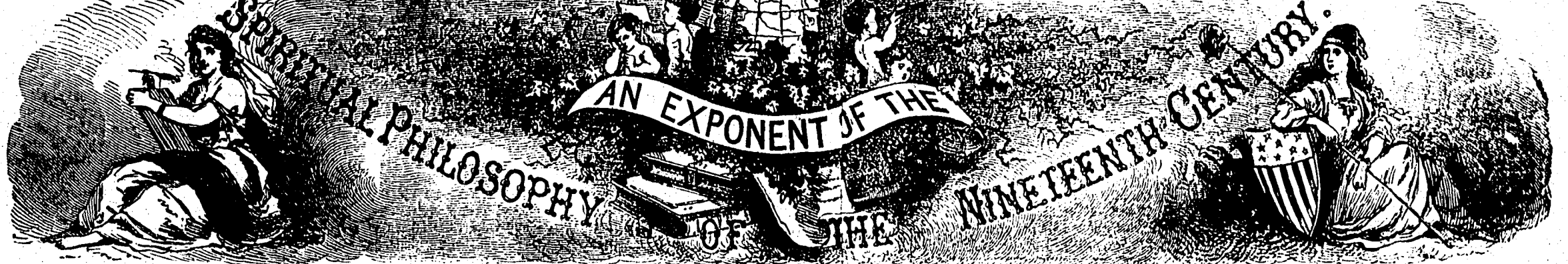


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

STARVING BY INCHES.

BY REBECCA J. MASON.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Alfred Dobbs, as has been said, was an artist; a sketcher and painter of landscapes. He had leaved wholly upon his father, in his lifetime, and now that he had died the gentleman must support himself or starve—which Mr. Dobbs did not wish to do. Therefore, as he considered painting a rather genteel employment, he concluded to take his paints and brushes to Ashley, and do as did the immortal Mowbray—wait until something should turn up. Now Mr. Dobbs was more shrewd than sensible; for he thought that while pursuing his romantic occupation, his stylish air and dress must inevitably captivate some smart daughter of some well-to-do farmer, (but, then, when he had married her he should never tell his acquaintance that her father was a farmer,) and leaning then upon his wife instead of his father, he should yet be comfortable; for he could not endure the thought of being seen without gloves—and choice gloves cost something. But Mr. Dobbs would have to expedite his movements or he would get positively shabby, and that was another of his fastidious notions; a man looks so shabby in poor garments. Does a woman?

The Sunday after Mr. Dobbs's arrival, he had made good use of his eyes and eye-glass. He had leisurely surveyed the congregation, particularly the singers in the front gallery; and had come to the determination to choose between the two prettiest girls in the choir—Anna Jones and Jane Graves. He was shrewd enough not to make too great haste; but he knew that in country towns a stranger was always an object of interest. So, on pleasant mornings, Mr. Dobbs might be seen perched on the top of a hill, with his face turned toward the best looking houses; and in the cool of the evening he might be seen sitting gracefully by the roadside, sketching the splendid sunsets.

By-and-by, the young men, in driving home the cattle, would stop to look at his pictures, and were amazed at seeing their own house, sometimes their own cows, looking so lifelike—for Mr. Dobbs could do very well if he chose, but he did not often choose. At sunset, too, the young ladies often came to walk, and sometimes they would happen to walk in his direction, and encounter, most unexpectedly, the shabby artist.

Mr. Dobbs also knew a little Latin, and still less of Italian, although he was frequently seen with a book lying on the grass beside him—always unopened—which was an untranslated copy of Dante. He did, indeed, once try to paint one of Dante's hells; but having nothing to copy from, and his imagination not being vivid enough, he could produce neither demons or flames. Once besides, he tried Milton's Paradise, but could get no farther than to portray an indolent looking Adam asking his companion for an apple she was plucking from the tree. Then Mr. Dobbs ceased all attempts at painting from imagination, and confined his genius solely to copying Nature.

In the course of a few weeks, Mr. Dobbs had succeeded, so far as bowing to the persons he sometimes met on the road, and of a Sunday he had occasionally walked along chatting with the young ladies.

Captain Smith and Deacon Grant, judging he was fond of music, from the fact that his face was often turned in the direction of the choir, invited him to their house to a singing meeting, which was held at the different houses alternately. It was at Captain Smith's that Mr. Dobbs gained an introduction to Anna Jones and Jane Graves. That night he made up his best. His ever damp hair was almost dripping, his complexion freshened as well as a towel dipped in new rum could make it. His rings, his pins, his watch-chain and his boots were all freshly polished. His black frock-coat with dark blue velvet collar, his maroon plush vest, his grey satinette pants, were all carefully brushed; and taking his walking-stick he set forth. The young men and women who composed the village choir had assembled at an early hour. As Mr. Dobbs approached the door he heard the tuning of fiddles, the quavering of the deep bass viol, the shrill notes of the clarinet and fife, preparatory to sounding. Just then our hero entered, which entrance caused a very little commotion. He was introduced to the young ladies, he was introduced to the young men, and he made his bows with an ease and nonchalance that they had never witnessed before. He was invited to join in the singing, and acquitted himself beyond his own expectations.

At nine o'clock the company dispersed, and Mr. Dobbs begged the pleasure of walking home with Anna Jones. Anna Jones was not only well-bred and sensible, but extremely sensitive to the real qualities of one's nature, at first sight. She had fathomed this man, had taken his mental and moral gauge, and instinctively shrank from all contact with him. Yet she would not be rude, so allowed him to walk by her side the short time it required to reach her home. How often men make themselves repulsive to women through their deficiencies and lack of fine instincts!

When Anna came to her own door, she thanked Mr. Dobbs, and coolly bade him good-night. As the gentleman left the door, he gave a low, prolonged whistle of disappointment and chagrin. That, then, was the end of his magnificent toilet; but he consoled himself with the thought that that was the way with some girls; they never could appreciate a splendidly got-up man, and that there were as good fish in the sea as ever swam; and Mr. Alfred Dobbs would yet be the bait at which they would bite.

Captain Smith and his wife thought him a very nice young man; not so Arthur Vose, the hired



CHASTITY.

THE FINE ARTS.

CHASTITY.

Milton's beautiful mask of "Comus" furnishes many exquisite scenes for the painter's skill; and among those who have been inspired by the magnificent thoughts of the great poet, Mr. W. Frost, A. R. A., may be justly mentioned as having been highly successful in imparting to the eye those brilliant conceptions which the sublime Milton breathes to the heart.

The mask of "Comus" was first presented at Ludlow Castle, in 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales. This drama was founded on an actual occurrence. The Earl of Bridgewater then resided at Ludlow Castle; his sons, Lord Brackley and Mr. Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton, his daughter, passing through Haywood Forest, in Hertfordshire, on their way to Ludlow, were benighted, and the lady was for a short time lost. This accident being related to their father upon their arrival at his Castle, Milton, at the request of his friend, Henry Lawes, the musician—who taught music in the family—wrote the mask. Lawes set it to music, and it was acted on Michaelmas night, 1634, the two brothers, the young lady, and Lawes

himself, bearing each a part in the representation. "Comus" is better entitled to the appellation of a moral mask than any by Jonson, Ford, or Massinger. It is a pure dream of Elysium. The reader is transported, as in Shakespeare's "Tempest," to scenes of fairy enchantment, but no grossness mingles with the poet's operations, and his mind is ever ready to "unriddle" the song with strains of solemn imagery and lofty sentiment. "Comus" was first published in 1637, not by its author, but by Henry Lawes, who, in a dedication to Lord Bridgewater, says, "although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction."

Mr. Frost has selected "Chastity" for his subject, and an engraving from his celebrated picture is herewith presented. In order, however, that the subject may be fully realized, we extract such portion of "Comus" as relates to the picture:

"'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unbarred denizens,
Infernal hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of Chastity,

No savage feroes, banish, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea, there, where very desolation dwells,
By groves and caverns shaggy with horrid shades,
She may pass on with undimmed majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption,
Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fens,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time;
No goblin or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

So dear to heaven is saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till of converse with heavenly habitants
Brought to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolished temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
'Till all be made immortal."

We need not dwell upon the merit of the picture before us; for without the delicate coloring, we lose much of its beauty. The conception, however, is here, and that is entitled to our especial praise.—*Reynolds's Miscellany.*

man. Arthur Vose, too, had taken his measure, and set him down as a brainless puppy. Vose was a noble fellow, who had worked and studied nights to acquire an education. Naturally intelligent, he made rapid progress; and from the first moment, his heart had gone out toward the new minister. They were fast becoming friends, and John Collins had placed his small, but choice library, at Arthur Vose's command. Arthur had some talent for public speaking, which John Collins wanted him to cultivate; for he saw that he possessed a fearless, earnest nature, that would force, would out its way irresistibly, in the cause of right; therefore he wished him to get accustomed to declaiming. John Collins and Arthur Vose had talked together about establishing a Lyceum for debate and free discussion on the questions of the times, when the long evenings should set in, but Mr. Collins found that no proceedings ever had or ever could take place, without calling a meeting of the church. When the time came, he would call a meeting of the church, and if the church should grind it under foot, why then he must resist. His course was clear. His aim was the good of the people. But should he force the people's mouth open, and cram the obnoxious tonic down their throats? He would bide his time.

One pleasant sunset our artist carried his sketching materials into the old burying-ground, not so much because he had a fancy for drawing death's heads and cherubs, but because, a little while before, he had caught the gleam of a pretty blue dress and checked sun-bonnet moving about among the trees, and like a true artist he had an eye for the beautiful. He seated himself just inside the gate, so that the figure in the blue dress could not pass without seeing him, and being seen. Sometimes the figure would be out of sight ten minutes, then it would be seen sitting demurely on a grave; as twilight came on, the figure moved toward the gate, as if to go out. The artist sprang up surprised, lifted his hat, threw back his damp locks, and exclaimed in his purest tenor:

"Good evening, Miss Graves; do not leave this sainted place, which, I presume, is filled with the memory of your sires."

Jane Graves, for it was she who was indulging her little romantic hour in the old burying-ground, did not immediately recover her self-possession at this unexpected encounter. She had met him at Captain Smith's on the evening of rehearsal, but, as they had met to sing, there was little time for talking, and she had not seen him since. To her heart she admired his curling ringlets, his beautiful rings; and then he could paint pictures! How

much better that was than milking cows and feeding hens and horses! How much whiter his hands were than Lennor's or her father's! In the meantime she had seated herself again, in her embarrassment, and, handling her a picture he had been sketching, he asked her to look at it. Jane was amazed at seeing a rough sketch of her father's house, and a girl with just such brown hair as her own sitting on the door-step.

"It's nice, Mr. Dobbs, real nice! But I should think the paint would stain your fingers."

"Oh, a little pumice-stone and meal will remove that. I never travel without it," and he looked tenderly at his white hands.

"Have you been about a good deal, Mr. Dobbs?"

"Well, yes, I've been to New York and Boston, and I've been off fishing two or three times in summer, and I've come here. Let's see; this is in New Hampshire, and so I've been to New Hampshire. And then I've been to New Jersey. I used to reside in New York, and most of my acquaintances are there. But, Miss Graves, what beautiful curls you have!"

"And so have you, Mr. Dobbs. I admired your hair the first Sunday I saw you."

"That shows you to be a young lady of good taste, that you can appreciate a man's good looks. I should be sorry to take such pains with my toilet and have no one to admire it."

"It's growin' dark now, and I guess I must go in." And Jane rose to go.

