritualists, who, in the general aggregate, seem to have received Spiritualism as an energizing influence to deepen their faith in their several creeds, the religious aspect of American Spiritualism appears "rank infidelity," and hence the marked dissimilarity which exists in the reception of spirit-communion between the two hemispheres.

I must be permitted to remark here, that whilst the devoted Christian Trinitarians of Europe regard the free-thinking Spiritualists of America as "infidels," to an extent which their leading minds do not fall openly to denounce, every American Spiritualist, whatever may be his creed, or lack of creed, has been received in England with the most cordial hospitality and the most courteous spirit of toleration. "As far as circumstances would permit, a respectful hearing has been accorded to every speaker, a kindly hand of welcome to every medium, and I believe it would take a far longer period of time than our very unorthodox brother Peebles, or our amiable and plastic friend, Willis, could have spent in London, before they would either of them have discovered that their hospitable friends and generous auditors were listening in trembling apprehension lest any free-thinking word should drop from their lips, impugning unquestioning faith in "Our Saviour." Leaving these questions of credal faith, however, to be dealt with by a far higher and more potential influence than that of mortals, I merely call attention to the different status of Spiritualism in America and Europe, that my readers may not be misled when I affirm that, phenomenally speaking, Spiritualism is more rife, powerful and universal in Europe than it is at present in America.

The lack of public representation in Europe renders it impossible to arrive at any proximate idea of the numbers who are interested in the fact of spirit-communion—but, on the other hand, the limited multitudes who used to throng the Spiritualists' meetings in America, might, in a majority of instances, have been attracted thither from other motives than belief in Spiritualism, hence I conceive we have erred as much in exaggerating our numerical strength as the superficial observer is likely to err in underrating the extent of the belief in Europe.

I am constantly in the receipt of letters from different countries of Europe, and not a few from remote districts of Asia, in which the writers express their deep interest in the phenomena of spirit-communion, their wish to enjoy larger opportunities for its development, and regret that they cannot share in the privileges that seem to be so freely extended to American believers.

I recently received a long and interesting letter from a lady in Hungary, in which, after many piteous lamentations over her lack of opportunities for the enjoyment of "American circles and Pentecostal gatherings," she goes on to relate the spread of phenomena in her district, proving conclusively that the medium power she sighs for exists in far greater abundance than we now possess it amongst ourselves.

My correspondent details the remarkable apparitions which commonly frequent, or she terms it, "haunt" the mining regions. Whilst the ignorant peasantry attribute these visitations to "good and evil genii," or even "fairies, demons, kobolds and sprites," the description clearly proves they are the returning spirits of the poor mining population; kindred and relatives of the very persons who superstitiously regard them as inhabitants of a "supernatural" world.

A gentleman from Austria informs me there is a mountainous district, near which his regiment has been lately quartered, where the rustic inhabitants of every cottage have spirit rappings as commonly "as the flowers of spring." He adds, the people say they are spirits, and they often see them; that the children in particular love to encounter these "shining men and women"; that they tell them many good things, and often counsel them wisely, but they seem to have made no systematic attempts at intercommunication, and our methods of holding circles are wholly unknown.

I have many correspondents in Germany, where the people, curiously enough, lament in one sentence that they have none of our spiritualistic privileges, and in the next pour forth details of spiritual phenomena spontaneously manifesting themselves in every family of the writer's acquaintance. One of the great stumbling-blocks to the progress of Spiritualism in Continental Europe seems to be the want of experienced guides to direct the formation of circles, and aid in the processes of mediunistic development.

The spirits are clearly enough in force in Europe, and medium power seems to me to be even more abundant than in America. But whilst the people who sit in circles seem to think no spirit communion can be orderly, or even possible, that is not invoked through prayer and divers ecclesiastical ceremonies; and that every spirit must be evil "who does not confess Jesus as the very God and 'Saviour,'" the paralyzing effects which this species of bigotry must exert upon communion from the spheres, where (at least in the higher ones) sectarian beliefs are all forgotten or merged into the worship of the Great Spirit—the Universal Father—may be better understood than described.

I have before me a letter from an excellent and accomplished Viennese lady, whose native description of her spiritual perplexities I shall quote, as a not unapt representation of a very large class of believers in Continental Europe. Writing of a circle in which thirty members met at stated periods, and numbering, as it would appear, several very strong physical mediums, Madame M. says: "The influence now changed, and the sounds announced the presence of Meyerbeer, who expressed a desire that I should be magnetized, in

order, as he alleged, that he might inspire me to play some additional numbers of the new opera he is composing through the A—circle. But this time M. Le H— was our president, and he insisted that this influence should not be received until he had confessed through the sounds that indeed he believed our Saviour was God come in the very flesh. I reminded the circle that Meyerbeer was a Jew, and that perhaps he still re-

tained the Hebrew persuasion; but M. J. V—, who you know I informed you, madame, is our trance speaker, declared he could not be of the kingdom of heaven unless he gave the test required by the beloved apostle —; so we put the test in form, when the spirit called for the Planchette, and wrote out that there were no sects in heaven; that it did not matter there what men had believed on earth, or whom they had worshipped.

Now here, M. Le H—, who has been, as I told you, madame, in America, cried out that this was the American doctrine, and would lead to infidelity, as it tended to substitute the works of the creature for the sacrifice for sin, offered by the Creator. Olga's mother was much shocked at this, and insisted that Olga, who is our Planchette medium, should write with it no more. She says Planchette is always infidel, and never would give the test required by John, the beloved, though Olga is, in truth, a very pious child. And thus it is, dear madame, that our circles are always being broken up and disturbed, and so, again, I am deprived of the influence of Meyerbeer, which always seemed to me so sweet and exalted!

"Oh madame! it is not to be lamented that so many spirits come to earth wicked enough to deny the divinity of our Lord? Do you not think that many of these spirits come from America, where, I am told, all the 'Spiritualists substitute the doctrine of works for the sacrifice of our Lord?'"

My amiable correspondent propounds many more spiritual problems of the same alarming character, to which, in my heart of hearts, I could give her no other response than my fervent wish that the Spiritualists of America would substitute not only the doctrine, but the practice of good works for every kind of credal faith, in which case I should have no fear for the success of Spiritualism here, nor Spiritualists' happiness hereafter.

In the concluding portion of my forthcoming work on Modern American Spiritualism, I have shown, through quotations of American correspondence, how universally rife the spiritual phenomena are discovered to be in India, China, Turkey, Algeria, Syria, and numerous other places far removed from the psychological influence either of America, France, or England.

In respect to France, your readers are, no doubt, sufficiently informed through the excerpts furnished by your correspondents from the French spiritual papers. The chief of the Spiritualists with whom I am at all acquainted in France, favor the doctrine of reincarnation, as taught by the late Allan Kardec.

I have often heard persons who have not received evidence of the truth of our doctrines, comment on them with the emphatic ejaculation, "I wish to God I could believe it to be all true!" In the same spirit of earnestness, but with a very different aim, I can ejaculate, "Heaven in mercy grant that the hideous doctrine of reincarnation may not be true, for if I am yet to return to this weary earth to fulfill I know not how many reincarnated weary pilgrimages in the future, I cannot but think it a curse, rather than a blessing, that I was ever born at all." Happily, however, the doctrine of reincarnation, and the opinions on which sectarian beliefs are founded, are opinions merely, and just so long as they remain merely

undemonstrated theories, the sectarian beliefs of Europe generally, and the reincarnation belief of French "Spiritualists" in particular, are not very likely to maintain an ultimately successful warfare against the common sense and practical and coincident testimony of thousands of those spirit-friends whose identity we have carefully proved.

As my article has already extended to a greater length than I had intended, and I have still much to say on the present status of English Spiritualism, I will defer further remarks for another occasion, and now conclude by offering to my dear American friends and fellow-laborers my cordial greetings, and the affectionate remembrances by word of pen, which I am at present debarred from exchanging with them in person.

223 East 60th street, New York, Nov. 20th, 1869.

EMMA HARDINGE.

The Late Rev. Wm. Harness.

William Howitt publishes a letter in the *London Spiritual Magazine* for December, in which he says: "In the *Times* of Tuesday, Nov. 16th, is the account of the death of the Rev. William Harness, Incumbent of All Saints, Knightsbridge, and Prebendary of St. Paul's, in his eightieth year. Harness was the schoolfellow of Byron at Harrow, and they were warm friends until Byron's death. Byron offered to dedicate *Child Harold* to him, but he declined. He was the friend of numbers of literary men of eminence, and a great friend of Miss Mitford's, the materials for whose *Life* he collected, and wrote the preface to the work just out. I dare say you wonder what all this aims at. Simply this: that Mr. Harness was a firm believer in spiritual phenomena, though he said little about it. But one evening at Miss Coutts's, just after my *History of the Supernatural* appeared, he said to me, 'I am going to read that directly.' I said, 'Do you believe in such things?' 'Believe' he replied, 'why, do not you know who first published the account, the Wynyard apparition?' I said, 'No.' 'Nor who first published the account of the apparition of an old friend to Miss Jane Porter at Esher?' 'No,' I said, 'I published them both,' he said, 'and know that such things are true.'

Mr. Harness was almost everywhere to be met in aristocratic and select literary circles, and I dare say that the majority of his acquaintances never suspected this belief under his *homme du monde*, ordinary aspect, any more than I did, after knowing him many years."

True, every word.

There is a great deal of truth in the following brief sentence, which we clip from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*:

"Remember that you are only a speck in existence, but as such you are interlinked with all humanity in such a manner that you must not become too intensely individualized and isolated from the world. Remember that as a Spiritualist, you should contribute to assist the unfortunate, to cheer the down-trodden and lift up those below you. By remaining away from lectures even, you strike a blow at our beautiful Harmonical Philosophy, and when, like the miser, you close your purse strings to the wants of lecturers and suffering humanity, you become like that leech, so intensely individualized that you are useless."

Happiness grows at our fireside and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.

The Lecture Room.

THE SOUL AND ITS QUESTIONINGS.

A LECTURE BY EMMA HARDINGE,
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Dec. 5th, 1869.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

WHAT AM I?

The four addresses which it will be our privilege to present in this place, will consist of an attempt to deal with some of those stupendous problems which have ever agitated the human soul since man first realized the power of reasoning with himself.

"The Soul and Its Questionings" will be our theme, and never have religion, science or philosophy, been taxed to answer any demands more important nor more momentous than those which the soul is forever reiterating to itself when it queries: What am I? Who am I? Whose am I? and Whither am I bound?

I ask these questions of you; you demand them of each other. Unaided by higher intelligence than ourselves, we turn eagerly to all those elements of instruction included in the names of religion, science and philosophy. Vague theories, cold materialism or transcendental propositions, fail to satisfy you. The stern realities of life and death still press upon you and still urge the ever-recurring queries, the true solution of which alone can explain the object of life, the mystery of death. You must be resolved of these stupendous questionings—you will compass the solemn purposes of being; and since the imperfect methods of human speech fail to satisfy you, you turn your eyes inward, and thus does the soul become its own questioner.

Ever we attempt to interpret the utterances of that still small voice in which the spirit itself becomes the respondent to its own eager demands for self-knowledge, let us frankly state that the object of these addresses is limited to the desire to prompt you to methods of self-analysis and suggestions of an instructive character. Your present speaker addresses you with no aim at captivating your imagination with eloquent transcendentalisms, nor the desire to charm the ear with flights of more worldly eloquence.

If you can follow me through the stern analysis which my subjects propose, look rather for such forms of expression as will embody familiar truths and oft repeated axioms of life-knowledge than the flights of poetry or the imagery of visionary fancy. Modern Spiritualism has been now some score of years among men. Propositions which religion—or rather mere ecclesiasticism—cannot answer; which science declines to touch and philosophy halts upon, modern Spiritualism professes to expound. Above all, the questions which are designed to form the basis of these addresses, Spiritualism claims to have the demonstrative evidences to answer. More especially, then, upon these points than on any others, do we cite the witness of Spiritualism as the science of life here and hereafter to respond to the soul's ever-recurring questions, What am I? Who am I? Whose am I? and Whither am I bound?

My first proposition, oh my soul, is the question: "What am I?" They tell me I am a microcosm of the universe; that all the forces of the varied earth, the fire of the majestic sun, the glory of the vast hemispheres of heaven, sparkling with star dust, are all in me. They tell me that the power which binds together ten thousand circling spheres is pulsating in my veins; that the lustre of the gem, the beauty of the flowers, the strength of the mighty, rocky ribs of the earth are all in me. What am I? Soul invisible, mighty and all controlling essence enclosed in an humble, chrysalis-like form of matter, let me attempt to discover the steps which lead to self-knowledge by first separately examining, fragment by fragment, the several parts that make up the temple of clay in which thou art enshrined.

First then I contemplate the curious framework which shapes the entire body. In composition it corresponds to the rocky ribs of the globe I inhabit, for the osseous structure is formed of the hardest of the materials which compose my varied organism. The first feature of interest which strikes me in this bony apparatus is the wonderful adaptation of means to ends; next of the combination of the strongest crystalline substance, and the most wonderful provision for flexibility and varied emotion. The entire frame is made up of more than two hundred separate pieces, matched in pairs, every pair being a separate and curious piece of workmanship of a different shape, and obviously designed to perform some different function to every other part.

I perceive in the composition of these bones that in those parts of the structure where the utmost force and resistance is required, the shell work is thick, strong and rigid; in others where such substances might prove cumbersome, the material is fine even to attenuation; strength in the one place and lightness in the other being so carefully adjusted to the special uses of each part that I am no less amazed at the wonderful economy of material and force than with the imitable adaptation of every separate piece to the particular use to be eliminated.

The next point which challenges my admiration is the marvelous system of mechanics displayed in the adjustment of all these varied pieces of bony structure. All the combined skill which the mind of man has evolved in the department of mechanics since the earth had being falls short of the marvelous mechanics of the moving skeleton of man. There are the wheels, pulleys, cranks, levers, lubricating fluids, and exquisitely fitted joints and hinges, all the forms and forces, in fact, that the ingenuity of man has ever modeled after, better formed and more finely fitted than aught that man could ever imitate in the most complex system of machinery ever devised. The working of a single limb is a perfect system of mechanics, and the manipulatory

power of this hand of mine alone would prove a divine architect, whose providential powers of design and execution were worthy of omnipotence. There is not a substance or form in creation that I cannot manipulate with this flexible human hand, and, finely complex as are its several parts, yet the whole moves with such wonderful elasticity that in its normal perfection I can use it to subvert ten thousand purposes, yet remain unconscious of the vast variety of motions which the movements of its finely fitted parts undergo.

