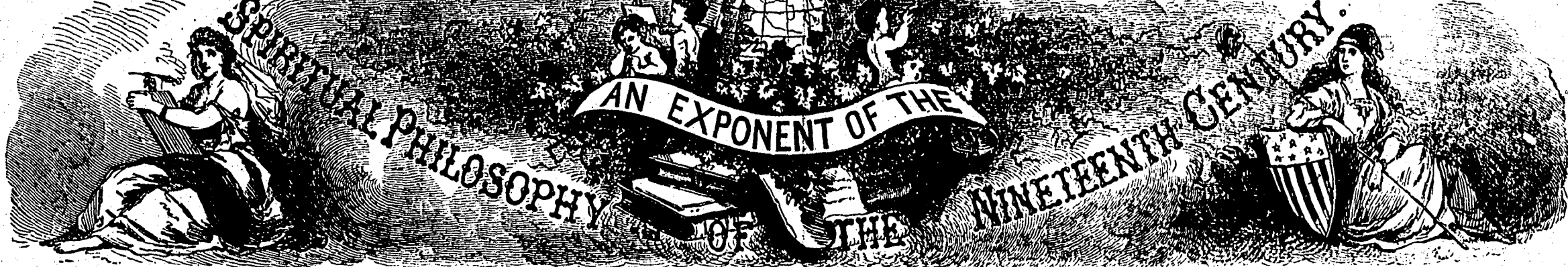


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BRIGHT BEYOND.

BY MRS. ELIZA M. HICKOK.

When the sea of life grows troubled,
Nenth a dark and frowning sky,
And its waters seem to mock us
As they dash in madness by,
And their shouts, all heartless ringing,
To our piteous cries respond—
We have still this ray of comfort:
It is bright—all bright beyond.

When the tempest shrouds the sunshine,
And the way looks dark and drear,
Firmly tread thy path, dear brother,
Harbor not a doubt or fear;
For as sure as God beams ever,
On this earth with radiance fond—
Far removed from death's dim portal
It is bright—all bright beyond.

When thy heart grows sad, my brother,
With the weight of giant wrong,
And thy spirit cries in anguish,
"Oh thou righteous God, how long
Shall this woe with might oppress us,
And the wicked rule the world?"
Cheer up, weak and struggling spirit,
For beyond bright Truth shall smile.

If through cold and bitter scolding,
Sister, faints thy loving soul,
And the sway of mighty passion
Seeks with tempting arts, control—
Pause, ere yet amid the breakers
All thy hope and truth are gone,
For a future bright and glorious
Waits to glid thy path forlorn.

Hath the light of life been shadowed
By grief's dark and sombre wing,
And that strange, sad sense of parting,
Such as only death can bring?
Know thy loved in soul are near thee,
Only dust in dust can lie;
They shall smile in loving memory
From the fair, unclouded sky!

Written for the Banner of Light.

STARVING BY INCHES.

BY REBECCA J. MASON.

CHAPTER IV.

Ordination day opened bright and pleasant. At an early hour the roads were lined with carriages filled with people from the neighboring towns, for an ordination was of rare occurrence in places where ministers were settled for a lifetime. All the inhabitants of Ashley were there of course. Vehicles of all descriptions drove up to the little square meeting-house. Three divines had been invited. They were all seated in the old-fashioned pulpit, with the awful sounding-board just over their heads, looking as if it were ready to fall. The square pews were crowded. The whole house was packed—packed as never before. The bell had just done tolling, and the old sexton had entered and taken a seat on the lower pulpit stair. An intense silence reigned when John Collins walked slowly up the aisle, arm in arm with Deacon Grant.

John Collins's face was pale with suppressed emotion. He knew what was expected of him, and he knew that he should, in various ways, do more, and differently from what they were prepared for. But he had a strength they knew not of. He had come there to work for humanity; to preach and carry out the teachings of Christ; to live in daily life the sentiment of doing as one would be done by. He would not be bound by his creed; he would not be fettered by a pulpit; he would not be clogged by the opinions and speech of his people. Not he would be a free man, and would try to redeem others from slavery; from the slavery of a creed; from the slavery of old, established habits; from the slavery of public opinion; he would set his face against all forms of oppression, injustice, tyranny in church or in state, in public or private, against men, women or children. These thoughts were surging in his mind, while the prayer was being made, the hymns being sung. And all through the weary ordination sermon he sat with his face covered by his hand. At length it came to an end; and, shall I say, much to his relief?

John Collins was a man, a young, strong man, full of life, of earnestness. All through the sermon ran election, total depravity, atonement, Trinity, miracle; he had been taught to believe them all, but at that time of all others, they jarred upon his spirit; his heart was full of love to men and women, of sympathy for those who were struggling through a hard life, and at that hour he felt almost loathing for doctrinal points. And when, just before the benediction, he rose to say a few words, he told the people about the Nazarene; how he went about doing good, healing the sick, on Sunday, casting out the devils of pride, of selfishness, of hatred, and all manner of evil; how forgiving to the Magdalene; how pitying to the malefactors, and, at times, how terrible in his wrath toward the Pharisees. "And, friends, let us go and do likewise."

His words went like an electric shock through the audience. They never before listened to such simple words—so plain, so full of loving kindness toward all that err; so full of pity toward all that suffer. And then he gave the benediction. "Father, help us to do right and justly by all men, even as we would have them do unto us. Amen." John Collins had won the day; but a battle was yet before him. He had reached hearts that responded to his words and would ever be true to him, come what might. The people crowded around him, each one claiming him for company; but he freed himself from all, and went away over the fields out of all sight. Yes; he wanted to be alone; in hours of intense excitement he could only live by communing with Nature.

The multitude were a long time in dispersing.

They gathered in little groups and eagerly discussed the minister's words. Many a bountiful table was waiting for him that day, but he needed not their viands. He could only recover himself through rest and solitude.

It was late in the afternoon when the minister slowly made his way back to Deacon Grant's. He retired to his own room until called to tea. The deacon and his wife were evidently annoyed at what they considered his oddity in breaking away so abruptly. However, supper passed off pleasantly, but the deacon secretly concluded to watch him, he had such queer ways for a minister.

The next day Mrs. Jones and Anna paid the promised visit at the Squire's. Susan, whose work was already done, although it was only nine o'clock in the morning, saw them coming and hastened out to meet them.

"Well, Miss Jones, I'm so glad you've come, and Anna, too. Take your things right off, and we'll have a good long day together."

"Thank you, Susan. I came early purposely, that we might have as much time as we could. But where is Jane, this morning?"

Susan went to the foot of the stairs: "Come, Jane, Miss Jones is here, and Anna; hurry down."

Jane came languidly down the stairs, looking very charming in her cambric wrapper.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones," and, turning to the daughter, "Anna, shall I show you my garden?" and the two girls went off together.

"I'm dreadful glad that two gals has gone out door, Miss Jones, for I do n't know as it's proper for gals to hear much about them great cities. S'pose I call Becky in?"

"Do, Susan. I have great respect for Becky; and as to the girls, I think it highly proper they should not be wholly ignorant of the gain and the loss, the good and the evil that must exist in overcrowded cities."

At this moment Becky entered the room, laden with the family mending-basket, which was usually done up on Wednesday, but had been set aside for the ordination. Mrs. Jones greeted her kindly, and drew forth her knitting-work, while Susan and her helper inspected the week's mending.

"Now, Miss Jones, do pray tell me how you liked the meetin' yesterday. The new minister said some things I never heard tell on afore in all my born days. But—was n't that benediction good? I never did hear nothin' like it," said Susan, in a tone of great satisfaction.

"Nor I nuther," added Becky. "And, Miss Jones, did you see how the folks looked at each other?"

"Let 'em look," replied Susan, smartly. "I guess a body's tongue's their own; and I like to hear folks say what they think; do n't you, Miss Jones?"

"Yes, Susan; I honor a man or woman for sincerity, if nothing more. I would extend my hand to any one, woman or man, were he white or black, rich or poor, who would avow the true sentiments of their heart, even in an unpopular cause. And reform is ever unpopular. Such ones are marks to shoot at. Even in the little matter of the benediction, that will be the heaven which will ferment the whole church. But I wish Mr. Collins to have a fair trial; the test will be the good accomplished. If the church grows worse instead of better, if it degenerates in kindness, charity, good-will to men and women, then his preaching will be a lie. If, on the other hand, he rouses the people to the sense of justice, of education, of pure morals, of an understanding of the laws of health, what matter will it be whether the benediction be given in the old form, or in his own words, or even at all?"

"Why, Miss Jones, you do n't think he ought to give up the benediction, do you?" asked Susan.

"The benediction, my dear Susan, is a simple form of dismissing the congregation. I hold that a person has a right to use any words he feels inspired with; that we cannot nor should not oblige a minister to use a set form of language; that the person speaking is the best judge, and if anything seems new and strange, we should investigate it fairly and thoroughly before denouncing it."

"Well, I think that, and I know the man's good all through, and I'm goin' to stand by him. I tell ye, ther's thunder in the air, and it'll come bime-by with a bang; and I shan't be a bit afraid, nuther," replied Susan.

While Mrs. Jones had been talking, Becky had slipped out to the kitchen to see about dinner; for at Squire Graves's dinner was always on the table exactly at twelve o'clock. Becky went to the woodshed door, and, taking down a tin horn, blew two long and shrill blasts, which could be heard for a mile away, and soon the Squire and his hired man were seen slowly crossing the distant fields, for just then they were busy with their hay.

They stepped into the shed to bathe their heated faces in the cool water which the thoughtful Becky had already placed for them in bright tin wash-basins, and then went into the kitchen. Squire Graves gave his guests a hearty greeting, as also did Leander, for in that house hired help were looked upon as members of the family. After the Squire and Susan had helped to the dinner, the conversation naturally turned upon the new minister.

"Well," said the Squire, laying down his knife and fork, "I must say I rather liked the fellow; seems to me he's got pluck—backbone—and I shan't let me to help break it. Let him alone—let him work, and if the time comes he needs a helping hand, why, here 'tis," and he brought his huge flat down upon the table with a thump that made the dishes rattle.

"I'll endorse that, Squire," said Leander, tilting back in his chair. "Give him a chance."

"Yes, a chance—a fair chance," uttered the old man, musingly.

"Father," said Susan, "Miss Jones was tellin' me sewin'-circle day about young gals in cities, and sometimes women grown, that do n't have

no homes, nor victuals enough to eat. Could you believe it, father?—gals like our Jane and Miss Jones's Anna?"

"Well, that's news to me, Miss Jones. What on airth do you mean?"

In the meantime Jane and Anna had excused themselves from the table, and left the room, as Anna was showing Jane something of botany.

"It is simply so," replied Mrs. Jones; "many girls, like ours, are obliged to go to large cities to support themselves, and there are so many applicants for work, and they get such poor pay they can hardly live. Fancy your girl or mine living up two or three flights of stairs in one room into which the sun never shone, and going without warm meals, and sometimes fire; fancy them buying a little bunch of kindling at two and three cents, two cents' worth of milk, a loaf of baker's bread at five cents, and you have their breakfast."

"Where do they get their dinner, Miss Jones?"

"In places called saloons. They can get one plate only for fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five cents, and a supper like their breakfast, or, perhaps, none at all."

"Well, I'm beat! Don't want to doubt your word, Miss Jones, but it's almost too strange to be true. Why, I could n't swallow my own dinner, Miss Jones, if I knew there was anybody didn't have enough, much more gals and women folks."

"It is all true, Squire Graves, too true; but the people are beginning to find out these wrongs; they are holding meetings to see what can be done, because these women are starving to death. It is a harsh word to use at this bountiful table, but a true word in a city."

"Well, I declare, Miss Jones, this makes me feel sort o' guilty. To think we have so much here, and other folks not havin' any! You an' Anna'll stay to supper, and we'll talk more about it to-night. Good day."

"Good day, marm," said Leander, as he followed the Squire. The men went off to their haying, the girls were out gathering flowers, and the women soon had the table cleared, the dishes washed, and, work in hand, were seated at their sewing.

"Well, Miss Jones," said Susan, "I guess you'll think we're dreadful ignorant folks here not to know about such things. I never went to a city in my life, and father never went but once or twice; but I'm sure I'd a knowed, as poor as we could do, we would n't let folks want for vittals or firin' I guess."

"It is utterly impossible, Susan, for people living, as you do, in an obscure country village, and reading but little, to know anything whatever regarding such wrongs. If all well-off persons in cities felt as you do, such want could not exist. I do not feel that I had a right to be more than comfortable while my neighbors had nothing."

"Miss Jones, do you ever go to the city? 'cause if you do I'd like to go with you some time, and go to one of them meetin's."

"Once in a while. I have friends in the city, and should like to have you go with me. I formerly resided in a large city."

"Well, Miss Jones, I'll go. Susan Graves won't go down to her last restin'-place and then at the judgment day have God ask me why I did n't help keep folks from starvin'! Why, I could n't lay still in my coffin if I thought I had n't done all I could for poor folks!"

Thus passed the afternoon, and precisely at five o'clock Becky again blew the tin horn that summoned the family to tea. And what a delicious tea they had! The bread so light and white, made from their own wheat; the butter, so sweet and golden, made from their own cows; the strawberries, so ripe and luscious, picked freshly from the vines, and the little dishes of yellow honey, made by their own bees, and the great, hospitable pitchers of pure milk and thick, rich cream! Well might this family love their cows and bees, who furnished such healthy food!

The supper being over, the Squire returned again to the conversation held at the dinner table. This time the girls were present.

"Father, I'm goin' to the city," began Susan Graves, "and I'm goin' to stay long enough to go round and see for myself what's agoin' on among folks."

"Goin' to the city! Why, Susan Graves! you'll git lost! Why, Miss Jones, the gal's head's turned! She don't know a soul there, nor the way round, nor nothin'!"

"But, Squire Graves, I have friends there whom I sometimes visit, and this autumn I think I shall go and spend a few weeks, so as to attend some of the meetings where all reformatory questions are discussed, and I should like much to have Susan accompany me."