"Allow me to escort you to your residence, Miss Graves," said the artist, rising.

"I guess not, for I don't know what our folks would think to see me with a stranger," replied Jane, for she well knew that none of her family would tolerate the man a moment. Indeed, her father and Susan had formed an opinion upon first seeing him. They were both too plain and honest to be misled by his shallow pretensions.

"But, my dear girl, let me walk with you until we come in sight of your house; you cannot object to that!"

And Jane took his arm and walked with him down to the turn in the road, for she had never been so addressed, so flattered before. Arriving there, he raised his hat and politely bade her good evening, hoping he should soon have the pleasure of meeting her again.

I have said that Jane Graves was pretty and naturally lady-like, but she was vain, frivolous and selfish, because her sister had trained her to no responsibility. Susan had erred through kindness of heart and ignorance of the world. She knew nothing of life, and she did not dream that there could be a future different from anything

they had known. And, possibly, there might not for her; but Jane was twenty years younger, and, in the next twenty years, both herself and Becky might be laid in the old burying-ground, and even the Squire himself, hale and hearty though he was, and her sister be left alone. Therefore Susan had unknowingly taken much from Jane's life that should have been hers, and had given her nothing in its place.

"Well, Jane, where have you been? and here 'tis pitch dark!" said Susan, as her sister entered the house.

"Out in the buryin'-ground," replied Jane, for she had been taught to treat Susan with respect.

"Out in the buryin'-ground at this time 'n the evenin'?" Why, for pity sake, what'd ye stay out there till dark for, Jane Graves? Was any o' the gals out there with ye?"

"None o' the girls, Susan; but Mr. Dobbs was out there paintin'." He spoke to me, and I stayed talkin' with him."

"Mr. Fiddlesticks! Now, Jane Graves, do n't you go to makin' no talk with that ere strange feller; we don't know nothin' about him, no way, nor we don't want to; nor we shan't, unless he comes taggin' round after you. My sakes! I should 'nough sight rather see a good shaggy dog comin' in here, 'n him."

Jane made no reply, and soon lighted her candle to go to bed. She saw no more of Mr. Dobbs until the next Sunday. After meeting, he managed to walk part of the way home with her, notwithstanding the gruff manners and sour looks of Susan. Susan did not mean to stand in her sister's light, but she had read Dobbs as an adventurer, and she could not bear that Jane should form an acquaintance, possibly attachment, with such a man. She expected Jane to marry. She calculated on a good match, but she saw that Jane was prepossessed in this man's favor, and it made her uncomfortable.

The summer wore away, and John Collins still labored for the good of the people. He had preached on various subjects—on temperance, education, recreation, politics, religion, as applied to man's daily life; but never once on theology. He had never touched the doctrinal points. Not a word on the trinity, the atonement, the immaculate conception, or miracles; but he read, every Sunday, from the New Testament, and held up for example the life of the Nazarene. He showed him as their elder brother—a reformer—a man in advance of his age—as there are in all ages. As he was divine, even all are divine; as he was the Son of God, even all are sons of God; as he was led to crucifixion, so, from earliest ages, had all foremost men, and women too,

suffered martyrdom—suffered in various forms. Were not Servetus, and Archbishop Cranmer, and many another burned at the stake? And if Jesus was nailed to the cross, did not Socrates drink his cup of hemlock? Were there not noble Roman women, and men, torn in pieces by wild beasts? And, in the nineteenth century, was not the grand old man, from North Elba, martyred in the cause of freedom? All, for their love of Truth. And should we falter? Should we not, taking our lessons from the past, go bravely on?

All this he preached to them through that beautiful summer time. Little was said to him. His daily life was so pure and blameless, they were loth to call him to account. Only in the middle of the summer, Deacon Grant had told him that "he guessed he couldn't keep a boarder any longer," and Squire Graves had opened his doors, and told him he was welcome to a room and the mouthful he ate, and no persuasion could induce him to take a cent for it. Thus he had quietly moved into their home, and the two women cared for him as if he had been their son. Through all this time, the church had been gradually fermenting. Autumn was near. Much was to be done. The harvest was to be gathered in; the church-meeting called to suggest the plan of the Lyceum. Squire Graves and Susan, accompanied by Mrs. Jones, were to make their first visit to a city. Yes, much was to be done. Division—and more than that—sorrow and sadness, were coming to Ashley. Who would stand firm? Who would prove true? Who, if need be, would be stoned to death in the streets? A great moral battle—a battle of ideas—was hanging over Ashley.

CHAPTER VII.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly."

Mr. Dobbs was unable to advance as rapidly as he desired, but he had vowed not to leave Ashley alone. He looked over his wardrobe, and thought that with care he could make it serve him a few months longer. He had staked all his hopes on getting a smart wife in Ashley; one that would keep him tidy, get him up a good breakfast, and, perhaps, bring him some money. How could a man live without money? And the easiest way was to marry some rich man's daughter. He had frequent interviews with Jane Graves, for, as Anna Jones had never noticed him since the night of the singing-meeting, he had decided to marry Jane. She was very pretty, and he should not be ashamed to introduce her to his set. So he had persuaded Jane to many a clandestine meeting. Jane Graves was all unused to deception. She had scarce known a thought she could not impart to the family, and though frivolous and vain, she was perfectly guileless and frank. This man had roused her sympathies. He had bemoaned to her that he had never been appreciated socially or professionally; and Jane, who knew nothing of the world, looked up to him as to a god. Yes, the girl loved him. He was ever flattering her with his shallow words, the first that had ever been spoken to her. But it laid heavily upon her conscience, these secret meetings. An entire change had come over her; she no longer ran singing over the house; she no longer asked Susan what she should wear; she consulted another's taste now. Susan saw she was unhappy, and thought her sick; she gave her less to do than ever, and spent whole mornings gathering herbs to make a good strong diet-drink which would sharpen her appetite and bring her back to herself.

September had come, and the first day saw Anna Jones installed as mistress of the village school. This was what Anna had been studying and striving for. Her school numbered about thirty scholars, and it was her first attempt; but she was good-tempered and patient, and determined to succeed. It required time and gentle discipline to bring thirty little people into anything like routine. Sometimes they would start up and rush out of doors to play, forgetting they were in school. Often they would be stretched on the benches fast asleep; sometimes they brought visitors with them in the shape of tiny kittens, ragged dolls, and little aprons full of grasshoppers. But Anna did not grow cross; she turned all these little objects into useful lessons and childish sermons, thereby gaining love and not fear.

The fifth day of September the great church-meeting was to be called, to which all the congregation, all the town people were invited. They were to assemble by three o'clock in the afternoon, in the meeting-house. It was an important affair, therefore called early. John Collins opened the meeting with prayer. He then made a statement of his views regarding an appropriation of the funds for building a hall for the purpose of forming a Lyceum, which Lyceum should be open for the discussion of all questions, moral, social, religious, political. The subject he wished freely and fully treated by all present, women as well as men. Here the audience exchanged glances, for in Ashley no woman had ever been known to speak in public. They then proceeded to nominate a chairman, and Arthur Vose was unanimously chosen. Deacon Grant first took the floor. For his part he had never seen such changes in his life. He did not know how it would better the condition of things to spend money in building a hall to talk in. He would sooner vote to have the money given to the heathen. He had tried to keep quiet all summer, but believed the time had come when he must speak his mind. Now in preaching he had been used to hearing about Christ dying for us sinners, about the good that belonged to the church being set up on the right hand of God, and the wicked, then that didn't belong, on the left, to have their portion in hell-fire forever.

Then the deacon was called to order by the chairman, who rose and spoke as follows: "With all respect for Deacon Grant, he must

allow me to say that we have come here to discuss the project of a Lyceum, not to discuss the theology of the past. The town is stagnating. It were better to become extinct than to try to shirk these questions longer. We must have a place where we can work, can do our part for humanity, and Arthur Vose sat down amid subdued applause, for it was not decorous to evince admiration in a meeting-house.

Dr. Killam then rose. He rather agreed with brother Grant, that the money had much better be sent to the poor, perishing heathen, than in erecting buildings which might in time become golden calves to the people. He thought the town was going backward now, and he preferred the good old ways.

Mr. Holt, the tavern-keeper, took the floor. He really believed it would do the young folks good, and old ones too, to have a spirited meeting to go to long winter evenings. When his boys were alive, after the corn was shelled, they had nothing to do but sit in the chimney-corner and sleep. He wished they'd had meetings then to go to. For his part he'd like to have such meetings, and hear men and women talk, and perhaps he'd talk some himself, he didn't know, he wasn't much used to it, but anyway he'd give 'em a lift. So he told them to set his name down for one hundred dollars. They'd all got money enough, and why shouldn't they try and make some good use of it? And the young people could no longer be restrained from expressing their approbation noisily.

Squire Graves next rose, and told them to put him down for two hundred, and while they were about it, to build thoroughly a strong, handsome building, and as he was going to Bamford before long, he would look around and see how they were lighted and warmed in other places. And upon the impulse of the moment his daughter Susan got up, and breaking through all her old sense of propriety, told them to put Susan Graves down for five dollars. The house was in an uproar. The ice was broken, and the women could breathe, and talk as never before. But Susan sat calmly down, and, as she whispered to Mrs. Jones, "not feeling a bit dashed, she knew she was right." Mrs. Jones gave three, Anna, wife of Captain Smith one hundred, in spite of his wife, Arthur Vose fifty, John Collins fifty, Squire Graves's hired help, Becky and Leander, five each. Various sums were contributed, amounting in all to seven hundred and fifty dollars. Deacon Grant, brother Killam and many others left the meeting, while the rest remained in animated talk until almost dark. But the best-hearted had carried the day. It would not yet do to call them progressivists, they were not prepared for that.

The next Sabbath there were many vacant pews in the old meeting-house. The minister's face was sad as he looked around, but he felt that for humanity's sake he must bear bravely on. He did not like to sow dissension in the church; it grieved him to see the empty pews, and miss the old grey heads that had looked up to that pulpit for spiritual nourishment for more than half a century. And then he asked himself the question, "Was he feeding them with husks, that they should refuse it at his hands?" He felt that he must say:

"I will speak 'till the judgment day of you should say, 'Old man, you're old as that!'"

Again there were busy times at Squire Graves's. Susan had commissioned Mrs. Jones to purchase for her a suitable wardrobe, and Chloe Adams, the village tailor and mantua-maker, was engaged for three weeks, as she had also to make a new outfit for the Squire. They expected to be absent about four weeks, and wished to go the first of October. The time passed all too soon, but the last day came. The stage was to call for them the next morning at five o'clock, as they had twenty miles to travel before they would reach the railroad station. Susan had been up early and late. She had given numberless directions to Becky and Leander, to take good care of the house, of the cattle, and especially of Jane and of the minister.

Mr. Collins was to visit the city the last week of their stay, to attend a "woman's convention," and would return with them. They were through breakfast, and waiting on the doorstep when the stage rolled up—a great, clumsy, old-fashioned vehicle, with three seats inside that would hold twelve persons, and a great flat roof that would hold as many more, drawn by four large-framed, strong horses. The Squire was walking round his farm to take a last look at the cattle, Susan had her face covered with her handkerchief, and Jane was sobbing quietly, while Mrs. Jones was bidding her daughter good-bye. The luggage was strapped on, and the driver holding the door open for the party to enter.