Though each several bone is a marvel of design, no less wonderful one than the other, I may not pause longer upon the mere framework; but let me look within to see what treasures of additional organism it so carefully guards and encases. Pierce further yet into the wonder of thy being, my soul, and behold a fresh revelation of wisdom. The view is unlovely to the eye accustomed to the fair coloring and graceful symmetry which shields the pulsating machinery of life from my curious scrutiny. The framework of the skeleton is obviously designed to lay the foundation of a beautiful exterior, for it is two-sided, orderly and symmetrical; but the viscera beneath, carefully guarded by its rocky frame and hidden kindly from the sensitive eye, is obviously designed only for uses in which mere external show or symmetry have no part.

Each organ being complete in itself and designed for some special function of its own, is packed together with strict reference to the place it should occupy, but in the smallest possible amount of space, so that the whole trunk should be so little cumbersome as its vast array of uses and forces will permit.

Analyze the multitudes of subjects for wonder and admiration which assail me as I contemplate the various appliances for maintaining life which this hidden organism displays, I pause first upon the grand system of pneumatics displayed in the air cells of the lungs—the breath of the most distant planet whose atmosphere impinges upon my earth, contributes its life-giving air to the breezes which fan my cheek, are inhaled with every breath I draw, and straightway conveyed to the receptacles within the spongy tissue of the lungs, where they perform the double part, first, of laboring the whole arterial system of my body with the fresh vital oxygenized air from without, and next of carrying off all the venous impurities of the system by expelling in a single breath the carbonic acid gas which that system has generated. Thus does this grand pneumatic apparatus build up the whole structure with fresh life giving air in a single inspiration, and purify the whole structure by expelling its poisonous gases in a single expiration. And now I gaze upon the central point of life, and heat, and force, generated in the wonderful organism of the human heart. I have heard the solemn anthem of the sea, as its restless waves thrashed with the pulsating force which sent the ebb and flow of tides to every shore of earth, and I have interpreted its murmur in storm and tempest, and its low murmur of calm and sunshine, into the same eternal gospel of unending dual motion. I listen at the valve-like doors of the throbbing heart, and I hear the ocean voices speaking to me in the same divine revelation of dual motion, and disclosing the unity of life, force and order in the planet as in the solar system, in the man as in the globe. Like the ramifications of fluid life upon my earth, I perceive that miles and miles of tubing permeate my system, all traveled by the restless currents of arterial blood that are pumped out from the mighty engine-like heart, laboring with fresh oxygenized air from the heaving lungs, and returned again to be re-laborated through the miles and miles of tubing that form the corresponding ramifications of the venous system. When the scientist points to his canals, aqueducts and viaducts, the wheels, force pumps and curious contrivances by which he distributes the useful flow of fluid life through the streets and dwellings, and civilization, and converts the noble life of water into one of the most powerful of forces to move machinery, arise, oh my soul, and point to the grand original model of all hydrostatics silently but irresistibly flowing through the wonder of my own grand microcosmic organism.

Passing over many a compound of the grandest and subtlest uses enclosed in every fragment of tissue I behold, I pause for a moment to contemplate the little laboratory of gigantic force by which the digestive organs conduct a single grain of wheat into all the varied substances, tissues and fabrics that make up the entire material structure. By the silent processes of combustion, secretion and growth, one single grain of wheat passing into the laboratory of the digestive apparatus becomes bone, muscle, fibre, blood, lymph, nerve, cuticle, nail, hair, the lustre of the eye, the bloom of the cheek, the ruby of the lip, and the polish of the brow. When our politicians, statesmen, political and social economists can devise such a system of distribution, growth, sustenance and equal justice as is displayed in the marvelous processes of growth and secretion, then, indeed, will the intelligence of the creature model after, if it cannot transcend, the justice, wisdom and economy of the Creator.

Still reflecting, as I go, the importunate question, "What am I?" I pause to consider by what power I—so feeble and so comparatively small and powerless—can move with a subtlety of action that no piece of bone shall grate harshly one upon the other, or the weight of all the strong pieces of organism and currents of fluid enclosed within my framework shall be felt as a burden to carry. Searching for the cause of this facility, I find my framework covered with an elastic material, woven of millions and millions of the finest fibres and cells, yet bound together with such skill and force that they form one concrete, strong, yet highly elastic mass of muscular and membranous tissue.

By its highly contractile power the movement of every part becomes not only possible, but a source of unspeakable enjoyment, and its rounded and graceful outlines we discover form the sub-structure on which is overlaid the crowning attribute of the living structure, the fair, many-colored and polished covering which forms the exquisite attribute of beauty. To pause upon the divine goodness which has added to all its miracles of wisdom and power this one single attribute, beauty, would transcend all power of human speech to enlarge upon; enough that he who forgets not ought that can bless or benefit his lowest creature, gives to the form the floral bloom, the ivory tint and gem-like radiance of angelic beauty.

And with even this brief review of the grand arcana which responds to my questioning soul through so many avenues of use and power, what a compendium of creative might and glory is here revealed!

The science of mechanics, modified in my frame—the science of pneumatics in the lungs—hydrostatics founded in perfection in my veins—creation itself revealed in the system of nutrition, secretion and growth that pervades my frame—the ocean's ceaseless flow is in my veins; the floral loveliness of the blossom—the brilliant lustre of the gem—the essence of every mineral of earth—

the compendium of all force in my microcosmic structure. What optical instruments ever equalled the marvel of the tiny telescope that creative wisdom has placed in my wonderfully-fashioned eye?—its surface scarcely exceeding the half of an inch in measurement, yet capable of reflecting the panoramic glory of my earth, and gauging the immeasurable depths of heaven's boundless vault, where myriads of shining worlds, arrayed in legions of resplendent brightness, all marshal their grand proportions on the narrow surface of my tiny orb of vision! Has ever scientist conceived of an organ for condensing, separating and distinguishing the nature of sounds, equal to the complex, yet minute structure of the human ear? Around us, the incessant murmurs of ever-restless life are beating their way with myriads of vibrations; the crash of machinery, the clang of bells, the echoes of music, the thunders of the storming waves—all these ten thousand peals of Nature, and the shining of twice-told ten thousand spheres as they heave and turn in space, form an aggregate of mighty tones, which would pierce the frail brain of man, and destroy its integrity, were not the construction of the ear so curiously and admirably fashioned as to convey only such fragments of sound as instruct the mind, without ever burdening the faculty of hearing; and thus is every sensibly modified and bounded in by man's capacity to receive knowledge, rather than the Infinite Creator's will and power to bestow it.

And now when I have in brief reviewed some portions of the marvelous temple in which I find my soul enshrined, a fresh subject of admiration commends itself to my notice, this curious structure moves; and that—not with the insensate motion of mere obedient machinery, or objects moved upon by another's will or force—in a thousand mobile ways this framework is moved, and all, as it appears, by some inward unseen power of volition, as various and scarcely less potential than the power which called creation into being. I know that any piece of inanimate mechanism I can set in motion by means of fire, or water, or animal power, will continue to move as long as I apply the force—no longer; but what am I? for I see not the force by which I move, and yet the motion is so perfect as to be without jar, and almost without perceptible effort. So beautifully adapted is the subtle power applied to this body, that I can carry the whole structure without weariness. When I move my hand there is a force at work more subtle than the power of water, air, machinery, or animal strength.

Again I turn my eyes inward to discover the subtle fires of motion. Once more searching through the material organism, I am directed to the silent workings of the mighty engine seated in the brain. Its external parts read off alone the nature of nervous matter. I see no more than a large ganglionic mass of grey and white matter, whose extension through the spinal column ramifies into the innumerable branches which form the tree of nerves. I might, perhaps, with more correctness call the nervous apparatus the tree of life, for though made up of finest tissue and composed of a substance less material, dense or strong, than fibre, this nervous matter is the first formation—the last of the human fabric which perishes.

Extending, too, to every ultimate point, it permeates each inch of substance, and interlacing every tissue and veining every membrane it forms by unceasing galvanic action the force which causes motion. Complex yet simple—hidden in the profound mystery of original primal elemental life, yet traceable in effect as the grand ultimatum of LIFE itself—you may question me in vain what is life, motion, nerve-force or aura.

Enough for us to know matter, motion or life—mind or soul are original elements—the sublime, uncreated, coequal and coeternal elements that make up the trinity of being. If you ask me what is human life, and wherein does it differ from the life of other existences, I question back—Is it not one and the same element which pulsates in every planet as it rolls on forever and forever in its unending march of motion? Is it not the same power which holds ten thousand worlds aloft in the sublimated ether? You cannot see the chains which restrain them, but each keeps its place, though acted on by an attraction that would draw them away. It is the same power which is quivering in my veins, elaborated in my brain, pulsating in my heart—it is life, life—an original element.

But there is something more. The motion by which I send my ships down to the sea is guided and regulated by my skill. The motion by which my machinery works, is due to the forces I employ, whether these be fire, water, or mechanism. The motion is mine; it is not inherent in the thing that is moving. It is not so with me. I move at will. What, then, is will? Philosophy answers me, "It is the result of motion; it is the chemistry of the atoms." The chemistry of the atoms! what is that? Does mind and will reside in atoms? Does formative power, intelligent design, and all the wonderful adaptation of means to ends of which my marvelous organism displays the full perfection, grow out of atomic combination?

A rise, then, from beneath my feet, insensate atoms, and create a man! It cannot be. What am I? Even as I analyze, I tremble and acknowledge something more than dust and atoms. I bow before the creative God—the spirit. Ay, it is the spirit alone that wills; spirit that thinks, and guides me how to move; by spirit power I may tunnel the giant mountain, and construct my highways through its mighty heart; I can make of the pathless waste a crowded city. It is spirit which builds, and digs, and labors—spirit which is the architect, and spirit which is the builder.

By the power of spirit we find the pathways of the mighty ocean and lay our tracks in the whelming waste of waters till we unite discovered continents and girle mankind with a chain of commercial interest, from pole to pole. It is spirit which guides the lightnings and sends them forth as messengers—spirit which acts and builds, labors, contests the elements, and at last rules all creation but itself—ay, but itself—there at last, and there alone, its resistless power falls. Spirit can neither comprehend nor rule itself—nay, it cannot even as yet describe and analyze itself.

All that the soul has done it can disclose. Though I live, perhaps, some ten thousand years since spirits clothed in flesh appeared upon this earth, yet, living in this glorious intellectual age, all that is past is mine, and science enables me to recall all things that man has done or thought. I can even trace through the universal lore which the printing-press reveals, every discovery that man has ever made. I can learn what all other men have learned—astronomy, geology, mechanics, all are mine—and all my thoughts, my knowledge, my discoveries, I can bequeath again to my posterity. I may be the compendium of all men's thoughts before me. I can make all future generations heirs of my wisdom or my folly; but what for me when this form is dust and ashes? what for this all-controlling spirit when the frail

machine is dead? what for the fire that makes it move, and act, and govern? what for the real man when the shadowy substance shall have passed and the spark which lights the mortal casket shall be quenched?

The moment comes when all I have learned must be forgotten, and all I have gained must be left behind; when the machinery must stop, and the powers by which I scaled the heavens and mapped out the universe, become as naught to me; when I shall be dead! What is death? Silence, annihilation, and that is all—all that is left to me; I am but an earthly clod. Even this wonderful structure shall crumble to pieces; none can arrest its decay! The viewless hand of death cannot be held back by science, and I shall become a handful of dust, and the winds of some distant planetary system may bear away even the last vestige of the scattered shell in which I existed! But can I endure annihilation? When I see that the flower I have planted shall live again; when I know that the scattered odors of its very breath are still in being somewhere; when every work of my hand shall live after it has crumbled into dust; ay, every atom in some form live forever, summer sunshine will draw the beauty of the flower; ay, every fading form will reappear again in some other combination, why should I alone of all creation cease to be? Wherever one single atom can be found, on it is marked "eternity." What becomes of motion? what of the spirit? what of the forces that moved the machinery? Man did not place them there—they were not fire, water nor air. What becomes of thought? the memory by which I can pierce the past? the power to discern the present and prophesy the future? Where are my blessed dead? the spirits that lived and died before me? I cannot give them up. I see them in visions of the night; they cross my path. Where they are—if, indeed, they live at all beyond the shock of death—there I too must be. Motion, mind, thought, spirit—can there be for these alone annihilation? and that whilst dust and atoms live in some form forever?

I question myself; once more I turn my thought within and ask: What am I? I behold the wonders of matter, but I would know of my spirit. I have sought to learn of the sages of the past, but who has answered me of the spirit's destiny? For thousands of years we have had the affirmations of religion, but never its demonstrations; the voices of the thousand warring sects have claimed to solve the problem, but none have brought the proof.

I know I am fearfully and wonderfully made, but why and therefore, if but to live a single span of time and then go out into dim forgetfulness forever? If immortality alone can settle the question of my destiny, then can immortal beings only answer me, and from them I have learned, and from them have solved the problem, and from them discovered that there is something more to learn which the ages never knew, which religions have failed to prove, which creeds have never disclosed—a problem which remains unsolvable till I stand face to face with a spirit that has withstood the shock of death. Never till I can trace my soul arising from the crumbling dust, and riding triumphant over the ruin of death—never till I can realize the spirit as the real man, and matter only as the phantasmagoric exhibition in which it is molded, never till then can I answer the problem: What am I? And thus I present to you, Spiritualists, this day a view of life's grandest problem, and yourselves and your belief as the only power of solution which religion, science, philosophy or history can afford. What am I? who am I? whose am I? and whither am I bound?—who or what can answer these stupendous questions but the spirit? You have heard the spirit's voice, read his hand writing on your walls and stood face to face with its quiescent light, and traced its undying being to the spheres of immortality; to you alone it is given to solve the question: What am I? Answer it you can; answer it you must; the power alone is yours, and in the immortal spheres, from which the telegraphic workers are sending out their messages of immortal being, you who have learned to interpret their words sublime can reach them to earth and bid man learn first the glorious knowledge of himself, the microcosmic glory of the material universe, and next the radiant, undying spirit, the eternal man who, through the resurrecting gates of death, becomes the angelic man living forever.

EVERYTHING FOR LOVE.

I truly thank the *Banner of Light* for agitating the very important question of interest on money. No learned sophistry can disguise the fact that taking pay of a brother man for the use of this terrible robbery? Education, in its true and enlightened sense, is the only remedy for all these terrible evils. The world must be educated to do everything for love. If we have a surplus, for the time being, of this world's goods, and see a brother in want, we must go to him in a spirit of true brotherhood and give him of our abundance until he can help himself.

Human brotherhood, in their true meaning, are words of great significance. We must try to impress it upon one another that we are all a band of brothers and sisters; that we must do everything for love. "He that seeth his brother in want and shutteth up his bowels of compassion against him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" If the race is ever redeemed and purified it must be done by love. I pity the interest-taker in the spirit-world; he will be very poor! He will find that deeds of love will pay a much higher rate of interest than the selfish principle of living wholly for gain. Let us so live that when we pass over Jordan the world will be better for our having lived in it. Yours in the holy cause of truth, SEWARD MITCHELL.