"Oh, well, I hain't nothin' agin' that, but it did seem so queer for our Susan to say she was goin' to the city that I felt kind o' skeered about her. Susan's a fast rate gal, and I should n't like to have nothin' happen to her. But if she's goin' with you it'll be all right."

"And if Susan goes to Bamford with your mother, Anna, you can come and stay with me," said Jane.

"Yes, that'll do fast rate," replied her father, "and I'll give Susan all the money she wants to use while she's there, for she's a prudent gal and never's had much chance in the world yet! But, now, Miss Jones, 't aint time to go yet; so do set still and tell us some more about them meetin's."

"The meetings are called sometimes by women, sometimes by men and women both, and they are largely attended by workingwomen, and men also. The women are invited to come forward and tell their own story; what work they do, how much they get for it, and how they manage to live on what they earn. There are many noble women, women of position, of culture, of refinement, that go up on the platform and make speeches for them; and many gentlemen also. That is what these meetings are for. Then many

other questions come up. One now is: Shall women be allowed to vote?"

The old man jumped up straight. "Miss Jones, are you crazy? Did n't you say somethin' about women votin'?" I'm sixty years old, Miss Jones, and it's the first time I ever heered that. You do n't mean for women to go to town-meetin's?"

"Miss Jones, I never heerd o' sich doin's in my life!" broke in Leander. "Why, I did n't know you was sich a queer woman!"

And as for Becky, she sat motionless, her eyes glaring with amazement.

"Yes," replied the lady when she had time to speak, "these ladies who go up on the platform make speeches in favor of women votin'. You see, when women vote the laws will be different. They will bring into legislation the elements of conscience, of justice, of mercy. Th's the laws will be higher, better, purer than now. Our best men are never chosen as members of the legislature. Then see the wrong done to little children. There are stores in Bamford, which it makes my heart ache to enter, where little children, mere babies, are employed from eight in the morning until six at night. Only think of that! One child told me she was only six years old, another told me she was only ten. Such children should be out of doors at play with their dolls and hoops, instead of being shut up like that. Time enough to work all day, and without play, when they are full grown."

"But," they exclaim, "why are these children sent to work so young?"

"Because many of them have no fathers, and their mothers are very poor. Some have sick fathers, some drunken ones, and the employers, wealthy men, take advantage of their necessities and get the little creatures for almost nothing. It is a cruel, monstrous wrong! It is better to have a millstone hung round the neck than to offend any of these little ones. Some time ago I saw a delicate child in one of these stores; she did not appear to know what to do. I asked her how long she had been there, and how old she was. She told me she was ten years old, and that she only came that morning to work through the vacation. I feel the deepest sympathy for these little creatures—to have to commence the battle of life so early! I often think with the poet—

"Oh little feet, that through long years
Must wander on through doubts and fears."

Yes, the little feet will grow weary enough if they are not set to travel so young."

"Well, Miss Jones, here I've lived sixty years, and never knew there was sich works agoin'. I've almost a mind to go to the city and see for myself. I'm sure I do n't feel right to set here in comfort and have women and children sufferin' so, if I can lend 'em a hand," said the Squire; and before they separated it was arranged that in the fall the Squire and Susan and Mrs. Jones should visit Bamford.

"Miss Jones, do wait a few minutes," said the Squire, "and tell us what you think can be done about the children."

"Give women a chance to vote and that is easily remedied. When women help make laws they will provide that no person shall employ a child under twelve years of age. At present all we can do is to send a petition to the legislature, praying that they will pass such a law now, although it is doubtful if it gets carried. Law making needs the feminine element. Theodore Parker used to say that Congress would be much purer if there were women in both halls. So it seems to me. Now I must really go."

So Mrs. Jones and Anna took leave, having spent a delightful day, and were charged by the whole family to come very soon again.

CHAPTER V.

Closely succeeding the ordination came another excitement to the quiet people of Ashley. One morning when the stage drove through the place the driver was seen to rein his horses up to what was by courtesy called the tavern. Ashley had no hotel, only a small tavern, and this house had always been called such, because the drovers put up there when driving their cattle through to the markets. The driver checked his horses, jumped off, and opened the door for what seemed, at the first glance, a brisk young gentleman to descend, but on a second look you would have pronounced him a patched up, faded rone, close upon forty. The gentleman paid his fare, had his small trunk taken into the house, and gave his name as Mr. Alfred Dobbs, artist.

Mr. Dobbs was surely a gentleman. Nimble and dapper in his movements, frisky and youthful in his manners, he skipped up the stairs to his room, and proceeded to refresh himself by a clean toilet, after a dusty ride. Mr. Dobbs, when made up, did not look older than thirty-eight years; and one seldom saw him unmade. The gentleman remained in his room until summoned to dinner, and he astonished the few inmates of the house by his brilliant attire. Even old Gruff, the house-dog, felt his splendor, for he carefully watched his every movement. His hair, which curled in fine ringlets, was damp with maccassar. His face was a pinkish yellow; eyes black, moustache feeble, mouth weak and sensual. He was a little man, was Mr. Dobbs, without his corsets. He wore a maroon plush vest, over which, lying a glittering chain of showy metal; diamond pins glistened in his shirt-bosom, and diamond rings flashed upon his fingers. He looked at the table inquiringly for the bell, but saw neither. Finally he followed Mr. Holt's advice and began eating his dinner. Mr. Holt had kept the tavern for forty years, and knew something of human nature, but Mr. Dobbs was a specimen he had never entertained before; therefore he thought it best to keep an eye on him. But Mr. Dobbs did not possess the vulgar littleness which would lead him to purloin Mr. Holt's pewter spoons or steel forks. No, higher purposes and loftier aims had brought Mr. Dobbs

to Ashley. After dinner Mr. Dobbs drew on his gloves of purple kid, and taking a light walking stick proceeded to make the tour of the village. He walked up one road and down another; he crossed fields and nimbly jumped over bars. The cattle stopped grazing to look at him; the dogs stopped barking to watch him; sturdy farmers looked at him contemptuously, elderly matrons bowed to him smilingly, while the young ladies peeped at him through the blinds; lastly, he went to the graveyard, where he sat pensively cogitating until he thought it time for tea. After tea he retired to his room, and no more was seen of Mr. Dobbs until breakfast time the next morning.

The next day was Sunday, and all Ashley and all the neighboring towns were going to hear the new minister. Mr. Holt invited Mr. Dobbs to a seat in his pew, which Mr. Dobbs politely accepted. The services were to commence at ten, and long before that time the meeting-house was filled. John Collins first read a hymn, then a selection from the New Testament. Then came the prayer, a prayer such as Ashley had never heard. It was a prayer of thanks; of thanks for the beauty of the day, for the profusion of the crops, for the health which enabled them to meet again, for the cattle, for the flowers, and for their yet unbroken households. And then he asked God to help them live like their elder brother, the Nazarene; to give them mercy, justice for others, to help them live clean and blameless lives, to help them reach forth a long arm and open hand to spread broadcast the gifts they had so bountifully received. He prayed, too, that they might not have their burdens removed, but for strength to bear them, and that they might be forgiven their selfishness, their lack of charity, their readiness to condemn others, and closed with thanking God for the good and the not good. Amen. Then came the sermon, from the text, "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you." He reminded them of their duties in life, of the responsibility resting upon each one of them; how the strong should help bear the burdens of the weak; how each one should live up to the light of his own conscience; how each one should speak what to him seemed truth; that we should not judge our neighbor, that we should not deal selfishly with one another, that we should be true to ourselves, calling no man master. He spoke not of creeds, of theology; for his sermon came from the heart. Every word bore the stamp of sincerity, of truth. His was a fresh, healthy soul, appealing to the personality of his audience. He held his hearers motionless. No turning of leaves, no dropping of lips, no. He held every eye; he touched every heart. But Jesus had his Calvary, and if John Collins walked in his foot steps, would he not also reach the mount? After another hymn had been sung, he arose and gave the benediction. The words were the same he had spoken ordination day. How far would they reach?

After a short intermission, during which many of the families remained in the meeting-house, having brought their lunch, as is the custom in country towns, they again assembled for divine worship—for they did not know that all worship is divine, whether it be the worship of work, of sermons, or of silent prayer, and kindly wishes and deeds offered on Sunday or Monday. In the afternoon the minister's text was, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," and he went on to show the primitive duty of forgiveness; that we should be slow to anger, and not let many sins go down upon our wrath; that if the burdens come, and the cross likewise, that we bear them patiently, even though we be held up for crucifixion; that when we are looking at our highest ideal, and speaking what to our souls is truth, though men clamor at us, though we hear the name fanatic, radical, infidel, on all sides, we may still be able to throw around all the mantle of forgiveness. Yes, though we be excommunicated from the churches, lifted out from our pulpits, we may, even then, pitying their ignorance, their folly, their madness, still say, Father, forgive.

After the services had closed, the minister came slowly down the aisle, giving each one a pleasant greeting, and making his way out, was seen going in the direction of the woods; for it was a peculiarity of his—which you may often notice in persons of highly organized nervous temperament—that he could not recover his equilibrium after any strong mental excitement or disturbance, except amid the unbroken stillness and quietude of Nature. There he would remain for hours, holding communion alone with himself. To such natures, this intense quiet and space comes with healing to the spirit, and renewed vigor to the body. It was only amid such aloneness with Nature he could draw into himself elements that would rest and soothe and nerve him for the great battle which he felt, intuitively, must one day be met.

[To be continued.]

USE OF LEMONS.—When persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, indicated by a metallic taste in the mouth, especially after drinking water, or by a whitish appearance of a greater part of the tongue, one of the best "coolers," internal or external, is to take a lemon, cut off the top, sprinkle over it some fine loaf sugar, work it down into the lemon with a spoon, and then suck it slowly, squeezing the lemon, adding more sugar as the acidity increases from being brought up from the lower point. Invalids with feverishness, may take two or three lemons a day in this manner with a marked benefit, manifested by sense of coolness, comfort and invigoration. A lemon or two taken thus at tea time, as an entire substitute for the ordinary supper of summer, would give many a man a comfortable night's sleep, and on awakening rest and invigoration, with an appetite for breakfast to which they are strangers who will have their cup of tea, or supper "relish," and cake and berries, or peaches and cream.—Journal of Health.

When Socrates was told by a friend that his judge had sentenced him to death, he answered, "And has not Nature passed the same sentence upon them?"

The Lecture Room.

THE SOUL AND ITS QUESTIONINGS.

A LECTURE BY EMMA HARDINGE,
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Dec. 10th, 1869.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

WHOSE AM I?

To-day we renew once more the consideration of the problems which formed the basis of the famed Platonic philosophy, and once more propound to the soul one of those stupendous questions which involve its highest destiny here and hereafter. The demand of this hour will be "Whose am I?"

In our previous addresses we have speculated upon two equally important propositions. We have asked, "What am I?" and the response has been gathered from the whole realm of universal Nature, every element and every force of which has been laid under contribution to make up the marvelous microcosm of man. When we have asked "Who am I?" we have beheld our own special identity carved out and preserved amid countless multitudes; the "I am" which makes us an individual in the mighty sum of humanity, never lost or merged in the larger individuality of a nation or a world. The question of the hour, namely: "Whose am I?" is one which appeals to our consciousness from the very moment of dawning intelligence. When we behold each human being in the possession and experience of a life he has not sought—an organization forced upon him and in whose characteristics his will has had no share; when we contemplate around us multitudes of varying natures, each one stamped with some peculiar gift which it could neither crave nor avoid, whose "am I?" is the inevitable demand that presses upon every fore-fated soul. Sometimes we behold upon the brow of the new born babe even the stamp of prehistoric crime. I am forever reminded of the words of the Jewish Law-giver, and a glance at my kind assures me that God has "visited the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," but this does not satisfy me. Why are some so inevitably guilty, and some fair and sinless? Why do I see on the one hand types of hereditary guilt, and anon lovely faces with the lineaments of purest innocence and almost angelic worth? Again, whilst I smile in the shining face of heaven's fellow-man is blind. Why are those darkened eyes? Why for him is his fate to grope in darkness? Why is there light for me—no sun, no moon, no stars for him? Who did this? Why do the strong rejoice in vigorous health, and the weak bend beneath the load of hereditary pain and sickness. Some there are whose burdens are so bitter that they cry with the Jew of old, in the anguish of their souls, when morning comes, "Would God that it were even" and at evening time, "Would God that it were morning." Why is it thus? Who fashioned us? Have ye asked these questions as ye stood in the midst of the great catastrophe of life, peering in the midst of the rolling sea when the storm and tempest tossed the mighty waves and dashed their crests against the frightened stars? Have ye seen the billows that upheld ye matching their strength with the heavens above? Have ye beheld the vast convulsions going on in Nature—the quaking earth or yawning rocks from whose remorseless rifts no mortal arm could save? Have ye put the question then, whose am I? Have ye asked it amid these mighty shipwrecks of human destiny that greet us on every side in our city streets, when we've seen the mighty fallen, the young laid low, the fair and strong grow weak beneath the brand of grief, sickness or premature decay? As we look into the wistful, and eyes of age, watch the old man leaning on his staff and recalling in sad memory the solemn phantasmagoria of the past—the vanished forms of long ago—the blighted hopes, the early death! Where are they now? Whose were they? Whose is he? Some three score years ago he came, a helpless babe, to the cold shores of mortal existence. Perhaps in a few short years he will pass from that existence, and on earth be seen no more. Will he live in some other sphere? If so, in whose hands will he be?

