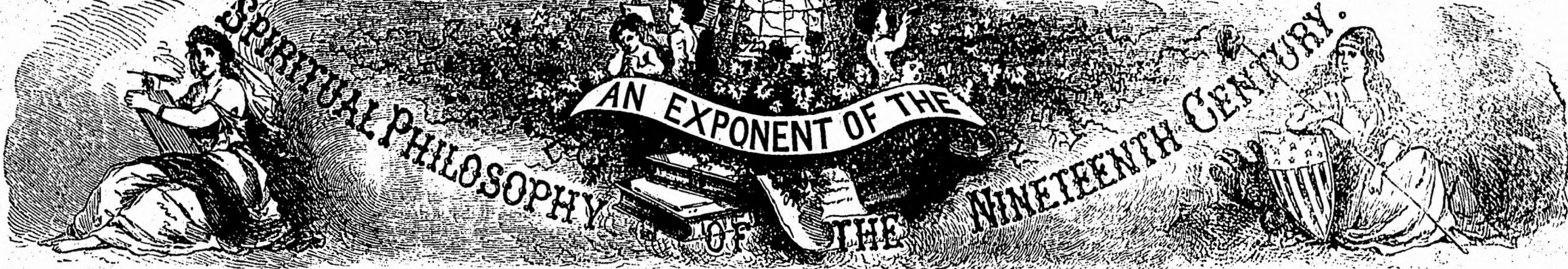


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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The Lecture Room.

THE IRRECONCILABLE: SCIENCE AND SCRIPTURE, GENESIS AND GEOLOGY.

A LECTURE BY PROF. WILLIAM DENTON,
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Jan. 24, 1870.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

We give below an abstract report of a discourse on the above subject, delivered at Music Hall, Sunday, Jan. 24, 1870. The address was listened to by a good audience, and was frequently applauded.

We live in the nineteenth century, when science is knocking at every door—not excepting the church door—flashing everywhere the light into the dark corners of ignorance and superstition. There never was a time when the intellect of man was as active as it is to-day, or as fearless. Science has put on his seven-leagued boots, and is striding forward with the pace of a giant; and we are following faster than man ever went before. Along the pathway we have trod, slavery and the old theologies lie like boulders, marking a time now gone forever. It is in vain for the enemies of science to sneer at it, or the skeptic to deny it; the progress of science is as irresistible as the motion of the spheres. Barriers (and the speaker) could not stay, nor clouds darken the pathway of scientific investigation, which carried the power to destroy all obstacles, and the illuminating ray that could make the darkest midnight of dogmatic error shine as the fullest noontide. The height or depth of the matter to be investigated was nothing to science, which mounted to the clouds in pursuit of the topstone, or dived down to the foundation to see whether it was based on the rock of truth or the sinking sand. And the popularly supposed "sacredness" of any matter made it the more necessary that this great truth-teller—science—should examine it keenly, as the subject was deemed to be the foundation on which rested a grander superstructure than the things of earth. If we put off the consideration of the problem's coming up to us in our day, we only left the work to our children, who would proclaim us cowards for failing, in our time, to do that which was demanded of every thinking soul!

The Bible was placed in the hands of mankind by theologic teaching, as the direct word of God, either written by himself, or given through inspired men, who could not be mistaken. And yet, in the light of scientific research, the schoolboy of the present day, who would use his reason, would perceive that the statements contained in the so-called "Holy Writ" were at war with Nature's great volume which was written by him who could not lie! Suppose the Bible were placed in the hands of a person for the first time, and that he were told that it was the work of him that outspread the heavens, would not the individual expect something grand and lofty—a something as much beyond all human knowledge as the heavens are above the earth? But such is not the case, and the present generation is rapidly taking the ground that whatever is at war with science, is at variance with truth, and that idols, of whatever kind, must yield to the pressure of the times.

In the very first chapter of the book, if this account came from God, we should find it to harmonize with all that science has gathered in its explorations, and as much beyond all this as we ought to expect of the mighty Author. We read: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The great question is, when was this beginning? There was a time when this question did not need to be asked, but it was taken for granted that it was about six thousand years ago; but modern science had obliged theology to abandon these figures, and say that this beginning was in the mighty ages of the past. But unfortunately for theology, the statement in Exodus says the world was made in six days.

"For in six days the Lord made heaven and the earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it."

Here was the definition of what was meant by "the beginning," and it is very positive. On the last of these six days, man was made, and called Adam; and from that commencement we could trace the fact, according to the chronology of the volume, that five thousand eight hundred and sixty-five years ago (3865) there were no heavens, no earth, nothing in existence in the universe but the great Creator of all. Driven by geological research to put off "the beginning" indefinitely, theology was now forced to endeavor to define the length of those days. In old times they were supposed to be like our days of twenty-four hours; but now, in the light of research, the position had been abandoned, and the church took refuge in the statement that these days were also indefinite periods of time. The word translated day, we are informed by the best Hebrew scholars, cannot by any propriety be considered to mean anything more than a period of twenty-four hours. Why did the believers in theology proclaim these days to be "indefinite periods" of time? Because they feared that geology and astronomy might force them again to stretch their figures. The speaker then read some passages of the Bible in the light of this new translation:

"Remember the Sabbath indefinite period of time, to keep it holy."

Six indefinite periods of time shalt thou labor, and do all thy work:

But the seventh indefinite period of time is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.

For in six indefinite periods of time the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh indefinite period of time; wherefore God blessed the Sabbath indefinite period of time, and hallowed it."

What a definite revelation it was, to be sure, coming from the Ruler of the universe, that in six indefinite periods of time he made the world and

its surroundings, and then rested on the seventh indefinite period. Why not say one indefinite period, which would cover the whole ground as well, if such an idea were in the mind of the original author of the first chapter of Genesis? If a day were supposed to mean a million years, for instance, as the Lord did nothing on the first day but pronounce the four words, "Let there be—light," he must have spent two hundred and fifty thousand years in speaking each one, in which case he was much slower of speech than he was to anger, according to the Jewish record.

But with these days must have necessarily come nights, and what was going on during these vast periods of darkness, if the new version of theology be correct? The Scriptures say: "The evening and the morning were the first day," &c. If the day was half a million of years the night also was the same. Geology declares this to be impossible; that such periods of darkness would have been destructive of all life, and the rocks would have given evidence of that terrible state which would have required a new creation every morning. No; the man who wrote the first chapter of Genesis meant such days as we have now, and no other; it was an outgrowth of his ignorance, and at war with the revelations of science.

Dr. Dick says in his "Christian Philosophy," "If anything could be found in science to contradict the plain statements of the Bible it would be evidence that the Bible did not come from the creator and governor of the universe. This first verse then demonstrates that the Bible did not come from any such being, for it is at war with Nature."

The second verse of Genesis informed us that "The earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

Darkness rested upon the water because light had not been created; and the spirit of God (whatever that was) "moved upon the face of the waters." What say geology and astronomy? They declare the earth originally to have been a fiery mass, blazing in the heavens like a young sun; and that no water could then have rested in the hollows of the globe—ages having elapsed ere the crust cooled sufficiently for the purpose. As regards God dividing the light from darkness, and pronouncing the first very good, it might be understood if God dwelt habitually in darkness, for then the light would be good to him. The idea of dividing light from darkness was as absurd as that of separating frost and heat—things that never were mingled. We are next informed that:

"God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters."

And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so. Now a firmament which should hold these waters up, must be solid, else the floods would descend again upon the earth; and the idea of a fixed platform in the sky rolled out like a "molten looking-glass," as Job has it, to keep the waters above from the waters beneath, and in which the stars were fixed like tiny shining points by way of ornament, was quite as absurd as the way invented of getting rain through this beaten floor, viz: by opening the windows thereof, and shutting them. To our ears these stories sounded like the babblings of infancy, but not so to the Hebrews. They believed in a firmament solid and opaque, above which was God's throne, and when Jehovah was angry he stamped his foot on the floor of heaven, making it rock throughout all its vast extent, and drop its starry treasures as the fig tree casts its untimely fruit in the breath of the storm. They believed the time would come when this firmament should be rolled up like a scroll, and our planet be involved in everlasting ruin.

The account goes on:

"And God said, Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear."

Our knowledge of the law of gravitation teaches us at the present time that when the "controlling power" was removed, the waters would inevitably have returned and the land been again submerged. The only reasonable hypothesis as to the formation of dry land was shown by geology, viz: the elevation of the land surface above the water; in the Silurian period the land surface consisted of islands only; in the Devonian, the islands became enlarged, forming continents in the Carboniferous period. Continents grow just as trees do, and the geologist could trace their rings of growth; the layers of rock formed age after age. Herein again the statement of Genesis was at war with science and Nature's law. The statement continues:

"And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth: and it was so."

Thus the earth must have brought forth grass and trees, ages before the sun, moon, and stars were created. Geology gives the lie to this statement. According to Genesis, the first types of life were vegetable—but the geologist finds them to have been sea forms—the radiates, mollusks, articulates, early fishes, &c., which came millions of years before the first grasses and trees.

The fourth day's work next presented itself:

"And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and for years:

And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth: and it was so."

And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser to rule the night: he made the stars also."

The most remarkable statement contained in the whole account, was in the last five words, "he made the stars also." Little did the man who wrote that dream those tiny points to be worlds, millions in number, and many of them larger than our sun, which alone could be divided into a million globes like ours! He made a place for the

sun and moon, but those little insignificant stars were stuck anywhere in the heavens for people to look at. The absurdity of the thought never entered his mind, or he would not have represented them as being made up of a little surplus material which God had on hand, in order to pass away the last hours of the fourth day.

The earth, according to Genesis, existed three vast indefinite periods of time before the sun was made. Now, if we were reading the history of a man, and should find a passage stating that when he was three years old his father was born, and when he attained the age of thirty years his grandfather came upon the stage of being, we should conclude the record to be a farce, but it was more ridiculous to any man whose soul had received the rays of science, to proclaim the astonishing and sweeping information that there was a world vast ages before there was a sun. The dependence of the earth on the sun was more than that of a boy on his father; the boy might exist when his father had passed on—not so with the earth.

The speaker thought it remarkable that it should take five days to make the world and furnish it, and that the sun, moon and stars were made in one day. But the man who made this book did not know the earth to be the child of the sun, but thought the heavenly bodies to be as large as they looked, and our globe to be the grandest of all. It certainly sounded strangely to hear the statement that the earth existed three days before there was any sun to make the day; but the people for whom this book was written did not believe that the sun did make the day. St. Ambrose said, in effect, that the day makes its appearance before the sun comes, and the sun only gave additional glory to the day; just as the moon made not the night, but "ruled" it, in the language of this Genesisal fable-monger.

The idea of a firmament in the heavens, dividing the waters above from the waters below, makes the heavens below the clouds (wherein said waters reside in a state of vapor). Therefore in fine weather, when the clouds are five miles off, heaven and its sun, moon and stars are five miles away from earth; and when the weather is cloudy, and the vapor hangs along the crests of the mountains, the heavenly bodies are nowhere—the clouds have put them out! Such is the sequence to be drawn from the statement in the first chapter of Genesis! The account was childish in the extreme, and came from the abundance of an ignorant heart.

But, on the next day, we are told, "God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven."

And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind."

He thus made "whales," "fowl" and "moving creatures" on the same day. What says geology? The speaker could not decide what the writer meant by "moving creatures." Some thought creeping things were intended—but they were mentioned in the day's work; others try to prove them to be the gigantic reptiles that swarmed the early seas. Geology says the primitive birds are found in the new red sandstone. What of the whales? No remains of them were to be found below the cretaceous beds. Thus vast ages elapsed between the existence on earth of these animals, which Genesis asserts were created on the same day.

The next day,

"God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so."

And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, after his kind."

Here cattle, creeping things, beasts and man were made on the same day; but, according to geology, cattle could be traced only as early as the recent tertiary formation, while creeping things were to be found as low as the carboniferous beds; the remains of man could not be found below the pliocene beds. Here, then, we have species, geologically separated by vast ages, constructed and placed on earth at the same period, in Genesis.

Last of all we are told that the heavens and the earth were finished "and all the host of them." When was the earth finished? Never! The same forces are at work to day as in times past, and as basally, too. The powers of Nature were always at work, transforming the material of the globe, from age to age, into forms of fairer loveliness. But we have an account of the creation given in the second chapter of Genesis, no better than the first, and evidently written by another hand. One says "God" all the time, the other "Lord God."

