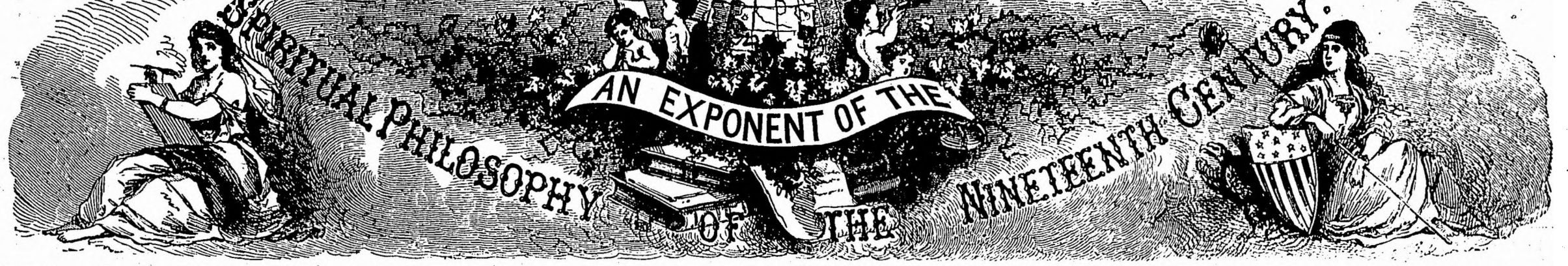


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Spiritual Phenomena.

SEANCES WITH THE EDDYS AT CHITTENDEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Notwithstanding the crowds that have beset the house of "the Eddys" at Chittenden during the current year, I was fortunate enough to obtain admission to the seances there. During a week's experience I was greatly interested, and a sketch of what I saw would fill a small volume. Wonderful to be seen are these phenomena, but scarcely more so than is the fact that the maligners of them do not perceive that to sustain impostures of this kind, would be as impossible as would be the efforts of an ignorant to simulate the acquirements of literary or scientific men, in any intelligent circle of society. To suppose that the "Eddy manifestations" are not genuine, would imply that the Green Mountains there may be mere phantasmagoria "gotten up," by these plain and honest brothers, as a part of the scenery of the stage upon which they are enacted.

Had there been any doubt of their reality on my part, it would have been dispelled by the changes which I witnessed in volume, tone and color of some of the dresses worn by figures there presenting themselves as visible, tangible incarnations of departed human spirits. A female in gray dress appeared on the platform and called Horatio Eddy from his seat in the circle to her side; on his near approach, the side of the female dress which was most remote from Horatio assumed a vivid glow of soft, pure, white light, which soon gradually vanished into the original gray, which became nearly black before its wearer (who remained on the stage some ten or fifteen minutes,) returned into the cabinet whence she came.

"Honto," who is one of the stock performers at the Eddys, produces shawls of various sizes, color and texture. I saw her place one of these, about four and a half feet square, on her shoulders. It then gradually diminished until, when I last saw it, a moderate sized handkerchief would have covered it.

Similar performances are common among Oriental jugglers, and no doubt through the same spiritual process. Many of our own prestidigitators exhibit similar performances, which they assure their audiences are but results of their own ingenuity, and the means of which are generally supposed to be familiar to the craft; but no rule, no satisfactory explanation of the real mode has ever appeared in their manuals or otherwise, a fact which could hardly be possible if they were products of mere legendein. Aaron was a juggler in whose presence sticks apparently turned into serpents, thousands of years ago, just as a chain bracelet placed upon the Seeress of Prevost, a few years ago, would run all over her like a chameleon on a wall. The word jugglery does not mean mere trick, in India; the natives know better, and might smile at the avidity with which enemies of "Spiritualism" believe the adverse statements of persons who base their pretensions of capacity to expose the tricks of mediums upon confessions which not only prove themselves to be common liars, but also to have been guilty of the very impostures they now pretend to explain.

There was one manifestation witnessed at the Eddys, which may interest a large class of inquirers who are less interested in the marvelousness of these phenomena than in knowing if they be genuine, and what is their significance. I therefore insert it, viz:

An intelligent gentleman, whom I will designate Mr. A., was placed next but one to me, at a seance that was held on the evening of his arrival at Chittenden, from his home, over a thousand miles away. Contrary to the experience of most visitors, he received an especial manifestation at his first sitting, in the appearance of a stout, manly form in citizen's dress, whom he immediately recognized as that of a friend. After a few remarks and inquiries Mr. A. asked his friend to hold up his hand. The right arm was immediately raised, the hand being wrapped in a white cloth.

Immediately after the close of the seance, Mr. A. (at my request) explained that this announcer was a most beloved friend of his, who died on the 30th of last December (over one thousand miles from there) of tetanus, arising from amputation of the fractured forefinger of his right hand, and that he was laid in his grave with the dressing thereon, as it had been now exhibited. Mr. A. remarked that this friend had promised him, through a medium, only a short time since, that he would meet him at Chittenden, and that he had expected to see the hand itself.

Two evenings thereafter this same person again appeared on the platform. At Mr. A.'s request the same hand was again raised, without the wrapping and minus the forefinger. At the close of this second interview, Mr. A. warmly thanked his friend for the "great blessing his appearance there had conferred upon himself,

and hoped that all others would be equally fortunate." The refined consideration and delicacy which characterized these remarks harmonized with all that I saw of him during our several days of intimate relation there. As in this our natural world there is a mixture of what we describe as refined, and the reverse, so there also seems to be in the spiritual; but there virtue in rags appears to take precedence of vice in fine linen.

Orthodoxy stoutly maintains that these phenomena are not only diabolically wicked, but even vulgar (more so than would be applying to a fish's mouth for a sixpence, or of being consigned to quarters in his belly); that therefore Heaven would not permit them. But is it illogical to presume that a God that tolerates Christian or even Mahometan intolerance, would tolerate anything? Does he not tolerate even those who are grieved to learn there is a possibility that those whom they so piously hate will not be sent to hell after all? If it follows, therefore, that such eminent virtue confers no particular advantages upon its possessor, we must accept the disappointment with as much resignation as can be expected.

As for that portion of scientists who have exchanged their common sense for blow pipes, scalpels, lenses and crucibles, &c., they can decide upon the merits of this issue just as truthfully and intelligently before examining them as after. One who has mastered a gad-fly, or compressed the entire circuit of a bivalve, has, of course, nothing to fear from facts that do not display his own countersign.

That some new dispensation is needed seems certain; that one is imminent appears to be obvious. It might be well if some of the investigators who have been unable to find anything in these phenomena that is not plainly traceable to dishonesty on part of the mediums, would remember that no honorable mind could utter such allegations on mere suspicion; that this subject cannot be investigated in a false spirit; that its realities cannot be reached by stratagem, nor taken with trick. In the very nature of things, this cannot be; to suppose otherwise implies a condition of mind that is incompatible with success until this beam be removed. The idea of fishing for truth with rank falsehood for bait would be preposterous.