And as in one human life so in all. We speak of fate when we behold the glories of ancient dynasties overthrown and swallowed up by the tides of advancing civilization—when we review the destiny of the once proud cities of the Orient, and see them dust and ashes, crumbling into ruin, who can explain that fate? How beautiful they were! How beautiful was Palestine! Where now are her gorgeous temples, her mighty men? We ask the cause why the East lies desolate, why the tune of her grand life-music is changed to the woe of sounds of crashing columns and of falling ruins. We ask for causes, and cold philosophy prates to us of crime and wrong and retribution. Do not crime and wrong stalk as boldly in our city streets to-day as in the ruined past? Why is the West so strong when the East lies perishing? Whose was she? What destiny was that which made her succumb to Western civilization? Did she not hear a voice amid her wealth and palaces, in the heyday of her pomp and splendor, bidding her die and yield her sceptre to the West? She heard the command of her voiceless ruler, and her part was to bow her head and die. If this be fate then does fate sport with us? Philosophy can only explain fate by itself. Thus, whether in the individual or in the masses, we see a mighty power behind the throne, an unknown influence directing us. The civilized Christian extirpates the savage in the name of divine necessity. But wherefore are the nations of one color civilized, the people of another hue savages? Who made the man of Ethiopia black, and the Caucasian fair? Why was the power yielded to one man to put the chain on the neck of another, and all because of the difference in his skin? Whose were these dark-skinned slaves? Who gave us leave to sell them, bound with chains, that we may reap treasure from their blood? Whose are they, and whose are we that use the privilege to oppress them?

For all these mighty questionings I once more turn to my soul. Religion yields no answer save in the parrot cry, "It is the will of God!" Is that will, then, for the strong, the fair, the beautiful, and not for the weak and the sorrowing? What is there to explain the destiny of breaking hearts and broken fortunes? Science answers us: It needs must be that the perfect should absorb the imperfect; that the wise should control the ignorant. Who then is for the imperfect and the ignorant? Who owns them and cares for them? These are questions which, if none other can, my soul must answer me; and back to the old Platonic tribunal of my own soul will I turn mine eyes and ask, whose am I? Was I the property of those who first loved me in my infancy? Did my parents to whom I owe my being as a mortal own me? Once they seemed to do so, and in their ownership, they gave me love and sympathy; to them I turned for shelter in the fragile days of childhood. They were to me as men claim God is to all. In their love I was nurtured

till the period came when they must send me forth to enter upon another sphere of action. I was ignorant, and the intellectual strength of learning must control me. Here my teachers owned me; but only for a while. Soon did I realize that the only strength of the teacher lies in the scholar's ignorance. I perceived that was knowledge that gave the master his power over me, and when I grew as strong as him in knowledge, I became his equal—he mastered me no more.

Once more I paused and questioned, Whose am I now? Freed from the schools, I find that for a time I was the subject of society. Society imposed upon me its laws; asked of me subjection. Why? Because its laws are founded on the common interest of the mass, and the individual must bend to the rights of many. Perchance I was a poet; the world asked not of me for verses—yet I needs must make them. I was a painter; the world sought not of me for art—and yet, for society's sake, I needs must paint; and the child of song must sing in accordance with the same great law—society's demands upon him. Society, then, was my master and compelled me. But soon I found society, in its integral parts, even where these were my friends, did not truly own me; I saw them pass from my side; like phantoms they kept moving on; even the ties of friendship could not keep them; they went from me and I from them. Our mutual relationships were but the things of time—the events of the passing hour. Perhaps the monarch owned me—'tis true, the ruler of the nation I did not see, but I knew his laws are over me, but only for a season—I am not his. There is another power I have seen; a power that buys me off my face is black—that buys and sells me if my mind is not made strong with knowledge; and if my skin is black I can find my owner, for an earthly master in the power that by physical force or intellectual strength compels me to do his bidding. When I am a slave, he surely owns me who claims life and service, wife, child, parents, all my very blood and bones as his! One moment I stand face to face with him my owner, but the next, he is MY SLAVE, for I live and he is dead. Here he lies, a lifeless clod. From the senseless sleep of death my owner wakes me no more. The eye that watched with greed my every movement is glazed and vacant now; I fear its glance no more; the silver chord is loosed, the pitcher broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern; the golden bowl is shattered, the oil of life is wasted, and I am free! Then is there none to own me; there is not on this globe the mortal power that can let and hinder me. Again, my soul, I question thee, and listen for the response. The intuitive longings of my nature seek some master mind, if not to compel, at least to sustain my weakness. Reason demands a cause adequate to the effect of my being. I hear my soul reply, that cause is God! I question who and what is God? I ask religion, and I hear ten thousand jarring voices answer telling me of the God of conflicting creeds. And whilst these creeds have existed centuries, I find at last their reverend exponents as much at a loss to answer me as if they were not the people's teachers, hired and commissioned by all mankind to instruct men whose they are. After the long experiments of ages; after the glorious light of revelation has beamed upon them; after they have held the consciences of men captive to their yoke for a thousand years, they meet to cavil, debate and question what and who is God? and how shall we worship him?

I cannot learn of priestcraft. Hence, ye image makers and image worshippers, I seek for God the Spirit. Now I will turn to science—I will ask the students of the works, and demand of those who have studied in the school-house which God has built, and bid them tell me who he is and whose I am. Alas! they only answer me with the gospel of dust and atoms. They point to the earth beneath my feet; they prate of effects, not causes; they tell me yon spreading skies and all their glittering hosts, by the law of their own being, outwrought themselves; each one by its own inherent forces took its place in the high courts of heaven; there, self-poised, they march from one age to another, bound by nothing save the laws of their component dust and atoms. They point me to the glorious laboratory of earth, where still beneath my feet fresh forms of beauty are being perfected in fairer and fairer loveliness. They prate of law, but never of design. Where the ancient rock is melted in the fervent glow of central heat, that when a thousand years are fled it may lay down fresh strata or cover the earth with lowly green, they talk of law, but never of beneficence. They point to the beauty of the blossoms, and tell us how their cups hold the sweet dew, fashioned by the law of their own being; how they form, adorn and sustain themselves by the inherent force of their own life, perchance, but not a word of the designer. They point to the glorious cathedrals, rocks and woods, the lofty mountains, the tossing sea, the waving grass, the murmuring brook, the myriad creatures that come forth in insect life, to sport a day beneath the summer's sun, the birds that sing their joyful songs of praise. They point me to all these, but offer no solution of their life and beauty but the law of dust and atoms. They tell me I, too, am a creature of Nature's mathematics—I am only the chemistry of atoms; they tell me that when this glorious framework dies I shall be as the fire that's quenched, the light shut out; and though the works I have created may live after me, I shall pass away forever.

When I look around me and see what my hands and the hands of such as I have done; when I consider the forces by which my spirit is enabled to tunnel the mountain and construct the iron road, harness the steam, and make my engines carry me with a speed which almost annihilates time and space; when I remember that I have traced a pathway in the mighty deep, and created glorious scenes of art and usefulness, and filled them with a happy people—I ask, for what is all this done? what are these things to me—these works that shall live after me? these people that shall rejoice in them when I am gone? what of this mighty power that my spirit has outwrought? what of all the sublime labors in which my soul delighted?—what of these? Have I done all this only by the propulsion of the law of atoms? If, indeed, the work of spirit be but the work of law, Science, answer me, Where and who is the law-giver?

Even while I stand baffled before the astonishing achievements of my own spirit, voices sound within the corridors of soul, and, as I question these, ten thousand echoes answer in a world-wide anthem, Our Father, who art in Heaven! I hear them from the sacred groves of India, where the ancient worshiper seeks his God in the outward forms of Brahma, Vishnu, or Shiva, and sees his Maker's shining face in orbs of primal light; from the thunders of Sinai, where Israel's hosts outspread wait for the revelation of the law; or by the sacred shores of Jordan, where the Spirit Christ revealed the new commandment, fulfilling all law in the one word LOVE. I hear the voices of antiquity calling on God through various forms of speech, but ever on their souls' high al-

tar enshrining him as Our Father which art in Heaven! No matter what the form—his spirit worships God, the Father. I hear them from the mystic temples of Egypt; even the voice of solitary Mennon, waked by the morning beam, blends with the priestly choir, to cry, Our Father, who art in Heaven; from the plains of Chaldaea, where the eye of the ancient Magian beholds the pathway of a God in the march of the starry hosts; from the poor Parsee who bends before the mystery of fire.

Can I resist the witness of the ages and discredit every soul's experience? Can I stand alone in my human weakness, an effect without a cause? I cannot trust or lean on a God of dust and atoms; I do not believe in a self-created universe, nor silence the pleadings of the human heart bidding me listen to that universal answering chorus: I AM GOD'S! Amid all the mistakes and misconceptions wherein ignorance and superstition have obscured the belief of God the Spirit, the essence of that thought is in every varying faith; the hope, the very fear of God, is an integral part of human consciousness, and burns on the altar of every human heart lighted with the fire of being. I can not explore the depths of every suffering spirit, but ever, as I pass through life, I see that the discipline of toil and pain is the method of instruction and life development for every human creature. I see each soul passing through the crucible of fire ere it can come out the thrice refined gold. I read it in myself. Be still, then, oh my murmuring soul, and remember when thou canst a willing infant to this dark and weary world, there were tender hands and loving hearts waiting for thee! Hast thou ever entered on any sphere of life where the same note of preparation was not sounded? Ever a place for all! His providence in every situation! his paternal care in all life's issues! And if I further question who is this voiceless Providence? who this God the Spirit?—when I turn from the jarring and discordant voices of creeds—I hear a spirit answer: Ay, in this nineteenth century, millions of spirit-witnesses are round me, coming in shining hosts from the very realms of spirit-life, tearing aside the veil of shadowy matter and revealing life and all its forces, earth and its sister planets, a creation and creation's cause, the Alpha and Omega of all being to be a spiritual existence. As I perceive then, that the force of life is spirit, I realize what spirit is; I comprehend how mankind, inquiring into the mighty works of the Infinite, became so enamored with the effect as to forget the cause. These spirit-messengers recall me, and teach me that, though with my material eyes I may not see a spiritual existence, that though the fragment cannot comprehend the whole, nor finally behold infinity, yet by the witness of the spiritual existence they prove the soul of the universe to be a spirit. They answer whose I am when they point to the All-Creator, the All-Sustainer, and call him God our Father. They teach me to lean on him, to trust in him, the Spirit—the Power equal to all the grand effects of life and being, and henceforth when my way is dark and life's problems thicken round me, to ask no more of theories, or search to the external witness of effects alone, but call up all the powers of mine own soul as the witness of what is spirit; to shut out earth's material voices, and listening only to the tones of the spirit-power within me, hear the voice of Him, the Great Spirit, the Soul of the universe, crying to my unresting soul, "Be still, and know that I am God!"

Free Thought.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—As the question of the genuineness and honesty of the physical phenomena connected with Spiritualism is of importance, and as truth is to be preferred to error, I venture to send another article touching the exposure of Laura V. Ellis in this city some weeks since, by Messrs. Raub and Turner. After a careful review of the whole matter, I am still disposed to stand by my former communication, and assert that the above gentlemen did not expose Miss Ellis. They asserted, unequivocally, that they would do all she did, which they did not, falling in essential particulars, the most important, perhaps, being the feat of tying the strip of cloth around his (Mr. R.'s) neck, taking it from his lap. It is said for him that he excused the failure by saying that he had never tried it; or, to use the exact words, "had not practiced on it." This is a most lame, halting, impotent, and I may say, impudent excuse. The gentlemen advertised to do all that Laura V. Ellis did, and avowed it on the platform before the exposure. If they were honest, would they not have been prepared to make good their words? And as for the plea that it was only the eighth time they had appeared before the public, it is not even the shadow of a shadow. One who noticed all they said, cannot fail to have observed that this matter of the exposure was no new thing with them. They spoke of having watched both Miss Ellis and the Davenport Brothers; and spoke in such a manner that it was patent the subject had been under cogitation for a long time.

The element of time is an important consideration, and must be weighed in arriving at a just conclusion. When an operation is instantaneous, as was the case with some of the feats in connection with Miss Ellis, it cannot be set aside on the plea of "practice." It is plain that, tied as tight as Miss Ellis was, the exertion to accomplish the result so quickly must have been enormous, and that it could not be done without its being exhibited in her breathing, perspiration or flushed countenance. There was not the least indication that she had stirred a muscle, much more have twisted, turned and contorted head, body and arms to accomplish the feat. On the contrary, Mr. Raub showed unmistakably the effects of his efforts; he gave evidence that he had labored hard, besides being, in most cases, from fifteen to twenty times as long as Miss Ellis. If there is a rational solution of this difference on the plea of "practice," I fail to see it. If Miss Ellis did her feats as Messrs. Raub and Turner would have us believe, she has a most remarkable organism, which can be subjected to violent labor and excessive strains and not be affected. It needs no words of argument to prove that rapidity and violence of exertion are followed by their effects—effects which must be observable in the person thus performing the extra action or exertion.

It was only by violent action that Mr. Raub accomplished as much as he did. That he did not parallel Miss Ellis is no disparagement to her, but, under all the circumstances, goes to the account of her honesty and the genuineness of the manifestations through her mediumship. I therefore am constrained to believe that Miss Ellis is not "humbugging the people," or has been "systematically taught and brought up to practice deception." I am not naturally suspicious. I never had that monstrous heresy of total depravity to poison my mind, so that I almost instinctively stood ready to pronounce sentence on my fellows, if, perchance, a purblind view of them or their actions afforded an opportunity. There is not a line-

ment in the countenance of Miss Ellis which mirrors deception; there is nothing in her air which betokens that within her heart is the leprous disfigurement of a corrupt, venal, sordid, deceitful and wicked father. Such incarnated devilry, deception and duplicity as the charge made by one of your correspondents never can cloak or veil itself. The sign will be exhibited somewhere. Further, I undertake to say that if Miss Ellis had been subjected to such training as charged, and she a willing instrument, as she must be, the seal would be set upon her countenance, and the fact could be read by whosoever looked upon her. I therefore, again say, the poor exhibition of Messrs. Raub and Turner did not shake my faith in Laura V. Ellis.

Discussing this matter, as well as the operations of Mr. Carbonell, an evening or two since, with a gentleman who had seen Mr. C., another gentleman present—not a Spiritualist—remarked that though he did not see Messrs. R. and T., from all the accounts of their performances, he was satisfied they made no exposure. He based his opinion solely upon what the newspapers said. He was a gentleman of discrimination, and in these accounts discovered the weak spots.