The first man had a broad head, the second a narrow one; there was poetry in the sentence "Let there be light," whether there was any truth in it or no. The same was to be found in the other steps of creation, when the rocks melted into soil, and trees arose, animals gambled, fowl mounted in air, and whales clove the foaming seas, at the command of the mighty Master; there was poetry, if not truth, in all this. But the second writer is a plain, straightforward bungler, having no idea of idealism. He says God made "every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb before it grew." God made every tree before it was in the earth. Just imagine God going round over the world in a very clumsy fashion, making and sticking in full grown trees here and there, and watering them like a careful gardener with "a mist that went up from the earth."

The first man, we were told by the faithful chronicler of the first chapter, was made in God's image—"male and female created he them." The first writer was a judge of the subject he had in hand, and knew if he attempted to describe the process of man's creation he should utterly fail; so he satisfied himself with the assertion. But the second writer has no such fear; he undertakes

to tell how God makes man out of the dust of the ground; the Almighty Spirit of the universe comes down to this insignificant planet (smaller than the atoms we breathe compared with the universe), and scrapes up the dust with his hands and forms man without even any moisture to keep him together. Could any man conceive of so ludicrous a picture as the newly made man lying by this wayside and God bending over him to "breathe into his nostrils the breath of life"? There were those in the churches who accused him (the speaker) of blasphemy when he spoke thus concerning these stories, but he considered the dissemination on their part of such belittling views of God's power and majesty to be far more blasphemous.

The first writer says God made the cattle and beasts before man, but the second affirms that man was first made, and that God afterward made the cattle, &c., and brought them to Adam to be named. The vast procession of animals drew near, and Adam bestowed on all their names, saying to the lion, "Lion, you can go." The complaint took his trunk and his name and started away, to bear it to the end of time; and many species whom, on account of their distant habitations, Adam might not expect to see again, took their leave. Who kept the account of these names? Could Adam remember them? The story was hardly to be credited.

But in the course of this first grand review, Adam could not find any one suited to be his companion, and he was sad. If Adam had not been so disconsolate and dissatisfied, where would you have been, ladies? How fortunate for you, this sadness of Adam, and the after-thought of the Almighty, which resulted in that marvel of surgery, wherein God, having caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam—by chloroform or otherwise—extracted a rib from our first parent's side, from which he constructed woman, and gave her to be man's companion.

God made man in his own image, says the record. Think of that! Science, to-day, is indicating what kind of a man that early one was; how brutish in his nature, how large in the back part of his head, how wanting in moral faculties, how savage in the extreme. Was God such an individual, and was man thus made after his image? No. To make God in the image of a man is the natural tendency of just such teachings as he (the lecturer) was now reviewing. The God thus worshipped, is not related to the God of the universe. Such Gods have no existence—they never had, save in the ignorant imagination of the human brain; and they will die just as sure as they are created, and be swept away by the mighty breath of science to the nothingness from whence they emerged.

Men try to harmonize these things, but every new harmony eats up every other harmony, just as Aaron's rod ate up the rods of the Egyptian magicians. All we have to do is to stand one side and allow the credulists to do battle with each other. There is no harmony possible; there is a mighty chasm between science on the one hand, and Scripture on the other—geology on the one side and Genesis on the other. The speaker said it was sad, indeed, to see the vast number of cultivated intellects who were passing their days in casting cartloads of feathers into this chasm, hoping thereby to fill it up; the winds of truth would scatter their efforts as fast as smut. Hugh Miller, like a brawny Scotch giant, endeavored to lay a path of solid granite blocks over which all might cross. But where are those blocks, to-day? We cannot see them—not a vestige remains. Who stands by Hugh Miller's theory now? Hugh Miller accounted for the matter by telling that God represented to Moses, in a kind of panorama, especially prepared for the occasion, all the grand act of creation, but Moses failed to get the right conception of it. In such a case God must have been a poor showman, or Moses a poor spectator.

The speaker said he was sometimes asked: Why spend your time in trying to teach people that there is no harmony possible between science and the Scriptures? In reply he would state that wherever he went to proclaim the knowledge which science gave, this book rose up as a stupendous block in the pathway of the car of progress. It was the duty of all who could, to demonstrate this inharmonious, that the Bible might no longer rule as an infallible guide. [Applause.] Every step the world desired to take in advance, this book came up like a ghost, threatening with the torments of hell those who dared to see, and those who dared to tell what they did see. Under the torments of apprehension awakened by the teachings of this book, hundreds of thousands of people lived sad lives, and it was our duty to relieve them, if possible, from this dreadful curse. [Applause.]

Was there no difference between truth and falsehood? Then we should shut up the schools and go back to Paganism. There was a mighty difference between science and revelation, and that difference increased each day. Truth is our master; we will go wherever he leads, knowing that in so doing we shall be blessed, both in this life and in the hereafter.

SHOOTING HORSES.—Two gentlemen connected with the British army—Mr. George Fleming, veterinary surgeon, and Col. Fitzgibbon—have recently published works on the treatment of the horse, and both energetically protest against the paring and cutting away of the sole and frog, which often accompanies the operation of shoeing a horse. Nothing can be more barbarous than the carving and cutting of a horse's foot before shoeing, though on his skill in this many a farrier prides himself. The idea that the frog must not be allowed to bear on the ground—that the sole must be thinned till it "springs to the thumb," is a most pernicious one. On this subject Mr. Fleming's precept is: "The sole, frog and bars must, on no account, or under any conditions, except those of a pathological nature, be interfered with in any way by knife or rasp." At each shoeing the frog must be shortened to its natural proportions, beyond which it has grown behind the protecting shoe, and it is this which forms the chief difficulty of the work, and is the criterion of the good workman.

Spiritual Phenomena.

EXPERIENCE WITH THE MEDIUM HOME.

A handsome large octavo volume, in purple and gold, entitled, "Experiences in Spiritualism with Mr. D. D. Home, by Viscount Adare, with introductory remarks by the Earl of Dunraven," has been recently printed for strictly private circulation among the family and friends of these distinguished noblemen, who belong to the highest circles of English society. "Monadnock," the London correspondent of the New York Times, speaks of it as "one of the most important and in every way remarkable books yet written on the subject." "Those who had the pleasure of meeting Viscount Adare during his recent visit to America, will not question his competency as an observer, and the Earl of Dunraven has too solid a reputation as a man of science, and too high a character in all respects to be suspected of either deceiving, or being deceived."

We have already published much of the testimony given upon this subject before the Committee of the Dialectical Society, comprising the evidence of noblemen and noble ladies, men of science and men of letters, who have witnessed the varied and extraordinary manifestations through Mr. Home. These include, in addition to the more common phenomena, the elevation and floating of Mr. Home's body in the air—the shortening and elongations of his body—and that more strange and terrible series of manifestations called the freetest. In this volume, elaborate details are given, fully corroborating what we have published, of facts, says "Monadnock," "which within the past year have carried strange consternation to the minds of numbers of hard-headed scientific materialists—facts which it is no longer possible to deny—facts which no scientific theory can in the least account for."

The moving of objects by themselves, with no visible force, is recorded in no less than thirty-three instances. The chords of a piano are swept when no one touched the keys.

"The piano was lifted," says Lord Adare, "about two inches off the ground. I had my hand underneath, and it was again lifted two inches higher, and then without any effort, I should say eight inches higher."

Chairs, sofas, tables, books, move about the room from place to place of their own accord, and are seen to rise in the air. In four or five instances, flowers are brought by invisible hands and given to different persons. The fragrance is taken from flowers and thrown about the room. Brandy rises from a glass into the air—that is, it disappears from the glass, which is quite empty; then it falls out of space into the glass through Lord Adare's fingers. The water is taken out of the brandy, the water remaining. In twenty-three instances spirit forms were visible; in thirteen, spirit hands were seen, and cases of spirit hands touching persons are recorded in twenty other places. Spirit voices are heard in nine instances. Many of these things were very striking, utterly impossible to be accounted for on any hypothesis of deception or hallucination. Nothing in all the marvels of Spiritualism is more calculated to astonish and stagger all belief than what has been called the freetest. Here again, we have displayed a power over matter, or a control of forces, of which all our science can give no explanation—of which the utter ignorance knows just as much as the most learned Professor.

At the house of Mrs. Hennings, at Norwood, in the presence of several persons whose names are given, says Lord Adare: He (Mr. Home) went to the fire, poked up the coals, and putting his hand in drew out a hot burning ember, about the size of an orange; this he carried about the room as if to stoke it for the stove. (Who he said, were present,) and then brought it to us, we all examined it. He then put it back in the fire and showed us his hands; they were not in the least blackened or scorched, neither did they smell of fire, but on the contrary of a sweet scent which he threw off from his fingers as he across the table. Having apparently spoken to some spirits, he went back to the fire, and with his hand stirred the embers into a flame; then kneeling down, he placed his face right among the burning coals, moving it about as though bathing it in water. Then getting up, he held his finger for some time in the flame of a candle. Presently he took the same lump of coal he had previously handled and came over to us, blowing upon it to make it brighter. He then walked slowly round the table, and said, "I want to see which of you will be the best subject. Ah! Adare will be the easiest, because he has been the most with Dan." Mr. Jenckens held out his hand, saying, "Put it in mine." Home said, "No, no; touch it and see." He touched it with the tip of his finger and burned himself. Home then held it within four or five inches of Mr. Stull's and Mr. Hunt's hands, and they could not endure the heat. He came to me and said, "Now if you are not afraid, hold out your hand. I did so, and having made two rapid passes over my hand, he placed the coal on it. I must have held it for half a minute—long enough to have burned my hand fearfully; but he said, 'seize it warmly.' Home then took it away, laughing, and saying much pleasantly. As he was going back to the fire-place, he suddenly turned round and said, 'Why, just fancy, some of them think that only one side of the ember was hot.' He told me to make a hollow of both of my hands; I did so, and he placed the coal in them and then put both his on top of the coal, so that it was completely covered by our four hands, and we held it there for some time. Upon this occasion scarcely any heat at all could be perceived."

Again at Ashley House, after the measured elongation of his arms, above described, Lord Adare says: "Walking over to the fireplace Home took from thence with his hand a red-hot glowing ember about the size of a small orange. Mrs. G. (the names are given in full, but I omit those of persons unknown to me, and who might object to publicity.) became nervous, fearing that he would request her to take it. He, however, went to Miss D., and said, 'Now, if you have sufficient faith, let me place this coal in your hand.' She replied, 'I have faith, but I cannot overcome the physical dread; pray do not ask me to take it.' Home then placed it on the Master of Lindsay's hand, but immediately took it, crushed it in his hand and threw it away, because it had now become black. But presently he took another red-hot ember from the fire, and holding it in his hand, spoke a few words to Miss D. on the subject of faith. She held out her hand, and he placed the coal in it. 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In a note: "I am informed by Miss D. and the Master of Lindsay that Lord Adair has omitted to state that Mr. Home put this coal between his coat and shirt, under the arm, and that no mark of singeing or burning was visible on the shirt."

To these very wonderful statements of Lord Adair, we add two more, which are in the paper written to Lord Dunsraven by Countess M. de Pomar, dated at London, at Brighton, in which she says: "Mr. Home went to the fire and took out a large red hot mass of coal, which he held in his extended hands and blew upon it to keep it bright. He walked up and down the room with it; then went to Lady — and wanted to put it in her hands, but she drew back. He then said: 'No, you must not have it, for you have no faith; it will burn you.' Lady G. extended her hands, saying: 'I will take it without fear, for I have faith.' Mr. Home then placed the burning mass in her hands, and she did not feel it at all, but, although she held it for nearly an hour, it did not burn her. On a sheet of paper, which directly began to blaze, and had a great hole burned in it."

This matter is of such exceeding interest to men of science as well as inquirers into the marvelous, that we copy entire our further testimony—a letter from the well known author, Mrs. S. C. Hall, to the Earl of Dunsraven:

15 ASHLEY PLACE, July 5, 1868.
DEAR LORD DUNSRVEN—You have requested me to recall the circumstances of a séance that took place here several weeks ago. I have much pleasure in doing so; but I never take notes. I am, however, certain of the facts, though I shall not be able to place them in the order in which they occurred.