MATERIALIZATIONS IN PRESENCE OF DR. SLADE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As one treads along life's dusty highway, occasionally arises that are so refreshing in their verdure and beauty that even after the vision has departed the recollection serves to refresh and strengthen the whole being. Such is the happy experience of your correspondent, as the soul daily revels in the ecstatic effulgence shed over it by a late interview with my spirit father, which was vouchsafed me in the angel-hallowed seance room of Dr. Henry Slade, No. 25 East 21st street, New York City. Language is inadequate to do justice to the value and significance of such a presentation; but even a meagre attempt at description may encourage some doubter as to the fact of continued life beyond this sphere of existence to examine the matter, and find rest from the uncertainty that generally attends such a state of mind. With that hope, and in gratitude to the spirit friends, I venture to present the following narrative:

Calling upon Dr. Slade, as is the custom of my honored husband and myself, whenever we find ourselves in the Metropolis, after an interchange of friendly greetings we were invited to have a sitting for manifestations. Adjoining to the consecrated audience chamber, after the slat had been moved around without visible contact, and the gas partially lowered, we joined hands with the medium, he having previously suspended a curtain opposite us, reaching only to the surface of the small table at which we were seated. The strip of black muslin, about one and a half yards square, with an opening of some eighteen inches, can scarcely be termed a curtain, its only use being to present a framework, so that the spirit-form may be more clearly defined. The stanchest skeptic would surely be satisfied that under such circumstances there could not possibly be any deception.

Almost immediately upon our joining hands as stated, there, at the aperture, was the full bust of my father, clothed as in days of yore, when he walked the earth in mortal form—his countenance having the old familiar smile, and radiant with the joy of recognition. After retreating, in obedience to our invitation he appeared in sight again, presenting his full face—the previous view having been the profile. Instantaneously with the last disappearance Dr. Slade threw the curtain over the wire on which it was suspended, disclosing naught but empty space. But a greater astonishment awaited us. After we had extinguished the light and again clasped the hands of the medium, our arisen father, placing his hand alternately upon the shoulders of my husband and myself, in distinct tones uttered words of love and tenderness, in response to the mental condition that was at that moment agitating our nature.

Then indeed did "our hearts burn within us," as did those of the disciples on their way to Emmaus, when the Christ appeared and talked with them; and we realized, as never before, the nearness of the visible and the so called invisible worlds. Our surprise was the greater, as we were unaware of this phase having appeared in the wonderful mediumship of the gifted brother. The occasion was rendered more impressive by the fact that the dear wife of the medium was at that time apparently nearing the world whose denizens were enabled to thus present them-

selves. And we have since learned with regret that the indications were verified, and our friend is now deprived of the outward presence of his loved companion.

In view of the astounding presentations that are reaching earth's children from so many directions, who can doubt that the predictions made years ago through several of our mediums will be fulfilled, and that ere long spirits with materialized forms will appear upon our rostrums, and themselves utter the words that now pass through brains and lips which they inspire. Until that good time arrives, each speaker is needed at the post of duty. Recognizing that fact, I rejoice over the increasing prospect that one veteran, in the person of my dear husband, will soon, I trust, be so far restored as to be able to resume his labors for humanity.

Congratulating Spiritualists collectively on the increasing interest manifested in our cause throughout this and other lands, I am,
Thine for the truth,
C. A. GRIMES FORSTER.

Chillicothe, O., Dec. 10th, 1874.

WORSHIP.

A Circular Letter to all those who are curious to know my reasons for not going to Church.

Not in the Church, by thousands trod,
Seek I, and find thee, oh my GOD!
Not where the swelling anthems rise,
And lifted eyes salute the skies;
Not where hired prestles alone may dare
The truth to speak, to breathe the prayer,
And crowded congregations stand,
To talk with God at second-hand;
For there come human pomp and pride,
Fashion and vice stand side by side—
The hypocrite, with shining face,
And the backsliding saint embrace.
Dark hearts and blood-stained hands are there,
Soul dead to truth, ears deaf to prayer;
Men who their brethren buy and sell,
Who seek not heaven, who fear not hell;
Men who on gold their hopes have built,
Who covet gain, and wink at guilt;
Men who on sensual visions gloat,
While prayers and praises fill the throat;
And there the preachers (richly fed)
Their empty declarations read,
Set prayers pronounce, set forms go through,
And talk the good they ought to do.

Not there, my God—I come not there,
Thy presence and its joys to share;
Not there my spirit feels thee near,
Not there thy "still, small voice" I hear;
Not there my heart with love swells high,
Not there I learn to live and die;
Not there the inward strength is given
To conquer earth, and enter heaven.

But 'neath the broad, o'erarching sky,
In the free winds that hurry by,
In the bright orbits that shine above,
In all things that have life, and move,
In the deep sea's resistless might,
In the still watches of the night,
In song of birds and laughing rills,
In cultured vales and wood-crowned hills,
In all that greets my wondering eye,
I feel, I own that Thou art nigh.

No mediator there I need—
His child, will not my Father heed?
Freely my spirit soars and glows,
Freely God's love, descending, flows;
Voiceless, before his shining throne,
I bend and pray in heart alone;
For words are vain, and speech is naught,
To Him who knows each inmost thought;
Seraphs a fitting song might raise,
But silence is man's noblest praise!

Written Oct. 21st, 1844. "not for publication,"
by one who has since passed to spirit-life; there-
fore the name of the author is withheld.

A Strange Dream Fulfilled.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The enclosed, sent to me by a gentleman in South Carolina, and in whom I have the greatest confidence, may be considered reliable, as evidenced that there are "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of" in some people's philosophy.

Faithfully yours,
E. F. STRICKLAND.

16 Medford street, Chelsea, Mass., 1874.

Rev. L. W. Lewis, in his "Reminiscences of the War," published in the Texas Christian Advocate, relates the annexed remarkable instance as literally true. The battle referred to was that of Prairie Grove, in Northwest Arkansas, fought December, 1862.

A curious fulfillment of a dream occurred at the battle under my own eyes. A man by the name of Joe Williams had told a dream to many of his fellow soldiers, some of whom had related it to me months previous to the occurrence which I now relate:

"He dreamed that we crossed a river, marched over a mountain, and camped near a church located in a wood, near which a terrible battle ensued, and in a charge, just as we crossed the ravine, he was shot in the breast. On the memorable 7th of December, 1862, as we moved at double-quick to take our place in the line of battle, then already hotly engaged, we passed Prairie Grove Church, a small frame building belonging to the Cumberland Presbyterians. I was riding in the flank of the command, a opposite to Williams, as we came in view of the house. 'That is the church, Colonel, I saw in my dream,' said he. I made no reply, and never thought of the matter again until in the evening. We had broken the enemy's lines, and were in full pursuit, when we came upon a dry ravine in the wood, and Williams said: 'Just on the other side of the hollow I was shot in my dream, and I will stick my hat under my shirt.' Suiting the action to the word, as he ran along, he doubled it up and crammed it in his bosom. Scarcely had he adjusted it before a minie ball knocked him out of line. Jumping up quickly, he pulled out his hat, waved it over his head, and shouted: 'I'm all right!' The ball raised a black spot about the size of a man's hand just over his heart, and dropped into his shoe."

Literary Department.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

OF

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors; or, The Two Orphans;" "Rocky Nook—A Tale for the Times;" "Bertha Lee;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Jesse Gray;" "Pictures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins; or, Sunshine and Tempest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

When Roso was summoned to tea, she said: "I am not going, Zell—never going any more. I cannot go, Zell."

"We have the baby," said Zell; "for her sake."

Roso understood only this: that Zell loved her—that she was wise and far-seeing; so she submitted to be dressed, and went down with a weary step, and a look as of one who had lost a great treasure. She took her usual seat at the table, and made tea for her husband; but not once did she turn her eyes toward him. There was a great silence in the room. One servant only was in waiting. After a few minutes, Le Mark ordered him out of the room. "Now, Mrs. Le Mark," said Richard, "you need put on no airs. You will get along more easily by making yourself agreeable. I have chosen not to remind you of your friendship with my brother, of your forgetfulness of your husband when Robert—"

At these words Roso rose to leave the room.