John Collins had shaken hands with them all, and as the stage rolled away, Jane sprang from the doorstep, and screamed, "Father, father, kiss me before you go!" The driver checked his horses, and Mr. Collins lifted her to the window. The old man was deeply moved, as she clung round his neck and covered his face with kisses. She kissed Susan, too, again and again, and returning to the house, she laid her head in Becky's lap and sobbed aloud. The home was very lonely that day. Becky went about her work as if she had just returned from a funeral, and Leander was uncommonly grave and quiet, while the minister remained in his study, except when out upon one of his long walks.

When the party arrived at the railroad station, Susan and her father were quite bewildered. The low-roofed building, the long train of cars, which they had never seen before, the steam, and smoke, and noise of the engine, and the many persons moving to and fro, wore, to them, objects of profound curiosity. And after being seated in the cars, and having time to recover herself, Susan ventured to look around, and found that no one was looking at them, she soon felt quite at home. She saw long rows of seats behind her, filled with people, but these people did not seem to know she was there. Some were reading, some sleeping, some looking out at the windows, and Susan soon found that instead of whispering to her father and Mrs. Jones, as she thought she must among so many strangers, she would have to raise her voice to a higher pitch than ever before. The Squire was equally amazed. It was his first trip by rail, and he could not understand how it was they flew so rapidly over the road. At five o'clock they reached their first stopping-place, which was a little manufacturing town, where they were to stay all night. They were thankful to alight, for they were completely tired out. Susan said she had rather do a whole summer's work than travel, if that was the way folks had to be hurried along. They had an early supper, and retired at once, as they were to take the six o'clock train in the morning.

Again they were up early, and in readiness for the morning train. This time they would go through to their destination, the city of Bamford. Mrs. Jones did not think they would feel so much at home in a hotel, and had written to her friends for suitable accommodations. Therefore, upon their arrival, they were to go directly to a private house, in a quiet street. Who does not remember their first impressions upon entering a great city?

The first thing was the noise—the endless driving of carriages; then the long lines of shops, with goods of all sorts displayed at the doors and windows. There seemed to be no houses, and if there were, the people were all out in the streets. Where could they be going to? What were they out for—so many of them? Who was doing the work, while they were out? And then the houses! Susan said she didn't think she could breathe shut up in one of those straight, comfortable red brick houses. However, when she stepped from the carriage into one of these same houses, she found it quite comfortable. The appointments of the house were a source of wonder to both her and her father. The carpeted floors, the marble wash-basins, with hot and cold water, the handsome gas-fixtures, which did not have to be trimmed in the morning, giving forth such brilliant light—all—everything for the first week was a matter of wonder, simply wonder.

[To be continued.]

Spiritual Phenomena.

MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH KATY FOX.

DEAR BANNER—In the early part of last August the spirit of the poet, N. P. Willis, communicated, through the mediumship of Mrs. Maggie Kane, at the house of my friend Mr. Albert B.***, as follows:

"My own dear friend and companion, the darkest hour brings forth the brightest morn."

Oh, I would ever lead thee, Mary,
To brighter paths of earth;
I would scale thy feet to greener spots,
I would teach thy soul its love,
I would lead it up with light of love,
I would give its pinions play
In the gentle light of a second spring.
In the light of a newer day,
Oh, turn not from thee now, Mary,
The heart which thou hast tried,
Mine is no wavering heart, Mary,
Though all prove false beside.

"Oh, my dear friend, the light of love shines upon your soul. Meet for me soon again. Poor child Maggie, go to bed and dream of happier days in store for you."
N. P. WILLIS.

Upon receiving these verses Mrs. B. remarked, "How strange that Mr. Willis should address these lines to me! I did not know him in earth-life, nor do I remember ever to have read his poems." It was rapped out, "Never mind, Mary; I will bring you my book of poems from my library." The writer happening to call at the house the evening the book was promised to be brought at the circle, and the directions having been given previously by the spirit, as to who should compose the circle, a member, Mrs. Judge Stamps, of Texas, asked the spirit, through Miss Katy Fox, if the Colonel could remain. It was answered by raps, "Let him stay." The circle being formed, and gas turned down, spirit-lights flitted across the room, darting to and fro, while others remained stationary. A few darted like meteors, leaving trains and lighting up the room; the guitar was played, floating above our heads; we were taken hold of by spirits whose forms were distinctly felt behind us, while the circle all joined hands.

While sitting quietly, Mrs. B. said, "Oh, he has brought the book!" The spirit rapped out, "Get me on and ink." Upon its being brought, the members of the circle distinctly heard the spirit writing, and upon the gas being turned up, the writing was found on the fly-leaf of the book as follows: "To my beloved Mary, from N. P. Willis." On the back of the fly-leaf he had drawn his own likeness, which compared favorably with the steel engraving and fac simile of himself. Also a beautiful achillea lily was placed in the book.

After the manifestation Mrs. Stamps and Mrs. Kane were told to go by the window, while Mr. and Mrs. B. were told to stand by the door, and myself alone to remain seated. We were told to sing. The guitar was brought by angel-hands and placed in my lap and played upon while I sang "Home, sweet home," and we distinctly heard a spirit-voice beautifully singing second. We had been requested to close our eyes. (It must be borne in mind that the circle was held in the third story, and the doors were locked.) After finishing the song, it was rapped out, "Dear one, open your eyes! look!" when a light about the color and brightness of the moon approached within a foot of me, brought there to illuminate my spirit-wife's face, which I saw three times, appearing at my right, and I felt distinctly her whole form, and felt her kiss impressed on my lips.

My hat, which was left in the hall, was brought in the room and placed upon my head. We were then told that the power was exhausted for the evening.

During this summer, my friend, Judge Stamps, through Planchette, wrote his wife, then at Bramham—the terminus of the branch of the central road of Texas—that if she would go North, she should see him face to face. She complied, and he has fulfilled his promise and appeared to her ten times, bringing flowers, &c. Finally, he told her to procure Bristol board, brush, pencil and paint. She did so, and a short time previous to returning to Texas, and while seated in a circle at nine A. M. the articles all disappeared. At the evening-circle the identical board (having the names previously written upon it by four of the circle present) was returned, and a good likeness of the Judge was drawn upon it in the following manner: A rattling was heard at the window, the curtain was lifted, all present, aided by the light of the moon, saw the picture returned and placed by Mrs. Stamps's hands.

A few evenings after, a picture of the Judge's spirit child was brought in a similar manner. These pictures she had framed, and took them to her Southern home as evidences of spirit power, and proofs of identification.

N. P. Willis also on another occasion brought his picture. Thursday last, at their circle, he brought and presented to Mrs. B.*** a breast pin, telling her previously, through Miss Kate Fox, to get a purple velvet ribbon and lay it upon the table when the circle was formed. This being done he took the ribbon from the table, put it around her neck and pinned it, standing behind her, and then turned it in front. He then wrote a communication backwards, through Katy Fox, telling Mrs. B. that the pin was one he wore in youth. It is of gold, and set with his own hair, and is in the form of a harp.

Where this beautiful memento was brought from, is what the writer would like to know. If any of his friends in earth-life remember his having worn such a pin, and can inform us in whose custody it has been since he passed to the higher life, this incident may be the means of convicting many skeptical minds among his earth associates that, unseen by the many, the spirit of N. P. Willis still lives, moves and has a being. Will not some of his friends, for their own good and that of humanity, make the necessary inquiry, that the facts may be verified? Our circles have been private, but any information will be given by me to any interested party.

I have given as brief an account as possible of the manifestations, and, if agreeable, will give you others.
P. BREMOND.

New York, Oct. 1st, 1869.

CHRISTMAS EVE OFF THE COAST.

Suggested by a picture.

JOHN WILLIAM DAV.

Along the rock-ribbed hill—
The shrieking wildwinds blow
And fear wild anthem thrills
Swift through the blinding snow!
The Stork King throws his crumpled down
With the drifted vale,
And read aloft his midnight crown
O'er ocean's madd'ning wall!

God say the sailor now!
With his forest dim
The oak in ruin bow.
Along his seaward grim
The lightning casts a fitful gleam,
Scarce seen a mile away.
Where spouting billows onward stream
And toss their caps of spray!

Around he lendeth mast—
Each round and ballast sings;
Along the bulwarks fast
Death's crashing hammer rings;
Hope's hands his sad and struggling soul;
And fast hands hold the wheel,
As mark the water shoals
Beneath the plunging keel.

Oh lady! my pale
Who stillst thine infant's cry:
As pen the wintry gale,
And sintering spars reply:
Serve you thy heart, the hour is near
When through the "seagate" rapt
Thou shalt see to a grander sphere
Beyond the gates of gold!

The creaking table holds
The heart outspread with care,
And stern eyes trace its folds
In each and mute despair.
But angels' feet their welcome strain
Along the cloudy sky,
As once o'er Bethlehem's moonlit plain
It rolled in days gone by!

Down from the swinging lamp
The flickering light rays fall—
Up from the cabin damp
God bless his children call!
And from the midnight's galling wave
Immortal souls are born,
To rest beyond the shrouding grave
Heaven's grander "Christmas morn!"
Boston, Jan., 1870.

SPIRITUALISM IN EUROPE.

NO. II.

BY EMMA HARDING.

In my last article I briefly glanced at the general surface of Spiritualism in Europe, without making particular mention of any phenomena which I had myself witnessed, or any movements of interest which grow out of the revelations of spirits. In the latter category I cannot include the associations founded by Allan Kardec in France. Any view of immortality which builds upon the corpse-stone of the horrible and loathsome theory of "reincarnation" is not Spiritualism, as I understand it, but a sort of relapse of the ancient "Metempsychosis" theory, with certain variations not at all in favor of the modern theorist.

Despite the fact, however, that the believers in this hateful doctrine, as taught by the late Allan Kardec, are exceedingly numerous, the believers in the universally coincident affirmations promulgated by the spirits, proved by the immense array of testimony in their favor, and sanctioned by common sense, are far more numerous in Europe than the "Reincarnationists," "Sprites," or any theorists whose chief source of authority is French imagination. The popular tone assumed by Spiritualism in England is at present almost entirely phenomenal. Owing to the tendency of mind hinted at in my last communication, the English Spiritualists being—like a certain portion of old—"determined only to know 'the Lord Christ, and him crucified'—receive, as every experienced investigator may surmise, only such communications as endorse their own peculiar views; and where the spirits who come cannot be psychologized into endorsing good old fashioned Methodism, stern Calvinism, high Trinitarianism, or Vicarious Atonementism in some form or other, they are either exercised with the solemn formulae for trying the spirits prescribed in St. John, or sternly advised to confine their demonstrations to physical performances, and leave their awkward infidelic theology to your humble servant, and her Yankee compeers.

Sitting once in a circle in London where some very Orthodox investigators were discoursing solemn platitudes, and very resolutely desiring an endorsement from the spirits concerning their views of the "Saviour," my clairvoyant perceptions and long continued methods of holding direct intercourse with spirits convinced me my not invisible friends were quietly laughing in their spirit sleeves, or, in other words, humoring the pious inquirers by responding to them after their own fashion. When an opportunity occurred I questioned these very self-same spirits how they could thus pander to what they knew to be the conservative spirit of ancient superstition, when my friends answered me by asking if I could tell the priests and sages of antiquity did not break up the images that the people worshipped, before they had learned to comprehend that they were only the mythical external embodiment of a spiritual idea? I was silenced, but not fully convinced. Besides the Orthodox, who disavow every spirit that does not acknowledge that God came in the flesh, &c., &c., there are a goodly number of noble minds and clear intellects who hold on to the atonement and all its marvelous adjuncts of what they call "revealed religion," as they do to the organism which their fathers bequeathed to them, and yet, strange to say, receive and fully credit the stupendous revelations which spirits make concerning a hereafter of infinitely graduated scales of supreme bliss and of ghastly misery; and all growing out of those same "works" of which faith in a Saviour makes so little account. How these noble minds, for such many of them undoubtedly are, manage to reconcile the use or functions of a "Saviour," with the solemn assertions of returning spirits, that the good are in bliss without the aid of a "Saviour," and the evil doers are in torment despite the atonement that was assumed to have washed their sins away, my blundering commonplace sense cannot well comprehend. Such, however, is the case, in proof whereof consult a file of the "London Spiritual Magazine," where numerous admirable, startling and instructive communications are cited on the compensative and retributive condition of the spirit after death.