In vindicating Miss Ellis, it is done through no partiality or friendship. I have seen her and her father, I think, only three times. I do it because I believe I am defending an honest girl. Neither do I do it because I am a bigot, and think Spiritualists can do no wrong. So far as I am personally concerned, Miss Ellis, the Davenports, the Edlys, and all other physical mediums, may be proved knaves, and all they do deceptions; it would make no difference with me; I should be a Spiritualist still. I have proofs and witnesses independent of all these, so I am not vindicating anybody as a forlorn hope. But these physical manifestations are one of the phases presented; I accept them, am thankful for them, and expect they will continue some time longer. Indeed, the time has come that even more wonderful things are done than have been heretofore, through the instrumentality of spirit-power. From the outset, step by step, the cry has been "Humbug," but the grand and glorious truth of spirit-communication has spread till it has reached the uttermost parts of the earth. But the end is not yet.

W. FOSTER, JR.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 20, 1869.

MORE "PLAIN TALK."

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

DEAR BANNER—I believe I left off last week where the Spiritualists have spent somewhere in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars to assist in supporting a Universalist minister and building a Universalist Church. "When it is done," say the Spiritualists, "we can have some place for our speakers without paying for the use of halls."

Yes, of course you can; that is, when the Universalists don't want it. On Sundays, your speakers may lie idle, or go somewhere else. And you are not sure of even that privilege, unless you walk so straight that you do not tread too heavily on their corns, for the house is theirs—not yours. That thousand dollars would pay all but the traveling expenses of one of our best debaters and speakers in the field; would pay him for one year as a missionary—one who would challenge the clergy anywhere (you know that they won't debate with a woman). There was a "Rev.", or "Dr.", or both—I believe he is preacher and doctor, too—in Waterbury, Ct., who gave a standing challenge to debate the question of natural immortality with any one. I accepted it, and he refused to meet me. I am a woman, and, of course, nobody. There are several other things that a thousand dollars would do toward building up our cause, if so applied, but I will not stop to name them, for I wish to make this article short, if not very sweet.

I know that our good brothers and sisters think that their fraternal feelings will be reciprocated, that is, if they consent to have money squeezed out of them in this manner, that when it comes their turn to want money the opposite party will consent to be squeezed, too; but they will find their mistake. A bear will hug you, but will be very far from standing the same amount of the same thing.

Two years ago, in Fort Dodge, I gave a course of lectures in Henry's Hall—he, by the way, furnishing it free, and paying as much as any one else besides. The Universalists and Spiritualists had been in the habit of meeting together. The former had just had a course of lectures, which our people attended; but when our lectures came off, scarcely a Universalist was there. This went on for two weeks; then Christmas came, and with it our Universalist friends calling on the Spiritualists for the usual preparation for the Sunday School Festival. "Nothing"—"nothing"—"nothing!"—was the response, and one of our ladies told them plainly, "We attend your lectures from principle, because you call yourselves liberal, but when we find you ignoring our speakers—true, we have larger audiences without you than you did with us, but that don't make any difference, so far as your treatment of us is concerned—so, when we find you treating us in this manner, we think it is time to notice it, by leaving you to take care of your festivals without our help."

The next Sunday the front seats were full of Universalists. The result, however, has been that they have hired a minister. They were not able to do this, so long as we would help them; but they have grown so rich, or have received some help from headquarters—I do not know which—that they have hired a minister, and were talking of building a house when I was there last, so that they would not have to hire Henry's Hall. And now, with the exception of the minister himself, they, or only a few of them, find their way to our meetings. But their minister was there every time, for he, till their house is built, had no place to speak when we used the hall.

At another place, Nevada, a Spiritualist minister was drawing the Spiritualists in to help support him by saying, "There is but little difference between the Spiritualists and Universalists—the Spiritualists are one step ahead—that is all. They recognize communion with spirits, and it may be true; I cannot say that it is not, but, as yet, have had no evidence, or, at least, not sufficient to satisfy me."

Very much mistaken, brother. You have not stated the true ground of difference. I am sleepy now, for it is most time to "go into the blanket," as our red brothers and sisters would say, and so will not try to show what it really is to-night, but I will do it in my next article.

Tolney, Iowa, Dec. 17th, 1869.

At Dampierre in France, a fortnight since, a servant who went to feed a pack of hunter-hounds, who had been neglected a day or two, was torn in pieces and devoured by them.

There are only seven hundred women in Wyoming Territory, but the passage of the woman suffrage bill is expected materially to increase this number.

BEYOND THE PORTAL.

BY MARSHALL S. PIKE.

As pure as the snow flake
That melts on the mountain,
And rippled its way
In the rivulet bright;
As soft as the spray-mist
That floats o'er the fountain,
And dies in a rainbow
Of beauty and light—

Was the sweet little being
Whose faded loving spirit,
Has gone from its earth home
To wander unseen,
Where angels are waiting
With smiles to inherit,
And bear it across
The dark death line between

As swift as the pinions
Which wind the loving swallow,
That dies to the land
Of the orange and lime;
There to wing the blue sky
Where no winter winds follow,
And live a new life
In a flowery clime;

So fast fled the breathings
From the pale, parting mortal,
That soon the last heart-throb
Had pulsed to its rest;
When the soul soared away
Through its mystical portal,
To meet and to mingle
With the silent and blest.

—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Subscribe for the Banner—Everett Rooms Society
Prosperity—Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith's Reception
—The "Sociables"—Mrs. Hatch, the Musical Medium—"Visit of the Death Angel"—Frothingham on Elective Affinities—Agitate.

DEAR BANNER—I look at the new list of subscribers given every week with a special interest, for it affords an admirable barometrical indication of the zeal of Spiritualists in the effort to diffuse the light of truth more broadly over the land. If all would labor with like zeal, and those who have been more highly favored of fortune give to the cause, as our Orthodox friends do, soon the glorious Banner would float over a world redeemed from bigotry, superstition and ignorance. So mote it be!

Our society is prospering as it has never done in the past. The hall was crowded on Sunday evening—overflowing, and great numbers were strangers. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, our speaker for this month, encountered the same difficulty as did Nettie Pease—the chilling reserve and lack of sympathy with which our "regular" audiences greet every new occupant of the desk; but Mrs. Smith, more positive than Miss Pease, met the barrier, and by her pointed discourses carried every outpost, and achieved a success of which she may well be proud. I regard her as one of the most eloquent and effective workers in the itinerant field, and I do not doubt that others who may follow her will be more cordially received and charitably entertained by reason of her severe but just rebuke of the hardness and lukewarmness of many New York Spiritualists.

The "Sociables" have become an institution in connection with the society; the attendance larger and the greeting warmer as the season advances in frigidity. The influence of these entertainments in fostering a social homogeneity cannot fail to prove a great advantage to the cause of progress.

Mrs. Laura Hastings Hatch, the musical medium, from Boston, is giving séances at the residences of some of our wealthy Spiritualists, with most gratifying success. Her first was at Mrs. Jewett's, West 32d street, whose elegant parlors were filled with a most select and appreciative audience on Monday afternoon, all appearing to be gratified with the wonderful powers of the medium under spirit control. This evening (Tuesday) she gives a séance at Mrs. Newton's, West 43d street, and arrangements are in progress for others, both private and public, with the promise of as large a measure of success as she could desire.

The angel of the resurrection, whom some call death, visited our society recently and took from sight one whose virtues will forever live in the memory of a wide circle of her friends. Mrs. Prouditt was for many years a member of the choir, to which she gave the sweet charm of a highly cultivated voice. It is but a few weeks since her form, in excellent health, was seen in our midst, which two weeks ago last Sunday was laid away in beautiful Greenwood. The funeral services were performed by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, whose well-known eloquence and deeply sympathetic soul were poured out in touching words of consolation to bereaved friends. Every sentiment expressed was in perfect harmony with the cardinal doctrines of the spiritual philosophy, and if the great apostle of an advanced liberalism—a rational religion—is not known as a Spiritualist, he is no less doing a work for humanity, dear to the hearts of all who believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The choir of the Everett Rooms Society furnished the appropriate music, and the opening hymn,

"We know thou art gone to the Land of the Blest," thrilled all hearts with its tender pathos. After the conclusion of the services, and all the friends had taken a last look at the inanimate form so tranquilly reposing in the casket, a most touching incident occurred which deeply affected those present. The choir approached the flower-bedecked casket, and after a moment of silence, as if by an inspiration, burst upon the ear in tender, impassioned tones, the words of the hymn:

"Where the roses never shall wither."

The effect can hardly be described. It was beautiful; for, to the clairvoyant eye, the spirit of our departed sister was seen standing behind one of the choir, taking part in the singing.

Much disappointment is felt in not having the pleasure of meeting our old favorite, Miss Lizzie Doten, who was to have occupied the desk on the last Sunday of the month, whose illness prevented her coming to greet us.

Rev. Mr. Frothingham's discourse, on Sunday, at Tremor's Hall, on "Elective Affinities," in which the marriage and divorce question was broadly discussed, attracts much attention, and is provoking severe criticism. But he gave the true doctrine of the relation of the sexes, in the progressive views.

With such great lights of opinion as Frothingham and Beecher, as prominent agitators of the social questions, progress for the right is assured, and humanity will attain to higher standards of civilization. Agitate, agitate—stir up the pool through which comes healing for the nations.

Respectfully yours, J. WINCHESTER.
New York, Dec. 21st, 1869.

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—The life of a patient has been saved in the Pennsylvania Hospital by the difficult operation of transfusion of blood, two medical students baring their arms to furnish the fresh fluid. Had such an operation been performed during Salem witchcraft times, the necks of the medical practitioners would have been stretched, instead of furnishing a portion of their blood to sustain life in another.

A schoolmaster in the country advertises that he will keep a Sunday school twice a week.

and happiness of society! It is the one thing which is slowly but surely undermining and destroying the health and happiness of society, and filling all civilized countries with broken down constitutions and imbecile, useless bodies.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

NEW YORK SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE QUESTION OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The demand for Woman Suffrage has, since the close of the late war, taken a new and more definite shape. That terrible event awakened many women to an understanding of the theory of self-government, and the energies that were called forth in the upholding of our free institutions necessarily find outlet now in this new field of battle—the establishment of woman's freedom. This is one of the immediate causes of the revival, on so grand a scale, of the Woman's Rights agitation, and of the definite and imperative demand, on the part of the agitators, for Woman Suffrage.

The "logic of events" has brought us to this point. The assertion in the immortal Declaration of Independence, that "Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," has taken root among all classes in this Republic; and, as a consequence, only those men are disfranchised who are incompetent or unworthy to give their consent to be governed. Those under age, those bereft of intelligence, those insane, and those convicted of crime, are adjudged to be incapable or unworthy of exercising the rights of citizenship. All other men may express their will by the use of the ballot. In this country, a man can be deprived of this right only by some alleged fault or folly of his own, and consequently to be disfranchised is a tremendous criticism or stigma of the public on the individual. Not only so, but the ballot is at once the symbol and guarantee of self-government, and the privilege of using this symbol is an endorsement by a great nation of the manhood and freedom of its sons.

Thus logically the question arises, By what right are the daughters of the Republic deprived of this symbol and safeguard of self-government? Are they to be classed with the imbecile and insane? If not, what monstrous crime can be laid at their door which should deprive them of the recognition and rights that America grants to virtuous and intelligent women? Last evening I heard an eloquent black man lecture on "Charleston as it was and is." After twenty-three years of northern life and work as a clergyman, he returned to the city of his birth and enslavement. There he met those whom he had remembered "in bonds, as bound with them," and found them restored to citizenship, and some of them were holding responsible and honorable public offices. "Then," said he, "I straitened up and felt myself a man. Here my head had been bent and my spirit depressed, for the right of suffrage was withheld from me, and if you deny me the elective franchise you deny my manhood." It is easy for him who is guaranteed in the exercise of all the rights of citizenship to speak lightly of the ballot, and to wonder that it should be regarded of such value by the disfranchised; but he into whose soul the iron has entered knows full well the weight and power of that tiny, voiceless emblem of self-government that "executes the free-man's will, as lightning does the will of God."

It is not, therefore, an end but a means that we ask the elective franchise for woman. It is at the threshold of her advancement. It is the first round of the ladder which she must climb by slow and toilsome steps in order to reach the "perfection and truthfulness of character" which "are the secret intentions of Nature." She needs to realize her dignity of soul by being placed on an equality with all who share the Divine Humanity, and to feel the pressure of the duties and responsibilities that lie in the track of freedom. She must learn the lesson known by the patriots of the Revolution, but which needed to be again burned into the consciousness of men by the awful tragedy of fratricidal war, that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Woman needs the education that the ballot brings, and the incentives to intelligent exertion that by means of self-government are brought to bear upon the free. Like man, she is placed here with the endowment of Godlike faculties, but she needs, as he does, the weight of duty, the attrition of care and thought, the admonitions of stern discipline, to give those faculties proper adjustment and activity. No agency should be withheld that would help her to live the largest, truest, noblest life of which she is capable, for she is so placed, in the economy of God, that upon her depends in great measure the weal or woe of individuals, nations, and the world. As daughter, sister, wife, mother, she needs both the encouragement and protection which an understanding of the sublime principles of a free government, and a participation in its affairs, give to man. She is guardian of the family and the home. Let her not become less than this, but more. Let her clear intuitions be directed to the broader family and larger home which exists beyond her own flesh and blood, and she will soon come to see that her pitying heart and tender hand are needed in the redemption of society and the rectification of government. The guardian of the home must become the guardian of the State, that larger home which needs to be adorned by the hand of woman with the beauty of holiness.

A loveless theology and a loveless government are both at variance with the Principle of Good. In suns and planets, and the drop of dew, the centrifugal and centripetal forces balance each other. In stars and blossoms, and the grain of sand, the principle of polarity is found. Nowhere is there a rounded sphere without the positive and negative in equilibrium; and never, through all the ages of the coming time, will there be a rounded Republic, a righteous and happy nation, without wisdom and love, man and woman, at the centre and circumference of government.

Out of Town Lectures.