A Call for Mediums South.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Some time since I wrote you and requested an answer. I have received none, and presume it has been overlooked.

I am investigating, as far as my ability will permit, the phenomena of Spiritualism, but my progress is suspended for want of a medium. We have some here who profess to be mediums, but they belong to some one of our Orthodox churches, which ascribe all spirit phenomena to the "devil," and prohibit their members from having anything to do with it. My means are limited, or I would write directly to you to send me a good, reliable test medium, at my own expense. So, you see, I must stop my investigations unless I can procure aid from some source. I am over sixty years old, and feel a great desire to prove the fact that the spirits of our departed friends can and do communicate with us in the flesh.

Should a good, reliable medium, wish to take a trip South, ours is a growing, thriving place, situated at the crossing of the Mobile and Ohio and Vicksburg and Montgomery railroads, and I think would be a good location for a medium for some time; and if he or she would call on me, I would furnish a home for the time being, clear of expense, to such an one. Respectfully, W. W. SHERRER. Meridian, Miss. 1869.

THE LITERATURE OF SPIRITUALISM ABROAD.

MESSRS. EDITORS—My reflections on the state and extent of Spiritualism in other countries have been much enlivened by the celestial scintillations that are breaking over the sombre summits of superstition, ignorance and bigotry of Eastern nations from the pages of "reviews," books and pamphlets that have recently (some by your kindness) come into my possession. Many of your readers may be as much surprised as I have been, at gaining even a partial glimpse of the publications of a periodical character that treat of our divine theme.

The *Revue Spirite* and the *Revue Spiritualiste* are two noble monthly magazines—the former having upwards of thirty, the latter more than sixty pages—that speed regularly from Paris to various realms, laden with the rich fruit of the spiritual world, and the experiences of such men as the late Allan Kardec and Monsieur Clavalroz. Then there is *Le Spiritisme A Lyon*, published bi-monthly at Lyons; *The Light Des Jenseits* (*la Lumiere D'outre tombe*), a monthly journal published in the German language at Vienna; the *Annali Dello Spiritismo In Italia*, issued monthly at Bologna; *El Criterio Espiritista*, published at Madrid; *El Espiritismo*, bi-monthly at Seville; *Il Veggente*, a hebdomadal of Florence; and the *Revista Espiritista*, a monthly journal of Barcelona.

Books that are exercising no little influence abroad (I am not aware that any of them, except one, have been republished in this country) are, *La Raison Du Spiritisme*, by M. Michel Bouanmy, Judge of Instruction, Paris; *Lettres Sur Le Spiritisme*, addressed to the clergy, by M. J. B.; *Secrets of the Life to Come*, by M. Cahagnet; *Entretiens Familiers Sur Le Spiritisme*, by Madame E. Collignon, of Bordeaux; *Poesies D'outre Tombe*, edited, I believe, by the spiritual society of Constantine. Constantine is one of those strange old Moorish towns in North Africa, which few foreigners have ever visited. It stands upon a rock, a day's journey or so from Philippeville, on the coast, belted by a ravine, whose perpendicular sides are, in some places, nearly one thousand feet in height. How Spiritualism could have found a footing here is marvelous! Indeed, and should put to the blush many an American city where the Bible, with its very foundations laid in "Thus saith the spirit," is filtered through youthful minds, with strange conceits in interpretation, ad nauseum. I was in Constantine in 1858, on my way to the Great Desert, but did not dream that Spiritualism nestled mild the minarets of Moorish mosques, whence the muezzin for long centuries has called the faithful to prayers—the Mahometan, who, perchance, is really more of a Spiritualist than many of our own so-called converts, though from our heathenish (Christian) education we have learned to regard him as he does us, as a Pagan dog, an outcast. Indeed, we now know that "neath the very shadow, within the very walls" perhaps of the Bey's beautiful palace, good angels fold their wings and touch with immortal breath the lips of loving, longing, but frail humanity. May God's messengers fill its quaint old habitations with smiles and blessings, and may the beautiful hours that once peopled its marbled courts and its divined halls return in supermundane glory to haunt them evermore.

I have mentioned the "Secrets of the Life to Come," published in this country in 1851, under the leading title of "The Celestial Telegraph." A copy of it was recently presented to me by Mr. J. McClure, and I have read it twice with increasing interest. Its well authenticated facts, encircling our spiritual philosophy, I regard as a string of pearls round the neck of the beautiful. Its author, Monsieur Cahagnet, through many trials and discouraging difficulties, reached a goal promised him by the spirits—persons, in several instances, whom he had never seen nor heard of, assisting him to publish his work. Thus he was rewarded for his faith and constancy, for the book must have done, and yet will do, a great deal of good.

Both the *Revue Spirite* and *Spiritualiste* have published an article concerning a family in this country which is intensely interesting; and, though you were acquainted with the facts, I do not think they have ever appeared in the *Banner of Light*.

A Mr. and Mrs. W., of Cambridge, Mass., were blessed with lovely twin children, one of whom, named Lily, soon died. The other, Rose, even before she could speak, manifested a great passion for flowers, and when she began to run about, seemed to avoid her other sisters and to play alone with one whom her parents considered an imaginary being, but for whom she always desired another piece of cake or another apple. At two years of age she began to talk, and was then asked with whom she played. "With my little Lily," she said. "Why do you want two apples?" "I want one for little Lily," she replied. When visitors asked her her name she would answer, "Rosebud." "Is that the reason you wear one on your breast?" "No; my little Lily wears one." "Where is your little Lily?" "In heaven." "Where is heaven?" "Here; my sister is here." These, with other things, went to prove that Lily was always present with her, even when she laid her little head down to sleep at night, for she would gently and in a caressing manner pat the pillow beside her and say it was the dear little Lily. One day, in the winter of 1868, the child was found to have a fresh and fragrant white rosebud. Where she had obtained this was a mystery to all the family. There was not one in the house, and no one had been there to give it to her. "Where did you obtain that lovely flower?" they said to her. "My Lily gave it to me."

Many other things of a like nature happened to her before she was three years old, but Mr. and Mrs. W. paid no particular attention to them, not being Spiritualists. Finally Mr. W. was persuaded to consult a medium, who told him that the companion of Rose was her twin sister, Lily. Mr. W. affirmed that then for the first time he considered the "Lily" of his child to be a reality. Other things were revealed to him which he subsequently verified. When Mr. W. returned home, Rose, who had been crying, clasped her hands joyfully, saying, "I am glad dear papa has come and brought back my little Lily!" Mrs. W. then told her husband that Rose had much grieved in his absence, saying, "Lily has gone with papa; I wish he would come home."

One day little Rose brought in a curl of hair, saying, "Mamma, little Lily told me to give you this." Immediately Mrs. W., who had very recently become convinced of Spiritualism, and more or less of a medium herself, wrote, "Lewis, this is my hair; you will soon have some like the sun's rays."—ANDY. Abby was Mr. W.'s aunt.

In the evening of that same day, when the child had gone to bed, Mrs. W. was influenced to write again: "Go, both of you, to Rose now." They went, and at about one foot distant from Rose's head there lay a curl of golden hair unlike anything in the house, or known to them to exist. In the morning, Mrs. W. showing it to Rose, she exclaimed, "The hair of my little Lily!" then, run-

ning to her mother's chamber, she said, "Mamma, papa has some hair of my little Lily." Mr. W.'s counting house is in Boston, eight miles from his residence. On many occasions Rose has told her mother of incidents passing in said bureau, and of persons who were coming to dine with them. Being asked how she knew she said, "Little Lily says so."

Mr. W., wishing if possible to obtain a portrait of little Lily, took a portion of the golden lock of hair to Mr. Anderson, the spirit-artist, but said not a word about it to his child Rose. Notwithstanding she knew it, and one day ran joyously to her mother, saying, "I am very happy! papa is going to have a portrait of my little Lily." "How do you know?" "Lily told me, and she has just taken leave of me to go there." When the portrait of the beautiful little spirit was finished, Mr. W. hung it in his cabinet, and, calling Rose, asked her of whom it was. "My Lily," she said.

How touchingly such rays of God's beneficence fall upon our hearts. G. L. DITSON, M. D. Albany, N. Y., Nov. 21, 1869.

Free Thought.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

DEAR BANNER—After reading in your issue of this date the article entitled "The Recent Exposure of Physical Mediumship at Mercantile Hall," I am led to pen a few lines for your columns in reference, also, to an "expose" given in this city on Friday evening of last week, knowing that your paper is always open for any fair representation of either side respecting these so-called physical manifestations.

A Spiritualist myself, fully believing in the philosophy of spirit-manifestations, (and, until recently, having much of confidence in the genuineness of the manifestations purporting to come through the so-called mediumship of Laura V. Ellis), I am, as I believe all true Spiritualists are, desirous that, as soon and as fast as practicable, all of error, deception and humbug shall be weeded out and divorced from all connection with Spiritualism in the minds of the people; therefore I write as I do.

Messrs. Raub & Turner came here advertising and proposing to expose the manifestations of Laura V. Ellis, by performing, under the same conditions and in a cabinet similar to hers, the same things performed at her exhibitions, and, afterwards, with the front of the cabinet removed and while tied in the same manner as she, to show to the audience how the whole thing is done.

Being present I was called upon to act as a committee. At my suggestion Mr. Raub allowed me to tie him, although, as he said, it was not his custom to do so, but simply to follow the programme of Laura V. Ellis, who is always tied by her father and not by the committee. As near as I can judge, the conditions between the two performances were the same. Strips of cotton cloth were used. I tied Mr. R. in the same manner as I have seen Miss Ellis tied, as near as I could judge—but I have never been a committee at her seances—hands tied together and to ring in back of cabinet, neck the same, feet and ankles tied together. Mr. Raub was tied so securely that it would have been impossible for him to free himself except by cutting the bands. Knots were untied about his neck, water drunk from a goblet placed on his lap, musical instruments played upon, a bell rung, &c., &c., &c. A voice was also heard while Mr. Raub was supposed to be gagged with a block of wood in his mouth. I believe there was but one thing called for that Miss Ellis is in the habit of doing which Mr. Raub failed to do, as he had not practiced on it, as he said—that was taking the strip of cloth from his lap, passing it around his neck and then tying it.

This all done, a closed knife was placed on his knees, and Mr. R. cut himself free and came out. Then being bound and secured again by me as before, and the front of the cabinet removed, he went through all the seemingly most difficult parts in full sight of the audience and demonstrated to them how the things were done. I must confess I was surprised, for while one naturally looks to the most impossible of all possible ways for the means of solving these things, if, indeed, they are a humbug, the manner in which Mr. R. performed was very simple. By simply inclining the head and drawing the right hand forward at his side the two could be made to meet so that, using his fingers in connection with the teeth, he could untie and tie the knots about his neck, reach anything placed in his lap, remove the block placed in his mouth and replace it instantly, and even, by transferring the ball to his left hand, could thump the cabinet with a stick, ring a bell and play, with his mouth, upon a musical instrument at the same time.

It is true that Mr. R. did not do these things—some of them—as expertly and quickly as Miss Ellis; but I think he demonstrated that he could compete well with her after sufficient practice. This, he says, was only his eighth performance, while she has been in the field some five or six years.

I can remember that when I first saw Miss Ellis, some years ago, she did not perform nearly as wonderfully as she did this fall, when I saw her here again; and I remember, too, that when a sticking plaster was applied to her lips, no voice could be heard when "Mr. Blake" was called upon to speak.

I am pretty well convinced that the two performances are done in precisely the same way, and that Laura V. Ellis, (as much as I dislike to say it,) is humbugging the people. It pains me to think that an innocent young girl, at the age of eleven years, should be taken by her father and systematically taught and brought up to practice deception, and transported over the country to aid him in humbugging the people, and that, too, in the name and at the expense of an idea that should be so sacred to all as that of spirit-communication.

If it is not so, as I fear it is, I shall most gladly be ready to admit it when it is proven that the conditions between the two performances are not equal—and there is but one point in which I can conceive any chance for any inequality between them; it is this: the ring in Mr. Raub's cabinet, to which his hands were tied, is about—say five or six inches above the level of the bands on his wrists as he sits upright in the cabinet; consequently that much length of the strip is necessary to reach up to the ring, and this gives the work required for the using of the hand for the work. This is the secret of it all.

I have no means of knowing positively whether it is the same with Miss Ellis. If her hands are tied closely to the ring, and no play left for her to move her neck forward at all, she still may be able to disprove the claims of Mr. Raub to expose her manifestations. If she has not been so tied in the past, let her be so tied in the future if she wishes to retain her name and fame before the public, and not be branded as an impostor and deceiver. And wherever she goes, let Spiritualists look to this point and satisfy themselves

and report. The hands on the wrists should be closely attached to the ring, as every link of space from the wrists to the ring gives just so much play and chance to operate. I do not think that thus tied, the manifestations can be done by herself; but tied as before stated, they can; and I think it is hardly worth while to attempt to account for things as being done by the aid of spirits that can be proven to be possible of doing by physical and natural means under the same conditions. Also, there is no good reason why she should not allow the committee to tie her. No gentleman would tie her so tightly as to be painful, if she is to keep quiet and not put her hands into use.

Mr. Taub complained to me every time the cabinet was opened that I had tied his right wrist so tightly that it was very painful; but I afterwards discovered why it was so, when I came to see the manner in which the manifestations were performed. Yours for the truth, J. W. LEWIS. Providence, Dec. 4th, 1869.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Dear Sirs: I continue to receive your periodical with exemplary regularity—thanks to the admirable arrangements between the post offices of the old country and the new—and although there are many expressions of opinion in it from which I am constrained, as a Christian, to dissent, I am, nevertheless, always glad to have the opportunity of reading it, if only that it may help to keep up the intercourse which began between yourselves and me in the early summer of last year, and remind me of the many kindnesses I received at the hands of my Spiritualist friends in America.

In your issue of Nov. 13th there is an article, under the head of "Free Thought," signed "L. U. Reavis," which purports to be a criticism on a lecture delivered by Mr. Wendell Phillips, which lecture has, I believe, been reprinted in this country, but which I have not yet been able to read. I cannot therefore say how far Mr. Phillips and I would be likely to agree in our conception of the nature and value of Christianity. But there are one or two statements in the criticism of Mr. Reavis which are altogether so extreme and untrue, that many of your readers, apart from myself, can but have pronounced the same judgment upon them.

1. Mr. Reavis says that the "Christian religion is founded upon an atonement made by the blood of God." Will he be kind enough to give me the chapter and verse in the New Testament in which that doctrine is "stated squarely and fairly"? I know, of course, that modern Orthodoxy teaches the Deity of Jesus Christ, and must, therefore, logically believe that the blood shed by him was the blood of Deity. But we are here dealing, not with modern Orthodoxy, but with Christianity; and Christianity finds its only true expression in the pages of the New Testament.