We were nine, a greater number than Mr. Home (Misses) was seated round the table, as usual, in the small drawing room, which communicates with a much larger room; the folding doors were pushed back into the wall, and the porters unclosed. I think there was one lamp burning over the table, and a very large fire was blazing away in the large room. I know that there was a great deal of light. The Master of Lindsay, Rev. Mr. Y. — and his wife, Mr. Hall and myself, Mr. Home, and the Misses Herford were present. We sat for some little time before the tremulous motion, that so frequently indicates quickly commencing, commenced; but it was quickly followed by raps, not only on the table, but in different parts of the room; the table was moved up and down—lifted perfectly off the ground—made "light" and "heavy" at the request of one or two of the gentlemen present; and, after the lapse of, I suppose, nearly an hour, Mr. Home went into a trance. Presently he pushed his chair or the chair was pushed, quite away from the table. He got up, walked about the room in his usual manner; went to the fire place; half knelt on the fender stool; took up the poker and poked the fire, which was like a red-hot furnace, so as to increase the heat; held his hands over the fire for some time, and finally drew out of the fire with his hand a large lump of burning coal, so large that he held it in both hands, as he came from the fire place in the large room into the small room, where seated round the table, we were all watching his movements. Mr. Hall was seated nearly opposite to where I sat; and I saw Mr. Home, after standing about half a minute at the back of Mr. Hall's chair, deliberately place the lump of burning coal on his head. I have often wondered that I was not frightened, but I was not; I had perfect faith that he would not be injured. Some one said: "Is it not hot?" Mr. Hall answered: "warm, but not hot." Mr. Home had moved a little way, but returned, still in a trance; he smiled, and seemed quite pleased, and then proceeded to draw up Mr. Hall's white hair over the red coal. The white hair had the appearance of silver thread over the red coal. Mr. Home drew the hair into a sort of pyramid, the coal still red, showing beneath the hair; then, after, I think, four or five minutes, Mr. Home pushed the hair back, and, taking the coal off Mr. Hall's head, he said, (in the peculiar low voice in which, when in a trance, he always speaks,) addressing Mrs. Y. — "Will you have it?" She drew back, and I heard him murmur, "Little faith, little faith."

Two or three attempted to touch it, but it burned their fingers. I said, "Daniel, bring it over to me; I do not fear to take it." It was red all over, and when it came to me, Mr. Hall's hand, but it was still red in parts. Mr. Home came and knelt by my side; I put out my right hand, but he murmured, "No, not that, the other hand." He then placed it in my left hand, where it remained more than a minute. I felt it, as my husband had said, "warm," yet, when I stooped down to examine the coal, my face felt the heat so much that I was obliged to withdraw it. After that, Mrs. Y. — took it, and said she felt no inconvenience. When Mr. Hall brushed his hair at night he found a quantity of cinder dust. Mr. Home was elongated, and all the manifestations that evening were very remarkable; but, I believe, your Lordship requested me to relate only what I remember of the coal test.

Dear Lord Dunsraven, sincerely yours,
ANNA MARIA HALL,
(Mrs. S. C. Hall.)

A STRANGE AND STARTLING NARRATIVE.

[We received the following facts from a relative of the family mentioned in the narrative, and a person of reliability, who vouches for the truthfulness of the statements given. The writer is not a believer in the spiritual philosophy.]

The following strange and interesting story is couched upon facts within the knowledge and experience of persons now living in Washington, and was written by a relative of the family who were principal witnesses to the affair:

The folks at home have often urged me to write out "The Family Ghost Story," as we call it. It is as well-authenticated a record as any of the kind—better than many, I might say. My father, a naturally silent man, was very fond of telling it; and would become quite excited in so doing; and when I have heard the story, I have spoken it, and a tendency in my hair to rise to a perpendicular, although I am no believer in the supernatural, as demonstrated by knuckles and table movements.

That our human nature yearns for some knowledge of the world of spirits cannot be denied, and only goes to prove that man is essentially a spiritual being, bound to earth by the ties of the flesh, while his soul longs for something that this world can never give—some intimation of the after state which is to be his when the trammels of earth are removed. And this longing leads us to question of the dead, and sometimes the dead have answered; but when they have spoken it has not been by the methods of the modern Spiritualist, nor have they revealed the secrets of the great hereafter. They have come sometimes to warn, sometimes to reprove.

The house within whose walls the ghost held high carnival is situated among the romantic scenery of the Blue Ridge, a good day's journey by the old stage route from Baltimore, and about a mile from the college where my father, for a short time, held a professorship and the president of which was his uncle. The events I am about to record occurred nearly thirty years ago, whether the ghost is as troublesome now or not, I cannot say.

The owner of the house is a nephew of a late member of the bar who graced or disgraced the highest judicial office in the gift of the people at Washington. It had not been lived in for two years when my father rented it, Mr. T. not being able to keep a negro on the place.

But to my story. It was April when my parents moved into it, and the day before they did so my mother's two sisters, who being an invalid, went to see that everything was arranged properly for her reception. They were to remain all night under the protection of Stephen, the colored boy. No report of the house being haunted had reached their ears as yet, and they prepared to retire in perfect security; neither expecting to hear or see anything unusual, nor thinking of it. The lock of the door being out of order, one of my aunts remedied the fault by inserting a pair of scissors over the bolt. Before falling asleep, one said to the other, jokingly, "We must remember what we dream to-night, for, of course, it will come true, as it is the first night we have slept here."

The next morning my oldest aunt told her dream. She thought she was lying awake, when suddenly the shadows fell to the floor, the door opened, and a tall figure, with a turban on its head, (that being the only part of the dress that

struck her particularly, though her idea was that the figure was draped in white,) entered, and, approaching the foot of the bed, made a profound inclination, saying: "I am the person who haunts this house," and instantly disappeared.

That day, while overlooking one of the women employed to make the house ready, my aunt mentioned the dream as an amusing occurrence. "Laws! bless you, ma'am," exclaimed the woman; "why, didn't you know this house is haunted?" "No," said my aunt; "I didn't. What is the story?" "Why, everybody knows that, Mr. T. couldn't live here because his negroes would not stand the noises; and no one could about here! I can hear it after dark. Laws! to think you none of 'em knowed it—guess the missus 'll have to do pretty much her own work, if she stays."

Pleasant, but all the satisfaction my aunt could obtain, and that night my father brought my mother to the house. He to make my story clear, I must describe the house. It was approached by a country road by a lane through a thick woods; across two or three fields back of the house was a rapid stream that had its source among the mountains. The stable and barn were across the lane that led from the road. The house itself was of brick, double—that is, with the hall in the center, on the right of the front door, which was covered by a piazza, were two rooms, the front and largest used as a parlor, the back as a small bedroom; on the left was one long room, the dining room. The staircase began a foot or so from the dining-room door, and up stairs the division of rooms was as follows. My aunts occupied the long one over this dining room, my parents that over the parlor, while the small back room was used as a sort of store-room and closet. An old-fashioned garret extended over the whole house. A door at the back end of the hall opened on to another porch. The kitchen and negro quarters were to the left of the main building, and, though close against the house, had no communication with it save by the front or back doors. A path led a few feet from the front porch to a gate opening into the lane. The house was miles from any neighbors, and there were no rats about it.

My parents were not left long in quiet possession before the entertainment began. The family consisted, at first, of my parents, two aunts, and three colored servants—a cook, chambermaid, and waiter boy, not forgetting two cow dogs, a Newfoundland, and my father's favorite setter. He being then very fond of hunting, the dogs formed an important part of the ménage.

The first manifestation was this: My aunts were awakened one night by a knocking at their bedroom door; they called, "Who is there?" but there was no answer. In a few moments the knocking was renewed; after which a strange, scrambling noise at the head of the bed, as of some animal falling from the ceiling and catching at the wall as it fell, reached the floor with a thump and a fall. The next day my aunt asked my father if he wanted anything in the night that brought him to their door; but neither my father nor my mother had been out of their room.

The sound a cobbler makes pounding on his lapstone was heard constantly in the small spare bedroom, back of the parlor, night and day, and the family became so accustomed to it as hardly to give it a thought. This disturber of the family peace walked all over the house with a heavy footstep, which they would follow up and down stairs without being able to meet anything.

One day my father, having returned from a little town of E. — some two miles distant, and while waiting for his return sat at the back window in the dining room. Presently she heard the gate open, a step came up the path to the porch, and into the hall. She called out, "Is that you, Stephen?" but no answer came, and still the step went on; supposing he had not heard her, and was going up to her room, my aunt went to the door and said: "Here I am, Stephen—in the dining-room," but still the step went on, and she, quite provoked at what she considered the boy's stupidity, followed until she found herself in the garret, and no sign of Stephen anywhere. About an hour after he rode up to the house.

A cousin of my mother's was a theological student at the college, and he, with one of the professors, was invited to tea one evening. Mr. S. came without cousin James, whose word that something had detained him, and he would be over presently, but not to wait tea for him. They did so for a little while, however, and had just given him up and taken their seats at the table, when the gate opened and a step came up the path into the hall and stopped at the dining-room door. My mother called out, "Just in time, Jim my!" but no further indication of "Jimmy's" presence was made, and, quick as thought, my father and Mr. S. each seized a candle from the table and went over the entire house without being able to find any one. They flushed tea without my cousin making his appearance, nor did they see him at all that evening.

Another sound was as if some one would kick a sack of wheat, step by step, down the staircase, from the garret to the dining-room door, which was varied by sometimes letting it fall through the banisters to the lower hall. Often my father has sprung into the hall at the first sound, but could see or hear nothing.

The wood-pile was at the back of the house, and some nights the noise of sawing and chopping wood would be heard all night, though the wood-pile remained intact, and nothing could be seen. My father's eldest sister was with them for a while, and she slept in the spare bedroom on the first floor, undisturbed by the cobbler's pounding in the room or the wood-sawyer's industry under her window.

One evening in the fall my mother's sisters had left, and they were expecting this sister of my father from Baltimore; mother had arranged her room, and they were sitting reading in the dining room, when it seemed from the noise as if the windows in her room had fallen in. My mother said, "Now, wouldn't it be too bad if those windows were broken, just when — is coming?" On going to examine, no crack or breakage was to be found.

A few weeks after, when my parents were again alone, my mother was standing at the front door, waiting for my father to come in. It was just before dark, and the stillness of a country twilight was disturbed by no sound save the milking and my father's voice speaking to Stephen. She was enjoying the quiet, when a crash of glass was heard, as if every window in the house had fallen in. My mother's first thought was that the noise would make the baby, and she turned and ran up stairs, looking into each room as she passed, till she found herself in the garret, without being able to discover one broken pane. When she found herself standing in the middle of the garret, a feeling as if some one had poured a bucket of cold water over her came upon her, and turning, she saw screaming from the front door.

By this time the cook had left; she could not stand it. The chambermaid soon followed, and no one was left but Stephen, who begged hard to be allowed to sleep in the house, as the "noises" were "so awful bad" in the quarters.

The winter passed with no new developments, and summer brought again my mother's sisters, and my father's youngest and married one. As the latter was a nervous, timid woman, it was decided not to say anything to her on the subject of the noises. One day, after she had been there some weeks, one of my aunts asked her if she was disturbed. "Rats!" said she; "well, if rats make the noises, I hear, they are most remarkable rats!" On being questioned, she said some one knocked at her door almost every night, and the rocking-chair was in motion frequently; she could hear it on the bare floor (the carpets were taken up in summer), and she did with the cook would not sing her child to sleep so loudly or rock so hard; when her own chair was not going, she could hear from the "quarters" the rocking sound. That cook, too, left, and finally they had to give up trying to keep servants at all.

This summer my aunt brought with her a waiting-maid, a young girl for whom she had undertaken to provide. A bed was arranged in the closet room back of my parents' for her, and one day she said to my mother, "I wish Miss — would not come and walk round my bed in the night!" "How do you mean, Mary?" asked my mother; "do you see her?" "Oh no, I don't see anybody; but I hear her and feel her, and I thought it was Miss — come to see if I was covered warm enough."

The crooning or humming noise in connection with the sound of a chair rocked across the bare boards, was very annoying. But the most singular of all was the manner in which the dogs behaved. They were very well trained, and never barked unnecessarily, but at times the "Old Feller

low" was too much for them. The porches were their favorite sleeping places, and they all four would be lying sound asleep, when with one impulse they would spring up, rush as far from the house as they could get, turn around, and bark and howl fearfully, all four in close together, and pointing up to some part of the house. They all pointed to the same spot at one time, but the attraction was not always to the same part of the house; sometimes it was at the back, sometimes the front, and when it came no coaxing or scolding could silence them till they chose to stop. Always some member of the family would go out to meet and try to find out what was the matter, but never could.