CHARLESTON.—On Sunday evening, Dec. 26th, Mrs. Emma Hardinge spoke to a good audience (notwithstanding the pouring rain) at Union Hall, Main street—her subject being: "The reformatory effects of Modern Spiritualism upon the religious opinions of the nineteenth century." We shall print hereafter a full report of this lecture, which was attentively followed and fully endorsed by all who had the courage to face the crowding elements.

In the afternoon of the same day J. B. Morrison, of Haverhill, lectured at the above named hall—subject: "Shall we have the Bible in our common schools?"

CHelsea.—Rev. Rowland Connor spoke in Granite Hall before the Spiritualists of this city, on Sunday evening, Dec. 26th—subject: "True and False Worship." In spite of bad weather a respectable audience assembled, among whom were to be found some of the first citizens of the place.

ANOTHER RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC.—Gen. Fremont sold in Paris \$20,000,000 of the bonds of his Pacific Railroad, and has contracted 200 miles of it from Jefferson, Texas, to which place the rails will be brought by water, 50 miles north to the main line, and thence west 150 miles toward El Paso.

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

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Banner of Light.

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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.

The New Year.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL! May the experience that has ripened in the past be a lamp to our feet and a guide for our path in the time that is to come. All of us have had our joys and sorrows during the year that is now ended, and we may be sure that the coming year has its own to distribute likewise. If we go through the world with an even temper, a humble and trusting spirit, and a faith in the Good Power that alone sustains and strengthens us, we shall be certain to receive all that comes without harm, but, on the other hand, with profit.

As for ourselves—the *Banner of Light*—we intend to labor with a new zeal for the promotion of the good and the true, and to bring heaven as close to earth as we can. There is need enough of it. The age is one of great susceptibility, and grand truths are being impressed on the human mind, and assimilated in human action and character. We profess to work on the side of these, sure that we are supported by influences which are reliable. For our hosts of friends we have words of sincere gratitude, coupled with hearty wishes for their happiness and peace. They can count on our cooperation with them in every good work, whereby the state of man may be improved and elevated. May the new year be still more profitable than the last, and all together make a sum of solid satisfaction in the retrospect.

The Spread of the Truth.

It is a common thing to open our exchanges and read sketches of discourses by one Reverend and another on Spiritualism. They take a new course of late. Instead of denouncing and damning in set phrase, as they formerly did, they make an ostentatious profession of going calmly into an investigation of the subject, and after noticing a few of the more rudimentary points associated with the communications, they fall upon them without mercy, and thence proceed to a general denunciation of jugglers, who—*they hope*—are not fair representatives of the whole body of mediums; there is more or less adroitness in this style of proceeding, disguised, of course, to suit the needs of listeners. We happen to have under our eye a recent sermon after this pattern, from a preacher of the Presbyterian sect, in Peoria, Illinois. In the main it is a sort of hash of what its author has heard and been predisposed to believe, although he protests the monstrous unfairness of passing an opinion without careful examination. His discourse abounds in what is disreputable, and which sincere Spiritualists do not undertake to uphold, but touches nowhere on the high and holy teachings which are the real purpose of this modern revelation. Such speakers manifestly want to make out a case, more than to bring up the truth to the surface in whatever shape it may chance to present itself. This particular one condemns the Davenport, Wm. Fay, Colchester, and certain others, unqualifiedly; yet he allows that there are a great majority of truthful mediums, and a multitude of sincere believers, of every walk and calling and stage of culture.

How to explain the manifestations is his puzzle. He cannot accept what he demonstrates the "sheet anchor" of Spiritualism, viz., that the manifestations proceed from intelligent sources, and he cannot do it simply because he does not want to. He prefers to go in quest of another explanation, and finds it, to his apparent satisfaction, in the now almost universally accepted theory of animal magnetism. He declares "that much of Spiritualism, not referable to legions, may probably be referred to animal magnetism and clairvoyance. And this he styles 'an abnormal elevation of the senses,' by which one is enabled to suffer, do and perceive what, in his natural state, he could not." He will not attempt to explain, but he is content that it accounts for most of the phenomena of Spiritualism. He must possess rare penetration to discover in an illuminated moment what equally clear minds have failed to discover at all, and what, if like his explanation, would furnish them no satisfaction whatever. His objection to the simple Spiritualistic faith is that it has done the world no good, and that communications are contradictory. He accommodates himself to the legerdemain and mesmerism, and credits the remainder to the control of evil spirits whose influence and messages we should shun. We think it obvious that he would quite as promptly shun the teachings of the good spirits, too. It is not spiritual truth that he seeks, but ground from which to destroy Spiritualism.

Other preaching sectarians are constantly discoursing on our holy faith and substantial philosophy after the same fashion. Happily, however, we are not to look for the most enlightened reflections on this subject to ministerial discourses. The intelligent press of the country is more than thousands of pulpits, and the truth is filtered through that, daily. We take up an exchange, for example, like the *New Orleans Times*—a journal of great ability and extended influence—and find an article discussing Spiritualism on its editorial page, from which we will extract of pith and moment as follows:

"But that there are certain intelligences distinct from our own, overlying or underlying the earth, we dare not deny. A mysterious impression, guiding the thoughts and feelings into strange channels must be familiar to every thinking person among us. They grow out of no natural constitution of the mind or habitual ideas. In fact, they are sometimes contradictory to our whole nature, and come against will and habit. Once in possession of the mind, they rule and influence it as our common thoughts cannot do. We are daily conscious of the phenomena, and explain them away by the help of the dim lights philosophy holds out to us. But who is satisfied with the explanation?"

Who does not feel, in his utmost being, that there are mysteries no science can approach? Spiritualism seeks to fill up the void, and, through much error, has grasped one vital truth. It is only by recognizing other intelligences beyond our own, in the unknown universe around us,

that we can grapple with the materialistic views which are destroying the idealisms of humanity. No one can deny that we stand on the verge of some great change. Into what enduring forms the surging elements may crystallize, no man can hazard a guess. The birth throes of great truths have always been convulsive, but none the world seems shaken to its very centre. The rush of events, each in itself enough to astonish a century, points to some stupendous result. What part Spiritualism may bear in the great drama is a question neither friends nor foes can answer satisfactorily. A blind faith on one side is met by obstinate prejudice on the other. We, belonging to neither party, await some revelation which will either establish a patent truth, or strip the veil from a delusion whose history is more peculiar than that of any other delusion the world has ever known."

The Shakers at Music Hall, Boston.

The concluding lecture in the Fraternity Course was given Tuesday evening, Dec. 27th, at the Music Hall, the lecturer being Elder Frederic W. Evans, of Mt. Lebanon, and his subject, "The Shaker Views of Theology." He appeared on the platform with some fifty or more male and female Shakers. The brethren were seated on one side of the centre of the platform, and the sisters opposite and facing them; in the centre, behind the speaker's stand, and facing the audience, sat the elders and the singers, male and female. They all appeared in the garb common to the sect. The audience was a large one, filling the entire floor of the hall, and the greater portion of the balconies; it was one that seemed greatly interested in the proceedings, which were frequently applauded.

After singing two pieces, Elder Evans was introduced. He remarked, "Extremes sometimes meet; it is so on the present occasion. You have met a company of rustics; you came to see the Shakers, and we wish to present ourselves as Shakers; we have no desire to present ourselves otherwise than what we really are—a simple people." The speaker desired to present his peculiar views to the community. He said, Theology is a science of religion, not religion itself; it is a mistake to make theology and religion synonymous. I do not believe that a difference in theology should be made a matter of persecution. The old theology, that God created the earth out of nothing, we dissent from in the beginning. You have met here a simple company of men and women who are working out their ideas at the finger-ends. We believe God is a duality—the father and mother—the father of Wisdom and the mother of Love. And again, we have serious doubts if God ever descended to this earth, and made himself familiar with any of its inhabitants. In regard to the Son of God, we think that Jesus is a son of God, in the same manner that every man and woman should be a son of God. Truth existed before the Scriptures. We need not go into another world for a heaven or a hell; people can make either they choose here on the earth. Mr. Evans referred to the resurrection, thinking it could not be literally, for if it was, there would be great difficulty in obtaining the particles of a body which had decomposed, passed into vegetable matter, again into animal. Why, said he, nobody would know where to find themselves. The resurrection understood by the Shakers was that explained as the time when the spirit of Christ came upon a soul; he then detailed the operation of Christ's spirit upon the soul. The lecturer closed in speaking of the spirit of persecution, thinking it would be well to honor a person while living, rather than to persecute him living and honor him dead.

During the delivery of the address, which abounded in ideas extremely heretical to Orthodox, repeated bursts of applause greeted the most radical sentiments.

At the close of the Elder's lecture a song was sung, and then he introduced one of the sisters, whose name we did not hear. She advanced to the desk, leading by the hand another sister. Both ladies spoke briefly, but pertinently, and their remarks were well received. Two more songs having been sung, the Elder thanked the audience for the kind reception given them, and the respectful attention paid to what they had to offer, and the meeting was dismissed. We shall give Elder Evans's remarks in full in our next issue.

A Poor Piece of Furniture.

The *Round Table* is unhappy because it is a table that can produce no raps. Hence it is down on what it elegantly styles "mediums." It says they do not speak good grammar; for one reason, because they do not use medium in the plural with its plural termination—media. And then it falls into a sportive criticism of the *Banner*, for using the dative plural adjective—omnibus—as a plural at all! The *Round Table* is very fine on this point. It says that "omnibus," being a dative plural, has become Anglicized, and is thus used as a noun, in the nominative singular. Then if an adjective in the dative plural can be transformed into a noun in the nominative singular, what is to prevent that noun, created in this revolutionary fashion, from being plural as well as singular? It certainly can be, if it is accepted as a noun; and if it is not, then it will have to do without any article before it. It simply continues a "for all," which the *Round Table* is not, and nothing like it.

We appreciate the *Round Table's* kind advice, but must beg it to husband its scholastic ammunition. It must recollect that it has not safely passed that period of school-boy sickness, when learning strikes in like the measles, and produces a drooping sickness. Let it attend closely to the master. It assumes to teach too early; wait until the beard is grown, and the voice fully broken, and the Latin becomes more familiar. It is not yet grounded in the rules. After its eyes are a little open, it may be able to detect the meaning of things without running in such a pucker to its Latin grammar. If a dative plural adjective may be made a noun of the nominative singular, as omnibus, why not a nominative singular adjective, neuter, be made an "Anglicized" nominative plural? This *Round Table* was got up from exceedingly soft wood.

The Indians.

Lieut. O. T. Spear, agent, and W. J. Godfrey, interpreter for the Southern Utes, deny the recent statement of apprehended trouble with the Utes and Apaches. It is true the Apaches are out on a hunt, but they do not refuse to go on the reservations. The report was started by citizens of New Mexico, who want the agency transferred from the Indian reservation in Colorado to their territory, in order that they may secure the benefits arising from the government appropriation, which amounts to two million dollars per annum. Lieutenant Spear also says if any trouble arises the responsibility rests upon the people of New Mexico. The Utes are peaceable, and manifest a desire to cultivate the advantages of civilization, among which is education. They desire their children may be taught, and already have school-houses for that purpose. The Utes are well provided for by the Government, and, as a consequence, are contented, and will make no trouble if let alone.

Our Message Department.

Since the appeal for aid to sustain this the most expensive department of our paper, a few noble souls have responded, for which we tender our heartfelt thanks; and we are requested to also thank the donors, in behalf of our spiritual friends. Among the letters containing donations, one is of so unique a character that we give it a place in our columns for the edification of the reader, especially as the writer does not claim to be a Spiritualist:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Seeing your appeal in the issue of the 18th inst. on behalf of your Free Circles, and feeling that I can, without injury to myself, contribute a small mite, I enclose herewith two dollars, not because I am fully convinced of the truth of spirit communion, but for the simple reason that you advocate progression, liberality and good-will toward mankind; and though the doctrine held forth in your Message Department may not emanate from angels in Heaven, yet they are worthy of them, and cannot but be cherished by all good and true men. I have watched Spiritualism for the past few years, calmly, and am a constant reader of your paper, and feel that much good can be accomplished by continuing what you term "Spirit-Message," from the fact that questions of the most vital importance are therein fairly and freely discussed, all of which must arouse the minds of thinking men.

I hope those who call themselves Spiritualists will come forward and support what they believe to be the cause of God.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 19th, 1869.

Here is another letter from a non-Spiritualist friend, which contains a proposition we hope Spiritualists of means will give their attention to and act upon. Thanks, "Titus," for your liberality and suggestions:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Having noticed, in your last number, a call to support the Letter Séance communications, (Message Department), I tender this as a proposition: I will make one of two hundred to donate or subscribe toward the object mentioned fifty dollars for the coming fiscal year, (1870,) payable monthly in advance, and herewith transmit five dollars as my first payment. If that will not cover the extra expense, then make it a greater number of subscribers.

P. S.—I am not acquainted with your doctrines, but as far as I have read the *Banner of Light* I do desire to aid it for its firm, liberal and truthful self.

New York, Dec. 20th, 1869.

Another appreciative friend of the *Banner*, Mrs. Nancy Beckwith, sends the following:

As my subscription is near its close, I send you \$10.00 for a renewal, and the remainder for the "Message Department," believing we cannot well do without it. It is a small pittance, but I hope those with larger means will be more generous.

Thank you, Sister Beckwith. We, too, pray that those with large means will be more generous.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge closed her series of excellent lectures in this city, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 26th, before a large audience, notwithstanding the drenching rain. It was her fourth lecture on the Questionings of the Soul, the special theme being "Whither am I bound?" Her complete mastery of the subjects discussed, and the thrilling and effective eloquence with which she delivered her sentences, never fail to charm and electrify the listeners. We shall print a report of this discourse, week after next. Mrs. Hardinge revisits Boston in April, and will then give her last lectures in this country, before sailing for England in May.

Daniel W. Hull next Sunday.