2. Mr. Reavis also states that "Christianity says that the human race is conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity. It teaches the total depravity of the human soul, to that full extent that it grieved God in his heart on account of man's wickedness, and it repented him that he made man." I again ask Mr. Reavis for the chapter and verse in the Christian records in which those irrational, immoral and incredible doctrines are taught. It is true that David, when expressing before God his penitence for the double sin of adultery and murder, said of himself, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." But David was not a Christian, in the sense in which we should use the word in the present day; while it is scarcely fair to take the outburst of a wounded spirit, and a conscience revenging itself for the insult which had been put upon it, as a dry statement of hard doctrine. In that same psalm David prayed to be "purged with hyssop," and that "the bones which God had broken might rejoice"; but one sees at a glance that such phraseology is, however significant, purely figurative; and why not give the same characteristic to the language of the fifth verse, which language Mr. Reavis erroneously attributes to Christianity. I would also remark that it is in the Old Testament, and not in the New, that God is represented in the following terms: "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually, and it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." Now, surely, Mr. Reavis ought, in fairness, to admit that the teachings of a book so ancient as that of Genesis, and the authorship of which is altogether uncertain, should not be confused with the teachings of Christianity; while he might make a tolerably large allowance for Eastern modes of expression, which are often hyperbolic in an extreme degree, and are not to be understood with mathematical rigor.

After a pretty lengthened ministry, and a constant study of what, for convenience's sake, I may name the works and words of "unbelievers," I am more and more impressed with the belief that they too often identify the Christianity of Jesus Christ and the vulgar forms of Orthodoxy, as though they were one and the same thing; while, as in the case of Mr. Reavis, they think it quite enough to make a quotation from any part of the Bible, and saddle Christianity with its weight. Christianity was, at its birth, an outgrowth—and a natural outgrowth—from Judaism; but in many of its essential principles it is altogether different from and higher than Judaism, so that it is only common justice to distinguish between the two religions, and not make the latter responsible for all the errors and childish fancies of the former. Even in the Christian records, a separation should be attempted between the essential and special teachings of Jesus Christ, and the leaven of Rabbinical philosophy, which such men as the apostle Paul incorporated with them. If Mr. Reavis would like to verify the truth and value of this last remark, I would earnestly refer him to a "Critical History of the Future Life," by the Rev. W. R. Alger, of Boston. An open-minded and careful perusal of that inestimable volume would do very much toward helping opponents of Christianity to estimate it rightly, and discriminate between its essentials and its admixtures. They would see, in those pages, how it is that Christianity has come to so many to have Scriptural ground upon which to rest, and how very much even the great body of Unitarians for the last hundred years have misread the Epistles of the New Testament, in their glorious effort to give to Christianity a rational and moral character. Let me just say, that if my life should be spared, and other circumstances prove favorable, I hope once again, before I die, to cross the Atlantic and visit my American friends, when, should I do so, I would certainly seek for opportunities for speaking to them on purely Christian topics; believing, as I do, that while the Christianity of the churches, in many cases, is a thing not to be defended at the bar of reason, morality and fact, the Christianity of Jesus Christ is "the power of God unto salvation—unto every one who believes it," and that it is the great source from whence is to be derived the regenerating influences of to-day and the future.

Believe me, with very kind regards, and equally kindly remembrances, my dear sirs, yours heartily, FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG, Minister of the Free Christian Church, New Swindon, Wiltshire, England. November 22d, 1869.

OUR DEPARTED FRIENDS.

BY J. G. HARVEY.

'Tis blessed to know that our loved ones are near us, For Heaven's not a country that's far away, They still are here present; they watchfully care for us Through darkness of night and the sunshine of day; What joyous emotion, to feel that they share With us our devotion, and join in our prayer!

In pain and affliction, what balm to our souls To feel they're bestowing sweet comfort and cheer! Ah, 'tis a physician that heals and controls, Gives ease, consolation to sufferings here, A peace that's unsullied—'tis joy while in grief To know in their kindness they're sending relief!

When our hearts are overflowing with joy and delight, And this earth is to us almost heaven's delight; To know they are near us, all shining and bright, Their pure spirits smiling in radiant sweet— What nobler desire than upward to raise Each day our thoughts higher in anthems of praise?

When we're tempted to wander astray from the right And evils entice to wrong doing and sin; We feel then their presence—sweet Angels of Light! And know they are watching each action within. How earnest our striving with God in our prayer! That strength might be given to resist every snare!

Oh sweet 'tis to feel that our dear ones are near, That their souls are not "sleeping," they're gone before; And their spirits can be, even now, with us here, Though their bodies presence is with us no more. Seek for truth then, and strive every ill to forsake, For on earth as we live, so our future we make. —Portsmouth Journal.

INDIANA.

Missionary Labors—Interesting Incidents.

DEAR BANNER.—Having just returned from a missionary tour through the northwestern portion of the State, and being requested by several friends to make a record of my labors for the columns of the Banner of Light, I herewith comply, so far as to submit a brief synoptical report of such incidents and facts as I suppose will be interesting to the general reader, and which have not already appeared.

The first important feature, and perhaps the most important connected with my labors, to which I will call the attention of the friends of the cause, is found in the large attendance of church members at nearly all my lectures; and even the priesthood turned out in several places, from two to half a dozen. My audiences at Middlefork, Clinton County, I was told, were at least three-fourths church members, including some priestly oracles of the Church. And this was more especially true of my last audience in that place, which filled the seats and aisles of the house at an early hour. At the close of this lecture an interesting colloquy ensued between the speaker and several prominent priestly church members, of which I will submit a brief report.

A general invitation having been given to the audience to speak in reply or ask questions, a gentleman arose and put the following query: "Mr. Graves, I would like to ask you a question." "All right. Your request is cheerfully granted." "Well, I want to know if you believe in the Bible." "Yes, brother, I believe in twenty Bibles." "What do you mean?" asked the church oracle. "Do you mean to say there are twenty Bibles in the world?" "Yes, brother, and I can furnish you the titles or names of them if you desire." "What do you mean by twenty Bibles?" he continued. "I mean twenty sacred books, which hold the same relation to their respective disciples, and serve the same purpose, in the religious and spiritual wants of the people, as the Christian Bible does in what are called Christian countries." "Mr. Graves, you say you believe in these twenty Bibles. Do you believe they are all true?" "Yes, brother, I believe they are all true; true to the minds that produced them; true to the religious conceptions of that age, and perhaps truly adapted to the religious wants of the people then." "You do not consider them all alike, do you?" "All alike in these essential features, brother." "You do not consider our Bible, then, 'the Word of God,' do you?" "Not exactly, brother; for we find in it what purports to be the words of several gods; the words of angels or spirits, the words of men, the words of devils, and the words of an ass or donkey. And hence, as a whole, it cannot truly be considered the Word of God."

Another interrogator: "Mr. Graves, I should like to know whether you believe in a God?" "Yes, brother, hundreds of them." Paul says: "There be Lords many and Gods many." "Well, but do you believe in a Supreme Power?" "Yes, and I never knew a human being that did not." "You know there are men who profess to be Christians, but I never saw one, and would ride five hundred miles to see one." "What do you consider it takes to make a Christian?" he asked. "I will furnish you the answer the Christian churches have themselves theoretically agreed upon, that 'a Christian is one who follows the example and practically obeys the precepts of Jesus Christ.' But where," I asked, "can you find the professed disciple of Christ who, in his practical life, obeys one-fourth of his precepts? Did you ever know a professed Christian who 'takes no thought for the morrow,' or who has never tried to lay up treasure on earth? who, 'having food and raiment, is herewith content?' who, when his cloak is taken from him, gives up his coat also? who sells or gives away all his property to feed the poor? who, when one cheek is beaten into a jelly, turns the other also to be treated in like manner? who has forsaken father and mother, brother and sister, houses and lands, all for Christ's sake, or his religion's sake? or who never sues a brother at the law? or who forgives an enemy four hundred and ninety (seventy times seven) times? who ever presents the practical proof that he loves his enemies, or that he hates the world, as Christ enjoins? or who never called any man a fool, any man master or mister, or any man father? And did you ever know any professed Christian who, in his daily practical life, observed these positive precepts—all of them, or even any of them? If not, inasmuch as they constitute a large portion of the most imperative precepts of Christ, would there be any propriety, or any sense, in styling a man a Christian who thus daily violates and tramples them under feet? If so, then where is the man who may not be called a Christian? Thus we render the word an unmeaning term."

At the close of my third lecture at Buena Vista I was interrogated by a Campbellite clergyman and a Methodist clergyman. The former desired to know our reasons for believing the soul undergoes no essential changes by its passage into the spirit-world. "Our reasons for this belief," said I, "are founded upon the law of negation and the law of analogy. First, the entire absence of any proof to the contrary; no evidence, and no satisfactory reasons being found for the oriental traditions, anciently so prevalent in the East and subsequently engrafted into the Christian creed, that the soul assumes a new moral character simply by throwing aside its physical covering, i. e., the body. Second, as observation has taught us that the character of the child is the same, essentially, just before its physical birth as it is immediately after, we are thus led to conclude,

by the law of analogy, that no essential changes are effected in the moral character of the spirit by its birth into the higher life."

The Methodist clergyman asked in what respect we considered the new harmonial or spiritual religion, morally, superior to the religion of Christianity. "In many respects," said I, "brother. First of all, we do not bilidly assume perfection, and infallibility, and unchangeability for our principles—an assumption which comprises an element of stagnation and corruption which must ultimately ruin any institution or religion which adopts it, as the past experience of the human race most abundantly proves, if we are capable of learning the moral lessons derivable from human experience. On the contrary, we preach and proclaim the principles of eternal progression, by means of which a door is left open for the escapement of all errors and imperfections as fast as they are discovered. And thus our religion is self-progressive. Second, we practically adopt no doctrine, principle or practice, without investigation, merely because found in a book written several thousand years ago, which some of its disciples believe to be inspired. Nor do we endorse any principle or practice without regard to its practical moral bearings upon society, because the book in which it is found is assumed by some of its devout admirers to be perfect and infallibly true, and too sacred to be examined, an assumption which has seriously retarded the moral, religious and spiritual growth of many religious countries, both oriental and Christian." Other differences were pointed out, and other superior features shown to characterize the new religion.

K. GRAVES.

N. B.—After Jan. 1st I will receive calls to lecture anywhere in the Northern States, Kentucky or Missouri.

If some of the readers of the Banner of Light do not wish to file their papers, will send me No. 12, Dec. 4, they will confer a favor upon me and the cause in which we are common laborers. Richmond, Ind., Dec. 8, 1869. K. G.

ILLINOIS.

Spiritualism.—The Voices, etc.

I am a constant reader of the Banner of Light, and have been so for the last thirteen years. It is old, tried and true and is ever a welcome messenger, bringing within its folds, beautiful messages both from mundane and spiritual life. It is dispensing bread to the millions of that kind that can never be taken from them—an open advocate of reform, and ever ready in its defence of suffering humanity; would that others out of our ranks could be induced to read more from this sheet. Its gleanings from the great book of Nature; its appeal to the God-given principle of reason; its humanitarian effort in the reconstruction of the great family of man; its noble efforts used to induce man to throw off the galling yoke of priestly rule, are objects worthy of commendation; and though the movement appears slow, yet we find it permanent and sure.

In the onward march of progress, I would like to call your attention, as also that of your many readers, to a small work entitled The Voices, by Warren S. Barlow—a beautiful and masterly production, in which poetical strains he has delineated in the "Voice of Superstition" the popular opinion of the day, as taught by Moses and his followers.

In the "Voice of Nature" there breathes forth such rich melody, and beautiful strains of thought, that the reader's mind is involuntarily carried into realms remote from where mind is wont to dwell.

In the "Voice of the People" is shown that with humanity, as with the pebble, there are no two alike; and teaches the all important truth of charity to all. The humor, pathos, and depth of reasoning exemplified in the writer, involuntarily command the reader's attention.

I have just received from the hands of Professor Anderson, a spirit artist, of New York, a beautiful drawing of an Indian girl of some 19 summers, full size and form, dressed superbly in bridal habiliments, with the arrow in the bow drawn to the head, ready to be discharged. Artistic skill never was more beautifully exemplified than in this picture. The wild, simple, uncultivated yet modest maiden of the prairie stands before us in her beautiful spirit dress, an emblem of innocence, and a model of purity. This is indeed a prediction that knows no superior, and those beholding it are loud in its praise. May our good brother lag live to demonstrate to mortality the important truth that when a man dies he shall live again, in the sincere prayer of your humble servant. J. ANTIS.

Morris, Dec. 16, 1869.

OREGON.

Salem.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—As the railroad is bringing you to be almost a weekly visitor with us; and as you have the pleasure of sending many of your radiant rays into Oregon, perhaps you would like to hear how we are getting along.

The good cause of Spiritualism is spreading. We have all the means and appliances—lectures, literature, mediums, and a State Organization. In this State, I think it is safe to say, that all who were called infidels and free-thinkers (God bless that last phrase), are either secretly or openly, Spiritualists. They say it is the only religion that has any rational proof to sustain itself. The most free and intelligent portion of church members, those who have dared to inquire at all, are now Spiritualists, or on the high road of progress to become such; while its real opponents are confined to such members as have joined the church for popularity & business advantages, or those who have a great deal of zeal and but little knowledge generally. But the most bitter and unreasonable class of all its opponents, are those who "have within them undivulged crimes, unwhipped of justice." Such an one—who has a concealed property in his mind—told me he would not believe it if he knew it was true; and that he would rather see his children die, one by one, than to have them believe it. Yes, they probably would make restitution, if they did, of that which is such a secret curse and load on him.

Of mediums we have some good developments. Mrs. Sarah Prers, of Portland, was up here at the State Fair, and gave us some very satisfactory writings from the departed, (yet present) on business, on medical examinations and prescriptions, and explanations of our noble philosophy. Miss Alice More, a young girl of 16, is a fine trance speaker Mrs. Mary E. Lawson is also a medium for the examination of diseases, in person or abroad, by letter or look of face; also to prescribe for disease. G. W. LAWSON.

IOWA.

A Western Medium.

Having frequently noticed in the Banner of Light the different gifts of mediums mentioned, it gives me pleasure to also say that having tested the mediumistic gifts of Mrs. Mary Lewis, I con-

sider her one of our most reliable mediums. She delineated my character when I was an entire stranger to her as accurately as I could have told it myself. I have received communications from the dear departed ones, giving me tests of their presence still near me. Mrs. Lewis also possesses very fine healing powers, as I have been greatly relieved at different times by the touch of her magnetic fingers. These, combined with her lighted moral character, her affability of manners, will do honor to the cause wherever her lot may be cast.