One morning my father said to my youngest aunt, "What on earth do you sit up rocking all night for?" "I was not rocking; I heard you rocking the cradle, though I did not clear the baby over, and I thought you must have wanted something to do." "It was not I," said my father, "for the baby was very quiet all night." The rocking noise was very distinct, but neither could account for it. My parents lived in the house nearly two years, and then the owner took possession, and since then we have never heard anything about it. The noises were heard by the following persons: my father and mother, four aunts, three uncles, three cousins, the professors at the college—five in number—several gentlemen from Philadelphia and Baltimore, besides the various relays of servants. Many theories were suggested, such as subterranean echoes, &c., none of which, however, seemed satisfactory, and to this day the mystery is unsolved.

One night, however, they thought the ghost had at last decided to show himself, or herself. There was a fearful thunder-storm; the lightning was terribly vivid, and the thunder seemed to shake the earth. Of course no one slept. The only servant, a girl who was not afraid of anything natural or supernatural, slept in the attic, and just in the midst of this storm a figure, all in white, entered my aunts' room and approached the bed; my youngest aunt, although startled, spoke, asking, "Who are you?" There was no answer, but still the figure came on. "Who are you?" again asked my aunt, but still no answer. At last, with a great effort, she gasped: "In the name of God, who are you?" when the figure sank to the floor at the foot of the bed, and the voice of this servant girl was heard: "It's me, Miss — I was so scared at the thunder I couldn't stay up stairs." Now, as she professed herself not to be afraid of anything, and acted it out, my aunt always thought it was a malicious attempt to frighten her. Having heard the noises and the talk about them, she had wrapped herself in a sheet, and came with some such intention, there is no doubt. Just before my parents left, a woman who had done some sewing for my mother brought it home. She was in the dining-room, and, looking around at the place, she said, "This house is very natural to me; my father built it, and if he had our rights it would be ours now." My mother questioned her in hopes to solve the mystery, but she did not seem to understand exactly how her father had lost it, but said he was a shoemaker, and had used the small room back of the parlor as his shop; he used to sit there at work. Remember the place, she said, in which the sound of the cobbler pounding on his lapstone was heard. This was all the clue and all the information they could ever obtain. The owner is living in it now, or was some few years back.

I have often heard the family discussing the subject, and though they all agreed that there must be some explanation of it, none has ever been made. Reader, can you give one?

FLORENCE MCCOMB.
Washington, D. C., Jan. 18, 1868.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY AND SABBATH-BREAKING.

BY DYER D. LUM.

During the recent session of the Vermont Legislature the Spiritualists at the Capitol secured the services of the able and eloquent A. T. Foss. On his last Sabbath with us he delivered a lecture on the "Sabbath—its history and its sanctity"—which was exhaustive in its treatment of the subject, and gave rise to much comment. The following Sunday, Rev. E. J. Wright, pastor of an "Independent" church of liberal Christians, announced an sermon on the same subject. Anxious to hear the subject treated from a "Liberal" standpoint, I took notes of the discourse, which I herewith submit for your consideration.

The speaker began by announcing that in treating this subject he should not speak as a Jew, but as a servant of Jesus Christ. He took the ground that the Sabbath was peculiarly a Jewish institution, and that no trace of it could be found among the Patriarchs, or was it mentioned until after the Exodus from Egypt. Though mentioned as a day of rest in Gen. ii, no idea of reverence was attached to it. The day was set apart by Moses as a sign to the Israelites, and is not for us, more than their manner of its observance, which no one observes. Their Sabbath was the seventh day, and from sunset to sunset.

We neglect the observance of the seventh month, the seventh year, and the seventh seventh, or forty-ninth year, though equally binding, and their observance enjoined in the same passages of Scripture. We "dilute" the Sabbath law, and entirely abrogate the others.

Does the New Testament, by a change of day, still enforce the obligation? Such is the popular impression, but we are controlled by conventionalities in this respect. Calvin favored howling and athletic games on the Sabbath, yet no Calvinistic church to day would dare play a game of base ball after services. German Protestantism differs from us radically in their observance of the day; while in Scotland a guest is asked on Saturday night what he will have for dinner on Sunday; for it is permitted to broil or fry, but is a deadly sin to roast his dinner. A stranger at Dundee opened the piano in the parlor of the hotel, and began playing a sacred tune, which, reaching the ears of the landlord below in the bar dealing out whiskey, he rushed up in amazement to prevent such a desecration of the day in his house, yet thought it no evil to deal out rum. We need not stop to consider whether Jesus relaxed the Jewish law or not, for we are not Jews, and not under their law.

No other nation has ever condemned Sabbath-breaking as a sin—as an infraction of moral law. Jesus made no distinction of days, but did right on all days. Nor can it anywhere be shown that the observance of Sabbath was transferred to the First Day.

Paul was determined and outspoken in his opposition to Sabbatarianism. The ten commandments did not trouble Paul in his condemnation of "sabbath-days," for his meaning cannot be misunderstood.

If the speaker had here closed his remarks, Sabbatarianism would have been left comfortless; but his occupancy of a pulpit required of him additional remarks. What, then, was his object, he inquired, in introducing this subject? And here, we might think, there could be no disagreement. If the popular observance of the day is condemned by Christ, by Paul, and by all the early fathers, as well as the Reformers of the Church, one might think it would be a duty to assert our liberty of these "conventionalities," and bear testimony against so erroneous a belief, which is still seeking support in legislative enactments.

But not so. Shall we eat, drink, and be merry, he asked, or imitate the Germans? No—no. He greatly preferred the Puritan Sabbath of 1680, to the Pharisaic Sabbath of 1860. His object, on the contrary, was to exalt it, rather than to degrade it. Men have attempted, he said, to enforce its observance by force, but in vain, for the obligation must come from within. He spoke from a

love of truth and a desire to awaken conscience to higher principles, and to prevent his hearers from making themselves a laughing stock, by repeating the old and worn-out Jewish arguments to men who knew their worthlessness. The Jews, he asserted, had no more idea of spirituality than the Chinese have of perspective; hence the necessity of the Mosaic law, to ensure rest for both man and beast. Though once glorious, yet but temporary. And here we would remark that the "glory" is altogether Jewish; for, though borrowed from the Egyptians, and only maintained by death penalties attached to its non-observance, yet the gloriousness connected with it only began under Moses, and in nowise existed under the Pharaohs!

We are to look, he continued, to Christ—not to the Law. The true Christian never thinks of law, but is controlled by the highest of principles—by a law from within. He needs no external law, but on all days he experiences the rest of continual activity in God's work. So the perfect Christian need make no distinction of days, but renders every moment holy time. But the speaker, being aware that we had run out of the article here, and had not so much as would serve as a sample of "the perfect Christian," and realizing that this community was not singular in that respect, proceeded to state that we are imperfect Christians, and that rest is imperatively demanded alike by body, mind and soul, but that the laws regulating that rest should be self-made laws.

We must regard Christian expediency, and being unable to keep all time, keep a certain portion thereof sacred to our devotional needs; and, as the First Day has become hallowed in the Gospel story, we naturally devote that day to meditation and devotion. Being "bought"—body, mind and soul—with a price, we must consult Christian expediency, which says a special day, set apart by common consent, is the best, and that day should be entirely devoted to the higher requirements of our spiritual natures; consequently, we should not indulge in secular amusements, because its tendency is to undermine religious instruction, and hence detrimental to public morals, etc., etc.

"Christian expediency!" Was this not the same plea made in late years, for refusing to demand liberty for the slave? We should not endanger the church, by refusing longer to commune with the master. Christian expediency deterred agitation, as detrimental to the interest of the church of Christ! Christian expediency also refused the use of "God's house" to our early temperance lecturers, and forced them into the school-houses and halls, rather than endanger the church of Christ! Christian expediency has fostered or covered every crime that has ever been sheltered by the shadow of the church, and its agitation rebuked, or extreme measures discounted. And to-day, while the "church of Christ" are making renewed efforts to secure "the better enforcement" of our Sabbath laws, and have just been considering a bill to that effect in our Legislature; while from a variety of pulpits denunciations are being continually hurled against the Sabbath breakers, liberal Christianity repeats its lullaby, and, though assuring us that all such propositions are false—that neither the Christian religion, nor the Bible, make any such claim—conceding that we are controlled by "conventionalities," and our liberty curtailed, still refuses to utter a word of rebuke, but joins the orthodox ranks in chanting hymns of praise to the Sabbath, and adding them in their efforts to secure the perpetuity of our Sabbath enactments, by refusing to protest against what they concede to be a fraud and an imposition. Like the Laodiceans of old, they are neither hot nor cold, and only fit to be spewed out of the mouth.

Written for the Banner of Light.
CALIN AND HIS WIFE.
Gen. iv: 16-17.

BY JOHN F. GLOVER.

How many a man, in tracing his race,
Has puzzled his wits and eudged his brain,
And puzzled, and eudged, and queried in vain,
To ascertain who was the wife of old Cain.
The Good Book has told us that Cain in his sadness
Obtained his wife from the fair land of Nod;
The problem, however, seems hard to unravel,
Since only four people the face of earth trod.
I've conned the facts o'er, like the many before;
Like them have been clouded with darkness and doubt.
One solution alone I will venture to give,
Perchance it may differ from those given out:
When Adam, his father, kept bachelor's hall,
He'd no one to talk to, to fondle, or fight;
He grew drowsy one evening as he sat all alone,
And nodded and nodded, till quite late at night.
Till, tired at last with nodding and dozing,
He wisely concluded to post off to bed;
Not dreaming the sleep that weighed down his eyelids,
Would bring, in the morning, a maid to be wed.
How the maiden was molded from out of a rib,
Or the rib was dissected from out of his side,
We know not; suffice it that on the next morning,
He woke to behold a young blushing bride.
Now Cain, no doubt, as the son of his father,
Inherited traits (does it seem very queer?)
Of nodding to sleep, as he sat down to ponder,
And possibly waking to find a bride near.
Our early tradition has much that is vague—
Perhaps wives were brought, by "the power of God,"
To Adam and Cain, when both were asleep;
Thus both of them came from the dream-land of Nod.
To priests, and to prelates, and bible expounders,
If ye think that I do not from mystery clear it,
Pray give us your own correct explanation;
The puzzled will thank you, and be ready to hear it.
Quincy, Mass., 1870.

Notes from Mrs. M. S. Hoadley.
Editors Banner of Light:

It will be sixteen years, I think, in March, since first I was caused to speak to a public audience, by those invincible ones who have attended me since that time, and how much before I know not. At that time, Miss Sprague, whose memory is ever sacred to those who know her best, stood side by side with me, and together, as one in spirit, one in purpose, and one in love, we labored on, each in our own way, carrying, as I have good reason to know, comfort to thousands, by aiding them to grasp the spirit hand, and gather the inspirations that flowed to their hungering, thirsting souls. For years, thus we labored on, until her overtaxed physical nature yielded to the deadly influence of that fearful humor, scrofula, from the effects of which the dear angels raised her to such a field of true usefulness, and she passed from our sight to that Summer-Land, ever since so much brighter for her holy presence. Oh, with mortal agony my heart was wrung, as I saw her sobbing spirit going from the precious tenement of clay, and comprehended the sad fact that we should soon have her visible presence no more. That the multitudes who had hailed her coming with such delight, would mourn with real sorrow the absence of her strong influence for purity and goodness, so clearly felt in her sacred

presence; and that I should feel so much alone in this place where we had worked together. So, indeed, has it been. In many a Western home have I seen her picture, almost worshipped as a token of remembrance, and heard her mentioned only with expressions of love and admiration. Everywhere that she has been, her "foot-prints in the sands of time," invite both men and women to higher purposes and loftier aims in life. Thank God, she could not die and, though invisible, "still lives" to encourage us, poor worn and weary pilgrims, to struggle on.

These years, since she has labored in the spirit-life, have told on my human nature, and I find myself unable to endure hardships as in days gone by. My labors, from year to year, with troubles common to the great overturning of elements for human progress, have been all I could bear; and while, to-day, my interest is deeper and broader than ever in the subject, and my whole soul aglow with anxiety to give the thoughts grown from these experiences, my physical is not equal to the spiritual demand, and this is why, my dear friends, I am not so active as of yore.