"Come back and sit down," said Richard, in a tone of command. She did not heed him, but had opened the door. He rose, seized her rudely, and drew her down to her chair. "Sit there till I give you leave to go!"

Overpowered by his superior strength, she sat down, but he shrunk from the look of her eyes. There was something in them which made him tremble. He spoke, but she heeded his words no more than if she had been a marble statue. No change passed over her face at the taunts which he in his anger hurled at her. He, whose slightest wish had been law to her, had no more power over her. He felt it. She was subject to him, as were the slaves on his land, but it was the power of law and brute force. He had never prized the love which she had given him—the richest gift with which a man can be endowed—and it was his no more. She was beautiful as ever—more so, perhaps, in her haughty indifference, than she had been in her meek submission.

She sat till he had read his paper, till the servants were heard shutting the house. Not a word was said, nor did she seem to move. He folded his paper slowly, and then turning to her—"Roso, we had better be friends; good-night!"

He thought (oh, ignorant man!) that she would rush to his arms, plead for a caress, and go away thankful for the crumbs of his affection. Taking this as her dismissal, she rose and passed slowly out. There was dignity in her manner, but she took no heed of him, did not turn her eyes that way. A great oath escaped him as he muttered between his teeth: "I will find a way to humble her!"

The next morning Roso was tossing with a burning fever, and unable to leave her bed. Zell went to tell Le Mark that his wife was too ill to breakfast with him. An angry frown darkened his face. "Go then, and tell Ruby to come to me." This insult to her mistress filled Zell with an indignation which was hard to repress; but the girl, to all outward appearance, was as passive and humble as any other slave. She longed to spring at the man, and with her lithe strong arms throttle him to death. She could have done it. He would have been powerless to resist. No sign of this feeling was in the handsome face as she turned and went out to bid Ruby come to her master.

Roso's illness proved serious. It was the commencement of a fever which prevails in that climate during the hot season. No doubt the shock of that miserable day was its immediate cause, but the seeds had lain latent in her system. Her husband—and we will do him the justice to believe that he was sincere in this—thought that it was only a woman's obstinacy. She had been absent two days from the table when he sent for Zell to come to him. She stood before him with folded hands and meek, compliant look, the perfect model of a beautiful slave. She was delicately formed by nature, with enough of Saxon blood in her veins to give a changing hue to her cheek and intellectual power to the brain, which retained the animal vigor and cunning of her mother's race. Her hands were small, with long, supple fingers, her foot arched and slender, her hair long, with rippling waves, glossy as a raven's wing. She had been delicately reared by Alisso. She was first only a playmate, a year or so older than Roso, and in this capacity learned to speak Italian fluently; then lady's maid and companion in Alisso's house, where few visitors came. Living constantly in the society of this father and daughter, she had caught refinement with the air she breathed. Her love of music was her birthright, and she had often learned Roso's lessons in other studies that she might aid her little mistress.

Richard Le Mark knew all this as the girl stood before him. Until now he had allowed her to remain with his wife, unmolested by him; but, angered with Roso for what he called her obstinacy, he resolved to wound her through Zell. The man looked at the girl before him, saw her suppleness and grace with the eye of a connoisseur; for one short second of time an emotion of pity stirred within; the guardian angel, not yet wholly turned away, bade him beware. Then he thought of Roso, defying his will, and the cloud upon his brow returned. With a short, quick manner and tone he said:

"Go to the cotton field!"

He had expected to see a flush of anger, to hear a petition for release; to see at least great grief on the face of the girl who had never known one day of servile labor in her life. Not an emotion was visible in the face, not a muscle of the slender, graceful figure stirred as he pronounced the words. Her eyes were downcast, so that he saw not their expression; everything else in face and attitude indicated only submission. She waited just long enough to receive further orders if he would give them, and then opened the door near which she stood, her face still toward him, and went out to obey his orders. Something in his last look at that face stirred a strange emotion in him. He cowered as if he had been caught in a snare. It was only with an effort that he shook off a feeling of shame and turned to eat his breakfast. Aunt Phyllis learned from Zell of her banishment to the cotton field.

"Do good Lor' have mercy on us! Do ole times come back again! If I only dared say one word to Mas'r Richard! If I dared! Zell, did Aunt Juno, your mammy, nebbel tell you nothing—nothing, eh?"

"Only to come to her if I had any trouble with Master Richard. But how can I get to her? No; let her remain ignorant of all that goes on here. Never mind about me, Auntie Phyllis, but do what you can for my mistress. She is down with the fever."

"I will see to her every blessed minute. I can get from my work, do poor darlin'! It seems as if he had come back. I dreamed last night I heard a lady moanin' an' a walkin' in Number Five."

Zell worked faithfully in the cotton field. It was work which her supple fingers could do well, though they were sore and lame at night. She came late to Roso's room. Aunt Phyllis had done her best, but mother and child pined for Zell. She sat by them all night. Roso slept some hours—a troubled sleep, from which Zell awoke trembling and in great fear. Seeing Zell at her side, she smiled and fell asleep again. At dawn Zell was at her post in the cotton-field. Her master observed her, and was annoyed in his heart at the unexpected submission of the girl. It continued for some days, till one morning Auntie Phyllis informed Richard that his wife was very sick with the fever, and the baby also, and asked him to send for the doctor. Le Mark turned pale. He did not like to have it said, even by the house-servants, that his wife's death lay at his door, nor, though he felt little love for his child, did he desire its death. The doctor came that day. He blamed Le Mark for not sending for him in season. "You are unjust to us doctors," he said. "You let the enemy get full possession of the fortress before you call upon us. Had you given the alarm at the first attack, we could have beaten them off. I hope to save the mother, but the child will have a hard battle to fight. It is in its second season, a critical time with children in this climate, with the ailments common to that age; with the fever added, I have little to hope."

Richard went to his wife, but her mind was wavering and she did not recognize him. She thought he was the doctor, and begged him to save her child.

The next day Zell ventured to stay with her mistress. No notice was taken of her absence by Le Mark. The child grew worse rapidly. Zell watched it day and night, and for more than a week was not conscious of a moment's sleep. It was all in vain. The little one died in her arms. At this time the fever had passed its crisis with the mother, and she lay in great weakness, hardly conscious of what passed around her. She watched Zell dress the baby for the grave. She did not even weep, but with a calmness which surprised all about her, she said:

"Lay it by my side, Zell. Can it stay there till I go too? Then, you know, you can put us both in one grave, close to the mound where the white rose grows, under the magnolia tree."

"You are not going to die, Honey. No, no; you will get well and stay with us," said Aunt Phyllis.

She turned her eyes slowly to the old woman.

"Pray to God to let me go now, Auntie—now, with my baby. She will be lonely and sad up in heaven without me."

God did not hear that prayer. Why did he not? It would have been so merciful and good in him to have taken her home then. The baby was laid under the magnolia, and poor Roso rose from her sick bed the shadow of her former self. Richard

ard was more gentle in his manner toward her, and even proposed to take her on a short journey. No, she could not so soon leave her child's grave. In his presence she was quiet, answering him as he spoke, but never speaking first herself. No smile brightened her face now, no song resounded in the house. Weeks and months passed, and there was no change. She was gentle and kind to all, but life had lost its charm for her; it was only a waiting to go to her father and child. Richard was not endowed with much patience, and this worried him. He spoke harshly to her. If he could only rouse indignation, it would be some relief to the monotony of his life. But no such thing moved her now. The rudest word fell as if her heart were turned to marble. She made no complaint, was outwardly submissive to his will; more, even, pleaded for the servants when his ill-usage filled the household with terror. Once he went up, in an angry mood, unlocked Number Five, and thought to try the same experiment which his grandfather tried with a wife who had been driven to insanity by his evil temper. His heart failed him, and he went down to separate her from Zell again. The cotton-picking was over, but there was rougher work in which women were employed. "Wash" had been promoted as a sort of overseer. This was fortunate for Zell. The fellow, though born a slave, was possessed of a noble nature, and Zell's task was made easy for her.