I have been a Spiritualist eleven years; was a skeptic previous to that time. I love the cause for the good it has wrought in me. The light is becoming brighter as I advance in years. Am now sixty-four years old; but thank God for the light I am receiving from the reading of the dear old Banner of Light and the honest, reliable mediums. Yours fraternally, LYONS, IOWA, Dec. 6, 1869. CURTIS PHILLIPS.

WISCONSIN.

Darlington.

DEAR BANNER.—I will as briefly as may be send you a few items that may interest some of your readers. The good seed sown here has germinated to some extent, and promises, with careful husbandry, to bring forth something of a yield in due season.

We have had two lecturers here this autumn, one, O. D. Locke, a trance speaker, the other, W. F. Jamieson. Mr. Locke has not been controlled for seven years until quite recently, and from the imperfect control obtained he did not give as good satisfaction as was desirable, though many beautiful truths were uttered through his organism. As an improvisator he excited some surprise that a subject selected by one of the audience could be treated as well as it was.

Mr. Jamieson gave a lecture here Sunday, 28th, and Monday evening, 29th ult., to good and attentive audiences, who seemed to be so, and expressed themselves well pleased with the matter of his lectures and his manner. He also sat in three circles, and at each séance some good manifestations were given through him. I think he has given the cause a forward movement; that if his friends carefully improve the advantage gained we will soon be recognized as something more than "fools or enthusiasts."

What we now need is a good test medium—one that can give tests that are unmistakable. The theory of Spiritualism is, to a certain extent, admitted by some as good minds as there are in this community; but the demonstration that spirits can and do return, in such a manner that they can be recognized by our senses, is the one great thing required in this place.

Any good test medium who may see fit to call upon us can find a home with me, and, I think, a series of circles for tests could be made remunerative. We hope to hear from some one who will favor us with a call. Yours truly, Dec. 2d, 1869. S. F. DEANE.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Lawrence.

DEAR BANNER.—Spiritualism is waking up in this hitherto dull town, and may yet be able to give a good account of itself.

Instead of its "dying out," there never was a time when the people of this city and vicinity were so desirous of hearing "more and more" of the glorious truths of Spiritualism, as at the present. An association has been formed here, called "The Eclectic Religious Association."

They have secured a fine hall, and their meetings are well attended. For four Sundays past the hall, though large enough to accommodate five or six hundred, has been insufficient to hold all who desired to attend, and large numbers were obliged to turn away, not being able to find even standing room. During the past six weeks the Spiritualists have had six lectures. One by Mrs. S. A. Willis, one by the writer, and four by Mrs. Abbie Tanner, of Montpelier, Vt.

Mrs. Tanner is one of the most pleasing and interesting speakers ever before an audience in this city; and one of the best evidences of her success to interest her audience, is the question of nearly every one who heard her, "Can't you get her to come again?" She came among us an entire stranger, but during her short stay won a host of firm and true-hearted friends.

I hope to be able to give you in my next assurance of our success in establishing such meetings and lectures as seem necessary to meet the ever increasing wants of community relative to our spiritual philosophy. Truly yours, Lawrence, Mass., Dec. 1869. ESSEX.

Quarterly Report of the State Association's Agent.

During the past quarter I have done comparatively little for the reason that I have not had funds to work with, and have been obliged to give a portion of my time to other business than that of lecturing in order to get a living.

I have received the following contributions and subscriptions: Manchester Association, \$15.00; David Pearson, Boston, \$1.00; Wm. Durant, Leominster, \$1.00; John Colburn, Lowell, \$1.00; Eliza Colburn, Lunenburg, \$1.00 each; Leominster Society, \$10.00; Lowell Society, \$12.00; L. H. Southworth, Mrs. L. H. Southworth, George Talbot, A. Friend, Stoughton, \$1.00 each; Contribution, Stoughton, \$2.25; Contribution, Taunton, \$3.20; Contribution, Worcester, \$3.25; O. C. Pratt, Leominster, \$1.00; A. Friend, Stoughton, \$1.00; S. C. Pratt, Raynham, \$1.00; Willard Trip, W. F. Allen, Taunton, \$1.00; J. P. Edson, Dighton, \$1.00; Contribution, Somerset, \$2.31; H. O. Hammond, Saxtonville, \$1.00; Theodore Wilbur, Taunton, \$1.00; Samuel Robinson, Swansea, \$1.00; Contribution, Swansea, \$3.07; Contribution, Swansea Society, \$2.00; Worcester Society, \$14.20; Putnam Society, \$10.00.

Several good audiences, that have paid earnest attention to what I had to say to them. There is no more welcome gospel than Spiritualism, nor one whose advocates are poorer paid.

It has been many months since the treasury of the Association has been empty. I have been obliged to depend upon the generous contributions given in the places where I lectured. Several places where I have spoken I did not receive anything for my services, as the subject was new to the people, and I had no desire to leave the impression that money was my purpose in coming among them, so no contribution was taken. When there was money in the treasury I could do this and not suffer myself, but now it is impossible, as my means will not permit of my paying car-fare and incidental expenses out of my own pocket. I wish to heaven I could. I would never make another appeal to the Massachusetts Spiritualists for funds, but would gladly work for the good cause without money or price.

It would seem as though the good news we go out to hear would call forth a generous response from the pockets as well as the hearts of the people; but such is not the fact. Our Spiritualist Societies, both State and Local, are in a condition to receive the want of money to sustain them. While Spiritualists are without a single place of meeting that they can call their own in the whole State of Massachusetts, the different religious sects are rearing their costly churches and grand edifices in every town and city in the Commonwealth. They do not lack for means. Wealthy persons in upon them in unstinted measure. Rich men give generous donations while living, and dying bequeath their estates to the church.

Nothing of this kind occurs in Spiritualism. There is but a single exception on record—that of Dr. Calvin Hall, of Connecticut—who has honored to his generous soul—who gave nearly all of a large property to the cause, which, he says, has done everything for him.

I hope that every Spiritualist in the country will read Dean Clark's article in last week's Banner, "Blind Talk," and ponder it well. He has stated the case better than I can, and I know that what he says, in regard to the condition of Spiritualism, is every word true.

Spiritualists of Massachusetts! let us heed his words, so fully spoken, and be up and doing. But what are we to do? I hear you say, "We have no power to prevent it." We are suffering from the glad tidings of spiritual truth as it is revealed to us by our loving friends in the immortal

World, and recognized by the divinely instincts of our own spirits—freely, gladly give to the cause you love.

Have you Societies?—sustain them; have you Lyceums?—do not let them suffer for want of support, neither in money or labor. If you have money, give that, and work too; but if you have no money—work, and your reward will be in the fact that you will have done your duty. Have you no Societies?—give to the State Association, and send for its missionaries to come and add you. Every Spiritualist in the State should be a member of our Association, and see to it that their subscriptions are renewed each year; then there would be no lack of funds to the treasury. I hope that each Spiritualist that reads this article will have no time in coming to their dollar, or more, if they can spare it, to our good President, William White, Banner of Light, Boston, Mass., so that the missionary work may be pushed vigorously during the coming winter. I am determined to keep at work, pay or no pay, so long as I can get enough to keep my dear ones and myself from actual suffering. I am about starting on a tour in the Western part of the State, lecturing every night, besides Sundays.

I hope to meet with large audiences, and I know I shall be welcomed by kind friends, who hospitably receive me, and cheer me before. With unwavering faith in the ultimate acceptance of the Truth we advocate, I am, yours, A. F. CALVERT.

CONNECTICUT.

Report of State Agent.

TO LYMAN C. BALDWIN, Corresponding Secretary of the Connecticut Association of Spiritualists.

For reasons which will not interest the public my last quarterly statement has been deferred until the present time. Now, however, I find it necessary to write of what I have been about, and also to speak of the present.

The months of July and August were spent principally in visiting localities off the line of railroad, which I could not reach in the inclement seasons. Canterbury, Scotland, Howard's Valley and other places were visited. My audiences in most of these places were large and appreciative, so much so as to astonish me. In many of these places they knew nothing of Spiritualism, except what had been reported by those who spoke without knowledge, or who were not fair in their representation. Having never seen a trance medium, the subject of the trance condition attracted their attention, and in their investigations they evinced a fearlessness of spirit and independence of character which surprised me.

Brooklyn, I visited, neither disappointed, except in the matter of the number of persons, but not disappointed in the first one who passed them; but notwithstanding this I spoke twice to good audiences, and took collections that more than paid expenses. I visited, where I had a pleasant reception and an interesting time, giving two lectures to intelligent, though skeptical audiences. Here I attended a temperance meeting, at which I was unexpectedly called on, and the spirit of Father Pierpont took control and made some very pointed remarks on his favorite theme. The first speaker of the evening having made the association, and in his explanation, the "temperance reformation" was only second to the "Christianity," and that whatever of time, talent and influence he had outside of his professional labors should be employed in endeavoring to establish principles of temperance and sobriety. The controls, I explained, that I thought the temperance reformation the first work essential to be accomplished, as it would be much easier to promulgate the doctrine of Christianity after temperance and sobriety were established, adding that he thought the past had fully demonstrated the impossibility of christianizing a drunken community.

From this place I proceeded to Winsted, stopping en route at Southfield, Forestville, Bristol and Watbury, reaching Winsted in season to speak there the last Sunday in September, which was the expiration of the last quarter of the time for which I was engaged.

I have in the twelve months visited seventy-five different towns in the State, and given from one to ten lectures in each place. I have found only one Local Society in the State that has ignored the claims of the State Association. The total of the State organization, as regards bills, stationery, postage, &c., has been \$133.11. Sum total of all bills, \$136.00. Sum total of collections taken at lectures, \$107.45.

By the urgent solicitations of the Executive Board I still continue to travel in the State as their Agent, and as such continue the cooperation of the Spiritualists of Connecticut. Truth cannot be divorced from the world without money, and it remains for the Spiritualists of Connecticut to say whether this movement shall be sustained in the State or not. There is no money in the treasury, and it is dependent entirely on the benevolence of the people. I have not forgotten that you have been here, but in many places, notwithstanding as well as individuals; but if this movement is sustained, you must continue to be. I would urge the claims of the State Association upon the attention of the moneyed Spiritualists. Let these out of their abundance donate ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, or one hundred dollars yearly to sustain this necessary movement, and it will soon place it on a material basis that would make it a permanent organization.

I would also invite the attention of the acting officers of Local Societies, the Conductors and Guardians of Lyceums, to the claims of the State Association, and urge upon them the necessity of taking a collection each quarter in their meetings in aid of the Association; or an occasional public exhibition, or an entertainment given by the Lyceum, donating the proceeds to this movement, would be a pleasant and interesting method of raising money to keep the ball in motion. Contributions taken at private donations can be paid to me or forwarded to my address, Falls Village, Conn., or to Lyman C. Baldwin, Secretary and Treasurer of the State Association, West Winsted, Conn.

Send in your subscription without delay, so that we can arrange to reach you without unnecessary delay. I can by subscriptions and collections, since making my last statement.

Collections: Four lectures in Putnam, \$15.21; two in Canterbury, \$12.00; two in Southfield, \$7.80; two in Howard's Valley, \$1.80; two in Baltic, \$1.91; two in Brooklyn, \$1.74; two in Southington, \$2.23; two in Watbury, \$1.27; two in Bristol, \$2.50. Total, \$55.67. Subscriptions: C. D. James, Danversville, \$5.00; Mrs. Lucy James, Danversville, \$1.00; Albert Wheaton, \$1.00; H. McHenry, Williamstown, \$5.00; S. C. Finch, Southington, \$1.00; S. C. Miller, do, \$2.00; J. L. Collins, do, \$1.00; Dr. W. L. Upson, do, \$1.00; Marshall Upson, do, \$1.00; Payment of old subscriptions, Mystic, \$5.00. Total, \$23.00.

A. E. HENRY, HENRY, Agent of Connecticut State Association of Spiritualists. Falls Village, Dec. 4th, 1869.

Daniel W. Hull in Connecticut.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—My object in writing you at this time is to call your attention to Bro. D. W. Hull as a lecturer in the spiritual ranks. He has spoken in the spiritual hall in this village four Sabbaths and is to speak again for our next Sabbath, after which he has no engagement. He is liked well as a speaker, and sociable in want of a good lecturer would do well to employ him. He is a sound reasoner, and demonstrates clearly the great truths of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Blair has been here two weeks, exercising her gift of painting while in a trance state, blindfolded. Even skeptics call it wonderful. Mrs. Byrnes is to speak for us through the month of January. Respectfully, M. F. DWIGHT. Stafford, Conn., Dec., 1869.

SPIRITUALISM A POWER.

BY T. L. WAUGH.

Although many are ready to prophesy that Spiritualism will finally die out, as did the Salem Witchcraft, yet new phases of spirit power are being exhibited to the astonishment of the skeptic, and to the excretion of bigots. The old cry of "humbug" is still repeated by certain classes, who are loth to investigate the phenomena for fear of being convinced of their false positions.

Who that has given the last look upon the material form of a friend, does not feel that the fact of spirit communion has great power to assuage grief, and bring consolation to the bereaved one? There are many who are not called Spiritualists, who have communed with the spirits of their departed ones, receiving needed counsel and encouragement for the future. Thus the ministrations of angel guides have ever blessed the world, and will continue to, in spite of the existing opposition.

We live in an age of free thought, in an age of reason, in an age of spirit-revelation, whose modern advent astonished many, and has prepared the way for higher developments of spirituality. We are constantly learning new truths. Some would have us believe that religion is stationary. Every new edition of theology is abridged. Something new must ever be added. And thus Spiritualism is overtopping all sectarian societies, because the age in which we live is progressive.

Believing that those who have passed from our sight still look upon us with interest, we feel prompted to live such lives that they may regard us approvingly. Thus our philosophy is a power of morality, justice, and truth.

When a dog gets his head fastened in a fence it is unsafe to extricate him, unless you enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance.

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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 must be addressed.

A New Story for the Banner.

As the *Banner* is never backward in good works,
we shall commence on the first of January the
publication of an Original Story of great merit,
entitled

"STARVING BY INCHES."

It treats upon some of the much needed reforms
of the day with telling effect, and will be endorsed
without doubt by every sincere friend of human-
ity, as its liberal ideas and strong moral tenden-
cies cannot fail to prove wholesome food for the
public mind.

It is particularly commended to a class of busi-
ness men whose intense love of gain oftentimes
detracts the finer feelings of the heart. Such
should bear in mind that there is something far
purer and holier to live for than simply the riches
of earth.

"STARVING BY INCHES." How many poor
mortals in the great cities of the world are at this
moment repeating the ominous phrase, with de-
spair indubitably stamped upon their sunken coun-
tenances! And yet there are those in affluent
circumstances who heed not the cry, but live
on in ease, luxury and content. If our story,
"STARVING BY INCHES," shall arouse such to a
sense of that duty they owe to common human-
ity, then shall we indeed be thankful.

The Spirit.