Besides the two classes of communicants referred to above, there is another, and not an inconsiderable number, who sit around a table and when by long practice a "planchette" becomes sufficiently obedient to their magnetic force as to move in time and measure to their thoughts, they receive whole volumes of MSS. from an unknown spiritual monster, (for a spirit they would not consult for the world,) growing up into an "I am,"

or condensed into a temporary but evanescent personality, out of the "collective spirit emanations" of the circle.

It matters not that this spontaneously created demon seldom writes any opinions which do not exactly tally with those of the writers, or some other psychologist who influences them. This myth, more marvelous, inconceivable, and utterly irrational, than any that the Dark Ages have palmed upon us in the shape of theologies, is gravely affirmed to cover the whole ground of the rappings, tipplings, heavings, floatings in air, rope twings, music playing—with and without instruments—feats of strength, most commonly performed in answer to some human request, the writing of names and forming of pictures and scenes on the arm, forehead, hands of mediums, &c., revelations, inventions, speaking with new tongues, entrancements, visions, prophesies, healings, spirit lights and voices, the seeing of spirits in many various ways, the warnings, communications, messages and revelations from spirit friends, conveyed through writing or speaking, and above all, the millions of tokens of identity with deceased persons which the controlling intelligences have given through all the above and other methods too numerous to mention. Oh, wondrous spirit mundi! unintelligent "collective force" of the circle, or whatever else the agent may be that is not an individualized spirit! what a pity that some of our material scientists could not knock up against a stream of this collective force, travelling off in the air from one circle to another; what a wonderful deal of insolent denial and cold assertion might have been spared, and how much of spiritual verities the worshippers of blind atoms and causeless effects might learn from a wandering stream of collective soul force! And now having enumerated the most prominent phases of human opinions versus spiritual revelations, which beset the progress of "the cause" in England, let me turn to the other side of the picture and notice wherein the "little island" holds its own, even in the foremost ranks of spiritual enlightenment. We have in London some most excellent physical mediums, second to none in the world for the power, variety and beauty of their manifestations.

Besides Mr. Home, whose renown is in every sense of the term "world wide," there are two mediums in London whose positions in private society I should not have presumed to invade, had I not already seen their names openly mentioned in several English communications addressed to the Banner. With the mediums in question—Mrs. Everitt and Mr. Edward Childs—I have the pleasure of enjoying intimate social relations, and have been in the habit of witnessing the phenomena produced in their presence under a great variety of favorable circumstances.

Besides the usual phases of loud and varied rappings, movements of ponderable bodies, with and without contact, spirit lights, writings, and all the other demonstrations which accompany this kind of mediumship, Mrs. Everitt is endowed with a power by which spirits can converse in her presence with loud and characteristic speech. At times, too, the house in which her circles are held is shaken with a violence equal to the vibration produced by a passing train of cars, the tremulous motion of the whole building being continued for several minutes. Although the force of the manifestation is sensibly increased by darkness, yet their principal charm is displayed in the spontaneity and tokens of unmistakable intelligence and identity which are often rendered without the invocatory processes of the circle, or the awkward adjunct of darkness.

In the broad light of day, in ordinary conversation, at the social board, in railway cars, the public street, or the rural walk, the ever welcome presence of dear spirit friends is manifested through Mrs. Everitt's mediumship, with a force and spontaneity which lifts the very thin veil which is said to divide the spiritual and natural worlds, and brings us directly face to face with the immortals.

In the presence of Mr. Childs, I have heard as many as a dozen different spirits converse in loud, clear tones, sing songs, make speeches, quarrel with each other, recite in various voices, and go through all the phases of conversation incident to a large assemblage of different individuals. When the presence of Mr. Austin (a medium of equally remarkable endowments) is added to Mr. Childs's circles, the most delightful performance on various musical instruments takes place. The violin, guitar, piano-forte, concertina and flute are all played upon in masterly style. Duets, trios and solos are given, and that, too, from any opera or other musical work the company may select.

I have frequently been requested by the leader of the band, an Italian spirit named "Sancto," to choose the pieces I would desire to hear, and, in answer to my request, selections from five or six difficult operas have been admirably performed. As these wonderful vocal and instrumental scenes have been so recently described by an esteemed English physician, Dr. Dixon, in his letters in the Banner of Light, I need not reiterate, but simply endorse his statements, and add that these marvelous circles, although strictly limited to the invited guests of the families in which they are held, have been witnessed and attested by large numbers of the most distinguished, intelligent and veracious ladies and gentlemen in the land, that the mediums are gentlemen whose social position places them far above the reach of suspicion or the mud of infamy cast by the foul hands of a "Carbonell" and his crew against the poor American mediums, whilst the circles are invariably so conducted as to render deception as physically impossible as it is morally and socially unlikely. I must add that the mediums I have described are but representative specimens of many others I have not space to mention; also that if Spiritualism in England is cramped and fettered by the bitter spirit of theological sectarianism, it is at least free from that scoffing materialism so fatally prevalent in our ranks, which sneers at every truly religious idea and rudely assails every conception, however sacredly it may have been cherished, which fails to conform to the modern scheme of external demonstration; hence I think it will be seen that what the Spiritualism of Europe teaches in expansive progress, it makes up for in force, refinement, decent observance and good order. There is yet another point on which I commend the unorganized Spiritualism of Europe to the associated masses of the American movement. If our public teachers are few in number, they are not obliged to wage a continual warfare with the charge of *free love*, so strangely and infamously branded upon the movement in America.

The English rostrum is not free from the utterances of wandering missionaries grown tired of their lawful husbands and wives, and traveling in search of new affiliates, and something like social order and decent observance must be practiced as well as preached by those who claim to be "Spiritualists" in England. *Animalists*, although they may urge the influence of "magnetic conditions" or "spiritual teachings," are politely advised to recross the waters of the Atlantic; Spiritualism in England meaning something like

purity of life and decency of behavior, even if it be fettered with the bigotry of sects and the narrow-mindedness of threadbare creedal faiths.

Again, if our writers in England are not so numerous as in America, I think the names of the noble William and Mary Howitt, the venerable Dr. Ashburner, Prof. and Mrs. De Morgan, the joint authors of "From Matter to Spirit," the finest piece of philosophic writing in the English language, Thomas Brevoir, the accomplished author of "The Two Worlds," Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Dr. Garth Wilkinson and his inspired and scholarly brother, William Wilkinson, are alone enough to form a phalanx of talent sufficient to redeem any cause, in any nation, from obscurity.

The sterling worth and classical tone of the "London Spiritual Magazine" has been too many years before the public to be questioned now. The bright, sparkling periodical, "Human Nature," is still admirably written up by Mr. J. Burns, its talented and enterprising London publisher, whose industry, energy and self-sacrificing spirit would do honor to any cause; and all this, together with one or two fair public test mediums, constitutes a wealth of phenomenal Spiritualism which I do not exaggerate in affirming to compensate in quality for what it lacks in quantity.

During the past winter, we have had for several months series of capital public conferences, presided over by T. C. Luxmoore, Esq., as Chairman, and Thomas Shorter, Esq., (Brevoir) as Vice Chairman. Our plan has been to present some subject of interest, in a speech of about half an hour, and then throw open the meeting for remarks from the audience, each speaker being limited to fifteen minutes. At the regular hour for terminating the conference of the evening, the chairman calls upon the speaker of the evening to display his or her acumen and forensic abilities, by summing up the whole of the evening's exercises, and pronouncing judgment upon its general tone. The utility and interest growing out of these conferences has exceeded even the warmest anticipations of their projectors, and reflect high honor on the talent and keen spirit of investigation displayed in their sessions.

Many associative efforts have been attempted besides these interesting conferences. The most important, and the one which promises the most permanent success, is the publishing house, and home for transient visitors, place of meeting, Spiritual and Reform Library, &c., conducted at 17 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, London, by Mr. J. Burns, the enterprising editor of "Human Nature." It was here that the cordial semi-public reception awarded to Messrs. J. M. Peablos and Dr. F. L. H. Willis took place; and here, that many an earnest investigator learns to estimate the unpretending but really sterling character of European Spiritualism. I have not yet spoken of the progressive element in English Spiritualism, which without the disruptive ban of that license so fatally prevalent amongst a certain section of the American ranks, or the sneering materialism which characterizes another portion, really endorses all the broad progressive ideas which form the best characteristics of our best Spiritualists in America. The numbers of such thinkers are few; still they have their place in Europe, and wait and watch, any, and labor too, for the "good time coming," when all men shall recognize that "the truth shall make them free." With a few Liberals to head the van of the armies of progression; with hosts of conservatives to restrain the free truth from springing into rank luxuriance by too rapid growth; with a staff of the noblest and most talented writers and thinkers of the age to expound and advocate "the cause," and a good rank and file of capital mediums to illustrate it, English Spiritualists are not so much behind the age after all. On the contrary, they look with "grieved surprise" on the press of so great a country as America undertaking to cite the juggling performances of a poor bungling conjurer as sufficient to "expose Spiritualism;" also on the millions in the American Spiritual ranks, condescending to discuss the question of whether one Carbonell, a very indifferent trickster; can compel thousands of the noblest minds in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, to acknowledge that in believing in Spiritualism they must either be as great fools or knaves as himself. Being "only a woman," I have no Latin, I am sorry to say, at my command to apostrophize this exposure, whilst as to my own vernacular, it fails me to express the contempt I feel for the man who has spent months in learning to tie and untie himself in poor imitation of the spirits, who can do it so much better and quicker without any learning at all; and still more for the sanguine literary "Dionel" who think by such poor tools to cut asunder the mighty telegraphic cable by which legions of wise and mighty spirits have bridged over the gulf between the material and spiritual worlds!

Whether the next notable piece of work undertaken by the redoubtable Carbonell will be acting as a medium for "John King" in creating another antagonistic revival for Spiritualism, or scooping up the waters of the Atlantic with a thimble, the Davenport's controlling spirits and the Boston Press can decide between them. In Europe, however, Spiritualism still lives—Carbonell and the exposure notwithstanding.

From Springfield, O.

DEAR BANNER—This city, boasting of a population of intelligent and enterprising people, is today without a society of Spiritualists, simply because the believers are among the poorer class, that is, the hard-working, matter-of-fact people, who do not possess a bank, a block of spacious stores, or broad acres of land. Some fifteen years ago the first spiritual lecture was given here by a Dr. Scott, and the truths of Spiritualism, as eloquently spoken by him, are still remembered by those who heard them. At the present time a society of Spiritualists could not be formed here, from the fact that one or the other class of believers must have the control of things, to the handling of all funds for the organization and the arranging and controlling of all mediums brought under their influence, to the utter disregard of all teachings from wise and truth loving spirits and mortals.