On account of severe lung trouble, Miss Lizzie Doten has been obliged to cancel all her lecturing engagements, and consequently must disappoint those who have been anxiously expecting to hear her during this course of lectures in Music Hall. Daniel W. Hull, formerly a distinguished Second Advent minister, has been secured for the two Sundays Miss Doten was to speak. Mr. Hull is from the West, where he enjoys an excellent reputation as a man, a sound, logical and eloquent extemporaneous speaker. He is the elder brother of Moses Hull, and many who have heard both lecture, say they like Daniel the best of the two. If that is the case, he will not lack for engagements or audiences. He will take for his theme, next Sunday, the integrity of the Bible, and the character of the evidence that induces a belief in it. For two Sundays, on account of a Fair, the meetings will be held in Bunstead Hall, entrance the same from the street as to Music Hall.

Pennsylvania Peace Society.

We should have spoken at the time of the third anniversary meeting of this Society at Harmonial Hall, Philadelphia. It was a success throughout. Dr. H. T. Child read the report of the Executive Committee for the past year, which was an exceedingly interesting document. A letter was likewise read from Father Hyacinthe to Alfred H. Love, Esq., which was full of sympathetic expressions for the Society and its objects. Letters were also read from William Lloyd Garrison, Gerrit Smith, and others. Proper committees were appointed to manipulate the business of the Society. Lucretia Mott was present likewise, and addressed the assembly acceptably. A letter was prepared, to be sent to the miners of the State. Hon. Marvin H. Bouvee, of Wisconsin, made a capital address, which received marked approbation from all. Among the other speakers were C. C. Burleigh, Squire John Truth, Alfred H. Love and Lucretia Mott. Some resolutions in the interest of universal peace were passed, and a list of officers elected for the next year, Mr. Alfred H. Love being chosen President. The influence of this organization is steadily increasing, and the dissemination of the principles of peace cannot but be effective upon the conduct of current questions. A peace policy is being successfully tried upon the red man, and one would suppose that, if it worked well with him, it might answer for his more civilized white brother.

Emma Hardinge's Great Work.

Entitled "MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM," the advertisement of which may be found elsewhere, is now ready for the public, whose orders are expected to be extremely large in view of the scope of the work and the character of its gifted author. It is superbly printed and bound, and a credit to the American book-making craft. It is now ready for delivery at this office. This is a review of the whole field by Mrs. Hardinge, and she brings to her task those rare qualities of mind and nature which have made her one of the most distinguished public women of the day. Here we have a succinct history of the birth and growth of Spiritualism in this country for twenty years, and from a pen than which none is more worthy to treat a subject of such importance and interest.

Home Again.

Our young friend, Cephas B. Lynn, arrived in town a day or two ago. Since July last he has been actively engaged in the Western lecture field. He was well received there and fully appreciated. Bro. L. is a good speaker, and should be encouraged. Address 9 Kingston street, Charlestown, Mass.

New Subscribers.

Since our last issue our friends have sent us eighty-three new subscribers. Mrs. J. B. Denton sent three; a friend in California, six; U. Smith, one; E. A. Hinman, one; Mrs. M. Hunt, one; J. A. Sumner, two; Wm. Dryden, one; T. V. Lawson, one; A. L. Butterworth, one; Lucinda Rose, one; Earl E. Dickey, one; Charles Hill, one; L. Thomas, one; Dr. A. Pratt, one; A. Seifert, one; H. F. Cole, one; F. W. White, one; R. L. Roys, one; D. Tennant, one; E. R. Tracy, one; Martha Beavers, one; "Subscriber," one; J. Lorain, one; A. A. Stout, one; H. D. Ellis, one; John Little, two; C. Westover, one; Maria H. Knight, one; S. Hoffington, one; Miss S. Alley, one; A. L. Tinkham, one; E. H. Cornell, one; J. Dimmock, one; Jane M. Davis, one; J. Myers, one; H. H. Feavers, two; Mrs. J. Cutler, one; Thomas Loyd, one; Mrs. H. C. Cragin, one; Samuel Johns, one; Mrs. R. Giddings, one; N. Chase, Jr., one; William Johnston, one; George W. Reed, one; William P. Hazeltine, one; L. P. De Turk, one; G. Crowell, one; T. Kirk, two; D. S. Tilton, one; L. Clough, one; A. E. Carpenter, one; J. H. Butler, one; Mrs. N. A. Rogers, one; J. Q. Brink, one; J. Edson, one; George W. Haynes, one; F. V. Powers, one; S. J. Winter, one; W. Byrom, one; James Leggett, one; Z. Houghton, one; Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, one; A. E. Daniels, one; S. W. Stewart, one; S. Chapman, one; A. S. Palmer, one; J. Booth, one; W. B. Hawley, two; M. Romahn, one; Elizabeth Newport, one; George Plummer, one.

Good Counsel from the Carmelite Friar.

In his last and only discourse in this country, delivered in New York before the French Benevolent Society, Father Hyacinthe gave expression to some noble sentiments, which, if more carefully followed, would inevitably break down the dividing walls of sects, and open the united bodies to the incoming of a purer and holier truth. Some of his counsels, in the course of his address, were of the following sort: "Let us, then, be more of heart; let us bear our hearts into civil life, into social life, into domestic life; let us be men of heart, in city and in State; let us love country, family, loyalty, probity; let us love the Church of Christ, but not as the Church of any particular sect; let us respect the letter, but not as an extinguished letter. The letter kills—the spirit gives life." Yes! all Spiritualists know it is the spirit that giveth life.

Music Needed, not Theology.

No good can come of reading the Bible in the public schools, in the way it is read. To make the impression its simple moral truths should, it must be taught by a proper teacher, and such a person is confessedly not a common school teacher. Other times are fitter, and other places more effective, than the opening hour of a school day. And especially if there is a wide divergence of opinion upon the teachings of that book. The whole matter involves regular instruction in theology, for which the child mind is not qualified, and for which, too, we do not send our children to school. Music is a thousand times better. That gently excites and exalts, gives the young thoughts a waft upwards, harmonizes all differences, and makes a good start for the day, as well as happily winding it up. Let us call for more music, then, and permit less theology in our schools.

Spiritualism in Great Britain.

Is rapidly on the increase. It has entered the churches, and we doubt not in good time its influence will permeate all classes of people. Papers and books upon the subject are sought for more than ever, and new papers are springing up. We have just received the first and second numbers of a semi-monthly sheet, published in London by Mr. E. W. Allen, entitled, *THE SPIRITUALIST*. It is devoted to a record of the progress of the science and ethics of Spiritualism. It will be published weekly when its income warrants. The editor in his opening address says:

"Much care will be taken to make *The Spiritualist* useful to the pioneers of the greatest movement of modern times; so it is hoped that it will meet with a friendly reception from all engaged in the noble work of strengthening the chain of communication between this world and the spirit-land, and of clearing away the mystery which ignorance throws over the life beyond the grave."

Frothingham on the Marriage Question.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of New York, said Sunday, the 19th ult., in his discourse on affluities, that people often married under a mere personal magnetism or sensuous fascination intense and wild; but passion cooled, the mind developed, and estrangement often arose. He urged that where unions took rise in passion and culminated in dislike, a separation should take place. At the same time an attempt should be made by both parties to cultivate their mental and spiritual faculties, and find greater companionship with each other. If that proved impossible, the marriage should be dissolved. It was but a union of corpses. People should not be compelled to disgust each other for life. True religion advocated separation; but the law and society still gave but a partial acquiescence.

The Pope Prudent.

There are sixteen vacant cardinalates for the Pope to fill, and there are at least one hundred and fifty out of the seven hundred bishops attending on the Ecumenical Council that have personal aspirations and expectations in that direction. Now as His Holiness has certain schemes of his own which he would, put through—such as dogmas—and as there is known to be a decidedly strong opposition to them in the Council, it is believed that he is doing a shrewd thing to keep back his nominations until the present assembly is dissolved. He will thus keep a stronger party together for himself, and be able perhaps to carry through several measures that he could have little hope for, if the members of the Council knew precisely his mind on matters relating to themselves.

Dr. Dake's Work in Indiana.

A correspondent writes as follows: "It is gratifying to see the practical in Spiritualism. The apirits are doing a great and glorious work through the organism of our brother, Dr. Dake, the analytic healer of Rochester, N. Y., and performing astonishing cures unparalleled in any clime or in any age. The consumptive, the hopeless invalid, the halt, the lame and the blind know the efficacy of his healing touch. He has won many handsome encomiums from the sick and suffering. The doctor has made his headquarters for several months at Richmond, Ind. Honor to whom honor is due."

Massachusetts Tachygraphic Society.

This organization, composed of students and friends of the art of Tachygraphy, invented by Rev. D. P. Lindale, held its quarterly meeting in Boston, Wednesday morning, Dec. 28th. Reading of the records, and discussion of the interests of the science consumed the session.

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. J. L. PLUMB.
PERFECTLY Uncommon Physician and Business Clairvoyant, 44 Richmond street, Boston. Don't ring. Answers all kinds of letters. Terms \$1.00 each sitting, and \$1.00 and stamp for each letter. Residence 12 Russell street, opposite head of Allen street, Charlestown, Mass. Circles: Friday evenings, medium, A. Hodge. Mrs. C. Chandler, Assistant Clairvoyant. Wednesday evening circles, 12 Russell street. Jan. 8.

MRS. S. J. STICKNEY,
TEST, Business and Medical Medium, examines by lock of hair; terms \$1.00 and three-cent stamps; heals by laying on of hands. Circles Monday and Friday evenings. No. 16 Salem street, Boston. Jan. 8.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM,
MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM. 221 Washington street, Boston. Mrs. Latham is eminently successful in treating Humors, Rheumatism, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, and all Bilious Complaints. Parties at a distance examined by a lock of hair. Price \$1.00. Jan. 8.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE.
At No. 225 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.
Those requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. Jan. 1.

MRS. LIZZIE ARMSTRONG.
TEST Medium, 44 Washington street, Boston. Circles Wednesday and Sunday evenings at 7 and Friday evenings at 3. Private communications given daily from 10 to 5 o'clock. Jan. 8.

MRS. L. W. LITCH, Trance, Test and Healing Medium. Circles Tuesday and Sunday evenings and Wednesday afternoon, 97 Broadway street, room No. 18. Jan. 8.

MRS. M. M. HARDY, Test and Business Medium, No. 31 Poplar street, Boston. Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings. Jan. 8.

MRS. M. E. JOHNSON, Medium for Oral and Written Communications, 101 Hayward place, Boston. Hours from 10 to 5. Terms \$1.00. Jan. 8.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 13 Dix Place (opposite Harvard street). 13w-Dec. 11.

MRS. OBBED GRIDLEY, Trance and Test Business Medium, 41 Essex street, Boston. 5w-Dec. 18.

Miscellaneous.

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This machine will run either backward or forward with equal facility; makes the same stitch as by hand, but far superior in every respect.

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Can be made by any one with the American Knitting Machine, Knitting stockings, etc., while expert operators can even make more money in a day with it than they could by mending a ready sale. A person can readily knit from twelve to fifteen pairs of stockings per day, the profit on which will be not less than forty cents per pair.

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Dec. 11.-4w

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

I WOULD respectfully inform those at a distance who desire to have a spirit photograph taken, that it is not actually necessary for them to be present. For full particulars, address with two-cent stamp, W. H. MULLER, 170 West Springfield street, Boston. Jan. 1-2w

SOUL READING.

Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.
MRS. A. B. REVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their true character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue; and what is successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married. Full delineation, \$2.00; Brief delineation, \$1.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. Address, Mrs. A. B. REVERANCE, No. 402 Sycamore street, Milwaukee, Wis. Jan. 1

PSYCHOMETRY AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

MRS. CARRIE B. WRIGHT proposes to employ the mediumistic power which she is endowed for the use and benefit of those who may desire her services. A thorough analysis and diagnosis of character will be given from sealed communications, from a lock of hair or from a picture, and full written delineation given. Correspondence cheerfully attended to and faithful returns transmitted. Personal interview, with verbal delineation, \$1.00; full and explicit verbal delineation, \$2.00. All communications should be addressed to MRS. CARRIE B. WRIGHT, 384 Main street, Milwaukee, Wis. Dec. 18.-4w

PLANCHETTE SONG:

"Set the Truth-Echoes Humming."
Words by J. O. BARRETT; music by S. W. FOSTER. For sale at this office. Price 10 cents.

Lithograph Likeness of Dr. Newton.
WILLIAM WHITE & CO. will forward to any address by mail, post-paid, a beautiful Lithograph Likeness of Dr. J. R. Newton, on receipt of 50 cents.

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AND MRS. JULIA M. FRIEND,
Medical Clairvoyants, will be in Boston at the time except Wednesdays, when they may be found in Providence, 26 Union street. Medical examinations, when written through the hand of the medium, \$2.00; when spoken, \$1.00. Letters with lock of hair for examination must enclose \$2.00, and should be directed to our Principal Office, 130 Harrison Avenue, Boston, Mass. 1f-Dec. 18.

ANNE DENTON BRIDGE continues to make Psychometrical Examinations. Terms for metals, etc., \$2.00; for character, (sometimes containing glimpses of the future), \$2.00. Address, 16 1/2 Hill Row, 11th street, East, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular. Dec. 22.

MRS. MARY LEWIS, Psychometrist and Clairvoyant. By sending a photograph or lock of hair, will give psychometrical readings of character, answer questions, etc. Terms \$1.00 and two-cent stamp. Address, MARY LEWIS, Morrison, Whitehead Co., Ill. 8w-Dec. 27.

THE EARLY SACRIFICE
OF THE INNOCENTS. Send 6 cents to Dr. Andrew Stone, of Troy, N. Y., and obtain this great book. 1f-Aug. 1.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, &c.—A Word to the wise, &c. Young men and other gentlemen, with stamp, send to W. H. WHITNEY, Culpepper C. H., Va. Dec. 4.-9w

JOB PRINTING of all kinds promptly executed by EMERY N. MOORE & CO., No. 9 Water street, Boston, Mass. Jan. 1.

IN MILWAUKEE, WIS. A. S. Hayward will give his powerful VITAL MAGNETIC CURE to eradicate chronic diseases. Rooms 449 Jackson street. 1f-Nov. 20.