Two or three weeks passed away. The cold weather had come. Roso had just returned from placing flowers on her child's grave, and was sitting listlessly by the fire in her room, when her eyes fell on a jewel box, the gift of her husband before their marriage. She rose, took the contents out, and then opened a small trunk which had once belonged to her father, thinking to place them within. As she turned over the articles in the trunk she came across the box on which was written "To my daughter. To be read after my death." Roso was one of those sensitive souls that shrink from handling the personal property of the dead. Zell had packed everything belonging to her father, but had never unpacked this trunk. Roso's mood had changed now. It proved a pleasure to touch anything which had been her father's. They seemed to bring him nearer to her. She opened the box, found a few jewels which she knew to be of great value, and the letter. How eagerly her eyes devoured it. In it he told his daughter that he was descended from the noble family of Ossini, in Florence, that there still remained there a part of her mother's family, one of the mother's sisters, who longed to welcome this child of their race to her ancestral home. "When I am dead," he added, "there will be no impediment to your return to Florence, if you desire. You will be welcomed and cherished. What would be death to your father may be happiness for you. Your husband, if you marry Richard Le Mark, will be proud to know that he has called himself to your family." He referred her to the person known in Vicksburg as the Italian marble-cutter. "He is a cousin, on your mother's side of the house. Go to him and he will aid you if you remain unmarried. If otherwise, your husband will guide you."

Roso smiled for the first time since her baby died. She thought that her father stood near to her, and that her baby was in his arms. She called it a dream when she told it to Zell, "but it was so beautiful, Zell, that I think it was sent to comfort me."

When Zell returned to her that night, the two seemed to have changed moods. Roso was almost herself again, while Zell was silent and thoughtful. Her face wore a look that frightened her mistress. The lips were compressed, and from the eyes shot a steel-blue glitter that was fierce and savage—an inheritance, perchance, from the chieftain, her ancestor, that once ruled a large domain in Africa. It passed away as Roso talked and read her letter.

"Zell, I must see my cousin; he is of my blood and race—my kindred! I am not alone in this country! Oh Zell! Zell! I have a kind friend in Italy, my own mother's sister."

A thought which she dare not express was in her heart. Zell understood, and a gleam of triumph shot from her own eyes. She asked to examine the trunk again. "See here!" she said, showing Roso a small box covered with silver foil. "Your father said that in this are two tiny vials of a powerful poison, so powerful that one drop will kill a person. He carried it about with him at one time in his own country."

Roso shuddered. "Put it away, Zell; destroy it; who knows if it is safe even for you to handle it?"

Zell smiled, and laid it aside, but not in the trunk. Then they examined the jewels. The two women knew enough of jewels to understand that these were of great value, but their real worth was more than they knew. Among other articles in the trunk was a poniard with a jeweled hilt. Its sharp edge had cut the sheath, and it glittered through the rent. Zell drew it out and held it up to the light of the lamp. "It is sharp," she said, as she gently drew her finger across the blade; "this would make quick work if it entered the heart." Her eyes gleamed again with that cruel, steel blue light.

"Put it away, Zell! put it away! you frighten me!"

The girl laid it aside, and turned to look at Roso, who was laying away her own ornaments, but lingered lovingly over a little coral necklace which her baby had worn. The fierce look vanished from Zell's eyes, and there came a tender, brooding look, such as a mother turns to a sick child. Both mistress and maid slept that night. The letter which Roso had found soothed her, and she lay in her cramped bed, over which the angel of sleep hovered. On the floor upon a pallet, as had been her custom since Roso's illness, Zell slept soundly. It would seem as if that sleep was sent in mercy to these two. After Roso had breakfasted the next day, which she did with her husband in their now silent way, she busied herself packing into a small compass the letter and jewels. She had been much in need of money many times during the last year, but had never ventured to ask her husband for it. A sort of vague notion came into her mind that she might need them. Call it presentiment, reader, if you please. Coming events cast their shadows before. There certainly were shadows enough in this household to precede a tragedy. It was a gray, chilly day in winter, but not windy; a dead stillness prevailed in the house and over the landscape without.

Dinner was not served as usual, but Aunt Phyllis came up to Roso's room with some broiled chicken and jelly, and a custard for dessert. The old woman staid and waited upon her lady, and was made very happy to see her enjoy her

dinner, and was rewarded for all the pains she had taken to see her smile and say,

"Auntie, you are a nice cook. I like my dinner very much."

"She's getting round again; maybe we shall hear her sing once more."

After this the house was very still for awhile. Roso must have slept a little on the lounge, for the dream of the previous day was repeated. She was roused from her sleep by a scream that broke the stillness, cutting the air with its sharp sound. Roso started to her feet, and ran into the portico on the south side of the house, from whence the sound proceeded.

"He is going to murder her! He will surely do it!" exclaimed Aunt Phyllis, as she ran out of her kitchen.

"Who is it?" said Roso to one of the servants who was at work in the yard.

"It is Zell, ma'am. The master is going for to whip her, I reckon."

Now came once more the fire in Roso's eyes.

"He has killed all my servants but Zell," she said, "and if he kills her!"

She ran to her room and seized the poniard, which lay upon the mantel, where Zell had placed it the previous night, tore the scabbard off, and rushed in the direction from whence the screams had come.

She looked like an avenging angel as she ran. Her long hair was loose, and fell almost to her feet. She seemed not to touch the ground as she flew. All gave way before her, and looked with dumb lips and terror-stricken eyes. There was no fear in Roso, no faltering when she saw her husband dragging Zell by the hair, with a heavy whip in his hand. Wash, the strong, brave fellow—for brave he was to dare to speak—had just come up, and was saying:

"Please, Master Richard, the girl means no harm. Stop a minute, Master Richard, and let me speak to you."

Aunt Phyllis had come near, also, and holding up her hands said:

"If he only knew! Oh, Master Richard, if you knew!"

Le Mark turned upon Wash, and struck him a heavy blow across the mouth with his whip, holding with a fierce grip the hair of the girl, who, though she had screamed to bring Wash to her side, looked as fearless as a tiger, and showed by her firm set lips and eyes that Le Mark was dealing with one who could avenge herself.

Heedless of all, with her eyes fixed on her husband, Roso rushed forward and plunged the dagger into his side. Le Mark relaxed his hold upon Zell, and fell back senseless.

Zell, released, was calm as if nothing unusual had occurred.

"Saddle two horses, the swiftest on the place, Wash," she said. "Let them be ready in five minutes." Then, turning to Roso, "Come, my darling."

Roso obeyed, following Zell to her own room. There they dressed in haste, Zell not forgetting the box of jewels.

The horses were ready when they descended the stairs. The clouds had thinned, and the moon was sailing between them, now dimmed by their misty veils, now bright, when a bit of blue sky revealed itself. The master lay there still, Aunt Phyllis kneeling by his side, and Zell heard her say,

"Oh, Mas'r Richard! Mas'r Richard! You brought your death on yourself! My poor mistress! God forgive her."