I am sure that a new wave of interest is to baptize this whole country, arousing those who seem to have forgotten that angels have called them out from the dead things of the past, to examine the living things of the present.

There is an awakening interest in this little town, and I think many people are beginning to feel the need of more light.

How long we may abide here, time only can determine, but at present, the friends wishing my services in this region of the country, can address me at this place, and I will do all I am able to for them.

The friends at Marblehead wrote me some months ago, and as I have lost the address of the secretary, cannot answer, as I promised, until I hear from them again.

Hoping that all the true and faithful may be found at their post, in the coming conflict for right, freedom and God's eternal truth, I am yours,
M. S. HOADLEY.
Hudson, Mass., Jan. 17th, 1870.

Written for the Banner of Light.
NOT GUILTY.
THE EX-SHERIFF'S SHORT STORY.
BY GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

"Well, uncle, another change in the administration of municipal law. The opposition have gained sufficient to afford encouragement for future effort," said I in salutation, on meeting my generous uncle in the library of our country villa, on the morning after the late city and State elections.

"Yes, George, and I am free to say that I feel no regrets I am elected—to stay at home."

"Indeed, uncle, I am proud to know you accept the result so philosophically!"

"Philosophy or sophistry, George, I feel relieved, and experience real pleasure in present defeat."

"Uncle! uncle! can it be possible that we thus hear one of the 'disaffected'?" exclaimed Cousin Belle, breaking in suddenly upon us.

But little disconcerted, Uncle D. — calmly answered, "Loyal to principle as ever, Belle, but growing daily to despise more and more the heartless duties of the office."

"Highly can such things be? But the emoluments, perquisites, etc., you know—how about them, uncle? Sufficiently agreeable, are they not?"

"Like others, ere my time, I may, of course, have had aids to do the menial, the unpleasant obligations of the office. But my principals would never allow me to shirk official responsibility."

"And in this, Uncle D. —, you have shown a degree of peculiar nobility that is far from being common among men to-day."

"And yet, George, the degree to which I have suffered for this there are none other than myself can know. The nights of sleeplessness and days of tedious torture are terrible even yet simply to think of."

"Dear uncle, what is this? The enigma of your late sadness and reticence! Please unfold it to us."

"A short but sad story! Oh, that I had acted the more manly part, and, instead of listening to the persuasive sophistry of Deacon Longshore, or even our minister, resigned the office before I joined the fatal noose that strangled the life from the two young men, Jasper Wetherill and Thomas Ware. Their struggles are stereotyped on my brain in characters of liquid flame. The horrible scaffold scene is ever before me. I cannot shut it out nor forget it. At night, retire at what hour I may, early or late, when I lie down, there they are, one on each side of me, their flaming orbs flashing murder into my very soul. Such unwelcome, constant companionship is indeed fearful. Sleep I cannot, and the horrid vision is wearing the flesh from my frame. Yesterday, the day of the election, amid the shouting and hilarity of political partisanship, the sun shining down strongly at midday, and as the great sentinel of independence, I heard the minute toll of the State House bell; there on each side of me, again, as clearly defined as my own shadow, I saw the restless spirits of my late victims, still bearing round their necks that hateful relic of barbarism, man's inhumanity, the gallows-rope, dragging the sidewalk as they, in measured step, paced silently along in keeping with my tread. They did not uphold me; would they had; perhaps I would have proved a relief; but the sad and pleading expression of their youthful faces, and, though their lips moved not, yet the keen glance of the speaking eye pierced my very soul with the simple sentence, "NOT GUILTY!" I could have cried out even there amid the jostling throng, but pride came at once to my aid, and, choking back the half-formed cry, we quickened our pace impulsively and hurried on. And now, my nephew and amiable niece, am I to blame for despoiling with a perfect hatred the murderous duties of the hangman's office?"

"But some one, uncle, must execute the law, or rather the transgressor of the law. It is the bulwark of our protection. Social law is the acme, the expression of legislative wisdom, and, believe me, uncle, the old couplet is true as it is witty:

"No rascal ever felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."

"And yet, Belle, I can but think there must be a better way to protect society. Every additional execution seems to me to be simply adding sin to sin, and the law falls entirely to restrain men from the commission of crime."

"Ah, I fear me, dear uncle, you are quite too tender to prove a successful general or a valiant soldier. And you must pardon me, please, but a man with a woman's nature is not—hal! well, is not what is commonly called the better manhood, is it?"

"Pardon your rally, Belle? Of course I will freely; I cannot be offended with the kind witicism of my amiable niece. But my chicken-heartedness, as it may be termed, I cannot help. It is my nature. I therefore claim no personal merit; for over the circumstances, the peculiar conditions of my birth, I of course could have no control. But may the blessed peace-angels save me from all blood-guiltiness, and assist me ever so to shape my course through life's busy battle, that, as passing through Nature's beautiful mutations, I shuffle off at last this mortal coil, I shall happily realize the cheering and hopeful plaudit, 'NOT GUILTY!'"

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With good opinion of the law."

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

A New Story.

Next week will commence the publication
in the *Banner of Light* of a new story, entitled—

LEIDA'S TRIAL.

written by Mrs. Eliza M. Hooker. The story is a
peculiarly interesting one, and will win the sympathy
of the reader for its strikingly truthful
presentation of life's trials, afflictions and triumphs.

The Bible in Public Schools.

The question, whether the use of the Bible as a
reading book in our public schools shall be dis-
continued, is up for public discussion, and de-
serves the careful consideration of every one who
may have an influence in giving the answer.

The State establishes and maintains these
schools, and requires her children and youths to
attend them, excepting such as are furnished
proper instruction elsewhere.

The aim of the State is to rear intelligent and well-
behaved citizens. This she may do. But she may
not prescribe a religious creed, nor should she
specially favor any one creed.

Is religion an essential element of such teach-
ing as the State, or city, or town, may prescribe?
Using the word religion in a very broad sense, we
answer, yes; but we ask in the same breath,
whether the peculiar opinions or creed of any one
denomination, or of any one religion, are essen-
tial, and we answer, no. The Jew, the Mahomet-
an, the red Indian may be as sound in his reli-
gion, and in true religion, as is any Christian of
any sect.

If our Protestant version of the Bible does, or
may, or is thought to, or is deemed capable of in-
flicting a child to a faith which the parent of that
child does not receive, and does not wish his child
to believe, he has, as a citizen, under a Govern-
ment whose principles divorce Church from State,
a fair ground of complaint. And now that the
complaint is made, it seems wise to give it an un-
prejudiced hearing. With us New Englanders,
whose ancestors came here centuries ago, opposi-
tion to Catholics and their faith has seemed al-
most a duty. Distrust of them is an inheritance,
and many of us have not parted with all of it yet.
But whatever our views of the Catholic faith or
Catholic practices may be, what right have we to
let them influence us as citizens? And it is as citi-
zens and not as religiousists that we should look
at the question of using the Bible in public
schools. Books, and good books, are so plenty
that the schools do not need the Bible as a text-
book; while the family circle and the Sunday
school afford opportunity enough for every Pro-
testant child to learn all the sectarianism or pec-
uliar tenets of the parents, which can be needful
to the child's welfare.

The great religious principles which are at the
bottom of all the religions, should be, and will,
necessarily, be brought to the observation of chil-
dren by every competent teacher, because his or
her faithful performance of duty in the school-
room will manifest them. Why special religious
exercises should be had in the school-room every
morning where the children meet, any more than
in the workshop, the counting-room, the field or
the office where the fathers go, we are not able to
see. In all places where the young and where
the adult perform their daily duties, we like the
presence and prevalence of the religious spirit;
but we do not see the need of what are deemed
religious services, outside of the church, the ves-
try room, the Sunday school, the family and the
closet. Perhaps careful consideration may induce
a majority of minds to conclude that the holding
of such exercises in the public school-room, and
especially where a large number of the pupils are
obliged to listen to what their parents would pre-
fer that they should not hear, might be omitted
without danger of either social, political or spiri-
tual harm or loss.

If, as some published statements imply, the dis-
carding of the Bible from the schools is but the
first step on the part of Catholic managers toward
the establishment of separate public schools for
the children of Catholics, then we should say, the
sooner we yield the religious ground of the ques-
tion, the stronger we shall stand upon our legiti-
mate grounds, viz., the social and political, in re-
sisting the apprehended demand for separation.
We do not, ourselves, apprehend any such pur-
pose as this on the part of the Catholics generally,
nor do we believe that a majority of them will
force it by their votes. They are subject to the
liberalizing influences of the age, of education and
of our institutions; and, as a whole, they have no
desire for fundamental changes in our principles
of Government. Those who are born and edu-
cated among us, liberalize and Americanize very
fast, and that class is constantly increasing. They
hold to the Catholic Church, but they are not so
much its blind and unreasoning servants as their
fathers were "at home," nor are they willing to
be priest-ridden. This is true of a large portion
of the more intelligent and influential ones among
them; and such will be the controlling and the
restraining ones the moment any church threatens
to subvert the principles of our republicanism.

There is doing as we would be done by in leav-
ing off the use of the Bible in schools, for nearly
every Catholic desires that. But when brought
to the point of so changing our political action as
to make Government recognize and legislate for
sect and creed, the liberalized Catholic will see
the danger as clearly as the Protestant, and
will work shoulder to shoulder with him to pre-
vent it. So we read them; and if we promptly
and openly grant their first request, they, or a
sufficient portion of them, will see to it that no
sectarian school shall be supported at the public
expense.

A Full Supply.

We have on our counters a full supply of Emma
Hardinge's great book, MODERN AMERICAN
SPIRITUALISM, which will be forwarded to any
address on receipt of advertised price and post-
age.

Jesus and the Spirit.

We cannot too heartily recommend to the pos-
sessor of our readers the ensuing extracts from the
writer in the *Monthly Religious Magazine* ("Unitarian"),
with whom we have made them more or
less familiar. The present subject is one that, as
it is even named, fills the mind and heart of those
who hear the words, "Jesus and the Spirit." It
conveys volumes of meaning to those who in faith
search everywhere for tokens, proofs, illustra-
tions, and examples of the truly divine in life and
nature. Jesus was the highest human embodiment
of this principle. He makes its practical
meaning and its incalculable worth far better
known to us than we ever knew it before, or in
any other way. Our author proceeds to treat the
subject in his accustomed free way; betraying a
ready insight that gives us continual confidence
in following him, showing no desire for any re-
sult but to reach the highest truth and most per-
fect goodness, and enriching his discourse with
such convincing illustrations as could scarcely be
presented in any other manner. But we will
not detain the reader from his enjoyment and in-
struction:

"As to familiarity of belief, connecting heaven
with earth, first an angel disappeared, and then
a spirit became improbable, and then by degrees
the Holy Ghost became less and less intelligible,
and more limited as to what it might seem to
mean. And this has been, as a murky effect of
those various philosophies of a materialistic ori-
gin, which have obtained during the last two hun-
dred years. It is at this point that the records of
revelation are liable to be obscured to minds thus
accidentally darkened. But the reliability of the
Scriptures, as to meaning, is not therefore invali-
dated. For a dictionary may be lost; but if it
should be found again, and answer its purpose as
an interpreter, it is not therefore the less trust-
worthy. And indeed the mere records of Chris-
tianity, with their multitudinous corroborations,
historical and psychological, are in the high court
of reason, and by comparison, far superior, as to
credibility, to all the evidences, on the strength
of which geology prides itself. But apart from
this all and above it, is what is the main evidence
as to Christianity, as soon as ever a man begins
really to hear the gospel; because 'the Spirit it-
self beareth witness with our spirit, that we are
the children of God,' and because further 'It is
the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit
is truth.'

"The Spirit of God is equivalent to all miracles
in one, just as it is the essential spirit of all the
development or creations which have been since
the time when what was 'without form and void'
began to grow into the forms and powers of that
nature which surrounds and supports us. It is
'the spirit of life,' from insect to man, and more
divinely still it is the spirit of life in Christ Jesus;
through a sense of which any man may become
'a new creature.' It is the spirit of the universe
waiting on man, as far as what is universal and
eternal can possibly express itself through what
is merely temporal and local, or as far as human
nature is possibly susceptible of it.