The December number of the *Monthly Religious
Magazine* contains an article from the author of
the series on Miracles and their Significance,
treating distinctly of "The Spirit"; and the ex-
tracts were about to give out of it indicate a
truly personal knowledge of what the writer so
suggestively discusses, and reveal the depths of
so profound a spiritual experience of his own,
that it is worth a very thoughtful perusal as a
whole. The beauty and force of this writer's ex-
position of spiritual presence and power all along
has lain in his simple and undesigning method of
stating facts and searching for truth. There is
no design of partisanship in what he writes. It
is from the depths of an aspiring spirit that his
evidences are taken, and they will be sure to be-
get a permanent impression in the minds of those
similarly receptive and sensitive. He speaks at
times himself with the tongue of an angel.
Reading his own clear view of what inspiration
is, one may readily adopt the belief that he is
himself inspired. Spiritualists everywhere, of
every grade of faith and capacity of reception,
feel a lasting gratitude to one who, while given
to speak so plainly, has strengthened and com-
forted them by his words.

He discourses of the Spirit thus:
"The Spirit, the Spirit of the Lord, the Spirit of
God, the Holy Ghost; There is nothing which
more intimately concerns us than that, and nothing
also, which is more difficult to know about theo-
logically. And yet perhaps it is the simplest
enough for willing and simple people. However,
of all the various kinds of knowledge, proverbially
self-knowledge is the most difficult. And, perhaps,
it is because the Spirit is so near to us, and
is indeed part of us, at times, and like the
breath we draw, and the strength we have, and the
light we see by, that it has been so hard to
think about."

"Spirit is the life of everything. And it is the
life of my life; and it is also what must be with
me, as a foreign presence, or else I could not be
myself, nor think, nor have a word on my tongue."
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is
high, I cannot attain unto it. Whether shall I go
from thy spirit? But besides this pervading, life-
supporting presence of the Spirit, there is an
action of it which is intermittent, conditional and
occasional."

"A living soul that could be spoken to spiri-
tually, and that could hear, and that was even
also free to hear or not to hear, to obey or not to
obey! A new creation this! And also this was
the commencement of a new era under the skies.
For 'the spirit of God' which had been moving
'upon the face of the waters,' had become now a
voice in the garden of Eden—the Lord God speak-
ing."

"In the Scriptures, when it is said that God
spoke, the right understanding would seem to be,
that it was through an angel. Jacob had a dream,
or more precisely perhaps, a vision in a dream, as
to which he says what follows: 'The angel of
God spake unto me in a dream, saying, Jacob;
and I said, Here am I.' But then that same per-
sonage, which had commenced speaking as an
angel, as he continues his speech says, 'I am the
God of Bethel, where thou anointedst the pillar,
and where thou rowdest a vow unto me.' When
Moses was keeping his flock of sheep near Mount
Horeb, 'the angel of the Lord appeared unto him
in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush.'
And when Moses went near to see how there
could be such a fire, and the bush not be burning
with it, the voice which called to him out of the
bush was from God, and it said, 'I am the God of
thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac,
and the God of Jacob.'"

"When then by the letter of the Scripture it
would seem as though 'God had been seen or
heard,' it is to be understood that it was through
his angel that God was manifested."

"In the Scriptures then, an angel of God is God
himself, as it were. And it would seem also as
though a spirit in the service of God might some
time have been accounted as the Spirit of God."

"But by St. John it is distinctly implied that
spirits from the spiritual world, might be the
manifestation of the Spirit of God. 'Beloved,
believe not every spirit, but try the spirits wheth-

er they are of God; because many false prophets
are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye
the Spirit of God: every spirit that confesseth
that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God;
and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus
Christ is come in the flesh is not of God.' Also,
that the Spirit may manifest itself through indi-
vidual spirits, and through the manner in which
those disembodied, invisible spirits may actuate
human beings, appears by the words of St. Paul,
addressed to the church at Corinth, as to how
people were to behave during an actual man-
ifestation of the Spirit. 'Let the prophets speak
two or three, and let the other judge. If any-
thing be revealed to another that sitteth by, let
the first hold his peace. For ye may all proph-
esy one by one, that all may learn, and all may
be comforted. And the spirits of the prophets are
subject to the prophets.' Hence, it would
seem, as though sometimes and for some pur-
poses spirits might be the channels between man
and God, for the Holy Ghost, and be indeed them-
selves as spirits, the manifestation of the Spirit.

"The Spirit must have laws and ways of which
mere mortals can never possibly know. Results
from it, they may experience personally, while
yet the manner thereof may transcend all con-
jecture. Till within the last two or three hun-
dred years, universally men had lived and died
in ignorance that blood is reddened and vitalized
by the process of breathing. And so it may well
be supposed that the philosophy of human na-
ture, spiritually, will never be known perfectly
by anybody in the flesh. With an unperverted
man, prayer is as truly an instinct as breathing
is. But as to how prayer is power, and as to how
God feels it, as man breathes it, mortal man may
never know; nor is it necessary that he should.
Indeed it cannot be otherwise, religiously, than
that we ought to be confident as to some things
which we cannot see. We may be ever so pros-
perous in this world, and great, but yet as human
beings, we are at our best and truest only when
'we walk by faith and not by sight.' And to per-
sons who live more sublimely than they can pos-
sibly know, and as kings and priests, unto God
and the Father, there must occur things, higher
and to origin, than what they can possibly trace;
because spirits living by the Spirit, have infinite,
and infinitely various connections."

"That sleep or fitness for visions, is something
like the same thing, apparently, as being 'in the
Spirit.' It is a condition, in which the ear is
closed against thunder, and in which the eye is as
though it were dead, and in which the skin is in-
sensible even to fire. It is a state in which the
soul is purely itself, and hears through its spiri-
tual ears, and sees through its spiritual eyes, and is
conscious of another atmosphere than this of
earth."

"This being 'in the Spirit,' would seem to be
through nature. Man by his nature is capable of
intromission as to spirit, and of being caught up
into Paradise, and of hearing what the Spirit
says, and what also angels may have to say or
show. And in regard to revelation, the deep
sleep of the body, which was experienced by
prophets and apostles, may have been but a con-
sequence of their souls having been intensely
quickened in some way, at some point."

"In one age, a man may live by the Holy
Ghost, and be strong and joyful in it, without a
wish for a miracle or a thought of one. While in
another age, a man cannot think but that he
grows from birth to death, simply from out of his
earthly self, like a plant rooted in the earth; and
for him, therefore, some gift of the spirit, or some
miracle or sign might be of infinite importance,
as a thing for thought, because of its manifesting
a connection for him, with a world invisible, of
spirit."

"Thoughts from on high as to God, or high
thoughts concerning God, can reach mankind
only through such minds as may, at any time,
be open and willing to receive them. This gen-
tle manner of approach is not, however, of neces-
sity. Though certainly the way of the Spirit, in
this world, at present, would be confusion worse
than what happened at the tower of Babel, and
would even be suffering worse than what the Is-
raelites were punished with in the desert, but
that it is tempered for us and administered by
what, in a Christian way, may be called the fa-
therhood of God. And, indeed, the condescen-
sion of God toward this world, as he wraps it
about and fills it with his Spirit, is not by acts
dating from eras, but it is continuous, and like a
stream, for 'he, every one that thirsteth.'"

"According to the Scriptures, then, the Spirit
was that of which there can be an outpouring in
one age, and a dearth in another. It is what can
be imparted to a man, and what can be with-
drawn from him, and it is what also he can
quench as to himself. Occasionally, also, it is
what can be imparted by one man to another,
not, however, as arbitrary grace, but only like
some angelic whisper for the inmost being of the
recipient. In the evening after his resurrection,
the disciples being assembled together in a room,
of which the doors were closed for fear of the
Jews, Jesus became present among them and
breathed on them, and said, 'Receive ye the Holy
Ghost.' The Holy Spirit was also communica-
ble, occasionally, by the apostles, through their
hands, while placed on right-minded persons."

"The Spirit of God may be poured out on men,
in multitudes; or it may spread from heart to
heart, like a flame; or by possessing itself of the
body of some man, it may even speak expressly.
It may teach one man like some 'word of the Lord'
suddenly revealed in the mind; and to another
man it may be imparted by angelic agency. It
may strike a man with conviction, while he is in
a crowd; and conceivably it may get lodged with
him, during deep sleep, when sometimes God
'openeth the ears of men and sealeth their in-
struction, that he may withdraw man from his
purpose, and hide pride from man.'"

"Men are reached by the Spirit, on one step
and another. As walking, thinking, working
creatures on the earth, 'the inspiration of the Al-
mighty giveth them understanding.' But for men
'in the image of God created,' the Spirit can
be the Holy Spirit. And by still other persons,
the Spirit of God can be felt like the Spirit of the
Son of God, for tenderness and encouragement,
and sweet, loving assurance."

"God, that made all things, is 'All things to all
men' to a greater extent than ever Paul was
made. From North to South, from the earth to
the sun, and from one sun to another, it is by the
Spirit of God that the universe is coherent. And
it is by the same Spirit that men are made to dif-
fer, and the stars also from one another in glory,
and one era on this earth from another, as time
wears on. When the beasts of the field were
made, it was by the Spirit, but not by as much of
the Spirit of God as what created man in his own
image. And man, as he lives, is more and more
receptive of that Spirit. There are persons who
believe in the Spirit as a pious word, but cannot
conceive of it as an actuality which concerns
them."

"The susceptibilities of human nature as to
spiritual action are many, as may, perhaps, have
already appeared. And, additionally, this is con-
ceivable. As the body is the case of the soul, so
may animal magnetism serve for the corporeity
of the Spirit, sometimes, and for one or two pur-
poses."

"But, indeed, already I am spiritually in-
spired, and so I have been, ever since I was
born as a living soul. It is true, as I look up,
that there is nothing between me and the sun,
for such eyes as I can open as yet. Nor is it likely
that ever my spiritual sight will be opened, till I
shall have got through the valley of the shadow
of death. But still, if I could look to day with those
eyes, through which it is possible that hereafter
I may even see Uriel in the Sun, I should discern
between this earth and the altered look of that
luminary, at various distances, signs probably of
principality and powers, and ways of communi-
cation with the New Jerusalem; and I should be
sensible of the magic properties of another atmo-
sphere than this of earth; and I might, thereby,
also perhaps become conscious of strange affini-
ties drawing me, like old friendships, toward
Paul or Dante; and toward some angel, who may,
at some time, have enwrapped about me in a time
of trouble, without my knowledge; or toward
some remote ancestor, whose name I may never
have heard of; or toward some spirit, whose
course in his earthly life was marked by like
lines with my own; and toward some fellow-
Christian, who may have thrived in church,
without my knowledge, to the same movement of
the Spirit as what quickened me."

"Is it said that there is no avenue for the Spirit,
as to human nature? It might as well be said
that there is no channel in the air, whereby words
can pass from man to man."

"The universe is alive with the Spirit and with
spiritual occupants, and has always been thought
to be so, except by a few people now and then,
and here and there—persons of a nature some-
what elephantine as to outlook, and unfortunate
as to education. According to an old word for a
prejudice on the subject, there are those who
cannot believe in the existence of spirit. There
have been persons, especially in France, who
have been even bigoted against a belief in human
immortality or in spirit. During the first half of
this century, magnetism was ardently studied in
France, but when it began to give signs of being
spiritually connected, some of its greatest adepts
were shocked and scandalized as being men of
'the world that now is.' The Baron Dupotet
was so affected; but yet he could not but say,
'There is an agent in space, whence we ourselves,
our inspiration and our intelligence proceed; and
that agent is the spiritual world which surrounds
us.' Those are the words of a French adept and
scholar as to magnetism, and which were true, to
his own knowledge, as he thought. And these
words following are by Confucius, he contempo-
rary, indeed, of the prophets Zechariah and Hag-
gai, but yet who was also a Chinese. 'An ocean
of invisible intelligences surrounds us.'"

"This spirituality of the universe is the testi-
mony of almost all tribes and nations, in every age.
It was the persuasion of Greece, and Egypt, and
Chaldea. Under the light, conjointly, of history
and criticism, what the Scriptures were especially
given to teach, is not the reality of the spiritual
world, as many people think, but rather the cer-
tainty, and nature, and operation of the Spirit of
God, or the Holy Ghost."

"Geology is science as to the spirit of God,
while it was shaping the earth. And the Bible is
the history of the Spirit, in its relations with
man. The tent of Abraham, the sojourn in
Egypt, the captivity in Babylon, Moriah and the
lake of Galilee, are but accessories to the history.
The Old Testament and the New, are a revela-
tion of every man to himself, through the Spirit,
and a revelation also of the eternal Spirit as it
acts in time."

"In Patmos John received a revelation from
an angel, which revelation the angel had received
from Jesus Christ. And it was in a similar man-
ner, probably, that Elijah was concerned with
Christ, as making the Baptist go before him in
the spirit and power of Elias. And indeed the
whole ministration of the world, intellectually,
morally and spiritually, is largely by mediation.
For when influences from above reach men, com-
monly it is through a certain few, who are like
mediators for the rest. And according to St.
Paul, not only was the law 'ordained by angels,'
but also was 'in the hand of a mediator.'"

"Often on earth that which is a mystery of the
kingdom of heaven had its beginning with the
Spirit, and is outside of the reach of mere reason,
and is what only the Spirit can ever show, or
even hint about."

"According to the Book of Revelation, 'Behold
the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will
dwell with them, and they shall be his people.'
In a state of more or less intelligence Archbishop
Fenelon, Jacob Bohme, George Fox, and William
Law, and Swedenborg, and Charles Wesley and
his brother John, and multitudes, more or less
like them, have entered into the court itself of
that temple, during the last two or three hundred
years. But nevertheless, one generation after
another for now a long time, while Christians
have been going up to the temple for worship,
commonly they have had but a poor relief, and
often none whatever, as to the holy of holies, and
the positive, kind, familiar, human nearness of
the Spirit."

"The holy of holies! Now under Christ Jesus,
the actual place of it is in the soul itself, if only
men had faith in it and could believe like the Spirit.
And indeed it is in the Spirit and from the
Spirit, that man is, to live to all eternity, and
even just as he does already. For truly the hu-
man body is the highest formation of the Spirit,
which there is in connection with his earth.
And indeed diamonds of the purest water are but
ancient experiments in the workshop of Nature,
with a view to the human eye."

"The recent discoveries, through which the
powers of Nature lend themselves to human use,
and under the application of which he fields
grow more fertile and the depths of the earth
yield up their treasures, are often spoken of as
Nature unrolling herself. Nature unrolling her-
self—what is that? Oh, thou poor idolater of
second causes, what is Nature? Nature is but
one of the lower titles of God. And 'Nature un-
rolling herself,' if it means anything, means the
Spirit of God revealing itself of its own power
on a plane which is level with human intellect."