A few firm friends of Spiritualism, as a Christian dispensation, still uphold the Banner of Light and the teachings of spirits who declare the Son of Man their ruler and who do his will on earth, as it is done in Heaven. This class of believers are few, but their power is great, for the power is given them by the simple fact of their acknowledgment of the control of spirits as well as mortals. CHRIST Spiritualists have yet become lost in themselves for alienating and putting to shame the traducers of those who rely on the Saviour this side of the grave, as well as on the "other shore." Time will yet make this matter plain to Spiritualists generally, as well as the repudiators of the doctrine that the Son of Man has not yet power to act on Earth as well as in Heaven. See Luke ix, also 1st John xvii, also xiv, and many more if the authority be admitted. This is true Spiritualism and the Spiritualists who advocate this doctrine is a true Spiritualism.

There are many willing to associate with Christian Spiritualists here, but to organize on any other platform is simply impossible, and this is the trouble in many places beside Springfield, Clark Co., Ohio.

The principal medium here now is Mr. Ludlow, a good man and a fervent Spiritualist. The prominent Spiritualists are W. W. Lewis, Squire Miller, Bro. Dice and a few others.

Yours truly,

HENRY STROUD.

Springfield, O., Dec. 22, 1869.

"WINGS--SOME DAY."

The following beautiful lesson of patience, poetically enforced, we find inserted anonymously in an exchange. Its teachings should lead many hearts, fainting beneath the burden of life, to be more thankful for all blessings of the present, and gather fresh hope for the future:

Nature had fallen in her measure,
Made a mistake in her plan,
Fixed to the limbs of an infant
The trunk of a man.

Down on the deck, while the ferry
Crossed and recrossed the stream,
And faces were changing about him
Like those in a dream.

Down on the deck, in his wagon,
He sat all the day selling books;
But far beyond price was the story
I read in his looks.

Eyes that grew bright beneath the burden
That broke many strong men down,
Looked into mine from that wagon,
Beaming and brown.

Eyes that had laughed at the sorrow
From which a worldling flies,
Eyes that were full of to-morrow
In the face of a child.

In them I saw peace sitting,
Who keeps the world's heart warm;
Peace, who comes after the battle—
After the storm.

Tearful the eyes of a lady,
Crossing that river with me,
As she said, when she saw how helpless
A creature might be.

"To what can the poor boy look forward
Through all his weary way?"
Quick as his smile came the answer:
"To wings--some day."

Men were passing, complaining,
God had forsaken their part;
Better the crippled in body
Than crippled in heart.

Let us remember the answer
Of that boy, in his hopeful way,
And ever look upward, forward,
To wings--some day.

The Lecture Room.

SHAKER PRIMARIES.

A LECTURE DELIVERED IN MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, DEC. 28TH, 1869, BY F. W. EVANS.

The first idea in our system—the beginning of Shaker Theology—is the Duality of Deity. The second idea, and foundational to all succeeding ideas is the Seventh Heaven, as the Christ of God to all the suns and their auxiliaries, the planets in the Material Universe.

In looking toward Christ, we must look inward and upward, toward Deity.

Within this Christ Sphere exists the Resurrection Order of Intelligences—Christ—Harvesters—Reapers—to the inhabitants of the innumerable earths—planets—globes—in the astronomical region of matter, the object of our physical senses.

These Christ Spirits are the Deific emanations coming forth from the God sphere by the Dual—Father and Mother—creative power and energy operating upon general principles, similar to the origin of human beings in the Adamic cycle, before they began to generate, or reproduce from one another.

That the inhabitants of any particular globe are fallen, or unfallen, changed not the time or manner of harvest on the globe. Because, however extensive might be the world wherein reproducing beings were placed, in the absence of depopulating agencies, as war and disease, if unfallen, there must come a time of over-population.

The orthodox faith is, that the human race would have been immortal upon this earth, if they had not sinned.

Again, in the old theology, this earth was the whole creation, where alone God and Christ do manifest themselves. In the time of this creation (out of nothing) Geology is ignored; and in the extent thereof, Astronomy is utterly set at naught.

The sun and moon, and the stars which the scientist views as contemplations as habitable globes, many thousands times larger than our earth, are but lamps by night, and lights by day, to save the children of earth from impenetrable, never-ending darkness. And these stars will some day fall upon this earth like mountains falling upon an orange!

In Shaker Theology, the earth is but a point, a speck in the midst of countless planets so far superior in size, and in the dignity of their inhabitants, that it is by great condescension on the part of Deity and the Christ Angels, that earth and its people are noticed at all.

Theology is the science of religion, and is as the holy to the soul.

There is a constant tendency, among all the people, to let their religion become imprisoned in a stereotyped theology of the cycle; thus barring progress. To this fact Jesus alluded, when he affirmed that "no man putteth new wine into old bottles, lest they burst; or new cloth upon an old garment, lest it be the more rent thereby."

Religious progress is "from faith to faith;" from the faith of one cycle to the faith of another cycle. As there were seven steps up to the temple, so there will be seven cycles before we reach the fullness of the Gospel testimonies—the final ultimate truth, the spiritual truth, whose light, or "the sun," will be as the light of seven days—seven cycles.

The four Dispensations are four great Cycles, comprising the Spirit year of earth's inhabitants—the footsteps of Deity—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.

The seven spheres correspond to man's order of creation (seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling, with speech and understanding,) standing in relation to the Christ Sphere, which is the intervening Mediator that spiritually unites all intelligences to Deity.

The seven thinkers of the Revelator are the interior history of the Second Christian Church, in its "hasting unto the coming of the day of the Lord," in the Second Christian Dispensation—the Fourth Dispensation of man's history.

The seventh trumpet began to sound in the world a long time ago; and the second trumpet is now sounding long and loud in Zion.

The effect of the testimony, or trumpet, upon Believers, is similar to the effect of the seventh trumpet upon the world. There is a breaking up of the old, stereotyped ideas and dogmas in their former theological systems; and there is a development of other ideas, gradually forming a new system, adapted to the present advanced state of sciences: Anthropology, Geology, Physics, Geography, Chemistry, Astronomy and Spiritism.

This is the Gospel testimony, in each degree, a two-edged sword, cutting two ways—toward the world and toward believers.

The testimony of the first Cycle startled the world, and shook terribly the subjects of the Gospel themselves. Hence they earned the appellation, or term of Shakers.

The increase of the religious element caused a change in their habits, of physiology, of mind, of morals, and consequently in their theology.

Jesus prophesied only (except incidentally) to the people of his own nation upon earth. And, in the spiritual world, he, during the apostasy of the Church on earth, built a "New Jerusalem," composed of true Jews from the twelve tribes of Israel, who were there (as here) scattered among the nations in the spirit-world. This was the "place" he went to prepare for his people on earth, that when they had "laid down their lives," naturally and spiritually, where he was there also his beloved disciples be.

In this New Jerusalem, the Christian did not "destroy the Law of Moses" pertaining to truth on the material plane—the earth life; for the old laws of earth would pass away, but the new laws of the spiritual world would remain.

The nations thereof accepted Jesus as their Representative, and for the spirit of prophecy in them, through their sacred oracles, continually pointed to Jesus as the source from whence the "coming man" would proceed.

And when Jesus was born, he brought spiritualistic law men—came, guided by science embodied in Spiritualism—a star in the firmament directing

them to the very spot where he lay—the giant infant of the future. It was the Eastern world acknowledging and paying homage to the typical man of the Eastern or Male portion of the earth.

This Father Church is described, in the seventh chapter of the Revelations, as being gathered from the twelve tribes of Israel: "I saw an angel ascending from the East, having the seal of the living God." This Angel sealed twelve thousand of each of the twelve tribes—a hundred and forty and four thousand—after a travail in Christian principles upon the basis of Moses and the Prophets—physical truth—for the space of seven hundred and sixty years, we are, in the fourteenth chapter, presented with the result.

During this period, the Church on earth was in a wilderness state. For the red dragon—Paganism, under the name of Christianity, and mixed with it—persecuted the Christ Spirit, and it was caught up to God, and to his throne in the spirit-world—the Jesus Christ Church. And "there was war in heaven," between the dragon—Paganism—and Michael—Perfection—the Christ Spirit in that Church—and also in every individual composing that Church. For they had to be caught and planted in Gospel principles—to be judged—just as we are "in the flesh," and to go through the same "battles of shaking."

But they all, as one body, "overcame by the blood of Spirit of Christ" from the seventh heaven—the life; and the "accuser was cast down," out of that Church, into the Gentile Churches on earth, where he had power to condemn all saints, who were "weak through the flesh," during the reign, in those Churches, of the "man of sin"—Christian sinners.

There was great rejoicing in heaven—the spiritual world, but "to the inhabitants of earth," until the Christ Spirit came and another "Ann," embodied in the institutional, emotional, revelational, spiritual religious elements; wanting science, and possessing material poverty and physical sickness, as the great evils of its existence.

Being Gentiles, they—the Shakers—late their origin back beyond Abraham, the Jewish father, to Noah, who, in nutrition, gave to his posterity all the animal creation to eat, even as Adam gave them the green herb and its seed. While, in the relation of the sexes, all restraint was equally taken off by the organic law of Noah. This was done upon the principle that a law, however good, which cannot be enforced, had better be repealed.

Thus, when Israel revolted in their feelings against a vegetable and fruit diet, and murmured with their tongues against the God of Israel, He repeated the law compelling them to eat such "light food," and gave them, by supernatural agency, all the flesh meat they desired, well knowing that would be the result of so sudden a change of diet from right to wrong, from good to bad.

The opening of the fourth seal in the Revelations, revealing one of the causes of premature death, looked and beheld a pale horse, and he that sat upon him, and he was named Death, and he had followed him.

And power was given him over the fourth part of the Earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the Earth. "The unnatural hunger for animal food"—the beasts of the Earth—can only be satisfied by "death" to the animals or "beasts." Its use engenders paleness—physical diseases—inflaming the blood; brutalizing the feelings; destroying the finer sensibilities of the soul; hardening the heart, blunting the moral sympathies, deadening the spiritual senses, and generating a large portion of the diseases of Christendom; creating Doctors, with their pills, and medicines for spiritual and physical infirmities; living and enervating themselves upon the sins of God's people.

"Death and hell follow" hard after the "hunger" for the eating of our fellow creatures, which, when unchecked by the testimony of truth in Nutrition, leads directly to cannibalism, as it existed in the most refined form among the highly-civilized Mexicans, and other nations on this Continent, at the time of the Conquest. (See Prescott.)

And even Christendom has already become a "habitation of devils," a hold of every foul spirit, a scene of man's inhumanity to man, which he has learned through the practice of right killing, and then eating "the beasts of the earth," causing the premature death of "one-fourth" of the inhabitants of this sin-stricken globe.

As Gentile Christians, the Shakers had both Law and Gospel to acquire, before they could "sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." In the first Cycle, which nears its end, the testimony was,

"First, Faith in Divine Revelation—that Christ had made his second appearance upon earth, and in the Female Order.

Second, That this revelation is made through authorized mediums, who receive the oral confession of sins.

Third, This makes community of goods possible, on the foundation of all the Quaker testimonies, of Peace, Truth, Plainness of Dress and Language, Chastity, &c., &c. Thus exalting the heaven upon earth of the first Cycle, which we have hitherto enjoyed.

It may be asked, What is, or will be, the faith or testimony of the second Cycle?

The answer: First, a deeper revelation, which will include the marriage of the Lamb and Bride—the Church in the spirit-world with the Church on earth. This conjunction to be effected by means of Spiritualism, blending the two spheres into one; so that the Church on earth can receive the testimony of the Father Church in the spirit-world.