"But here it may be said, 'What then?' and
how is it? Human nature, at its best—dust of the
earth, however divine the soul may be that wears
it—human nature, how is it approachable by that
Spirit? For indeed credibility is something and
indeed it is a great matter! And so it is; and
every seed is a presumption of there being some-
where a soil fitted for it; and 'every word of God'
implies that, properly somewhere, there are 'ears
to hear.' And, however gift in any age has come
'down from above,' must certainly have reached
man through some channel of which his own
nature was the receptiveness. A kind word can
soothe a man mentally; and why, then, should
not a man full of 'the spirit of life,' be able to at-
tune fellow-creatures, bodily, and heal them with
a touch? Some people have a wonderful sense
as to character, and a singular instinct as to the
spirit of their times, and the significance and con-
nections of events; and is it not conceivable that
such persons, if quickened from above, would
readily grow prophetic? Certain people have re-
markable experiences as to dreaming; and it would
seem that by nature, they may be like those
persons who were susceptible of visions in Panto-
costal times. This is certain and very striking
psychologically. At a time of great excitement,
as to some high matter, social or religious, a thou-
sand persons will suddenly feel themselves affect-
ed toward one another like brethren, and as
though pervaded and possessed by a common
spirit. And by the transforming and elevating
effects of this spirit, every man in the crowd will
feel as though he had become a new man. And
so indeed he may be, for the moment, because of
the affinity which he experiences as to all the
souls about him; and through which he thrills to
whatever is strongest spiritually, in the living
crowd of which he is a member. And what is
this but a manifestation of some of those suscep-
tibilities, on which as a preparation, when the
heavens are willing, the Spirit is poured out?
The body of man may be clay, but it is alive with
spiritual possibilities, because of the indwelling
soul.

"But Jesus was not accessible to the Spirit,
simply as the prophets were. He was never con-
vulsed, nor after his return from the desert, with
his nature explored, by his resistance of Satan,
was he ever entranced. Nor for mood was he de-
pendent on external assistance of any kind, as
sometimes the prophets were. But through him,
as a serene atmosphere, the Father that dwelled
within him did the works which were wondered
at, and spoke the words.

"Jesus Christ was, on this earth, the Spirit of
the Highest, in action among men, as condescend-
ingly as when, with that Spirit, chaos was first
agitated and those ways were started through
which, by development and concurrence, and by
'word upon word' injected into nature, and with
at last, the breath of God for inspiration, there
was produced a living soul in the image itself of
God.

"And the Father, who was in Jesus, was the
Spirit. But also that presence was the Spirit, as
it never was or could have been in any other per-
son on this earth, because there never was an-
other who could have been called Son of God, as
he was. And, under the high heavens, it was be-
cause of the sonship of Jesus that the Spirit in
him was the Divine fatherhood.

"But there are persons who demur to this, and
who say, 'The Spirit! That is a possibility. But
how possibly could any man ever have been af-
fected by it, and how did it operate upon him?'
But now how is the spirit-immortal of a man con-
nected with his mortal body; or how even does
the will of a lion strike with his paw? Indeed,
the universe may rebound ever so loudly with
that stream, which is the spirit of life, and there
will be some, at times, who will say, 'I do not
hear, because I do not know how I ought to.'
And there is many a philosopher, at the present
day, who does not consider that perhaps he may
be partially insensate as to spirit, by wrong edu-
cation; and who is like some blind man under the
Falls of Niagara, who should say, 'It might be
by the sound. And intelligent men for a long

while have fancied it so. But as I do not myself
see that it is so, I will not believe in the roar as
being an effect of these incredible falls. And
what, for the multitude, is the apparent sense,
must be explicable, philosophically, in some other
way.' But there are people who are in a still
worse condition, mentally, than that blind man
under the falls. For they hold seriously that
they ought not really to believe in anything at all,
because they have never been admitted behind
their own eyes, where they could watch that me-
chanism of nature with its spiritual connections,
through which external objects become thoughts
in the mind. A man who is not to be contented
in any other way than by being not only himself
but also a witness with his own eyes, apart from
himself, is necessarily in some way beside him-
self. But enough as to this skepticism of the day!
For it is twenty-five hundred years out of date as
a novelty, as is evident by these words in the
prophecies of Isaiah, 'Woe unto him that saith
unto his father, What begettest thou? or to the
woman, What hast thou brought forth?'
"And like the absurdity denounced through
the prophet Isaiah is the folly which demurs to
the Spirit of God, simply as not being concurrent
with such laws of Nature as have been ascertained
at the present day, and as not apparently being
willing to be classed and manipulated, like the
laws of chemistry.

"The Old Testament and the New, and the
Apocrypha, also, in its degree, together with ec-
clesiastical memoirs of all ages, and, along with
them, many a passage also in pagan literature—
these are the history of man, as the subject of the
Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost. And Christians
differ from one another doctrinally, not altogether
because of more or less learning, or because of
more or less intellect, but because, also, as to the
Spirit, some persons are more susceptible than
others are, and some less. And this may be, just
simply as one man differs from another man as
to poetic sensitiveness. Nor in this statement is
there anything of presumptuousness implied. For
the action of the Spirit is but one among many
influences by which character is formed, as is evi-
dent from the fact that Judas was one of the
twelve. The Scriptures are like a labyrinth
which may be forced and broken through by self-
will; but the slow to them, and that by which
alone there is any intelligence as to the ways in-
volved, is the Spirit, as a subject of belief. And,
indeed, the Spirit of God may well be credited as
what made the rod of Aaron to bud and blossom,
and as being, also, what, at its will, might make
a child of God display himself like an arch-
angel, and hold all surrounding nature like a ser-
vant."

Prison Discipline.

The Prison Association of New York some little
time since presented a Memorial to the Legisla-
ture of that State, praying for an amendment to
the Constitution in respect to the entire Peni-
tentiary System. It comes to our hands printed
in excellent and convenient form, accompanied
by a list of the Association officers, local commit-
tees of correspondence, life patrons and life and
honorary members, and an amplification of the
Memorial itself into the still more effective form
of a report. The distinct proposal of the amend-
ment is appended. What gives this petition pec-
uliar force and significance just now, is the well
ascertained fact that an additional State Prison
is contemplated for the State, and the demon-
strated truth that the penitentiary system, in the
language of the Memorial, "has not kept pace
with the advance of our knowledge, the increase
of our population, and the consequent augmenta-
tion of crime." The present movement is there-
fore one simply of reform, and the purpose is to
make it permanent in its character. A commis-
sion is prayed for, to be without pay except for
necessary expenses, whose duty it shall be to in-
quire into and mature a financial plan for the
State Prisons, to mature a system of prison dis-
cipline, to inspect the prisons thoroughly and have
power to remove prison officers and afterwards,
if proper, re-instate them, and to be authorized to
correct all evils that may be discovered in the
moral or financial administration of the prisons,
and to guard against speculation and partiality in
contracts as well for supplies as labor.

It is shown that for the past twenty years the
administration of the prisons has been a failure,
both financially and morally. This Memorial
plainly shows in what particulars. The corrup-
tion charged against their management is gross
and wanton. The discipline of the convicts, with
a view to reformation and restoration to society,
is neglected or shamefully diverted. Judge Ed-
monds's name appears as that of the Chairman
of the Committee on Prison Discipline, which is a
guarantee of the faithful performance of service.
So long ago as the years 1843-4-5, the Judge was an
ardent laborer in the cause of convict discipline
with a view to reform, the cardinal principle held
by him, as well as the Association, being that the
moral part of man is naturally supreme over the
animal. As Circuit Judge of the First Circuit, he
addressed the members of the Legislature on this
important subject. In 1844, he was President of
the Board of Inspectors, who appealed to the
public to render aid by forming a society to find
employment for such discharged prisoners as
were willing to lead honest lives. And while in
that office, he inaugurated the humane system of
proper funeral services over the remains of de-
ceased convicts, the custom being to cut up their
bodies and ship them to New York for dissection.
The very first funeral thus attended by him was
that of an inmate who had threatened to take the
Judge's life, and the scene is described in the
Memorial as extremely moving, all the attending
convicts being deeply affected.

We shall reserve further comments on the con-
tents of this petition of the Prison Association for
some future time, when they will be of value in
illustrating the need of the very reforms which
all humane people are thinking about. It starts
one to read that criminally much more than
keeps pace with the growth of society, but so this
Memorial teaches. The very fact that more pri-
son room is needed shows that the present system
is a false one, and demands instant correction.

Lizzie Doten's New Book.

This elegantly got-up book of moral stories,
written in a style to suit children as well as adults,
is having a ready sale. Yet we have a "few more
left" of the same sort. Send in your orders. We
know you will be satisfied with your purchase.
Remember that Miss Doten is the author of the
best book of poems in the English language, when
we take into consideration the subjects treated.
We allude to her "Poems from the Inner Life,"
which we will also forward by mail to any ad-
dress on receipt of price.

A. J. Davis's Morning Lectures.

The attention of the reader is called to the ad-
vertisement of this very readable book. Its con-
tents are varied and highly interesting. We have
just received a fresh lot from the binder of these
valuable lectures. Every Spiritualist in the land
should purchase a copy.

Labor Convention in Boston.

The Labor Reform League which has been in
session in this city for the first three days of the
past week, though its discussions were marked
with no more spirit or variety of matter than was
to have been expected from the important charac-
ter of the question, was, as a whole, a profitable
disclosure of the views, sentiments and feelings
which actuate the several branches and wings of
the grand army of Labor in this community and
elsewhere. The speakers who contributed to the
interest of the discussion were many of them
well known to the public as advanced leaders in
the numerous walks of reform. They did not
come together so much for the purpose of har-
monizing differences of opinion, and thus reach-
ing a concentrated plan of action, as to expose to
view those wrongs and that unfairness under
which labor in all departments groans, and after-
wards, by a frank comparison of plans and pur-
poses, to see how nearly all sides could come to a
common understanding.

Unfortunately for the real cause at stake, much
prejudice was allowed to be raised against the
Convention by a distinct proposition to repudiate
the public debt, on the ground that the public
creditors had been fairly paid already, and that
to pay them more, with accruing interest for a
protracted term of years, would be loading heav-
y burdens continually on the shoulders of labor.
It cannot be successfully denied that a debt is a
hindrance and discouragement, and chiefly be-
cause it falls on labor at the last. It is so because
everything comes upon labor that takes away a
value. There is no help for it. But we see no
sense in proposing to repudiate honest engage-
ments because they fall heavily on us. And es-
pecially, if the proposal operates as a prejudice
to the very reforms which we are seeking to in-
stitute, it is blindly unwise to run against obstacles
that can be better overcome, after all, by carrying
them. Whatever the debt may have to do with
the problem, it cannot be permitted to usurp its
place in the general discussion. The question
simply is, how shall labor so protect and fortify
itself that it shall be surer of its own rights
and rewards.

Among the speakers at this protracted Con-
vention were E. H. Heywood, Mrs. Albertson,
Mr. Buntin, who advocated the cooperative plan
for working people, Mrs. Daniels, Prof. Denton,
Mr. Blanchard, Miss Collins, Mr. Appleby, Mr.
Orvis, Mrs. Lane, Mr. Chamberlain, candidate for
Governor in the last State canvass, Prof. Tonney,
Edward Hamilton, Rodney French, and others.
Many of these names are familiar to the public,
and from running them over it will be seen that
the debates must have been comprehensive and
thorough. The principle of industrial cooperation
was the one chiefly insisted on as leading most
directly to practical results, although all related
topics came in for their share of examination.
The solution of the labor problem was held to in-
clude that of the temperance problem; and the
income tax was placed back of the taxes on tea,
sugar, coffee, and other necessaries of life, as less
worthy of immediate repeal. Minorly repre-
sentation was positioned for, so that every class
and interest might have a voice. Also free bank-
ing, opening of the Public Library on Sundays,
and repudiation. The following is a list of the
officers of the League, chosen for the ensuing year:

President—John Orvis.
Vice-Presidents—L. K. Joslyn, of Rhode Island;
Mrs. E. L. Daniels, of Boston; S. S. Foster, of
Worcester; C. C. Young, of Maine; A. W. Phelps,
of Connecticut; I. G. Blanchard, of Boston; Sam'l
Flint, of New Hampshire.
Corresponding Secretary—E. H. Heywood, of
Worcester.
Recording Secretary—Herbert Daniels, of Boston.
Treasurer—H. H. Bigelow, of Worcester.
Auditor—A. A. Reed.
Executive Committee—E. H. Heywood, E. D. Lin-
ton, John Orvis, Mrs. E. L. Daniels, H. H. Big-
elow, W. J. McLanahan.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the work-
ingmen of the city of Dover, N. H., was held at
Franklin Hall on Tuesday evening, Jan. 25th, to
choose delegates to attend the State Convention
at Concord on the 28th. Every seat in the hall
was filled by the friends of labor reform, who
were evidently in sympathy with the work in
hand. F. A. Orne was chosen President, and E.
D. Metcalf, Secretary. Mr. Orne, on taking the
chair, made a thrilling speech upon the situation
of the State and country, setting forth distinctly
the principles of the Labor Party. He said that
the laborer had been neglected in legislation, and
only thought of by the politician when his vote
was wanted to keep them in power and to fatten
them with the tolls of the poor. He urged every
workingman to cut himself loose from the old cor-
rupt political parties and join hands in this re-
form in the interest of the laborer. He said there
never was an hour in this country when the labor
of the country had not the control of its destinies
and could not control its legislation—that labor
was the great interest and power of the country.
We have honest men in this labor reform organ-
ization fully competent to fill any office in the
State. We want improvement. We want justice
to all classes. The old parties will not give it,
and it is only through the laborer that reform can
come—that the people can be relieved of their
burdens. Several other gentlemen addressed the
meeting in an interesting and spirited manner.