The two women mounted their horses and rode away. No one stayed their progress. Horror had stupefied the people, and night settled down on that plantation with a hundred human beings, not one of whom, save the children, dared to sleep.

[Continued in our next issue.]

Endorsement.

Many thanks to Sister Miranda Hedges for giving her experience in Spiritualism, and the great impediment to its practical results. "The pearl of greatest price"—the science of the spirit-world; "the high and holy teachings"—the practical, the progressive, the elevating, that lead "to a higher and better present and future"—these have too often come in second to the phenomenal, the infallible, and the final, which ultra veneration has accorded to the spirit-world. The wise injunction, "try the spirits"—those humans who inhabit more attenuated matter—was at first a difficult lesson to learn. But reason prevailed, and "The spirits of the prophets became subject to the prophets." The question arises, if Jesus "grew in favor with God and man," when did he cease to grow? Eternal progression and perfection are a contradiction of terms.

The recognition that the great law of progress obtains alike with the founder of a system and adherents thereto, to be sure will rob us of those sacred conditions, clinging like orphan children to the garments of departed ancestors. The common error—taking Spiritualism for religion—is being corrected. It is now accepted as an aid—a teacher—a light by which to discover the accumulated debris of the past; it gives to reason the throne which veneration has usurped, and discovers the barren ground where devotees have kneeled around the tombstones of the dead, and the guideposts that pointed the way to the living. And greatest of all, it deals with and is solving the fundamental principles of human existence, to the end that a more perfect image of God may grace this fair earth, sound in body and mental judgment, highly gifted in spiritual science.

I regret, with the sister, that this divine teacher and ally of mortals should ever be prostituted to "low uses." But even so it was with our great prototype: he first pleased their appetites with wine to attract attention.

Confirming the message and accepting the admonition, we would invite sister M. to call again.

E. M., of the *Harvard Shakers*.

The Late Lester Day and Colchester.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Just at this time anything from the pen of Bro. Lester Day must be read with interest, in view of the truly noble part he took in behalf of Mr. Colchester, and also in view of his recent departure to the higher life. The writer felt impelled to lay his case before the Quarterly Convention of Vermont Spiritualists held at Roxbury in February, and ask those assembled to contribute, to help remunerate Bro. Day. As a result of this appeal the writer was enabled to send a fair contribution, in response to which the following was received:

DEAR ONE—Your kind letter enclosing P. O. Order is received. Please accept my grateful thanks for the same. I am still confined to the house by acute sickness, but hope to be able to get out as soon as warm weather comes on. That is the only reason for my appeal. Had I been able to do as I have heretofore, I should never have asked any one to share this thing with me.

Friends, may many blessings from the spirit-world be yours. I am fraternally yours, L. DAY.

To D. T. Averill and friends.

Contributions coming in slowly, the writer felt still further impelled to make an appeal to Spiritualists to do their duty, and see that Bro. Day was paid in full. This appeal was published in the Banner in the spring. Shortly after its appearance I received a letter, from which extracts are made:

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 19th, 1874. MY DEAR FRIEND—On looking over the Banner of May 25, I noticed your Address to Spiritualists at large throughout the country—for which receive my sincere thanks—not as personal or pecuniary to me, but as a just tribute to those who make a profession of the God-given truths of spirit-communication, and have not principle sufficient openly to stand by their words, wherever they may be, who in trouble. It is the truth we acknowledge that is in jeopardy from sectarian bigots, and all true souls, no matter

in what part of God's universe they may be found, owe it all alike to the cause of truth.

Look at Spiritualism. It extends into the most remote corners of the world, with millions of capital at command. All that needs to be said is, "We want funds" for a certain object. They are ready. Compare this with Spiritualism, which every one of us have not the courage to stand up to say is, "We want funds" for a certain object. It is true, and all the sectarian Gods, church-members or devotees could not make me forsake it or hesitate to defend it before any tribunal. Why hesitate to defend openly what you know to be true?

We may be poor in this world's goods, but "a man's a man for what he can do." I have often been made to see how you dared to walk into that Court and pay the fine, and openly say to Colchester—go home.

But my strength fails me, and I must close. I remain truly and fraternally yours, L. DAY.

Br. D. T. Averill, Northfield, Vt.

What I have copied from Mr. Day's letters shows him to be a man very much in earnest.

Now, a few parting words to those of our faith. The death of Brother Day does not cancel the obligation—only shifts the claim from him to his family. They are in want, and you are bound, by all considerations which should have weight with men and women of honor and uprightness, to relieve their wants, at least to the extent of the amount, with interest, of the sum advanced by him. Will you do it? If appeals to your better natures will not move you, then let selfish considerations do what justice and a sense of duty should have done. If you fail by neglect to aid in this work, the remembrance of it will be to you a source of bitter regret through time and through eternity. Do your duty in this matter, and the remembrance of it will be one of the green oases in the journey of life, over which memory will have to linger.

D. T. AVERILL.

The Rostrum.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

An Essay read at the Second Radical Club, of Boston, on Monday evening, Dec. 14th.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

"The spirit-world around this world of sense floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere waits through these earthly mists and vapors dense A vital breath of more ethereal air."

These lines, in my opinion, express *literal* as well as *poetic* truth, and suit me as a starting point for this essay; not so much to elaborate the idea suggested as to show the *drift* of my own thoughts in this connection.

I am not now proposing an argument for Modern Spiritualism, neither have I the purpose or the expectation nor even the desire of making converts. The subject I consider a matter of experience rather than argument.

Without any regard to its being a fact or a fiction, all of you know that the movement itself is a fact, and one of great magnitude, attracting the attention of more people in the same short time than any other awakening on record. The hold it has upon so large a number of people, expressed or understood, whether a truth or an error, makes it an important subject of thought, especially when it has such a noticeable affinity for or sympathy with all radical or reformatory movements. It is worthy of notice that the very moment a man is convinced of the truth or the reasonableness of Modern Spiritualism, he is, logically or practically, a backslider in the theological sense, and a hater of shams sacred or secular; he turns his back on the whole tribe of "priests and Levites," as being "called of God," sees no "divine right" in kings of either mind or matter, and begins at once to manifest radical ideas, and adds one to the growing army of heretics.

The subject, then, is peculiarly a radical one, and, though it is, in a sense, or has been the "rejected stone," I have such faith in it that I feel sure it is to become the head of the corner of, or "the power behind the throne" of all reforms. I do not suppose you think so—or many of you; I merely mention it as my own honest opinion.

It is proper, then, it would seem, for me to ask here the question, *What is Modern Spiritualism?* The answer I shall give is this: Stripped of all mundane associations or decorations, and simply defined, it means the *abolition of death*; that is, that when a man's body dies the real man continues to live unseen by the natural eye, and in that continued life can commune with those still living in the human form; but there is a wider and more comprehensive definition than this simple one just given, one that connects it essentially with all the issues or activities of life. What I propose to say in this essay, and the way that I shall say it, will be in the direction of this *wider* definition, trusting, whether I succeed or not, that my odds and ends of thoughts and memories will, before I finish, harden into philosophy, and also have a direct bearing on matters that interest the members of this club.

I think it will help me to be intelligent, if not interesting, if I relate here an incident somewhat in detail, of the passage of a mind from the skepticism, or what is the same thing, the general indifference in regard to a future life, to a belief, or knowledge of its truth, through Modern Spiritualism; thinking at the same time it will illuminate what I may have further to say on the subject.