"But, at its best, what is all that sees our
bodily life, or even that glorifies existence for us,
as mere denizens of this earth, in comparison
with that revelation of the Spirit of which man
spiritually is susceptible? Fearfully ad won-
derfully made as man is as to his body, is yet
more wonderful still as to his soul. Aid of all
the creatures that have ever been on the earth,
man only is what can answer, in any way, to the
fatherhood of God. And we human creatures,
at this late time, ought to be able to understand
readily the meaning of St. Paul, when he asks,
'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and
that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?'"

Christmas Time.

Why this beautiful outbreak of sentiment—the
sentiment of love and charity—at this particular
season? Why this eager desire to prove, one to
the other, the love that lurks in the heart, the en-
dearing sympathies that are always there like the
sun in the heavens, the affection that burns its
steady flame at the hearth of every human life?
Why, but that this is the Christmas time, the time
of the birth of Christ, whose name will forever
be synonymous with the highest and the deepest
love, and about which event attended the purest
and most resplendent spirit influences recorded
on the page of history? The Christ birth was the
advent of Love as a new power on earth, which is
destined to overcome and displace every other
power known. Is it any wonder, then, that the
return of the anniversary should be devoted to the
unrestricted reign of the holy influence which
came in as a power with the birth at Bethlehem?
Is it at all strange that fathers and mothers over-
flow in love at this time toward their offspring,
kind friends are eager to give forth some tangible
expression of love to friends, that through all this
universal hilarity there runs a deep and sweet
meaning of affection, and that it is a season of joy
only as it is one of kindness and charity and
self surrender?

Who, then, more thoroughly in sympathy with
the season than Spiritualists? Who, more than
they, real believers in its significance and power?
What but truly spiritual influences are all these
that descend in such soft showers upon the time?
If Spiritualists are not to recognize this season as
peculiarly theirs, full of living suggestions for
them, to what form of faith can it more unquali-
fiedly apply? Christmas is the door through
which holier and higher influences came upon the
race. They are precisely those influences, which
lift up the soul, breathe new life into it, expand
its powers, multiply its resources, mellow its
soul under their steady sun, sow broadcast the
ripe seeds of charity and kindness, teach us how to
forgive and forget, stimulate to still loftier en-
deavor, and, through a low door, lead by hu-
mility into an edifice where every virtue and be-
lief finds a permanent home. Why should
not every true Spiritualist say, "Blessed be
Christmas," when it introduces such welcome
influences into our lives? Why should we
yield the season to those who worship the
outer Christ, when our faith penetrates to that
inner spirit, wholly of love and truth, which is
the real, the true, and the only living Christ
known?

Perfectly Natural.

The Massachusetts Medical Society recently
held its annual meeting in this city, when the
customary essays and disquisitions were got off,
the usual amount of mutual admiration indulged
in, and the regular dinner put away for confirma-
tion and comfort. The annual address, written
by Dr. Alfred Hitchcock, undertook to show that
medical science had its origin from the Author of
all science, and wherever religion has existed
medical success has been found. We agree to
this from the first to the last syllable; but it is
not so clear that the Massachusetts Medical So-
ciety possess all the "religion," or that they receive
their science directly from God. What they think
themselves of other associations and medical
practitioners, it is not necessary to repeat; fur-
ther than to allude to what the sapient and pro-
found author of this address had to say about
Spiritualism and spirit healing. "The Christian
hygiene," said he, "embraces the trinity of man's
nature—physical, intellectual and moral. The
opposites are the three sins—clairvoyance, or Spirit-
ualism, inebriety, and pre-infanticide; to counter-
act which the medical and clerical professions
have a joint task." He remarked that though he
believed fully in the great missionary work un-
dertaken by the churches, he regarded the effort
made to overcome the heathenish rites and in-
cantations, whose aid is sought to cure diseases,
as inconsistent with his duty to those right
around him, who are following in heathen footsteps
by seeking the aid of departed spirits for similar pur-
poses." Now the best way for him to correct error
is, first to expose it; and that no doctor need hope
to do, until he becomes humble enough to accept
admitted facts, whether palatable or unpalatable,
and understand fully the magnetic laws which he
presumes to denounce while still ignorant of
them. He and his brethren show themselves to
be very children in prejudice, to stop short of
grand discoveries in order to express their hatred
of the instruments through which they are ac-
cidentally made.

The Census of Creeds and Faiths.

Next year, the time comes round again for tak-
ing the census, and Congress is to make such pre-
paratory arrangements for carrying it out as it
shall think fit. We notice, among the recommen-
dations of some of the more influential daily jour-
nals, one to the effect that there should be taken
a census of the different beliefs of the population.
The New York World observes as follows on this
most timely and interesting matter: "Some
months ago, we expressed a hope that, when the
census was taken, a column should be prepared
in the forms wherein could be set down the re-
ligious faith or 'no faith' of the inhabitants of
the country. We again call attention to this
point, for the purpose of saying that the census
will be deplorably imperfect if this addition to its
returns be omitted. It is probable that every
religious denomination in the land is stronger,
numerically, than its members imagine, and this
official return of its adherents will be very sat-
isfactory to them. We are continually told, more-
over, that the country is rapidly lapsing into in-
fidelity. It is of the first importance that the truth or
falsity of this assertion should be ascertained; and
in no way can this be so well, so cheaply, and so
satisfactorily done as by the method we have
pointed out. We are entirely and unreservedly
of the World's opinion. It admits of no question
in our mind, that if we could but have, at this
stage of our national progress, a fair and candid
statement by the people of the country of their
individual religious views, that the immense
number of believers in Spiritualism would startle
those who think it a 'heresy' which is to be
finally rooted out by denunciation or ridicule. We
believe it would be discovered that there are mil-
lions of genuine Spiritualists in the Union, whose
numbers could never be as well ascertained in any
other way. Why not take the suggestion as
thrown out, Messrs. Members of Congress, and act
upon it in compiling the new census?"

Portrait of Emma Hardinge.

We offer to our readers a spirited and very
beautifully executed portrait of Emma Hardinge,
engraved for the *Banner of Light*, by J. H. Rich-
ardson, the distinguished artist, of New York.
This portrait does not appear in Mrs. Hardinge's
great work. That will contain a highly finished
portrait of her, on steel, by Sartain, of Philadel-
phia, that will correspond in artistic beauty with
the many other portraits and illustrations which
embellish the "HISTORY OF MODERN AMERICAN
SPIRITUALISM," to be issued in a few days.

The Holiday Season.

This is a time by itself, when the feelings of all
are stirred with influences such as set about them
at no other season of the year. Thanksgiving is a
time of family gatherings, the scattered children
coming back to the old hearth and board, and
mingling their congratulations with those of the
older ones left behind at the homestead. But
Christmas comes out of the piled snows, in the
snug weather of winter, when all joys are found
in doors; and it appeals directly from heart to
heart, by those uncounted tokens which pass
eagerly from hand to hand. Every one who at
this season feels a throb of love for another, who
would lift a friend's load by ever so little with a
kindly remembrance, who would betray his
thoughtful affection by selecting and presenting
what the recipient would be happy to possess,
who would practically send a part of his own
heart to his friend, his wife, his child, his relative,
will instinctively look about among the shops of
our now brilliant and panoramic thoroughfares,
and make the selections which best befit his sen-
timent and means together.

Of the variety of gifts there is seemingly no end;
but yet each individual is, of necessity, restricted
in numbers and price. Gifts may really be classi-
fied according to their meaning, that is, their ex-
pression. If something is sought for that is main-
ly useful, that is well, but it must be remembered
that it comes far short of expressing a sentiment
that still struggles for freedom. The giver then
feels that he has done the receiver a favor, and
the latter certainly feels grateful. But both sides
are conscious of a something which has not yet
been reached. Others give for the cost of the
thing, desirous of publishing and proclaiming
their pecuniary power to their acquaintances.
Others seek after such gifts as will at once con-
vey some adequate conception of the true and sin-
cere feelings which work in their own hearts, and
answer with propriety, if not with fullness, to
those of the recipient. And this is the highest
style of giving. It means more than can be ut-
tered. It is based on the tastes of the recipient,
conjointly with the sympathy and friendship of the
giver. It is at bottom sincere and full of expres-
sion, and is certain to keep its vitality, as a gift,
longest on that account.

And of this style of gifts are books and pictures,
but books more especially. They awaken new
thoughts, open new fields to the awakened imagi-
nation, stimulate a fresh brood of ideas, quicken
the sympathies, and knit closer than almost all
other things the hearts of friends. We emphasize
this opinion because experience has long since
demonstrated its truth. There is nothing like a
book, said Rufus Choate, and thousands upon
thousands will agree with one who loved books
so well.

Addressing Spiritualists, as we do at this mo-
ment, and all whose belief tends to the beautiful
and holy truths which it embodies, it would be
but natural that we recommended for their read-
ing and presentation, above other forms of writ-
ing, those books which let the spirit into the
largest freedom, introduce it into immortal com-
panionships, feed it with the food of heavenly de-
sire, elevate the thoughts, the hopes, the duties,
and the daily life, ennoble all things with which
we come in constant contact, and bring heaven
and earth as closely as possible together. And
out of the long and rich list of publications which
Spiritualists can find on our shelves, we can in
good faith recommend none with greater earnest-
ness than the splendid and comprehensive tribute
to modern Spiritualism which will be published,
early this week, from the pen of Mrs. Emma Har-
dinger, under the title of "MODERN AMERICAN
SPIRITUALISM; A Twenty Years' Record of the
Communion between Earth and the World of
Spirits." It will be a large octavo volume of six
hundred pages, profusely and superbly illustrated
with portraits on steel, wood in tint, and litho-
graphy. No book could be a finer present to
or from a Spiritualist. It opens its varied record
—which is throughout a silent triumphal march
of truth—with the humble and despised knock-
ing at Rochester, and ends the pregnant story, so
full of significance to the world, with the celebra-
tion of the Twentieth Anniversary of that remark-
able event. Aside from the intrinsic value of the
volume, it will be doubly acceptable as the pro-
duction of so gifted a person as Mrs. Hardinger.

We shall, in addition, refer the buyer only to
the prose and poetry of Lizzie Doten. Her "Poems
from the Inner Life" have long been a comfort
and inspiration for thousands. Her new volume
of prose, just issued in elegant style, "MY AF-
FINITY, AND OTHER STORIES," has already met
with unexampled favor, yet no favor but such
as rested on its merit. It is indeed a beautiful
gift for any one to make, full of soul yearnings
and purest impulses, abounding in that subtle
spiritual power, tranquillizing and sweet, for which
Miss Doten is a well-known medium, and able to
make any reader to better desires, a purer resolu-
tion and a higher faith. Readers never tire of one
who gives them so much as she does. Buy her
new book, or her Poems, or both, and they will
prove presents of rare value to the soul that will
feel grateful for having been permitted to peruse
either of them.

There are numerous other books on the list
which we will not name here, but leave our read-
ers to search it through for themselves. A valu-
able holiday token selected from our shelves will
keep its life and freshness long after the holiday
season comes round again. For the present Christ-
mas we wish our friends all possible happiness,
and pray that it may prove a season filled with
the substantial blessings of heavenly influences.
A Merry Christmas!

The Physical Manifestations.

Joseph Moorhouse, of Waltham, asserts that
"spiritual manifestations have had their day."
How is it, Mr. Moorhouse, in regard to the alleged
newly developed medium, Charles O. Jenison, said
to be a resident of your town, who has lately held
séances, in public and private, when, our corre-
spondent states, "he permitted skeptics and op-
ponents of Spiritualism to confine him securely
with ropes, which operation took from ten min-
utes to one hour and a half? At one time he was
bound with ropes measuring one hundred and
seventy feet, enclosing him in a complete net-
work. In seven minutes and a half after the cabi-
net door was closed the ropes were taken off and
thrown out of the cabinet. The guitar and other
instruments were played upon while his hands
were confined with ropes; hands and arms were
also seen in the aperture of the cabinet, three
hands often visible at the same time," etc.

S. D. Hardy, of Marlboro', is our authority for
the above statement. This does not look as though
the spiritual manifestations were dying out!

We know a lady in this city of the highest re-
spectability who has recently become developed as
a medium for the physical manifestations, and
the phenomena in her presence are truly wonder-
ful. There is no inducement whatever for her to
deceive, as no fee is required. The séances are
occasionally held by the lady in question at the
solicitation of her personal friends.

Mr. George Peabody's Remains.

While this paragraph is being read by many of our subscribers, the remains of Mr. Peabody will probably be about landing on the shores of his native country. They were taken from Westminster Abbey, where they lay among the great of the earth, to the iron-clad British naval vessel Monarch, accompanied by the American Minister and others, minute guns firing, and the ships in Portsmouth harbor displaying their flags at half-mast and dipping their ensigns as the vessel steamed out to sea. When the coffin was received on board, Minister Motley formally consigned them to the temporary keeping of the commander of the ship in these fitting words:

"Sir—The President of the United States having been informed of the death of the great philanthropist, the lamented Mr. Peabody, at once ordered a ship from the European squadron of the United States to proceed to this country in order to convey his remains to America. Simultaneously, her Majesty the Queen, being apprised of the sad event, gave orders that one of Her Majesty's ships should be appointed to perform the same office. This double honor from the heads of two great nations to a simple American citizen was, like his bounty to the poor of both nations, quite unprecedented. The President has yielded most cordially to the wish of the Queen, and the remains are now to be carried across the Atlantic in the British vessel to his native country, to be buried with his kindred, therefore, of the American national vessel will accompany her as a consort on the voyage. All that was taken from Westminster Abbey, where very rarely before in history did a foreigner of any nation find a sepulchre, whether temporarily or permanently, and has been brought to this port. As Minister of the Republic at the Court of Her Majesty, I have been requested by the relatives and executors of Mr. Peabody, who are now present, to confide these, his revered remains, to your keeping. This duty I have now the honor of fulfilling."

The Good Work Progressing.

Fifty-four new subscribers have been added to our list since our last issue, obtained through the efforts of our old subscribers, as follows: S. P. Cheney sent four; George Napier, one; Mrs. M. G. Hodgkins, one; A. C. Dow, one; Rev. J. B. Mack, one; Mrs. A. Hanson, one; O. S. Dornbury, one; Lois Holst, one; D. B. Crocker, one; J. Gould, one; George M. Romington, one; F. V. Powers, one; C. A. Haskell, one; T. T. Edmunds, one; M. Owen, one; J. & L. Kirk, one; George Hosmer, one; Mattie B. Ewell, one; B. A. Morgan, one; S. R. Caruthers, one; Dr. Reed, one; Henry Stevens, one; N. H. Doubleday, one; Mrs. H. D. Cary, one; C. C. Zinn, one; Benjamin S. Griffin, one; Henry A. Gray, one; W. D. Chaplin, one; S. R. Duren, one; H. Glidden, one; L. Gray, one; William Holloway, one; Mrs. F. Phelps, one; Mrs. P. C. Wilcox, one; J. D. Higgins, one; W. H. Dewey, one; Mrs. Charles Lewis, one; T. H. Hills, one; Martin Perry, one; E. L. Edgerton, one; Dr. Denton, one; W. H. Crowell, one; E. Terry, one; C. Johnson, one; R. Cook, one; J. R. Bridges, one; Y. A. Carr, one; A. E. Carpenter, two; William Bates, one.