Second, All people are made from the food they eat. Wheat is the highest form of human food. Hence wheat-eating nations and races are the rulers of all other nations and races.

Wheat belongs to the people of God, and should be to them the staff of life. It was so to Israel. Bread, or wheat, was the staff of life, and was the God bread of the Jews. It must become so to the Shakers, in the union of the two Churches. Truth never grows old, nor does it ever change.

Positive. Negative.

Health. Sickness.

Whole wheat bread, unleavened. Superfine flour bread, leavened.

Fruit and vegetables. Animal meats and condiments.

Agriculture. Commerce.

Labor. Speculation.

Spiritual gifts. Worldly literature.

Increase. Decrease.

There will be other organic changes relating to the new earth, in which there shall dwell no operative principle that does not work true righteousness to the inhabitants of the Zion of God, and to the people of the whole earth, agreeably to the gloriously revealing song of the Immortals—"A Peace on earth, good will to man."

VENTILATION.—We have now to describe one of the best and simplest modes of ventilating ordinary rooms with which we are acquainted. It is one equally applicable in winter as well as in summer, because all draught is avoided; for, even in a winter, when the wind is blowing, and the weather is frequently felt, and in rainy weather it is often impossible to keep the window open. The present plan is applicable in all kinds of weather, and would be perfect if the ventilation could be effected nearer to the ceiling.

As it can be applied at an expense of a few cents, and as no unsightly appearance is made, it is equally applicable to the cottage and to the mansion. A piece of wood an inch or more in thickness, three inches wide, and exactly as long as the breadth of the window through which ventilation is to be established, is to be prepared. Let the saw be placed upon the side of the window, and the wood to be drawn down close upon the slip of wood. If the slip has been well fitted, and the fitting may be made more complete by adapting it to the grooves in the sash and its frame, if any exist—no draught will be experienced in consequence of the displacement of the sash at this part. The effect of such an arrangement is, however, to cause a separation between the bars of the sashes at the centre. By this means a perpendicular current of air will be projected into the room between the glass in the upper and lower sashes, and their respective bars, or else the current will pass outward, in the reverse direction, in a manner by which all inconvenience from draught will be avoided.

Supposing that two or more windows on opposite sides of the room are fitted in this manner, a very satisfactory ventilation will be secured. Owing to a difference in its equilibrium, the air will rush in on one side and rush out on the other side of the apartment. If the slips of wood are painted of the same color as the windows themselves, they attract little notice.—Good Health.

of the law of Nature—commerce of the sexes for the purpose of offspring only.

Out of this Quaker Order came forth the Shakers, who were born of a spiritual Mother—Ann Lee. They have now been, for about a century, forming the body of the Mother Church, composed of Gentiles from all parts of the great Babylon of Christendom—Catholic, Protestant, Dissenters, Puritans, Platonists, Mystics, Quakers, Skeptics, Infidels, Rationalists, Universalists, Methodists, Lutherans, &c., &c.

The final result and product of these Rationalistic elements, including all the phases of infidelity, that have been "Whore" and her "Harlot" daughters, was the American Civil Government, recognizing no form of religion, but truth; leaving all people free to form their own theologies to suit themselves; and protecting all their own religious worship and faith; or in their own form of Scientific Rationalism.

And the final result and product of the Revelational elements, operating through all the phases of Heretics, Platonists, French Prophets, &c., &c., as above enumerated, was the establishment of a Church, by the Christ Spirit operating through a woman, as a type of the Western world, as Jesus was the type of the Eastern world.

The Jewish Church was founded by a man, learned in all the learning of the Egyptians, who were the most scientific of all the nations then upon the earth.

The temple was a combination of all known sciences. Jesus was a learned man, and able to cope with the D.D.s of the Jewish nation. He had the science of Moses, the morality of John, and the Revelation of the Christ Spirit, whereby to build the first temple—the Jesus Christ Church—the Pentecostal Church.

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Free Thought.

"FUNERAL DISCOURSES" AGAIN.

G. Adams, in his article in the *Banner of Light* of the 18th inst., says very truly that "the clergy have a creed to defend and a church to serve, rather than to enunciate truths opposed to both," which fact reminds me of a funeral sermon which I listened to a few months ago, in one of our fashionable churches, on the occasion of the death of a young man, who, during the latter part of his illness, described some beautiful visions which he beheld then and there—not alone to the pastor of his church, who so frequently visited him during the last few weeks of his sickness, but to his parents, and others who called to see him. He told his mother that the spirit of a younger brother of his had been with him so often, and was each time obliged to retire to his spirit-home in disappointment because his life hung so tenaciously to the worn-out frame, not because he wished to remain on earth, but his mother, who was not yet done mourning for the younger brother, who passed on some two years previous, and who, she said, "had to lay in his cold, cold grave," and she did not want her only remaining son to go to the same uncomfortable place. And this, it would appear, prevented the spirit from taking its departure, when both spirit and body were fully prepared for the natural dissolution.

This dying man told his friends, one evening, that his spirit brother had once more departed without taking him along, but that the next time he would not go away disappointed; that he would then accompany him, for he could endure no longer the agony of living in the worn-out body; and imploring his affectionate mother to leave him to go in peace, he took his final departure that night. The funeral took place on the following Sunday; the corpse was taken into the church, followed by a large number of friends and relatives, also the members of a Lodge to which he belonged, thus filling a large church with attentive listeners to the young man's funeral discourse. During the discourse the Reverend gentleman, alluding to the beautiful visions which this young man, in his dying hours, described to him, saying that few persons were blessed with such glorious sights while yet dwelling in the earthly tabernacle; and, cutting off his brief narrative of this sublime subject, the pastor said, "If our creed would allow it, I might enlarge on these divine privileges which are so seldom granted to mortals." He then branched off into something more earthly, and left his hearers to draw their own conclusions of what he did say. This goes to show that men standing before the world as "teachers of the truth," are not allowed to teach their flocks anything new, no matter how beautiful and true, under the bread and butter taking penalty of being excommunicated.

Mr. J. G. Fish in this place now; he has been here three Sundays, treating the few lovers of truth, who were manly and womanly enough to go to his free meetings, to very excellent lectures. Mr. Fish has laid the probationary foundation for the establishment of a "Free Church" in our city, and if money is as freely subscribed for a longer term as has been given for a trial of two months, we may in safety say that a free church at Reading is a question of time, and one that we have some fears that a little more time is to elapse on the liberal portion of our population will become firm enough to take so noble a step. Mr. Fish is a man who will work as long as there is a possibility of doing some good. He has called upon some of our citizens whom we looked upon and some pointed out to him as liberal minds; but some of these shrink into nothingness when asked to give a mite toward preaching a free gospel. One very influential and wealthy gentleman of this place, when called upon by Mr. Fish for pecuniary aid, asked him bluntly, "Will you take the Bible as the foundation of your doctrine?" Mr. Fish unhesitatingly replied that he did not consider that the Bible contained all the inspirations; that there were other inspirations besides the Bible; whereupon the solicited told the truth-loving solicitor that he would have nothing to do with his "Free Church." Had Mr. Fish been wicked enough to tell a falsehood, or give an evasive answer, the likelihood is that \$500.00 would have been added to the funds of the experiment. But, truly, we have had—have too much of that style of teaching, and we want something that "won't make us afraid."

PETER ZIEGLER.

Reading, Penn., Dec. 19th, 1869.

Troy Progressive Lyceum Festival.

DEAR BANNER.—Our Children's Progressive Lyceum here in Troy is a live and flourishing institution. It has prompt and efficient officers and leaders, and with "Progression" for motto, and "Good work" for the truth and the ideal. The Lyceum has just celebrated Christmas by a grand festival at Rand's Hall. At one o'clock in the afternoon the Lyceum assembled, together with a large number of its friends and the public generally, who came to witness the performances. The usual exercises of the school were gone through with, such as Silver-Chain recitation, singing, gymnastics, marching, &c., after which Santa Claus, in propria persona, clad in fur, made his appearance and distributed appropriate gifts among the children. It was, indeed, a pleasant sight to see the children with their eyes sparkling with merriment and gratitude to the good Santa Claus. One of the best features of the festival was the presentation of handsome presents as tokens of esteem from the members of the Lyceum to the Conductor, Mr. Benjamin Starbuck, the Assistant Conductor, Mr. Eugene Coffin, Mr. James E. Briggs and Mrs. T. G. White and Miss Libbie McCoy. This presentation speech was made by Mr. B. G. Barto. Conductor Starbuck replied as follows:

"For this most unexpected present words cannot express the grateful emotions of my heart. My love for this cause is deep and all absorbing, and the labor I have given, I have been truly laboring of love. And the demonstrations of this afternoon conclusively prove to me that it is not 'love's labor lost.' About sixteen months ago you chose me the conductor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and in running my mind back over that time it seems to me that every officer and leader and every member of every group has done all that he or she could do to further every proposition I have brought forward, and to sustain me in my every effort for the good of our Lyceum; and this harmonious action on your part has been the cause of the office of a pleasure and a labor of affection. And for all this my heart does most earnestly thank you. In this union and harmony lays our strength. The progress and high standing of our Lyceum occupies to-day is owing to the united and harmonious action of all our officers and leaders. And, as in the past, so let us hope for the future in the love and harmony that marks our profession, and that though we may differ in our opinions on many subjects, it will not disturb our fraternal love and harmony."

And to you, dear children, who shall I say? To me you have been all times loving, kind and obedient, your loving and joyous greetings have often made my heart throb with a thankful emotion. Some of the happiest hours of my life have been passed in your midst, listening to the words of wisdom falling from your lips, and marking the progress you make in your ever upward and onward course. And, in conclusion, my prayer for us all is that spirits of the good, the pure and the wise may ever guard and guide us in our journey through this earth-life, and with open arms and loving hearts, welcome us to the land of the Great Hereafter, the 'Summer Land,' our spirit-home all.

The land of the beautiful,
The land of the best,
Where the pure shall assemble,
And the weary find rest."

The festival closed by a grand ball in the evening, with music by Sullivan's Band. The festival was one of the finest that has ever taken place in Troy. The success of our Lyceum is owing, in a great measure, to the personal efforts of Mr. Benjamin Starbuck, its Conductor, and his assistants. Yours, &c., G. E. FILE.

Troy, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1869.

Correspondence in Brief.

BURLINGTON, N. J.—A reverend gentleman writes as follows: You will have noticed in the *Banner of Light*, of the 11th inst., a short notice of the *Banner of Light*. Through the kindness of a reverend friend, I have received a copy of the *Banner*, and like it much. Of course there are some ideas that I cannot now endorse, but I feel a strange interest in your mind in regard to these things. I have had many persons, both men and women, to go to the church, and pray, and sing, and look back, as I now do, upon the so-called revival, I am firmly convinced that a majority of cases of so-called conversions to Christianity, particularly in this country, have been the result of animal magnetism, and not, as they have been represented, and experience has enabled me to say that the fourth of the members of evangelical churches are Spiritualists, and do not know it, and yet in their ignorance deny it, and look with holy horror upon those who are. I was one of the number until last winter, when I was called to the West, and on my way, sitting in the hotel, I was conversing with a friend upon the mystery of Spiritualism, when a lady sitting near asked if we were not speaking of Spiritualism. I replied that we were; also that I thought it one of the strangest and most wonderful things I had ever investigated. I said she to me with a very honest manner which I shall never forget, "I have heard persons speak of investigating Spiritualism; I say I heard them in the search after truth; I want to put my hand upon their shoulder and feel their pulse, and tell them to read the Bible with prayer and meditation, and I want the results for I was once a member of the church, and faithfully adhered to it, until I had light given me to see the right." The conversation left an impression upon my mind that will last as long as time.