A man, whom some of you and I know, lost an interesting child by death. I hardly need to say it was one of life's greatest griefs, as many an experience will testify. There lay the little corpse, cold and motionless; a few weeks before and it was full of life and promise; then came sickness, and now all is still. It was, in the figurative language of Scripture, "the sleep that knows no waking." Says Whittier:

"Alas for him who never sees,
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
But hopeless lays his dead away."

This man was one of such, and he is not alone. I think I can safely say that in this age, doubt on this subject (outside of modern spiritual proof) totally eclipses belief. But to return to the incident which I am relating. The little child lay dead; the pastor came to offer the words of consolation; they were *once* words of consolation, for they were "holy writ." The mother of the dead child saw no consolation beyond the sympathy that dictated them, but persisted in *that* utterance and urged, as a matter of fact, the *letter* accepted rather than the *spirit*; they were repulsive; and she, full of grief, unable to explain herself, said, "Oh! take him away—he is horrid!" *Exit mother.*

All that had been said by this minister were Bible words, but "Rachel refused to be comforted" with such meaningless language. The father found it easy, under the circumstances, to excuse this apparent rudeness, but he felt, at the same time, that it was the tribute (if I may be allowed the expression) that "gammone" sometimes is forced to pay to outraged common sense! This matter of fact mother soon after, as the "prospector" in a mining district would say, "struck the lead" of Modern Spiritualism, and you have never explored in that field, or, if you have, have not been successful in finding "nuggets," may smile when I say she found both consolation and hope. The father believed it to be an unmitigated delusion, feeling on general principles and settled convictions that it was only a new form of superstition. He finally made up his mind to examine into it and explode it, feeling, however, very much as a disbeliever

in the supernatural would, in investigating the manifestations in a haunted house—that he was doing a child's business.

One day, sitting alone in his library, he said to himself, while meditating: "Can there be any truth in this thing that so interests my wife? If so, there must be a law for it, and if a law, it must be universal. Why not," he said, "communicate with me here, and now?" There was the old table, and on it was the old Bible; both had been handled by the "departed" of his kindred for some two hundred years. Under the influence, then, of traditions and memories, he evoked the "apparitions" like Jeremiah Mason, "he summoned the angel," but there was no response.

He then wrote a unique message, that could never be repeated by accident, and said to the *surrounding air*, and thinking of the departed: "If any of my friends are present, and can, I wish, when my wife is hearing from the spirits, as she supposes, that they will send me as their message, the words I have just written." This man never told any one of his request, and the message was locked up. No human being was cognizant of the fact that such a message had been written, or that such a reply had been asked for; and this man no more expected a response than he expected to meet his dead sister or dead daughter alive in the street. In a few days—it may have been a week—his wife returned from what she called a "sitting," and, after telling him the circumstances of it, said: "Here is a message the spirits sent to you; they said you would understand it." The message sent to this man was, word for word, a copy of what he had requested. It is of no consequence, in this connection, how much collusion, deception, or unknown mental action may be, more or less, mixed up with this subject, in the mind of some, or many people, even including myself; but if what I have stated is literally true, this one isolated phenomenon dissolves every possible explanation of this subject offered, except the spiritual one. Who answered that man's request, known only to himself? Not the "unconscious cerebration" of the mother, for she knew nothing of it, and expected nothing; not the man's own mind, for he was a mile off at the time. It was answered, and he knew nothing about any "sitting" to take place; it was not the medium, for it would be a super-human operation to be cognizant of a man's secret thought and act, entirely unknown, and a mile or two off. Do you wonder, then, that this man is a Spiritualist? This incident has been long in its relation, but I trust it will, as I have said, not be irrelevant in its connection with what I have still to say. In relation to this incident let me add two words: First, that the man now has had eighteen years of such experience, more or less definite, and has no more doubt of the fundamental truth of Modern Spiritualism, or the demonstration of a future life obtained through the evidence of his senses (independent of his instinct, in which hope generally roots), than he has that there are human beings in this room. Second, that the man referred to in this incident is the author of this essay, and the statement is as solemnly and as truthfully made as he is capable of making.

Now what of it, do you say? Let me answer by quoting two pregnant expressions from Ernest Renan. The first one is in these words: "In the conscience there rises a sacred voice which speaks to man of quite another world—the world of the ideal, the world of truth, of goodness, of justice; and it is this IDEAL which really is, and it is the *fleeting reality* which only seems to be." The other Renanite thought is: "If every one of us knew for a certainty that we could once a year meet the loved and lost, and exchange only two words with them, death would be no more death."

Do I accent those two thoughts too much in their importance? The first recognizes the spirit-world, perhaps you will say only in a poetic or sentimental way. Thank God, then, in this age, for poetry and sentiment; the world of thought is too narrow without them. The second thought quoted is, or would be, the effect, if such a world was demonstrated to our human senses. It does seem to me that the thought alluded to is the accented syllable of life, at least to any but the young and the thoughtless.

Modern Spiritualism claims to make both of these thoughts quoted from Renan a matter of human experience. I admit, in response to your thoughts and mine, it claims a great deal. I take it for granted the subject of another life is an important one, and from my standpoint a very practical one. I think every thoughtful person will agree with Henry Thomas Buckle, who writes, you know, more from an intellectual than a spiritual standpoint. Speaking of beliefs, &c., he says: "We know nothing with certainty, but the belief in a future life approaches that certainty nearer than any other belief, and it is one which, if eradicated, would drive most of us to despair." "Let us," he says, "take heed how we rest it on the testimony of the inspired writings. If Christianity should ever perish, the age that loses it will have reason to deplore the blindness of those who teach mankind to defend this glorious and consoling tenet, not by general considerations of the fundamental properties of our common nature, but on assertions, traditions and records, which do not bear the stamp of universality."

Now I ask in all seriousness, has not that which Buckle fears, actually occurred? and in the perishing of Christianity (I speak, of course, in the evangelical or "divinely revealed" sense), has not the belief in a future life perished with it? I need not answer, or argue the question, but go on with my subject, not doubting but we shall agree on this point of "having perished," or otherwise, as we are severally instinctively or intellectually made up—heart or head in the ascendant.

"Instinctively or intellectually." Is that a confused expression, needing explanation? For fear it may be, let me digress long enough to make my idea distinct and clear. I know no dividing line between instinct and intuition; I do not think anybody does; the latter may be instinct at its best. Perhaps instinct may be the "bass" and intuition the "air" in the music of the soul, part of the same tune; so when I speak of instinct, I include the "air," or intuition, with it. It appears to me instinct antedates intellect. A child is instinctive before it is intelligent; so the race was undoubtedly instinctive before it was intelligent. Intellect is a development, not a modification of the instinct. Intellect, this later comer, has eclipsed instinct, doubtless wisely so to an extent, for it is the index finger of reason; but it is *only* an eclipse, not an extinguishment.

I think instinct a very important and enduring part of our mental structure, if that is a proper expression. It is heaven born and heaven bound. It rose early and will set late. My reading and observation have taught me that often, if not always, the achievements of the intellect are the provisions of the instinct, which is the intuitive, prophetic, or poetic part of our nature. "When your heart [that is, instinct], speaks, listen to its impulses; it is the voice of God," says Coleridge, and I desire to repeat the statement.

Immortality, let me say (without claiming to be an oracle), is an instinctive, not an intellectual affirmation. The intellect is the infidel in our nature, asking often unanswerable questions; the heart, or instinct, is the true believer. Will the intellect ever unite with the instinct in the affirmation of immortality? It is the mission of Modern Spiritualism to unite these two hemispheres of thought, or mind, on this point.