A Practical Prayer.

A few years since a series of revival meetings
was held at "Father Robinson's" school-house
in Western New York. Among the converts was
a verdant young man, a farmer, head of a family,
who early began to manifest his gifts of disci-
pline in public. At an evening prayer meeting at
the school-house he joined with others in the
wrestling match with the Almighty, to secure his
special interposition for personal benefits. While
thus zealously engaged—humbly upon his knees
in the midst of his brethren, he continued; "And
now, oh, Lord, while I think on't, wilt thou come
and hold my old red cow's tail, so she can't switch
it in my face when I am milking, which makes me
swear so sometimes." This is a true report, as
related by one of the deacons who was present.
The author of that prayer is now a reverend, hav-
ing charge of and ministering to a flock.

Emma Hardinge Going West.

In answer to numerous appeals from her friends
in the West, Emma Hardinge desires us to an-
nounce that she has determined to postpone her
return to England for a few months, for the sake
of making a brief tour through the Western States.
Mrs. Hardinge's last engagement in the East is
in Boston, where she speaks during the month of
April, after which she will form engagements for
the summer and fall months. Her route is at
present undetermined, hence she requests such
friends as desire her services West, both for Sun-
day and week night lectures, to address her as
speedily as possible at 220 East 60th street, New
York City.

Friendly Greetings.

It is pleasant, in times of mental despair, when
we are borne down by arduous duties, when pro-
fessed friends become lukewarm, when envy and
malice take the place of love and harmony in
some hearts, to know that we are appreciated by
true friends, who are disposed to aid us to the ex-
tent of their ability. One writes from Pine Bluff,
Arkansas, (enclosing \$3 to have the *Banner* sent
to a friend,) in this wise: "Permit me to wish you
success in the noble efforts you are making to
spread Light and Truth through the land. I wish
I could have sent you a thousand subscribers in-
stead of one; but our people have not as yet come
into a full knowledge of our grand scientific reli-
gion. We need mediums in our midst, to agitate
the question—to set the people thinking."

A friend in New Orleans, (ordering books,) says,
under date of Jan. 19th: "The few last numbers
of the *Banner* I find more interesting than ever,
and I certainly could not do without your paper.
It feeds my spiritual thoughts and makes me feel
happier. Go on with your noble work. I will do
all I can to aid you in supporting the *Banner of
Light*."

Another writes: "I have, Messrs. Editors, sent
you five dollars per annum for several years past,
on renewing my subscription to the *Banner*, for I
want your Free Circle Department continued. En-
closed you will find \$5 more in aid of the Free
Circles. I feel grieved that the friends of Spiritu-
alism—every one of them—do not see the neces-
sity of contributing toward defraying the expenses
incident to the holy work in which you are en-
gaged—to continue the opportunity to the dwellers
of the border-land to send messages to their friends
in the earth-life through the columns of your pa-
per. Could they but have heard the recent ad-
dress of Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia, upon
spirit communion, they would not hesitate to give
abundantly. I am sure, in order that your Mes-
sage Department may be continued for a long
time to come."

Another friend, who sends us \$5, says: "Your
paper is getting better and better. Success to
it and you."

Another brother, writing from Utica, N. Y.,
says: "Enclosed find my check for \$10, for which
send me the 'History of Modern American Spiritu-
alism,' by Emma Hardinge, and the balance
credit, from a friend to Free Circle Fund, as I read
with a great deal of interest the Message Depart-
ment, and hope that I may at some time receive
a message from some of my spirit friends through
that source. I trust that all the friends of pro-
gress will heed the call, and cast in their mite
in support of that department of your valued paper,
which I think is doing more good than anything
else for the cause. Rather than have it go down,
I would respond to this amount every month."

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Thomas Gates Forster, Sunday, Jan. 23d, made
his first appearance in two years on the Music
Hall rostrum, in this city. His great reputa-
tion as a trance speaker drew together a
large audience, as was of course expected. As he
walked upon the platform, in apparently
strong and vigorous health, the assemblage felt
sure of enjoying an intellectual feast; and they
were not disappointed. The theme selected by
Mr. Forster, (or his controlling influence, Prof.
Edgar C. Dayton,) "Does man ever forget?" was
treated with marked ability, as is always the
case with that intelligent spirit. The discourse
was a grand success, and during its delivery the
audience could not refrain from heartily applaud-
ing many of the strong points made. In a long
time we have not seen an audience better pleased
with a lecture. We shall print it in our next
issue.

Next Sunday afternoon Mr. Forster's subject
will be "Protoplasm," a topic that will bring out
new thoughts and ideas on matters of vital inter-
est to every one.

Mr. Forster has a strong, full-toned voice, which
is easily heard in any part of the spacious hall.
He speaks with freedom and animation. We
hope all who can, will embrace the present oppor-
tunity of listening to some of the best lectures on
the spiritual philosophy ever given in Boston.

The Davenport.

We like the candor of the *Investigator*, and there-
fore republish from its columns the following ex-
tract of a letter written by R. McIntosh, of Daven-
port, Iowa, which sets at rest the assertions so
often repeated in that and other journals that the
Davenport Brothers are impostors:

"Some years ago I had a hand in tying the
Davenport boys. The day of the evening of the
séance, we got gloves made of sheet iron, through
which they could put their fingers and thumb.
The gloves were tied to their wrists, and their
arms tied to their bodies, with some thirty feet of
cord. They were placed in the cabinet, and in
half a minute the door burst open with all the
cord untied. They were placed back in the cabi-
net in the same space of time. The door burst
open, and all were tied as at first. We then tied
them anew, and filled each of their hands with
flour; tied them as before, placed them in the
cabinet, and in the same time as before they
walked out, cord untied, and not a particle of the
flour to be seen where they sat in the cabinet. I
think the various attempts to expose them are an
entire failure. I am as anxious as any one can
be to have them exposed, but I want it done
fairly. After the séance, I inquired of one of the
boys what influenced them? He simply said
'spirits,' which to me amounted to nothing. I am
by no means a believer in Spiritualism, yet there
are various occurrences that take place which
cannot be explained."

Death of Rufus Elmer.

Rufus Elmer, for many years a leading citizen
of Springfield, Mass., died at San Francisco, Cal.,
Jan. 8th, at the age of 63 years. Early in the
movement, Mr. Elmer became a believer in and
a strong advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy,
and remained firm in his faith to the last.

The following note from San Francisco, dated
Jan. 12th, 1870, makes further mention of the
event:

"Our old friend, Rufus Elmer, late of Spring-
field, Mass., left us for the Eternal Home, on the
8th inst. He was on a visit to his son in this city.
His departure was rather sudden, from a disease
of the heart. His cordial and genial manner
remained with him to the last, and he still delig-
hted to hold forth upon his favorite theme of the
harmony between Spiritualism and the Bible,
especially the New Testament. He took quite an
active part in discussions here, and made a very
favorable impression upon the minds of many to
whom he had been heretofore a stranger. He will
be no stranger upon the other side, as we may well
believe.
Cordially yours,
HERMAN SNOW."

Lynn, Mass.

Quite a spiritual revival has been going on in
Lynn during the past month. Dr. H. P. Fairfield,
the popular trance speaker, has been lecturing
there to crowded houses. The hall—which will
hold a thousand persons—was not large enough
to accommodate all who came to listen to the
doctor's telling discourses. We are pleased to
notice the interest the Lynn people take in the
Spiritual Philosophy. Dr. Fairfield lectures in
Williamstown, Conn., during February, and in
Vineland, N. J., in March.

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MRS. A. DEXTER. Clairvoyant Business, sickness, character, test communications. At 10 Avenue, New York.

Banner of Light.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

W. H. CHASE, JR.
No. 21 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

The St. Louis branch of this heaven-born institution has commenced on its fifth year with newly elected officers and renewed energies, with flattering prospects and encouraging promises of success. It has passed during the last year through one of the crises such as are common to all such organizations, and have so often proved fatal, and it has come out, like a perennial plant in the spring, with better prospects of blossom and fruitage than ever. In its troubles and struggles, as in every case we have known elsewhere, the difficulties were among the adults; and we have often thought, if these institutions can be kept alive until suitable persons are developed, educated and ripened in and by them for conductors, leaders and teachers, there will be no danger of failure; but it is now extremely difficult to find persons fitted for these places that have been trained in the theological discipline of the church, or that have been trained at all. It is not difficult to take children who can be extravagantly or fantastically dressed to the Sunday school and then teach them to repeat, parrot-like, the catechism and to answer the theological questions as the church does, by which they are fitted for society and its general gossip and pious chit-chat; but the Lyceum is a very different institution, and one in which, without regard to the outer garments which wealth can bestow and poverty cannot give, in extravagance, the mind is called out, unfolded and developed in its organic capacity and powers, and by which the person is fitted not only for this life, but for his higher and better enjoyment of the next. It is the place better than all others we have ever seen to unfold the intellect and discipline the passions for the participation in and enjoyment of life.

There is one fact we have noticed markedly here and partially elsewhere, viz., that the girls take the lead in the exercises. On the last convention day over three-fourths of the speakers and singers were girls, and in all meetings of the Lyceum they are largely in the superiority, not so much in numbers as in speaking, singing and calisthenics, the boys evidently shrinking timidly from the competition, in which they feel an inferiority. This, however, does not apply so much to the older as to the younger student. We are glad to see this, as it goes to prove what we have so long advocated, that woman, with equal chances for education and intellectual development, would be fully equal, if not superior, to man, and we are rejoiced to see this new channel for opening to her the door to the pulpit, the bar and the rostrum, and calling out her powers for the share she is evidently soon to take in public and private life, on to her a new platform.

Blessed be the Lyceums! We hope they will not be allowed to wholly die out in any locality while passing through the cold winters of discord among those to whom the nursery is intrusted in those early years, and before the earliest fruits are ripened into teachers who will, in due time, be qualified to conduct them and lead them on in harmony and success.

BIRTHDAYS.

These milestones to the graveyard are usually noticed by both young and old with somewhat different feelings, but with about the same regard. The young have this world prominently before them, looming up in air castles built by hope, and often, under a vivid imagination, gloriously beautiful, but which, as they near them, usually fade or vanish into thin air, and the stern realities and the jarring conflicts of life take their place. The aged note them as they pass, as lessening the few remaining years of earthly life, and with varied hopes, feelings and fears of the future they speculate—what is to be next after the body reaches the graveyard. Probably as many are disappointed on these expectations as of the young on their future of this life.

We have just passed another of those periodical landmarks on the downward slope of a century, and nearly closing its first decade, and by which we are reminded, by the years, as well as by the slackening of vital forces, that the bell will soon toll us over the bridge and into the presence of those who have gone, beloved by us, to the "home of the soul." How much of disappointment awaits us in the future, we do not know, but of one point we are sure: there can scarcely be a life in which we can find a harder or more uphill row to hoe than we have had in this; always on the cold side of the church, the state and popular institutions, alone in most of our years, battling for the unpopular and defending the accused, and often sharing with them, voluntarily, the scorn of society, because we believed them right, often even when they would condemn themselves. But there is a brighter day for our earth, if not for those of us who pass over before it is opened in its brightness on the world below.