SOLOMON W. JEWETT is healing the sick at New Philadelphia, Ohio. 3w-Jan. 1.

Miscellaneous.

PAIN KILLER.

PAIN is supposed to be the lot of us poor mortals, as inevitable as death, and liable at any time to come upon us. Therefore it is important that remedial agents should be at hand to be used on any emergency, when we are made to feel the excruciating agonies of pain or the depressing influence of disease.

Such a remedial agent exists in the "Pain Killer," the fame of which has extended over all the earth. Amid the eternal ices of the Polar region, or beneath the burning sun of the tropics, its virtues are known and appreciated. The effect of the Pain Killer upon the patient, when taken internally in cases of colds, coughs, bowel complaints, cholera, dysentery, and other affections of every case within my knowledge. Having confidence in it, and knowing that it possesses valuable medicinal properties, I freely use it in my daily practice, and with unbounded success. As an expectorant it is most certainly far ahead of any preparation I have ever yet known.

NATHANIEL HARRIS, M. D., of Middlebury, Vermont, says: "I have no doubt it will soon become a classical remedy agent for the cure of all diseases of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes and the Lungs."

Physicians do not recommend a medicine which has no merits. What they say about

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM,

Can be taken as a fact. Let all afflicted test it at once.

Jan. 1. Sold by all Medicine Dealers. 3w

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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 PLANTS, is published and ready to send out. It is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, with about two hundred fine wood-engravings of flowers, vegetables and a beautiful border, the whole consisting of seven varieties of Phlox Drummondii, making a fine BOUQUET OF PHLOXES.

It is the most beautiful, as well as the most instructive, Floral Guide published; giving plain and thorough directions for the

Culture of Flowers and Vegetables.

The Floral Guide is published for the benefit of my customers, and it is sent free with applications; but will be forwarded to all who apply by mail, for TEN CENTS, which is not half the cost. Address,

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

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

Phenomenal and Philosophical.

PUBLISHED every other week by the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, 47 Prospect street, Cleveland, Ohio.

HUGHSON TUTTLE, Editor.

E. S. WHEELER, G. A. BACON, Associate Editors.

Devoted to the advancement of Spiritualism, the power is addressed to the advanced Spiritualist and thoughtful investigator alike.

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Prices—Horizontal Watches, \$8.00; Full Jeweled Levers, \$12 equal to \$15 Gold Watches; Full Jeweled Levers, extra fine and superior Gold, \$15 equal to \$20 Gold ones.

We have the best and complete stock of very fine American Watches, full jeweled, lever, chronometer balance, adjusted to heat, cold and position, in Heavy Double Cases, equal in appearance and for time to any kind of watch, and very fine of the best.

We charge only \$5 for these magnificent watches. All our watches in hunting cases, extra and ladies' sizes. Chains, \$1 to \$5. Also, all kinds of jewelry, equal to gold, at one-tenth the price.

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FUNERAL AND FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS,

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JOHN PEAK, BOSTON. JOHN H. PEAK, Res. 36 Union Park st. Nov. 6.-4w

COMMON SENSE!!!

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SEWING MACHINE. Price only \$15. Great inducement to Agents. This is the most popular Sewing Machine of the day—makes the famous "Eagle Lock Stitch," and will do any kind of work that can be done on any Sewing Machine, and the demand constantly increasing. Now is the time to take an agency. Send for circulars, and receive a copy of the "Banner of Light" free. Address, BROWN BROTHERS, Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo. Jan. 1-4w

BROWN BROTHERS,

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENT OFFICE,

46 School street, opposite City Hall, Boston, Mass.

ALBERT W. BROWN, (Formerly Examiner at Scientific American.)

EDWIN W. BROWN, (Formerly Examiner at Scientific American.)

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1870. THE NURSERY. 1870.

THE best, cheapest and most highly illustrated

MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN, \$1.50 a year in advance. Sample number, 10 cents. Subscribers may send the last number of 1869 FREE. Address JOHN L. BROWN, 133 Washington street, Boston. 4w-Dec. 26.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ONETA,

Indian control of J. WILLIAM VAN NABEE, as seen in spirit-life by WILLIAM F. ANDERSON, Artist for the Summer.

Price 25 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

Photographs of A. J. Davis.

Just received, a full photograph likeness of the author and of his wife. Price 25 cents.

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LITHOGRAPH LIKENESS OF A. J. DAVIS.

An excellent portrait of the celebrated writer on Spiritualism, Andrew Jackson Davis. Price \$1.25.

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A. B. CHILD, M. D., has returned to the business of DENTISTRY, 50 School street, Boston. Nov. 6.

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WHILE ON THE INSPECTION TOUR WITH GABRIEL AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

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" " " NATURAL JESUS.

How begotten? Where was he from twelve to thirty? Was he an Essene?

MEDIEVAL SPIRITUALISM.

Gymnastics, Hierophants, Magicians, Prophets, Apostles, Revers, Sibyls, &c.; Spiritual Mediums, their Persecutions by the Christian Church, and frequent Martyrdom.

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The Wave commencing in Rochester; its Present Altitude; Adjustments from the Past in its Favor; Testimonies of the Faith; Testimonies of its Truth from the Clergy; Beecher, Chapman, Hephworth, &c., &c.

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What Spiritualists believe concerning

GOD, JESUS CHRIST, THE HOLY GHOST, BAPTISM, FAITH, REPENTANCE, INSPIRATION, HEAVEN, HELL, SPIRITS, JUDGMENT, PURGATION, SALVATION, PROGRESSION, THE SPIRIT-WORLD, THE NATURE OF LOVE, THE GENIUS, TENDENCY AND DESTINY OF THE Spiritual Movement.

It is dedicated to

ARON NITO, a Spiritist, With Horoscope by REV. J. O. BARRETT.

It is a companion of the "Planchette." Bound in cloth. Price \$2.00; postage 12 cents.

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Banner of Light.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WARREN CHASE.
No. 27 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE YEARS.

Once more our little world has completed its journey around the sun, by which we are all numbered one year older, whether we know more or not; and he or she is a mental sluggard that does not, for if we live one year and learn nothing, a century at the same rate will leave us as far behind the age as the fossils of the coldest or coldest age are behind the living races of today. The year just past has been big with events, especially those of a spiritual nature. In no year of American history has there been less of sectarian progress in our country, in proportion to its population, and in no year more of true and substantial conversion to the truths of natural and rational religion, with its facts of spiritual life, and the communication of spirits with mortals. The fact of spirit intercourse has become almost general among the people of this country, except the bigoted and self-righteous, who set themselves up as wiser than those who know more than they do, and hence will not learn the truth that they too might know. Physical manifestations have greatly increased during the past year, and they have been successfully exhibited in the most popular halls of nearly all our large cities, and the thousands have had opportunity of seeing and hearing for themselves, and thus refuting the scandalous falsehoods of palps and prestiges that have so long tried to deceive the people on the subject.

The year has also been rich with intellectual fruits in various departments of progress, and in none more than in rational thought on religious subjects. Many preachers have moved their standards forward, and beckon their hearers on as they occupy new ground. Some are already out, and others nearly out, of the theological woods of sectarian superstition; some have cast off the shell of creeds and stand out as Christians—only Christians—and others have cast off even the sectarian Christian shell and stand on the platform of "FREE RELIGION"—where the religion of the future is to be found, fitted for and adapted to the wants of this great American nation, which must give light to all the world, made up as it is, and is to be, from the brightest and best of all nations, tongues, peoples and religions of the earth. The "leaven" for the human "lump" is religion—rational religion—not the Christian religion, which is too narrow, and only a sectarian form of worship in all its varied modes of expression and creeds of belief. Confucius, Moses, Socrates, Jesus, Mahomet, Pythagoras, and scores of others, must be recognized as saviors of the race, whose blood is as efficacious as that of the fabled Christena or Christ.

In no year of our life have we seen as much cause for rejoicing for the true reformer and so little for sectarian bigotry, and we also see that they feel the great events already casting their portentous shadows before which fall upon them. Their councils and conventions and efforts to unite the scattered and broken ranks of Christianity plainly show the alarm among their leaders.

A GREAT CHANGE.

Once more, after three hundred years of progress, the Pope has called his Ecumenical Council, to meet on the day held "sacred to the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God." Strange language for this age and country, but truly catholic. When the last council of this kind was called, there was strife and contention and jealousies between the great national powers about the place of assembling, and finally Trent, a sort of neutral ground, was agreed on, and the council itself had power to make the mightiest monarchs tremble, and the powers of earth quail before its authority; but now no one cares where it assembles, or what it does or decrees. It is of itself powerless; but as a writer in the New York World says in an able article in that paper of Dec. 6, "it will be as a whetstone; not cutting, but sharpening the edge of instruments that do cut." The independent minds that stand out in bold relief on the face of the world will watch its words, and take course and courage from its action, but not in fear nor backward to its old wheel-ruts of authority, that are now abandoned by the nations of the world. The same writer says, "the modern spirit of inquiry is a SAMSON that cannot be bound with ecclesiastical green withes; if its head could be shorn and its eyes put out, it would be less likely to grind slavishly in a mill than to pull down the whole edifice of society." This is not only true, but much more is true also. The power of the Pope and his church over the affairs and nations of this world is at an end; the temporal sceptre has departed, and the spiritual power is rapidly slipping in the same way from his grasp. The last temporal hold of this church was over marriage, and the nations have mostly taken this out of the hands of the church, and regulated it for themselves. The old church still begs the privilege of burying its dead with head to the west and with crosses for catholic gravestones, that they may be known in the morning of the resurrection as they come up facing the east, from which the Saviour [JESUS] is to approach, and nobody opposes this old and foolish superstition of the dark ages. Let her bury her dead and her head in the darkness and superstition of the past; the world moves, and will move on better without her.

We often meet with persons, who, observing the large numbers and value of the churches the Catholics are building in different sections of the country, fear they will get the control of this nation; but there is no more danger of this, either in a spiritual or temporal sense, than there is of our rivers turning their courses and running back from the sea to the mountains. We are not going that way, and no church edifice can drive us back to ignorance and superstition. The spirit of criticism is abroad, and this old church cannot escape its keen eye, and it stands no chance for power, where education is common and free thought and expression allowed and encouraged.

We are glad this council has been convened. It will give the bishops a chance to get acquainted with each other, and sound each other, by which they can see who are hard—who soft; who will yield to worldly pressure of progress, and who will not; and it will enable Catholicism of Europe to learn much of Catholicism of America, and especially of the United States; and it will do them good to compare notes and discuss in private talk, as they will, the aspect and prospect of the church on both sides of the ocean.

There may be some foolish enough to expect the old grandmother of Protestant sects is to renew her age and power in this country, and be carried to our young sprightly government, since she is divorced from the European kingdoms; but such may sleep in their folly, and die in their igno-

rance of human progress. She has done her worst, and her best, and the present council may as well sound her to sleep, administer extreme unction, and prepare an epitaph.

ORGANIZATION.

For some years we have believed the time had come for the Spiritualists to organize in local societies and in State and National Organizations for practical and efficient action and cooperation, and we have faithfully labored for that, and with tongue and pen, and what little means we could spare. We are not yet hopeless, for granting in faith that the time has come, and the work begun, that will be ripened in due time into permanent and efficient organic action; but until local societies are sufficiently numerous and strong to send good, efficient men and women to the State Conventions to carry on their business, they will be, as they mostly have been so far, made up of speakers and mediums whose business and qualifications are in these fields of labor, and who are qualified for their work, and not for the work required of State Organizations, and who have to shift, economize, and even beg, to get a poor subsistence by their labor, and hence, of course, can do nothing but make speeches at the Conventions.

The National Conventions, also, which should bring together at least one thousand of the ablest men and women in the nation—able and practical for efficient action—are instead mostly a collection of speakers and mediums, and impracticable but useful persons, whose talents are out of place there, and who give the country no confidence in the movement. The State and local societies have no funds, and neither pay delegates, nor are they able to induce their best and ablest Spiritualists to attend, but speakers and mediums who are traveling, and can as well go there as anywhere, make up the great body of delegates, and as they have no money to spare they have to meet where the least expense attends the Convention, and hurry off as soon as each has made his or her speech, and got one or more resolutions passed, and then it all goes over till the next yearly gathering of the same sort. It is true we all have a good social visit, and are glad to meet and greet each other, and get more and better acquainted; but when the people ask what we have done, we can only point to our resolutions, speeches and reports, and our empty treasury, and hope for assistance in better minds and more means next year. As before stated, we are not without hope, but it cannot rest on past experiences, but in future prospects. We are satisfied of the honesty and good intentions of the officers of the American Board, but they have no means, and cannot work without, and such persons as have heretofore assembled are not likely to furnish means. What next?

THE DAVENPORTS IN ST. LOUIS.

The Davenport Brothers are exhibiting in St. Louis with perfect success, astonishing all the skeptics who witness their performance, especially those who have read the late attempts to explain and expose the manner of performing the feats. No unbiased person can witness the feats with fair opportunity, and not be satisfied that some invisible intelligence aids them, and no intelligent and sane person will attribute it to the devil; any other explanation is eagerly sought by the party. Tell how it is done, is the constant expression of the Spiritualists, and the people echo the query, "how?"

The finest hall in the city seats every evening a large and very intelligent audience, who are evidently bound to see for themselves, and not longer take the ridiculous statements of the religious teachers. The State Christian Convention assembled here at the same time they were exhibiting; adjourned without being able to get up any plan to revive the subject of saving souls in the old way, but they greatly deplored the drowsy state of the churches, and could not fail to see the tide washing their members and the public up on to the flowery banks of Spiritualism.

Life on the Wing.

Since my arrival in Massachusetts, about the time of celebrating Thanksgiving, it has not been possible for me to give notice of my appointments in advance, so it follows after.

Dec. 12th, although the weather was unfavorable, at Stoughton. In the morning the Children's Lyceum was quite interesting, and a much larger audience was present than was expected. In the afternoon and evening my lectures were very well attended, and considerable feeling was manifested. In times past it has been my privilege to speak there several times. One prominent lady left, because the Bible was used by me to introduce matter for the discourse. Many said they were anxious for me to "come again."