Once, a "divine revelation" became a fact in human history, and the Christian religion was born, bringing, as the faithful said, life and immortality to light. As long as this "divine revelation" remained a fact, the future life was an intellectual truth, a matter of fact. The intellect, as we have already said, has knocked the bottom out of "divine revelation," and the hope founded on it went with it. The intellect has *not* knocked the bottom out of human instinct, so people now believe in the life after this, or not, as we have said, according as they are compounded instinctively or intellectually, that is, more heart or more head. This explains my meaning. I ought to say, before leaving this point, that with instinct or heart large, it does not follow that it is so at the expense of intellect. I consider, by the way of illustration, that Theodore Parker was largely instinctive and largely intellectual. He needed no proof for the other life; he knew it, he told me himself, instinctively; if he had any doubts at all, it was in the reality of this life, none of the other. I have heard John Weiss and others say the same thing. With this tribute to Theodore Parker and others, who are so fortunate as to have been born with such a "head-light," the mass of the people need actual sensory proof; not having it, the Christian world, with all its profession to the contrary, is in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of unbelief.

The idea of a future life viewed from the intellect, the "right hand" of the mind, to-day is but a pleasing speculation wholly without proof; the heart as ever has its faith, more or less in eclipse. This faith finds expression in poetry, speaking often wiser than the poet knows. The lines I quoted when I commenced this reading to indicate my drift, furnish one of the expressions of faith referred to. I think Thoreau had some such idea in his mind when he said, "The poet preceding the noonday thoughts of men, keeping in advance of the glare of philosophy [I would say science], always dwells in the auroral atmosphere."

I have said the instinct is prophetic in its nature; may not then these "poetic expressions" be the provision of what will some day be a fact as one of the achievements of the intellect? That is, will not the spirit-world—

"That floats around this world of sense,"

be some day an intellectually accepted fact? I think it will, and the intelligent, thoughtful Modern Spiritualist has already reached that point. You may think it the "auroral atmosphere" of the imagination. I have tried to, but the evidence is too strong.

I will quote a few lines from Longfellow as an intelligent expression of the modern spiritual idea of the two worlds; and as I have no reason for supposing him to be a Spiritualist, the description will be all the better, and be another instance where faith or instinct finds expression in poetry:

"Some men there are (I have known such) who think
That the two worlds—the seen and the unseen,
Are like two hemispheres upon one map,
And touch each other only at a point.
But the two worlds are not divided thus
Save for the purposes of common speech."

"The spiritual world lies all about us, and its avenues are open to the unseen feet of phantoms that come and go, and we perceive them not save by their influence; or when at times a most mysterious Providence permits them to manifest themselves to mortal eyes."

If there arises in the conscience the "sacred voice" to which Renan refers, and no one doubts it as an *instinct*, and if the loss of the belief, as Buckle says, would drive us to despair, and if it is, as we have said, except as a sentimental speculation, how auspicious, then, is the advent of any fact, idea or *tem*, that will find us "soundings" in this bottomless sea outside of the periphery or extreme limits of scientific or positive knowledge, even if it be only but "footfalls near the boundary" of the spirit-world. That is the mission of Modern Spiritualism; it has come to supply a demand of the human soul. True, as some of you will say, considering its questionable shape and often uncelestial pabulum, the demand may be the father of the supply; there are many, however, who know otherwise. I think, using Messianic language, it is the "Comforter" that was to come that is to tell us (if not all things) *this* thing, and through the portal of the senses, which is the front, if not the only door to the mind of this age, and so reproduce the faith of the fore world again, and this time naturally, not miraculously, on a *scientific* as well as a poetic basis.

I have just quoted some lines from Longfellow explaining the contiguity or concentricity of the seen and the unseen worlds, and very probably you said that was only poetry, born of the imagination. I quoted it for its literal truth, and what Modern Spiritualism recognizes as literal truth, as far as I am a mouth-piece for it. Suppose, just for argument's sake, that it is actual truth; how it enlarges the field of the actual; it is like the discovery of the telescope; it opens new and exploratory worlds. As spectrum analysis has taught us that suns, stars and nebulae are materially homogeneous, or more or less so with the world in which we live, so has modern spiritual light resolved heaven into more or less an objective field, and we find this much certain: it is not a Jewish or Christian institution; that it is not a place "where the wicked cease from troubling, or the weary are at rest"; that it is a world of activity full of expanded human beings, progressive in its tendencies and wider as to its outlook; and all earthly movements, even this Club, supposed, like another Minerva, to have sprung out of Brother Morse's brain, are but echoes of grander movements in that other world, so near, so connected, but so *invisible* to this. But I am digressing. Admitting the actual truth of Longfellow's lines, how many a Bible page becomes a fact. Would it not be a positive blessing to the world to establish that record? not to prove the Bible a miracle, for this subject knows no miracles, but to make it probable that the writers whom in our devotions we honor, were intending to record facts. As an illustration let me quote one: "And he gave unto Moses two tables of

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In consequence of the provisions of the new post act regulation which demand the prepayment of all periodical mail matter, our patrons, when they renew their subscriptions, are requested to forward us, in addition to the usual \$3.00, the sum of fifteen cents for postage, which will be a saving to them of five cents from the amount (twenty cents) which they have heretofore had to pay at the local post offices. Those whose names are now on our list are also requested to send a proportionate sum to defray their postage from the first of January next until the time for which they have paid their subscription runs out. Our patrons will not find their bills any larger, but rather smaller, by their sending us this sum. Those who have paid us the postage will find a "P" affixed to their names upon the paper.

Religious Amendment Convention.

The meeting of the movers for an ecclesiastical amendment to the Federal Constitution, to which reference was made in last week's *Banner*, was not so numerously attended as its managers had evidently expected; and it does not very greatly encourage their hope of obtaining the two million signatures they intend to present to Congress in 1876, as a Centennial ceremony. But what was wanting in numbers at this two days' Convention was fully compensated for in the intense bigotry of some of the utterances and the assumption of the resolutions adopted as the platform of this new undertaking. Rev. Dr. Miner, of this city, frankly admitted that "there was a startling want of high moral principles in the nation at present." He said the nation "had forgotten there was a God and the obligations of Christianity." He also observed, by way of emphasis, that "men might talk about the morality of other nations and lands, but there was no pagan country to compare with the civilization of the present time." We respectfully submit, then, both to Dr. Miner and the Convention, that it would be arrant hypocrisy, nay, the very worst form of mockery, for a people who are worse than pagans, to adopt a declaration that they are strict, if not exclusive, believers in God and Christianity. It is very plain that these ecclesiastical care for nothing but to drive this amendment through by sheer parson-power, to do it themselves, and thus to establish a dynasty of their own and compel the obedience of the people to the new law of ecclesiastical power. Otherwise, why not proceed to convert the people before calling on them to make this empty declaration.

It so happened that, almost on the identical evening when Dr. Miner was thus inveighing against the paganism of our present civilization, and charging upon us all a total want of respect for God, mother and a more brilliant preacher of the same faith, Rev. Dr. Chapin, was lecturing in another part of the city to a crowded audience, and in the course of his lecture paid a glowing tribute to the increasing power of goodness and justice and sympathy and humanity among the people—in all respects flatly contradicting his belligerent brother of the "School-street" Church. We deem it the more charitable to leave these two distinguished gentlemen to adjust the trifling inconsistency between themselves. Either the nation is worse or better than when it was established; if worse, all its declarations of a new faith in God are hypocritical, and worse; if better, then it is evident that the present Constitution is not such a very bad thing to live under as it stands. Before going any further into this business, it would be as well for those engaged in it to set out with a consistent story, else they may become confused and lost in their own contrary views and designs; at any rate, it will never do to put the cart before the horse as they do, when they say that it is necessary to have a religious Constitution in order to secure a religious people. Unless the people are themselves religious, respecting, worshipping, and recognizing the Divine Spirit, what can be the sense of trying to set up a so called religious Constitution over them, except as it is the work of ecclesiasticism and bigotry? This spirit betrays itself more and more at every step.