OTTAWA, ILL.—E. W. E. Whitmore writes: Again am I strongly impressed with the belief in the great wants of this growing city. Ottawa is indeed an unbroken and delicious of spiritual food. We have one powerful healer, Mrs. L. P. Marsh; he is doing a vast amount of good, much to the discomfort of the clergy and the M.D.s of this city. He has cured them all every day for the past ten years; yet we stand in need of medical or other work. We have the element right here among us to organize a good society for future usefulness, but we have few good lecturers among us. Sufficient will be forthcoming to teach good and true doctrine, and we have many who will feel an interest to labor in this cause. I have a great deal of the doctrine of old theology, and am anxious to sustain and welcome faithful literates who come as the exponents of angel spirit truths, which open up the only true shoulder and back, and simply by the unaided touch. What we want is for others to minister unto the people, so as to complete a full corps of organization. Several hundred young children could be ministered here in less than two weeks, which would give us a fair Lyceum. We have plenty of lecturers, and many who will do us good. I am, therefore, in the field for action, and those who see fit to come among us will be sustained in the great cause of progressive truth.

TEXAS.—Burlington Home, Salado, Ill. Co.—L. A. Griffith writes: Within a few weeks the *Banner* has unfurled its flag within the moral atmosphere of our little village in Western Texas, throwing its rays of light upon the darkness of the darkness of some of our people. I trust will penetrate the recesses of some of the minds of the Orthodox. Already two or three have stepped into the ranks of the great Spiritual army. Our community are ready, liberal-minded and intelligent. They seem almost ready to step upon the path of the great Spiritual army. The hands together and rejoice in that universal love that the Father bestows on his children taught in Spiritual

Our New Year's Present.

Our patrons who are each endeavoring to circulate the *Banner of Light* more generally among the people by obtaining one or more new subscribers, have met with splendid success, and forwarded us, since our last issue, one hundred and thirteen names, accompanied with the money. This is beginning the new year well for the dissemination of the great truths of Spiritualism, and shows how much can be accomplished by a united effort. We tender our sincere thanks to these co-laborers for their timely aid. Their names we append: Mrs. E. S. Loper sent four new subscribers; Wm. Outland, one; J. M. Perry, one; Mrs. D. P. Haskell, one; James N. Clus, one; F. D. Edwards, one; S. Hurd, one; Miss R. Prentiss, one; M. Kenney, one; C. C. Campbell, one; Isaac Kleth, one; Wm. Somerby, one; A. Allen, one; Dr. B. W. Fiske, one; E. H. Doane, one; E. A. Ewers, one; Geo. Gallup, one; Mrs. H. E. Brown, one; L. Howes, one; H. M. Jewell, one; Wm. S. Osborne, one; Susan M. Hoffman, one; D. Anderson, one; S. F. Drinkwater, one; C. Castner, one; Mrs. L. P. Riley, one; Mrs. E. Matthy, one; B. R. McCord, one; D. H. Setchel, one; J. Kishy, one; L. Mason, one; H. Steelman, Jr., one; Wm. W. Pike, one; A. Couch, one; J. Jones, one; Phillip Morrill, one; Mrs. F. Rule, one; A. W. Cross, one; G. A. Lomas, one; Eli Jackson, one; N. Frank White, one; Lewis Parker, one; A. E. Carpenter, four; Dr. D. A. Pease, one; Silas Crocker, one; N. Marshall, one; O. D. Kendall, one; F. V. Powers, one; S. A. Gage, one; Mrs. J. A. Goodrich, one; Mrs. M. J. Owen, one; H. Alden, one; D. E. Pease, one; T. D. Melvin, one; J. J. Taylor, one; Mrs. S. Gillis, one; W. R. Blaney, one; Geo. Thompson, Esq., one; Dr. J. Currier, one; Geo. M. Hloko, one; J. G. Morse, one; Geo. Day, one; C. Hovey, two; B. F. Bissell, one; Wm. Howe, one; Jas. S. Whitaker, one; Mrs. H. A. Cooley, one; Mrs. A. King, one; Chas. N. Allen, one; Martha Hulet, one; E. Calvin, one; Amos Drake, three; E. Jackman, one; J. Sawyer, one; Dr. J. D. C. Holt, one; J. A. Woodcock, one; Mrs. J. H. Behl, one; Mrs. A. C. Caswell, one; R. G. Blackman, one; Miss M. Richardson, one; A. C. Smythe, one; S. M. Griggs, two; Thomas B. Loomis, one; Mrs. F. C. Harvey, one; Samuel Cook, one; L. Burnett, one; James J. Marsh, one; Mrs. H. Hinckley, one; Mrs. A. L. Andrews, one; N. M. Farquhar, one; C. F. Webster, one; Juliet M. Field, one; R. A. Gilbert, one; Wm. Watson, one; Mrs. H. E. Brown, one; T. T. Greenwood, two; D. Kelley, one; C. Savor, Jr., one; Jos. G. Peckham, one; R. H. Ober, one; M. A. Ogden, one; Joseph Wight, one; D. R. Williams, one.

Boston Children's Progressive Lyceum.

On Sunday morning, Jan. 2, this Lyceum assembled at Mercantile Hall in good numbers, notwithstanding the storm. The usual exercises were varied by answers to the question, "What is the value of character?" One hundred leaders and pupils, were in the ranks of the *Banner March*. Among other pleasing features of the meeting, Dr. Dunklee, Treasurer, reported that the Lyceum would commence the New Year free of debt.

Monthly Concert.

In the evening the regular monthly concert of this organization was given at the same hall. The programme consisted of songs by the Lyceum quartette (whose names we have frequently published), an invocation, recitations, music from the piano, songs, and an original dialogue written for the occasion by D. N. Ford. The audience was all that could be expected, owing to the rainy evening, and the performances were received with marked approbation.

These concerts occur on the first Sunday of each month. It is hoped that the Spiritualists of Boston will bear this in mind, and give their countenance and aid to the organization by attending in full numbers.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Andrew T. Foss will lecture in Salem, Mass., Sunday, Jan. 10th; in Harwich, Jan. 23d and 30th. He will answer calls to lecture week evenings while on the Cape.

A. E. Carpenter will speak in North Bridgewater, Mass., Sunday, Jan. 16th.

Dr. A. B. Child will answer calls to lecture. Address 50 School street, Boston.

Daniel W. Hull will lecture in Granite Hall, Chelsea, Sunday evening, Jan. 16th.

Mrs. F. A. Logan is meeting with good success, lecturing on Equal Rights, Spiritualism and Temperance, in the Southwest. She will answer calls for Southern Illinois. Her address is care of Warren Chase, 827 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Phelps has entered the lecture field to plead the cause of the poor working woman, and point out to those interested the way whereby all may be permanently benefited. She will gladly, if requested, address Spiritual Societies or Lyceums on this subject, as connected with the great questions of the day, and with the basis of all true Spiritualism and real religion. Address Aurora H. O. Phelps, care of American Workman Office, 37 Cornhill, Boston.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Prof. Wm. Denton had a good audience in Music Hall, this city, Sunday afternoon, Jan. 23, though the rain came down in torrents. His hearers were well pleased with his interesting exposition of "The Irreconcilable: Science and Scripture, Genesis and Geology."

Mr. Daniel W. Hull will deliver his second lecture next Sunday afternoon. His theme will be "The Atonement," as taught by theologians of the present day, considered from a Biblical, Philosophical and Philanthropic standpoint.

Thos. Gales Foster is to commence his lectures, Jan. 23d.

Lyceum Festival in Chelsea.

The Chelsea Children's Progressive Lyceum celebrated the advent of the New Year by a pleasant entertainment at Banquet Hall, on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 1st. Presents were distributed to all the scholars, and amusements participated in. A bountiful collation closed the meeting.

Spiritualists of Chelsea, will you sustain your Lyceum? Its officers have worked long and well to uphold it, and are sorely needing assistance. "God loveth a cheerful giver," and he who would win the smiles of the ministering angels, will do well to see that the lambs of the flock faint not by the way.

Course of Radical Lectures.

The second course of Radical Lectures will be given in Horticultural Hall, this city, Sunday afternoons, at 3 o'clock, commencing Jan. 23d. The lecturers are John Weiss, O. B. Frothingham, T. W. Higginson, Samuel Longfellow, Julia Ward Howe, Francis E. Abbot, John S. Dwight, Wm. J. Potter, Ednah D. Cheney, D. A. Wason, Wm. Henry Channing and Wendell Phillips.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HEAVEN.

BY E. R. PLACE.

Where is heaven?
Not where canst thou find abundance,
Not where power its gift doth sell,
Though proud cities lure fondly,
Loftly though power may swell.

Where is heaven?
Not within the shining palace,
Pleasure buildeth by the road;
Not within the golden chalice,
Quaff in her ornate abode.

Where is heaven?
Look not outward—'tis within thee;
Turn thine eye no more abroad;
Let not artful pleasure win thee
From the palace of thy God.

Truest heaven—
Where the soul its honor breatheth
High above temptation's tide;
And the surging waters weareth,
Vainly at her rock-firm side.

Brightest heaven—
Where the heart its love-spring keepeth—
Ever flowing round about;
Where its pulse in union leaveth,
At a brother's joyful shout.

Deepest heaven—
Where a heart seeks rest, in union
With high thought and pure desire;
Yearning for profound communion
With the soul's most central fire.

Heaven supreme—
Kingdom of all loves and uses,
When we yield our feeble breath;
Flowing through the grave's dark sluices,
Life eternal shall draw Death!

Heaven how gained?
As we scale the mountain ridges;
As the iron road is laid;
O'er the torrents casting bridges,
By the strong arm and the spade.

Here we spring the lofty arches,
Costing many a sigh and tear,
Over which our weary marches
Take us to the higher sphere.

Lo! when reached the last earth-trial,
Death forebodes his dire dole;
Seizing the destructive vial,
Flings it, furious, at our feet.

Fear-beasts, more pale and hoary,
Ghosts and ghouls in a gleam;
Daring in a boundless glory,
From the vial's changing stream.

Heaven behold!
Truest, brightest, deepest heaven;
Till that hour, march on, my soul!
Whom with grief thy peace is riven,
Love and Truth shall make thee whole.

New Publications.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW for December brought to our table a solid array of scholarly and literary papers from able pens, the great redeeming feature of this Quarterly being that it chooses living themes to treat in an exhaustive way, or enlarges its discussion of scholastic topics with the spirit and style of modern learning and literary skill. It is always fresh, vigorous and instructive. For comprehensiveness and acumen, liberal learning and the spirit of progressiveness, it stands unsurpassed among similar modern publications. The contents of the present number are as follows: Hindoo Mythology and Its Influence; Hugo and Saint-Denis; The Greek Church; Woman's Rights viewed Physiologically and Historically; Robin Hood and his Times; Our Millionaires and their Influence; Mr. Gladstone on the Heretic Ages; Eclipses and their Phenomena; and Notices and Criticisms. The entire number merits a wide and thoughtful perusal.