The 19th my labors were in Ashland, afternoon and evening. The weather was unfavorable, and the notices not very generally given, but a fair audience was present. In the evening my remarks on "The History of the Bible, and the condition of revelation before the theologic world," seemed to give great satisfaction. Many said, "We must have you again soon." As yet they hold meetings but once a month.

The 26th the appointment at Waltham was supposed to be "regular," but meeting Bro. Storin in the hall, we very soon understood why we so unexpectedly met; concluded "it was the Lord's doing, but marvelous in our eyes." The Secretary had failed to make the memorandum, and another made the arrangement. So Bro. S. became the instrument. His discourse in the evening was very fine.

After the evening lecture was over the friends gathered in a semi-circle, "to see what would come." Permission was given me to describe three who had "passed to the shining shore," who were recognized. 1st, A little girl between ten and twelve years of age. A sister present responded; said she was eleven when she passed away; description correct. 2d, A man who was drowned; recognized by a brother; description correct. 3d, A young man killed by accident; limbs badly mangled; recognized by a sister, near whose head the spirit moved.

Not less than one hundred spirits described by me during the last five months have been attested as correct. An account of some will be given soon.

At Work Again.

DEAR BANNER—Some of your readers may be interested in hearing that Mrs. Carrie A. Scott is again in the lecture-field battling for the beautiful truths of the spiritual philosophy. Mrs. Scott, having rested for nearly a year, now resumes her work with increased vigor and confidence. She gave two lectures at this place, last week, which were listened to with the greatest attention, and were well spoken of, even by opposers of Spiritualism. Her invocations were in a marked degree impressive and beautiful.

Mrs. Scott is also a test medium, and when here gave several good tests. Societies wanting a pleasing and logical speaker will do well to employ Mrs. Scott.

JOHN WHITAKER.
Kirksville, N.Y., Dec. 27th, 1869.

The Children's Lyceum.

Boston.

In Boston and vicinity exercises appropriate to the Christmas season took place, during the last week among these organizations—presenters were distributed, and memories awakened in young hearts which years cannot efface.

The Boston Lyceum celebrated the occasion by a grand meeting, on Sunday evening, Dec. 26th. The stage was decorated with a drop scene, and brilliantly illuminated; the audience was large and jubilant. Exercises commenced with music by the orchestra, and singing by the Lyceum quartette—Messrs. D. N. Ford, C. W. Sullivan, Miss M. A. Sanborn, Mrs. A. Morton—of "Christmas Bells," chorused by the Lyceum. At about 7 o'clock the curtain rose, displaying a splendidly ornamented and well-filled Christmas tree, wherein was a present for every child in the Lyceum. At the sound of a horn Santa Claus made his appearance, and commenced the work of distributing the presents, aided by the guards of the Lyceum.

Among the chief features of the entertainment was the presentation of a fine gold watch to Mr. D. N. Ford, Conductor, by the members of the Lyceum—the presentation speech being made by Miss Minnie Atkins, in the following poetic address, written by Mrs. Maddie Hartwell, leader of Union Group:

Stay! Stay! good Father Santa Claus,
Do not be in haste to go;
You've been at work so hard, and long,
You must be tired, I know.

Heedless, I want to talk with you,
And many questions ask;
I'd like to have them answered, too,
If not too great a task.

Wherever in this world, wide world
Did you get the things on the table?
You've brought into our Lyceum
To give us girls and boys?

And other gifts, for older folks?
It makes it very pleasant,
For each and every one of us
To carry home a present.

You're so mysterious, Santa Claus,
Pray tell me, where's your home?
And have you got a Mistle-Hall?
And Children's Lyceum?

Why can't you come and live with us,
And be our elder brother?
We're like you, please, family,
And dearly love each other.

I've got a secret, Santa Claus,
I'll tell you, if you please;
I've got a cunning little box
With something pretty in it.

For our Conductor, Mr. Ford,
We'd like to have you take it,
And place it safe within his hands;
Now, please, sir, don't mistake it.

And won't you please to say to him,
An altar has been built
Within each merry little heart,
And splendidly it's gifted?

Upon the top of each he'll see
A steady fire burning;
The light from which can't be shut out,
Whatever way he's turning.

Not blood of goats, and "Only Sons,"
Like Patriarchs in their blindness,
Our fires are kept replenished by
The oil of human kindness.

Please tell him that we hope he will
Accept our little token,
And trust the chain of love which binds,
Will ever live unbroken.

Though very much remains to say,
The lesson I must heed;
"Thou shalt love" thy neighbor as thyself—
So, farewell, and God speed.

After this presentation Miss Hattie A. Melvin, in behalf of the Lyceum, gave to Miss M. A. Sanborn a pocket book containing a liberal sum of money. The recipients replied in exceedingly appropriate speeches. Dr. Dunklee was also presented by his group—Temple—with a well-stocked and elegant writing-desk inlaid with pearls. The exercises closed by singing by the quartette, "Praising of Home and Mother." All present joined in declaring it to be the happiest occasion they had participated in for many years. May the spirit of unity and cordiality exhibited by such scenes spread abroad till the whole spiritual fraternity is embraced in its harmonizing folds.

Cambridgeport.

On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 25th, the members and officers of this Lyceum met at Harmony Hall, Main street, and indulged in such amusements as would be likely to interest the children till the hour of six, when all sat down to a bountiful supper which had been provided by the parents and neighbors. After supper the younger portion adjourned, leaving the field to the older people. Dancing was kept up till eleven o'clock. The participants were unanimous in their expressions of enjoyment.

Charlestown.

The Children's Lyceum celebrated their Christmas exercises at Washington Hall, Monday evening, Dec. 27th. The meeting opened by singing "Sweet Summer Land," a short address from Dr. J. H. Currier followed; and after some slight-of-hand performances, Santa Claus appeared and (as is usual on such occasions) proceeded to distribute the gifts. The seats were then removed, and from ten to twelve dancing was participated in—music furnished by Bond's Quadrille Band. A very pleasant time to both old and young has thus passed off. It is to be hoped that its memory will continue in the hearts of all, softening the asperities of the years that are to come.

Waltham.

On Friday evening, Dec. 24th, the Waltham Children's Progressive Lyceum held a Christmas festival at Union Hall in that place, which was a complete success and reflected great credit upon its originators. The hall was beautifully decorated with the flags and targets of the Lyceum, and a Christmas tree, well laden with gifts for both old and young, which was soon divested of its treasures. The whole evening was one of unalloyed pleasure. Among other exercises was appropriate music by a select choir, followed by addresses from C. O. Jenison, Dr. Sherman, J. Fessenden, S. Conklin and Dr. J. H. Currier. This Lyceum has been organized but five weeks. Its board of officers consists of Mr. Wyatt, Conductor, A. E. Elliot, Assistant do.; Mrs. M. Wetherbee, Guardian; Mrs. F. Jenison, Assistant do.; Guards, P. Jenison and N. Fessenden; Librarian, Mr. Hayford; Treasurer, Dr. N. Sherman. We wish the new organization the highest success in its future career.

East Abington.

On Christmas night the Children's Lyceum of this place held a festival consisting of recitations, dialogues, tableaux, giving of presents from a finely prepared tree by Santa Claus, &c. The exercises commenced by a recitation, "Greeting," written by Miss Lilla H. Shaw, Assistant Guardian, and delivered by Miss Daisy Trumbull. Among the tableaux those most admired were "Guardian Angels," "Children at play," and "Court of Beauty." Among the dialogues "Circumstantial evidence" was conspicuous. During the evening Mr. Gurney, the Conductor, was called for, and Miss L. H. Shaw, in the name of the officers and leaders, presented him with a large and elegantly framed "chronicle" entitled "Sunrise on the Alps," as a token of their appreciation of his services. Mr. Gurney presented the Lyceum with a fine silver bell. The refreshments were excellent, and the affair was a pecuniary as well as social success.

Note from Elder Miles Grant.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:
DEAR SIR—In the last Banner, Dec. 25th, I find "Jottings from Moses Hull," in which he says: "I despair of getting another discussion with Elder Grant. He has learned that he cannot meet the issue." In relation to this matter, I wish to say, I have had five discussions with Mr. Hull, and, so far from being afraid to meet him in debate, my courage increases with every conflict. When he says "I dare not meet him," it makes me feel some as I would to have a boy come out in the street and challenge me for a fight. I would look upon him with pity, if not contempt, and let him go and boast that "I dare not meet him," while he enjoyed his bravo alone.

I would say to Mr. Hull, that "Elder Grant" has yet to learn "that he cannot meet the issue." Trusting in the Lord, he has no fear, nor the least thought of "backing down." If Mr. Hull really believes what he has said, he has made a mistake in the man.

MILES GRANT.
Boston, Dec. 21, 1869.

Physical Manifestations.

DEAR BANNER—We are having a glorious pouring out of the spirit here in Unity. A few weeks previous a most wonderful physical manifestation occurred at my neighbor Hanson Hall. The circumstances are these. Mr. and Mrs. Hall returning to their home one evening unlocked the door of their house—which was locked by a large padlock—and carried the same into the house and placed it on the table, and after fastening the door on the inside, retired. On looking for the lock in the morning it was missing. A thorough search was made, but no lock could be found in the house. But in four days from that time the wife of Mr. John Sleeper, whose house is about ten rods from Mr. Hall's, wishing to use her mortar, which was upon the upper shelf of her pantry, took it down, and to her great astonishment, she beheld the lost lock and key in her mortar, under the pestle. She could attribute the cause of the lock and key being in her mortar to no other than that of spirits, and who has, through Mrs. H., who has, since this occurrence, been developed a test medium, been so informed by the Spirits. Mrs. S. has been partially developed as a medium for many years, so I think the spirits had a medium at either end of the line.

We are holding circles in this place twice a week; we have had three circles, and intend to have them during the winter. Mediums are being developed fast. A young and enterprising lady by the name of Miss Sabrina Davis has been developed as a test and speaking medium, and through her a remarkable change has been given to her father, Mr. Samuel Davis, who has been a life-long Universalist of the Whittemore stamp, and has always opposed—from the time of the Rochester knockings—spirit communication. The test given was so convincing that he surrendered at once, like an honest man. The test is as follows: At the first circle, which was at Mr. Hanson Hall's, Mr. Davis, by invitation, was present, and the controlling spirit, William Hayson, gave him the privilege of asking as many questions as he pleased, which privilege he accepted. After the circle, Mr. D. said he was well pleased with the reasoning of the spirit, but concluded that it was a sort of mind-reading. But he was destined to see more.

At the next, or second circle, held at Mr. Luther Hall's, Mr. D. was not present; but last Sunday evening Mr. D. met his daughter at Mr. Elbridge H. Stockwell's, who, by the way, the spirits have promised to make a clairvoyant and seeing medium, and the spirit of his little infant boy, who, if he had lived, would now have been twenty-three years old—two years older than the medium—that passed away before it had seen the light of day, and sung to him of his birth, death and spirit home and life in so sweet and heavenly a manner that he could not think that that was mind-reading, and he so stated. This circumstance made a most favorable impression upon the mind of Mr. Davis, and the next day, while about his work, he said he composed two or three verses similar to those that came from his spirit boy—in style, I mean—asking questions about his spirit home, surroundings, &c. In the evening he composed several more, and wrote them all down on a sheet of paper, and thought to himself he would carry them to the next circle, which would take place the next night (Tuesday) at my house. And in case his boy came again he would read them to him, and see what his response would be. According to him he came to the circle with the verses in his pocket, but before he could carry out his plans a spirit boy, through his daughter, told him all about his composing the verses, when he composed them, and what use he was going to make of them; and then asked him to take them out of his pocket and read them to him, and he would respond.

Mr. D. then began to read one verse at a time and the spirit responded most beautifully, to the great delight and satisfaction of all present. He could doubt no longer, and so stated to the twenty present. He knew that there could be no trick, delusion, collusion, devil or mind reading about it.

To all about here, the above is a great test; for we know Mr. Davis to be an honest, sincere and capable man. And further, we know that his daughter, the medium, has not been at her father's house since Thanksgiving day.

Yours truly, LEVI S. BAILEY.
Unity, N. H., Dec. 23d, 1869.

Information Wanted.

Any person seeing or hearing of this notice will confer a great favor upon the undersigned, by advising them of the whereabouts of Dr. C. Manchester and wife. They have in their custody a little girl, four years and six months old, called Ida Flora. She is a charming singer for a child of that age, and is the only child of the undersigned, and was left in charge of Dr. Manchester's wife, at Washington City, for a few days only, during which time they removed to parts unknown. Any one who will communicate any intelligence to these almost distracted parents in regard to their lost child, will confer a very great favor.

Address NEWELL AND ABY N. BURNHAM,
Watson, Mass.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Providence, Dec. 25, the spirit of a sister in law, Deborah Burgess, whose earth-life ran nearly fifty-nine years. The separation was at a fitting time, on a day of joy and gladness. A beautiful sun beamed forth, typical of the land of light, bloom and heat of which she is now an inhabitant. For several months the weakness of the flesh had dimmed her mind, and she had but faint moments of the recognition of friends and her earthly home. There was good reason, too, to believe that she caught glimpses of those gone before, who had returned to minister to her as she descended into the dark river, and into the golden shore beyond. Her life has revealed its immortal crown, a Christmas gift better than gold or silver.

"Years lie behind the hour
Night shadows lessen, and with kindling power,
Day smiles upon the spirit newly born."
Providence, R. I., Dec. 26, 1869. WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

From South Boston, Dec. 24th, of consumption, Charles L., only son of Lafayette and Sarah M. Ford, aged 19 years and 6 months. "Not dead, but gone before." E. S.

Married.

In Lawrence, Kan., Dec. 18th, by the Rev. Elizabeth B. Danforth, Mr. Lowell J. Olney and E. Louisa Upstill, both of Lawrence; Mr. Orin E. Graves to Melinda Branson, of Clinton, Douglas County.

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