J. B. FERGUSON.

Those who have not heard this able speaker, as we have, through a succession of lectures, cannot form any correct idea of the depth, strength and force of his inspiration. We do not hesitate to say, and that by personal knowledge, that we have no mind connected with our philosophy, and laboring in this country, who has a clearer and better understanding of our philosophy than Bro. Ferguson; and no one who has better ability to lay their knowledge before those disposed to listen to them, either in public or private conversation. We are sure if our friends who are able, and who could get together audiences in sufficient numbers to secure for him a good hearing, knew, as we know, his ability to explain our philosophy, and enlighten, interest and instruct them, they would keep him occupied every hour of his remaining days that he could give to the public. We have long wondered that our friends in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston and New York have not had courses of lectures from him, and we can assure them that if they do not secure his services they will soon lose the chance, and never know their loss, as his health is poor, and strength failing, while his spirit has already far outgrown his physical power.

RELIGION IN ST. LOUIS.

There is much subversive time-serving and trashy superficiality in the religious element of St. Louis; there is a cringing and cowardly yielding in the press, and a fawning weakness in politicians unworthy this age and country, and which we should not look for or expect in so large and flourishing a city as St. Louis, located, as it is, in the valley of the "father of waters" and the very heart of our glorious empire; but it must be accounted for on the ground of its strong Catholic element, of which the mind is not yet entirely in-

dependent even in its Protestantism. There is a shrinking from the term infidel and the name of Thomas Paine, and the fidelity of Jefferson and even of his own revered political saint, Thomas H. Benton; and since the religious element has been stirred up to wrath by Spiritualism, it shinks almost as much from the Spiritualism of Wesley and the devil-worship of Martin Luther, as from the names of Paine and Voltaire. Revivalism, area culture and state-spiritualism does no good, even the more meetings of the Sundays draw mostly the uneducated and those worthless to the churches, while the Catholics plod on in the same old ways, as if nothing had inspired their progress, and yet the syncretism of the leading minds keeps up its show of religious respect, or fear of materialism, that give no evidence of moral or intellectual strength which they can add to or convey to the public mind. It is what the church has been, and not what it is, that is revered, respected, or feared, and the cringing shows intellectual weakness.

ANOTHER GONE HOME.

HON. CHARLES DURKEE, formerly U. S. Senator from Wisconsin, and late Governor of Utah, took his departure for the Summer Land and left his earthly body in Omaha while on his return from Utah. Thirty years ago we were a near neighbor to Mr. Durkee, in Kenosha, Wisconsin, then Southport, and in the early introduction of spirit intercourse he was one of the few of our personal friends who engaged in honestly examining it, and who became convinced of its truth and the value and importance of it to this world, and although we had not seen him for the last ten years, yet we were assured by those who knew that he remained firm to the last in the knowledge and faith that early made him free from the shackles of an old superannuated theology. Only a few of our little band of Wisconsin pioneers are now left, and they are scattered, but soon we shall meet on the other shore, and we trust our brother Durkee, who was ever one of the kindest hearted and best natured men in this life, will be there, as here, among the happy band whose labors on earth will bring the blessings of a satisfactory reward. His body was taken to his old home in Kenosha, and ceremonies appropriate to his distinguished public life were said and done over his burial, and we regret that we could not have participated.

THE INDEX is the title of a new paper issued weekly at Toledo, Ohio, and edited by F. G. Abbott, and devoted to FREE RELIGION and, as we view it, consequently to true religion, as we do not deem Christianity true religion, because it is not a free, natural and spontaneous religion, but an educated, sectarian and bigoted, partial religion of authority, against which we have ever protested because it was sectarian in its aggregate as well as its fractional headings, and for which protest we have ever been accused of battling against all religion, while we have ever proclaimed and defended man as a religious being by nature and not by education, but sectarian by education only, and consequently Christian, Mahometan or Pagan, as the case might be, but no more Christian by nature than Pagan, as persons born in Christian countries and under Christian influences are not more likely to be Methodists or Baptists than Unitarians or Quakers without educational training.

We are glad to see this and every other move that aids in freeing the mind from the authority of popular institutions and the tyranny that cramps the growth of soul and cripples the moral and intellectual power of the human mind, as we are sure Christianity does in this day, however much it may have aided it in former times, and under darker clouds of superstition. We hope the INDEX will succeed and prosper, but we know how hard has been the struggle for life of other liberal papers.

SUBJUGATION OF WOMAN, BY JOHN STUART MILL.—This is the best written, most rational and consistent defence of the rights of woman and exposition of her legal wrongs we have yet seen, and it ought to be read in every family in our country and in Europe where any books are read. A few such books, widely circulated, would soon produce a change of policy in our government, and one very much needed, also, in the popular walks of social life. When such men take hold of this subject and treat it with the ability shown in this book, both historically and scientifically, the tyranny of ages must succumb to the march of the age. We have waited and watched, and now see signs of daylight for women.

NOTE FROM DR. ROBERTS, SAN FRANCISCO.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Since my recovery from "congestive chills," I have opened my permanent office in this city. During my severe illness, I had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing and conversing with the "shades of the departed"—but they were right men and women to me then, when I was so very near "passing over." They told me my "time had not come yet," that I must return and labor on until the Master shall say "come!" Through the "ministry of angels," and my noble wife, I have been again returned to duty, and by the blessing of God and the angels, I mean to "quit life's brief fever" only with the harness on.—Rev. C. G. Ames (Unitarian) is giving a course of rather on the "three lectures on 'Spiritualism,'" in Mercantile Library Hall, to full houses.

My business of healing the sick by the "laying on of hands" has been attended with most wonderful results, and what may seem strange to you is, that the glorious system which I have the honor to teach by the "shades of the departed," is becoming very popular in the churches and in the interior of the "Golden State," where I have been practicing for the past year; but how it will terminate in this "Great City of Discord," I will not venture to guess, even. May God bless you in your noble work of disenthralling the immortal mind!

Yours for truth,
J. B. ROBERTS, M. D.
229 Kearney street,
San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 10, 1870.

TO MOSES HULL AND ELDER GRANT.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I observe in the Banner of Light of Dec. 25th, this sentence from Moses Hull, "I despair of getting another discussion with Elder Grant." And in the Banner of Light of Jan. 8th, Elder Grant responds that Mr. Hull is mistaken. "That, trusting in the Lord, he has no fears, nor the least thought of backing down." I write this to inform them that in the city of Darlington, Wis., is a fine large court house, that will be well lighted and warmed and presented to them free, for the arena; and the friends of free discussion will see that the notice be widely circulated in two newspapers printed here, and the proceeds of the admission fee will be divided equally between them, if they will hold a discussion here. Now let us see who will back down. Darlington is the county seat of La Fayette Co., and is accessible by railroad, and is in the condition to enjoy and appreciate such a discussion. Please let the Elder know that W. F. Jamieson threw down his glove here, but no one dared to take it up. Any correspondence with me on this subject will be attended to.
Darlington, Wis.
S. W. RICHMOND.

NEW YORK.

An Appeal.

New York is the last of twelve or more States to engage in missionary work, and in that position, whether, being last, she shall also be least, arises, whether, being least, she shall also be last. This enterprise, though always regarded with hopefulness, and at the outset, somewhat of an experiment, but conducted as it has been for years—though in an imperfect and halting manner, for want of proper financial support—with such encouraging results, it has long ceased to be in any sense an experiment, and has just claims to the confidence and substantial aid of every true Spiritualist.

With the disjointed and disorganized condition of affairs now existing, it cannot be doubted that a proper system of missionary labor, would be conducted and adequately sustained, which would do more for harmony, more to bring out of chaos, to collect, organize and render efficient our scattered strength, could be hoped for under present methods. To this end it should have the hearty encouragement of the whole body of Spiritualists, and ample provision for its pecuniary needs; and through the stimulus thus given to free inquiry—in the removal of that spirit of bigotry which at once fears and anathematizes every liberal thought—and in the resulting organizations of Lyceums, and county and local societies, we should have some measure of its usefulness.

These County Organizations I regard as of great practical value. Meeting quarterly, and continuing in session for two days, it brings the Spiritualist together from all parts of the county, and severs them from the inharmenies, where they exist—of local societies; and in the opportunity thus afforded for mutual acquaintance—for each one to speak and listen to the various experiences of others, as a promoter of harmony and social feeling, and an efficient instrumentality in kindling zeal and enthusiasm—its influence is most happy and permanent. This was the redeeming feature of the plan in Michigan, and was, I believe, the suggestion of Bro. J. O. Barrett.

The work in this State was entered upon with totally inadequate pecuniary means, and it is for the Spiritualists of the State to say whether it shall be continued on to success, or abandoned. We have already met, in our travels, many Spiritualists, and we find them generally asleep—quite oblivious that they have anything to do in the matter, though by no means always aware of doing when they rightly understand the position of affairs. Want of information and thoughtlessness, rather than indifference, are chargeable with much of the apathy prevailing. Selfish, sordid men, calling themselves Spiritualists, and of large possessions, are not wanting, whom no appeal can reach; but there are thousands of others who either have hardly heard of it, or having heard have not considered, or are resting under the delusion that some wealthy man will take care of it, or that if they knew the facts, would feel an individual responsibility which they would hasten to acknowledge by liberal contributions. What is requisite, is a fund which will enable the committee to send out every needed laborer, to speak regularly, at intervals, wherever a hearing can be obtained, at the thousands of localities where no remuneration can be expected—and able, if occasion required, to hire their own halls and pay their own board; and soon, in many places, such meetings would become self-sustaining, and organizations follow, as the consciousness was awakened that in the interest of community a free platform and a free religion were indispensable. As it is now, we have many earnest calls from places where we can expect no remuneration; and though we often accept such, many are obliged to decline for those more promising pecuniarily. And now will not the Spiritualists of this great State do their duty in the premises? Each one must answer for himself or herself; but remember, now say, if to disregard, to neglect, to ignore, to withhold unsolicited, which increases with our means, and are generally much in excess of our needs; and if these, real and imaginary, are all heeded, the work falters and ends from this hour. Besides, it is no particular credit to give where there is no sacrifice, after first providing for every selfish want; and the reflection will not be pleasant, that we failed to aid the cause we claim to love, in its hour of need, in a self-sacrificing and generous spirit. Some can do nothing, and many a poor struggling brother or sister will feel it a blessed privilege to give a dollar; and if every family in comfortable circumstances, in the same spirit could give the sum of ten dollars, or any nothing of that number, not small, who could well afford to give one hundred to five hundred dollars—success would be assured. Those who have not ready means can write and pledge themselves for a certain sum, to be paid through the year, which will answer the same purpose.

To the importance of this work I have already alluded, and does any one fail to realize it? Is it not apparent that the prejudice against Spiritualism is due to ignorance—is a surface condition—and that, intrinsically, it is the conscious need of every soul? Is it not a fact that in almost all places, especially where society is not dominated by a snobbish aristocracy, the people are eager to be enlightened, and they learn the more they learn? The candid, thoughtful presentation of the Harmonical Philosophy shames the scoffers, disarms the bigot, arouses the indifferent, and gives hope to the despairing. It is the destiny of the race to accept its grand precepts, and the hour is already at hand. Much of the opposition to-day is for appearance's sake, and when nothing is to be feared, as a consequence, open confession will be made. It is but one step in our progressive career; and the intellectual type of the age, as Luckey says of the progress of other truths, has given society a predisposition to receive it, and the chief merit of argument is to accelerate the inevitable truth to the minds of the people. I believe, the all-important work of the hour, The world needs it—is ready and waiting for it—and shall we respond to the call, or, unmindful of our duty and opportunity, leave the work for those more true and faithful to the sacred trust?

A. C. WOODRUFF.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Alphabetically Arranged.
[An interested in these announcements are earnestly requested to notify us of any changes that may take place in regard to place of meeting, time, suspension, &c., so that we can keep the list correct; otherwise it would be useless, and compel us to suspend it altogether.]

ADRIAN, MICH.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M., in Old Fellows Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at same place at 12 M. Mr. C. Case, President.

ASTORIA, CLATSOP CO., OR.—The Society of Friends of Progress have just completed a new hall, and invite speakers traveling their way to give them a call. They will be kindly received at the usual hour.

APPLETON, WIS.—Children's Lyceum meets at 3 P. M. every Sunday.

ASHTABULA, OH.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the Lyceum Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at same place at 12 M. Mr. C. Case, President.

BALTIMORE, MD.—The First Spiritualist Association meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the Lyceum Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at same place at 12 M. Mr. C. Case, President.

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