BOSTON ALMANAC—George Colledge, publisher of this valuable annual, has just issued the thirty-fifth volume. It contains a fine map of Boston. Hon. Charles W. Slack contributes a very interesting article, upon "Boston and its Territorial Acquisitions," in which he treats in a concise manner the growth of the city and its future prospects, interspersed with valuable suggestions. Mr. Slack thinks that, without any further territorial acquisitions, we shall have in 1890 over 350,000 population, and in 1900, 550,000. His article will be read with interest by all Bostonians. There is much information in this book that thousands wish to know.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for January is received. It is greatly enlarged and improved, and reflects credit upon the Order of which it is the official organ. Among its uniformly attractive contents we notice: Conscience Money, an original story of thrilling interest; Scientific and Curious Facts; Odd Fellow Gems: Health and Physical Culture; The Old Year and the New; Reminiscences of the Order; The Manchester Unity; Ladies' Olio; Youth's Department; Choice Poetry; Entertaining Miscellany; State Departments; Home and Foreign Correspondence, &c., &c. Published by John W. Orr, No. 95 Nassau street, New York.

GOOD HEALTH opens the new year with a cheerful array of timely and sensible articles, such as all persons who care to provide seasonably against physical ailment and trouble would like to read and appropriate in personal practice. Its system is that of common sense, and cannot therefore but be successful.

HARPER'S BAZAR contains a whole gush of patterns and pictures, seeming to make an effort to outdo itself. Its every page is stunning with feminine designs—on themselves.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE, edited by Dr. Guthrie, is published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

GOOD WORDS FOR THE YOUNG for January is received.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for January is a fine number.

First Spiritualist Association of Charlestown.

This organization still continues its work for the maintenance of the cause in its locality. Lectures are listened to every Sunday evening, at Union Hall, Main street, and a free conference participated in on Sunday afternoons at the same place. Rev. J. Wiley Blake, pastor of the Parker Fraternity, will address the Spiritualists at Union Hall, Sunday evening, Jan. 16. The next meeting of the Social Association (held for the benefit of the society) will take place on the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 12th, at the house of Mrs. Brinall, 35 Bartlett street.

New Year's Party.

Notwithstanding the bad weather on Saturday evening, Jan. 1st, quite a goodly number of friends assembled at the house of James B. Hatch and lady, on Concord street, Charlestown, to celebrate the coming of the New Year, and congratulate Mrs. Hatch on another birthday. The exercises were of an interesting character, and the occasion will long be remembered by all who attended.

Woman's Suffrage Association.

A call has been published, signed by influential persons in various parts of the country, for a mass convention to be held in the city of Worcester, Mass., the 10th inst., for the formation of a Woman's Suffrage Association. Mrs. Livermore and other prominent movers in the reform are announced to be present.

Charity Fund.

Moneys received in behalf of our sick and destitute brother, Austin Kent, since our last report:

Mary A. Lieber, Dec. 23, 1869, \$1.00
"Scottie," Portland, Oregon, received Jan. 4, 1870, 2.00

Ohio has over twenty thousand more boys than girls.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Moses Hull is facing "Old Theology" bravely in New York State. This is as it should be. Buckle on your armor, friends of Truth, for the battle has just begun.

The annual reports of the State Lunatic Asylums have been published, and they go to show that those institutions have been conducted rationally the past year.

A letter remains at this office for Prof. I. G. Stearns.

Miss Alice Cary's new story, "The Born Thrill, or Woman's Life and Experience," is to be published in the next volume of the *Revolution*.

A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mother began to scold, when he silenced her by inquiring, "What 's the good of a horse until it 's broke?"

The discontinuance of Bible reading in the public schools of that city is recommended by the president of the Chicago Board of Education.

The popular and "hygienic" Russian baths at New York, are supplied with fresh Croton only once a week, all overflow and refuse from the bathing tanks being collected in a reservoir, pumped up and used repeatedly. The board of health are investigating the matter.

It is authoritatively stated that the loss of life by kerosene is greater than by railroad and steamboat accidents combined.

The sale of the pews for Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church, 3d inst., realized over \$50,000, a considerable increase over last year. Poor church!

CAPITAL IN DAIRYING.—American dairying now represents a capital of \$700,000,000. This cheese product of 1867 sold for \$25,000,000, and the butter product of New York alone was nearly \$5,000,000 pounds, and the quantity of cheese made 72,000,000 pounds. The value of these products, at a very moderate estimate, was \$50,000,000.

The British Post Office Department made \$23,000,000 net profit last year, while ours went behind \$5,000,000. No franking in England. That \$5,000,000, even, who may write a letter by another hand, must put her own head on it to send it by mail.

The New York Herald says the clergy cost the United States \$12,000,000 per annum; the criminals \$40,000,000; the lawyers \$70,000,000, and ruin \$200,000,000.

A young lady who went to see Hackett in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was anxious to know which was Mr. Windsor, as she did not see his name printed on the bill.

The wife of a New York shoddyite has gone to Europe to get the portraits of her three homely daughters painted by the "old masters," of whom she has heard so much.

The Bishop of Panama died at Rome, Jan. 3d. This is the second death which has occurred in the Ecclesiastical Council.

Mr. Peabody's personal expenses never exceeded \$3000 per annum during the last ten years of his life.

New postal regulations between the United States and Canada went into effect on the 1st instant. The rates are now as follows: Prepaid, by Canada mail packet, by way of Quebec, Portland, in winter, or Halifax, six cents per half ounce; if sent prepaid by way of New York, eight cents per half ounce.

What is the difference between a pill and a bill? One is hard to get up, the other is hard to get down. Down's pills go down easily, Bill says.

Fire-proof furniture is the latest scientific announcement in Germany. It is stated that a German chemist, acting under a commission from a fire insurance company, discovered that impregnation with a concentrated solution of rock-salt renders all timber fire-proof. The salt, too, renders wood proof against dry rot and the ravages of insects.

It is stated, on good authority, that during 1869 the dry goods jobbing business was as good as any year since 1865, which is noted as being the good year. The profits were as good or better, and the losses less.

It is reported that Mrs. Dr. Charlotte Lozier, a well-known female physician, and Dean of the Female College, died in New York, Jan. 31. She was one of Nature's noble women.

Miss Minnie Hauk, the American prima donna, has been singing at Moscow, where she seems to have created an extraordinary sensation. In "Faust" she was called out ten times after the garden scene, fourteen times after the church scene, and six times at the end of the opera.

Another death from trichinosis occurred among the persons recently attacked with the disease near Marengo, Ill. This makes four deaths from the same cause, and three or four more are sick, who, doubtless, cannot recover.

To Correspondents.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable, as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications that are not used.

C. H. WARREN, IND.—Your question has been sent to the circle for answer. The answer will appear in our Message Department in due time.

T. S. CHICAGO, ILL.—We should be most happy to accommodate you, but we have no faith in the scheme proposed. Moreover, we have just received a letter from California, from a reliable source, which informs us that there are too many people there already—more than business will comfortably support. Many are returning in consequence.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Jan. 10th, Lecture by Daniel W. Hull.

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

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, AT 2 o'clock, until the close of April (29 weeks), under the management of Lewis B. Wilson, who has made engagements with some of the ablest inspirational, trance and normal speakers in the lecturing field. Daniel W. Hull will lecture Jan. 9 and 10, Thomas Gales Foster, Jan. 23 and 24 and during February, Prof. William Denton during March. Mrs. Emma Hardinge during April. Vocal exercises by an excellent quartette.

Season tickets, with reserved seats, \$3.00; single admission, 15 cents. Season tickets can be obtained at the counter of the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, 158 Washington street, and at the hall.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.

THE RELIGIOUS-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. B. Jones, Esq. Price 5 cents.

THE LYCEUM BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 5 cents.

DAYBREAK. Published in London. Price 5 cents.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 3w.D18.

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

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclosure \$2 and 3 stamps. J1.

Mrs. ARRY M. LAFIN FERRER, Psychometrist. Psychometric readings, \$3.00; Directions in development, \$5.00; Personal directions, \$5.00. Address, Sacramento, Cal.

Mrs. S. A. R. WATERMAN, box 4183, Boston, Mass., Psychometrist and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c. Terms \$2 to \$5 and three-cent stamps. Send for a circular. J1.

AN ARTICLE OF TRUE MERIT—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are the most popular article in this country or Europe for Throat Diseases and Coughs, and this popularity is based upon real merit, which cannot be said of many other preparations in the market, which are really but weak imitations of the genuine Troches.

Special Notices.

WARREN CHASE & CO., No. 827 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo., Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Mendum, Adams & Co., and all other popular Liberal Literature, including all the Spiritual Papers and Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, &c.

Herman Snow, at 319 Kenney street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books at Eastern prices. Also Planchettes, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, &c. The *Banner of Light* can always be found at his counter. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. May 1.—J1

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in *Agate type* twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment in advance.

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

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

JUST PUBLISHED BY WM. WHITE & CO.,

A NEW AND VALUABLE WORK,

PURELY SCIENTIFIC,

ENTITLED,

COSMOLOGY.

WRITTEN BY

George M'Ilvaine-Ramsay, M. D.

THIS work is purely scientific, and the subjects treated upon are handled with care and great ability. The eminent author in his introduction, says:

Man has various means and avenues by and through which he may and does obtain knowledge, the most obvious of which are those faculties of the mind known as the five senses.

Resulting from a combination of those five special faculties is the production of another called memory, by which he is enabled to accumulate knowledge.

Having learned a fact yesterday, and another fact to-day, on to-morrow he may combine these two facts, and thus elicit a third, by much the same process, mentally, as the chemist, by a union of two kinds of substance, produces a new and third kind.

Man has still another faculty, which we have all agreed to call reason, by which he further adds to his knowledge through a process called analogy. Having obtained a limited knowledge of something which he sees or feels or hears, he thence reasons by analogy, either retrospectively or prospectively, and thereby gains further knowledge; e. g., if, on traveling through a forest the first time, he saw a great many trees standing upright and a few lying down, his reason intuitively suggests that those trees lying down had formerly stood upright, and those standing up would eventually fall to the ground. Still extending his chain of thought, he would learn that some of those trees lying down looked fresh and like, much like those yet standing, while others, again, were very much decayed. His conclusions in such a case would inevitably be, that some of those trees had long since fallen, while others had fallen but recently.

Now, this reasoning by analogy, as a means of obtaining knowledge, is of paramount value when we come to study the heavenly bodies, including our earth.

The life of man, and indeed the race of man, is so short, when compared with the age of some of our planets, and, therefore, comparatively he could be known in regard to either, if man's knowledge were limited to the experience of his race. Hence we find that man is capable of learning what was and what will be, from what exists. But, notwithstanding this crowning attribute, all cosmologists must, in the beginning, start without whereon to rest so much as the sole of their foot, and make the best of such a foundation. We claim no more.

Look at the following table of

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" 21.—Orbital Configuration of Comets.

" 22.—Planets are Old Comets.

" 23.—Infinity.

The book is elegantly printed and superbly bound. Price \$1.00; postage 20 cents.

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

GOOD OLD FIVEKAL—How made. Recipe, 81.

MADAME MIQUEL, Independent Clairvoyant, for disease and business, 291 State street, three doors from Bond street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Terms cash—Ladies \$1.00, gentlemen \$2.00. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Jan. 15.—4w1

LAURA H. HATCH will give Inspirational Musical Services every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, No. 10 Appleton street, first floor, from Herkely, Boston, Mass. Terms 25 cents. Jan. 15.—4w1

A. DEXTER, Clairvoyant for Examining the Sick, including prescription, No. 106 1/2 Avenue, near 15th street, New York. Psychometric Delineator of Characters; also, communications in a trance state