J. M. Peebles.

We find the following curious paragraph in the December number of "Human Nature," a talented monthly Spiritualist magazine, published in London:

"Mr. Peebles has found his way from London to Paris, thence via Marseilles to Constantinople, and at date of his last was enjoying the blessings of his consulate at Trebizond, a queer old city of about fifty thousand inhabitants—Turks, Persians, Georgians, Arabians, Greeks, Armenians, and a few Frankish fragments, altogether forming a very motley patchwork of humanity. But our brother does not feel all this kind of thing in accordance with his tastes, either socially or politically, and if we may trust the promptings of our prophetic bump, it may be accepted as a veritable revelation that a resignation will occur soon, or a deputy will be appointed, while our pilgrim will make a tour by Babel's streams, the hills of Zion, the Isles of Greece, and other notable spots bearing the footprints of an ancient inspiration. Then, in say two months, he will be in England again, when we hope a goodly number of calls to be in waiting for him, for truly his mission to Europe may promote the cause of Spiritualism much. If the apathy of Spiritualists will not prevent them from taking advantage of Mr. Peebles's superior talents."

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield is coming East this winter on a lecturing tour. He is engaged to speak in Lynn, Mass., during January. Societies desiring to engage him must speak quick, for he will not be long unengaged.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis, says the London *Human Nature*, after remaining a few days in Paris, went on a tour to Italy with Mr. Andrus. He will visit the south of France with an agreeable party of friends.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend Hoadley has been lecturing in Massachusetts for several weeks past. Dr. Hoadley, her husband, has decided to locate in Hudson, Mass., as a physician. Those wishing to engage Mrs. H. to lecture can address her there.

Magog.

A correspondent, A. W. Hoyt, writes us that a ray of spiritual light has penetrated the theologically benighted town of Magog, Canada. A medium has been developed and is holding circles there twice a week. The seed thus sown is sure to produce good results. We congratulate our friend Hoyt for the efforts he is making to introduce the Spiritual Philosophy in his town. The spirit-world is aiding him in the good work. Bro. Hoyt expresses the wish that some of our lecturers in Vermont would occasionally visit that place and give the citizens a further elucidation of our philosophy.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge lectured to a large audience in Music Hall, this city, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 12th, notwithstanding the rainstorm. All appeared to be highly pleased with her eloquent lecture—which we shall print in our next issue. Next Sunday closes her present engagement here. Let no one fail to hear her. She will return to England early in the spring. Prof. Denton is engaged to lecture the first Sunday in January.

Prof. Stearns at Mercantile Hall.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 15th, Prof. I. G. Stearns commenced a series of entertainments at the above named hall—his performances consisting of exhibitions of psychologic power over volunteers from his audience, and explanatory remarks concerning it. The Professor enjoys the reputation of possessing a great degree of this wonderful influence over his fellows, and all who wish to pass a pleasant evening will do well to call on him.

We hope the friends everywhere will aid in replenishing our Circle Fund, and also in keeping in operation our Free List. We continue to have calls quite frequently to send the *Banner* free to the destitute; and in many cases comply, although we cannot afford it, trusting that those liberal souls who can, will aid us in this particular.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Read A. E. Carpenter's report concerning the missionary work in this State, and then act as your best judgment dictates.

"Spiritualism in England," by Emma Hardinge, printed on our first page, is very interesting, and so is her lecture, delivered in Music Hall.

We have received a note from Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Stone, of Holliston, Mass., in which they state that if we know of any good medium that needs rest, who will accept a week's or fortnight's board, such shall be welcome at their residence, on Fruit street, Holliston, near the depot. The idea, they say, was suggested on reading Mrs. Wilcoxson's late remarks in the *Banner* in regard to mediums generally.

Read the announcement in another column of a new book by that excellent medium and writer, Mrs. Maria M. King, entitled "Real Life in the Spirit-Land."

Elder Grant says he is discussing, at Vine-land, N. J., with J. G. Fish, "a noted Spiritualist," and assures us that "the friends of truth are rejoicing over the present aspects of the discussion." We are gratified to hear that such is the case. The Truth will stand all assaults and come off victorious in the end. We have no doubt Bro. Fish is on the side of truth.

The Ladies' Lyceum Aid Society will hold a social party at their rooms, 544 Washington street, (Old Fellows' Block), Boston, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 22. The object of these parties (which will be held every fortnight) is to aid the poor. Tickets to the parties: gentlemen, 50 cents; ladies, 25 cents. Any donations, either of money or clothing, would be gladly received at the society's rooms every Wednesday afternoon and evening, between the hours of 2 and 10 o'clock. This society aided a great many poor and suffering ones last winter, and distress is likely to be far more prevalent this winter.

G. W. Lafayette of Canada, and Mr. Murch of Ohio, both "champion skaters" of note, are exhibiting their skill in the skatorial art, on the beautiful sheet of ice at the Boston Skating Rink.

MORMONS.—Two Mormon Elders are in this city for the purpose of making proselytes to their faith. Both of them formerly lived in Boston, and joined the Mormons in 1842-3, and appear to be honest and sincere men. Their names are G. B. Wallace and Dr. Samuel L. Sprague.

Mrs. Mary M. Woods, we learn from her husband, is very sick, at her residence in Worcester, and fears are entertained of her non-recovery. She has been obliged to cancel all of her engagements to lecture.

The little book called "The Eye Opener," is out of print, and no more will be issued.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply lack of sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams.

A correspondent from Rome mentions the probability of the creation of two American cardinals. The prelates to be honored are Archbishops McCloskey, of New York, and Spaulding, of Baltimore.

A telegram from Rome to Paris reports that the Pope has issued a decree providing that in case of his death the Ecumenical Council shall be dissolved, and none but Cardinals take part in the election of his successor.

Judge Barnard, of New York, has decided that the living together of a couple as man and wife for several years, constitutes legal marriage.

A dispatch from Wyoming, Dec. 14th, says the Legislature adjourned *sine die* on Saturday. Gov. Campbell signed the Woman's Suffrage bill, and it has now become a law of the Territory.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

"Come, wife," said Will, "pray you devote just half a minute to mend this coat, which a nail has chanced to rend."
"Tis ten o'clock," said the drowsy mate.
"I know," said Will, "it is rather late, but 'tis never too late to mend."

The Springfield Republican says: "A marvelous story, 'backed up' by no less a personage than a judge of the superior court, is told of one of the Berkshire burglars now in jail at Lenox. It is solemnly asserted that while his ankles were shackled together and bolted to the floor, he recently accomplished the feat of taking off his pants and putting on another pair, without removing the irons. Such dexterity rather startled Jailer Cone, who began to think his prisoner quite beyond his control. The Davenport feats are nowhere compared with this."

An eminent Baptist in Sweden, Aron Ambrosius Errson, has been fined \$75 for expressing his opinion about infant baptism. The fine not being paid in due time, the authorities seized goods belonging to the defaulter equal to the amount of the penalty. Persecution is a great reformer.

The sewing women of Boston have petitioned the Mayor for aid. It is said that many of them are in a very destitute condition, owing to the present lull in trade.

The *New York Independent* is a great paper, in every sense of the word—in size, in talent, in type, in liberality, in engravings, in circulation.

ALICE VALE, a story written by Mrs. Lois Walsbrooker, and published by us in book form some months ago, is meeting with very favorable reception in all parts of the country. No one can read the book without feeling deeply interested in the development of the story.

Miss Amanda Estes, of Westbrook, Me., a well-known medium, has passed to her spirit home, as will be learned by an obituary notice in another column.

"FRANCE SINCE 1848."—Prof. Alonzo Tripp is giving a course of six popular lectures on "The Three Latest Epochs of France and the Progressive Movements in Europe," in Chickering's Hall, in this city, every Tuesday evening. The lectures are descriptive, biographical and historical, and very interesting. The first lecture was given last Tuesday evening. The Professor is master of his subject and an eloquent speaker.

Sudden Death of Charles H. Crowell.

After our paper had gone to press, we received a telegraphic dispatch from Nashua, N. H., conveying the intelligence of the sudden decease of Mr. Charles H. Crowell, from heart disease, Thursday evening, Dec. 16th. Mr. Crowell had been residing in Nashua for about fifteen months. This event was entirely unexpected, as he was apparently in his usual health at the time. He was walking in the street, when he fell, and immediately expired. We have no further particulars at this time, but shall have something to say concerning our brother in the next issue of the *Banner*.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Dec. 26th, Lecture by Mrs. Emma Hardinge.

The third course of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism will be continued in Music Hall—the most elegant and popular assembly room in the city—

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, AT 2 O'CLOCK, until the close of April (29 weeks), under the management of Lewis H. Wilson, who has made engagements with some of the ablest inspirational, trance and normal speakers in the lecturing field. Mrs. Emma Hardinge will lecture in December and April. Prof. William Denton Jan. 2 and during March, Thomas Galos Foster, Jan. 23 and 30 and during February. Vocal exercises by an excellent quartette. Season ticket, with reserved seat, \$3.00; single admission, 15 cents. Season tickets can be obtained at the counter of the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, 158 Washington street, and at the hall.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zolistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cts. THE BOSTON SPIRITUALIST. Published in Boston. Price 10 cts. THE LYCEUM BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cts. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 10 cts. DAYBREAK. Published in London. Price 5 cts.

Richmond, Ind.—Opening of Lyceum Hall. Lyceum Hall will be dedicated to humanity on the 26th of December, 1869. The very meeting of the local Spiritual Society will commence on the morning of the 26th, and in the evening Professor William Denton will deliver the (second) course of lectures. The Progressive Lyceum will give a grand entertainment on one evening of the yearly meeting. Friends from all parts of the country are cordially invited to attend, as an interesting time is anticipated. Those wishing any further information will receive the same by addressing E. F. Brown, Sec'y.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4w.D18.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four pence per stamp.

M. K. CASHIER will answer sealed letters at 185 Bank street, Newark, N. J. Terms \$2.00 and 4 blue stamps. 3w.D25.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclosure \$2 and 3 stamps. D11.

Mrs. ABBY M. LAFIN FERRE, Psychometrist. Psychometric readings, \$3.00; Directions in development, \$3.00; Personal directions, \$5.00. Address, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. S. A. R. WATERMAN, box 4193, Boston, Mass., Psychometrist and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c. Terms \$2 to \$5 and three 3-cent stamps. Send for a circular. D11.

\$30,000.—An honorable person with a capital of \$30,000 can make a large fortune in a lucrative business. The company to be sought under his own supervision. Full references required and given. Address, A. Johnson, 111 East 12th street, New York. D23.

"A SLIGHT COLD," COUGHS.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "SLIGHT COLD" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give sure and almost immediate relief. "The Troches" have proved their efficacy by a test of many years, and have received testimonials from eminent men who have used them.

MARKED DOWN! Where'er we chance to go in town We see emblems of a "fashion marked down!" This is the way the merchants tell That they have goods they wish to sell; This is good news to those who're poor, Who oft great suffering endure, For it enables them to buy What they would not if goods were high. At FENNO'S splendid "Clothing Store" Goods are marked less than e'er before; Boys' SUITS, from head to foot complete, Corner of Beach and Washington street.

Special Notices.

WARREN CHASE & CO., No. 527 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo. Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Mendim, Adams & Co., and all other popular Liberal Literature, including all the Spiritual Papers and Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, &c.

Herman Snow, at 319 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, &c. The *Banner of Light* can always be found on his counter. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. May 1.—17

Notice to Subscribers of the *Banner of Light*.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires: A. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper, then know that your subscription is paid and has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Those who desire the paper continued should renew their subscriptions at least as early as three weeks before the expiration of their subscription, with those at the left and right of the date.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in *Agate type*, 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, 30 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesdays.

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FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1870.

THE FIRST EDITION, OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND COPIES, OF VICK'S Illustrated Catalogue of seeds, and *Floral Guide*, is published and ready to send out. It is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, with about two hundred fine wood-engravings of flowers and vegetables, and a beautiful color plate, consisting of seven varieties of Phlox Drummondii, making a fine

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Dec. 25.—4w JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

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From the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, Nov. 27, 1869. In the proper use of magnetism and the judicious administration of electric baths and the water treatment, much may unquestionably be done for the cure of invalids already suffering from chronic drug medication. Dr. C. C. and P. A. Ferugini aim radically to cure, by removing the causes of diseases and to thoroughly renovate the system. They are especially successful in the treatment of chronic diseases, careful and thorough in their methods, are strenuous in their efforts to teach patients the laws of health, and are large-hearted and philanthropic toward suffering humanity, irrespective of condition or color. Dec. 25.—2w15

ADELINE S. INGRAMHAM, Soul-Reading, Symbolic Delineations of characters, for loss of hair, photograph or autograph. Full communication and examinations of diseases included. Terms \$5.00; reduction in personal consultation. 61 4th avenue, between 9th and 10th streets, New York City. Hours from 10 to 4. Dec. 23.

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THE LYCEUM SONG BIRD.

A CHARMING collection of 48 pages of Original Music for Children. One Copy 25 cents; 25 per dozen. 25 per hundred. Address "LYCEUM BANNER," Chicago, Illinois. Dec. 15.—1w15

MONEY MADE WITHOUT RISK.

Send for an *Advent of the Positive and Negative Powders*. See advertisement of the Powders in another column. Address PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D. BOX 5517 NEW YORK CITY. 1w.—Dec. 15.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF OMETA,

Indian control of J. WILLIAM VAN NAME, as seen in spirit-life by Wm. P. Anderson, Artist for the Summer-Land. Price 25 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

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JUST received, a fine photograph (likeness of the author and of A. J. Davis. Price 25 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

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THE BACHELOR'S DEFEAT.

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MARRYING FOR MONEY.

Monday, Nov. 8.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Samuel Harris, 5th N. H., to his wife; Fannie Bullard, of Roxbury, Mass., to her mother; Clara Frances Burgh, of New York City; Thomas Meloy.

New York Advertisements.

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Mr. William H. Deputy, 151 15th street, Brooklyn, N. Y., after using all the popular remedies of the day, and given up, was cured by the **New Solution of Tar**.
Mr. D. W. Wood, 27 Washington street, Boston, was given up, and was cured by the **Tar**.
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Mr. William Sherwood, New York City, **Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption of the Blood**.
E. Tripp, 333 Indiana street, Chicago, III., **Dyspepsia and Bronchitis of TWELVE YEARS' STANDING**.

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Mr. W. A. Long, 100 North Main street, Boston Mass.

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