This is especially shown from the speech and spirit of another of the "reverend" speakers, who, after putting the Convention through a regular course of metaphysical theology, came out with the round assertion that the man who advocated principles known to be subversive of society—of course only in the opinion of such a body as this God-in-the-Constitution party—was not entitled to its protection at all, but that "it should treat him as a scourge, a criminal, and a curse!" There we have it, as plain as a pike-staff. The whole secret of this extremely godly movement is betrayed in that single brief sentence, which is a menace against all liberty of thought and of utterance. Once engrave this proposed amendment upon the existing Free-Con-

stitution in which we glory, and these men would not rest until they had made the amendment practically efficacious by adequate legislation. In other words, all those who did not observe their Sabbath in their prescribed way, who frequented public libraries on that day, all Jews, Liberals, Free Thinkers, and what they call Infidels, would be loaded with fines and locked up in jails; and this is really the substance of the plan for "spreading the Gospel" over the country and making ours a God-fearing nation. The project is so preposterous, either, as that there is no danger of its accomplishment, unless all men who are opposed to it come out in a positive manner, and by subscribing overwhelming to a counter-petition to Congress, celebrate the Centennial with a still stronger guarantee of perfect freedom.

The Spurious Materialization Phenomena.

The Cards of Robert Dale Owen and Doctor Child, repudiating the materialization phenomena through Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Holmes in Philadelphia, have naturally excited much surprise and much unfavorable comment. The assurances which we had from Messrs. Owen and Child, as to the genuineness of the phenomena, were so confident, so persistent, and so evidently sincere, that when we re-peruse them in the light of the recent *exposé*, we are naturally astonished that in so grave a question these gentlemen should have yielded their credence without proofs more relevant and satisfactory than any they received.

The successful issue of the investigations of Messrs. Crookes, Varley and others, in London, establishing the genuineness of the phenomena through Miss Cook, and the previous well tested phenomena at Moravia through Mrs. Andrews, must have inspired an undue confidence in the minds of the Philadelphia investigators, and made it a much easier matter for an unscrupulous medium to impose on them, than it would have been if the fact of spirit materializations had not been already proved.

Long before the American "Katie King" made her appearance, the Holmeses had been referred to in the London Spiritualist as having forfeited the confidence of the English public, though it was not denied that they were mediums. One or both of them had been charged with trickery in this country. Many Spiritualists, knowing their history, have from the first withheld all confidence in their recent supposed manifestations, notwithstanding the strong testimony in their support. It was a Spiritualist who finally discovered the trick that is charged on them.

The important question at once put by every skeptic, was, Whether there was not some way by which a confederate could find entrance and exit through a partition separating the cabinet, whence the form of the supposed Katie issued, from the adjoining chamber. To this pregnant inquiry, and the suspicion it involved, an answer was made on the 5th of July. In the presence of ten persons the partition was taken to pieces. "All those present," wrote Mr. Owen, "including myself, witnessed the result, and all of us, ere we parted, signed a certificate, in which, after referring to the suspicion I have alluded to, we added: 'We, the undersigned, having seen the batters that bind said partition unswerving, and otherwise critically examined the same on both sides, hereby certify that the said investigation has convinced us, beyond possible doubt, that such suspicion is utterly without foundation; that the said partition was faithfully constructed by the mechanic who put it up, and that the admission of any person or persons through it was utterly impossible.'"

Among the signatures, beside that of Mr. Owen, were the names of Mr. Henry Silbert, Mr. Ferdinand J. Dreier, and Mr. W. O. Leslie, all well-known citizens. And yet through that same partition, with its batters and its "dummy screw-heads," the form of a confederate could and did, by a little management, and the use of a screw-driver, pass and re-pass. By so cheap and easy and obvious a contrivance was the trick kept up.

How the optical effects were produced has not been satisfactorily explained. That the "disappearing and reappearing part of the phenomenon" could be accomplished by "gradually lowering a black cloth over herself, and at the same time crouching back into the corner," and that by such a childish contrivance an effect could be produced that would authorize the serious assertion that there had been a vanishing and reappearing of a materialized form, are propositions which it is very difficult to admit. If the light was so dim that jugglery of this sort could not be detected, what right, it will be asked, had men in their senses to testify to a miracle capable of so obvious and silly a solution? We must have further testimony on this subject before we can believe that the whole explanation is yet given. It is hardly possible that Mr. Owen and Dr. Child were the victims of so stupid and transparent a trick. The theory that they were "psychologized" is more easy of admission.

Ever since the advent of Spiritualism it has had to encounter eclipses like the present, but it has emerged from every one all the brighter for its momentary obscuration. The fundamental truth of the materialization phenomena will be established all the sooner and more surely through the discussions to which this affair will give rise. Nothing is more fatal to the progress of a struggling truth than the apathy which refuses either to advocate or assail. By the multiplication of our assailants new friends and champions will rise up, and the whole subject will be ventilated as it never has been before. This is what we want. It is much better that we should be attacked than not noticed at all.

The facts of materialization are established beyond all dispute, and in spite of all possible tricks by which they can be simulated. Nothing is more certain than the phenomenon of the spirit hand. The testimony on the subject is so overwhelming, and the phenomenon itself is so common, that every earnest investigator is compelled to admit it before he has got far beyond the rudiments of Spiritualism. If there can be a part of a body materialized, why not the whole? The one fact makes credible the other. The materialized hand indicated that other members of the body could be presented in a like manner, and they were. Arms, feet and busts were displayed under test conditions; and at last the entire figure, appropriately clothed, appeared. The phenomena at Moravia, at Chittenden, at Louisville, at Memphis, Mo., and many other places, not to speak of those in London and throughout England, have been established by such an amount of testimony that we can discard the Philadelphia manifestations as spurious, without any perceptible loss. It was the name of Mr. Owen, and his most emphatic assurances, that

gave these last their principal notoriety and weight.

We have admitted such testimony as was received, and waited for further developments. That these have proved injurious to the reputation of Mr. Owen as a shrewd investigator and detective is much to be regretted, for no one questions his ability, his integrity and his purity of purpose as a truth-seeker and a man.

Fortunately English Spiritualists have been rather distrustful from the first in regard to the Philadelphia Katie. Mr. Crookes has repeatedly denounced her pretended photograph as a transparent fraud, and he has had no faith in the genuineness of the manifestation. Mr. Harrison, of the London Spiritualist, has been equally incredulous, and notwithstanding Mr. Owen's high reputation among English Spiritualists, they do not seem to have been impressed by his testimony in this case.

The fact that the mediums sat outside of the cabinet, wholly unentranced and uninfluenced, ought to have excited distrust, instead of being regarded as an added confirmation of the genuineness of the phenomenon; besides, such being the circumstances, there was no objection of producing harm to the mediums by seizing and gently detaining the alleged Katie.

This ought to have been done; and why it was not done, or why some one was not placed on watch in that vacant chamber, in spite of the batters and the screws, are mysteries which ought to be explained before we can admit that the investigation was properly conducted.

Only by comparing the Philadelphia investigations with the London can we realize the utter incompleteness and insufficiency of the former. The Holmeses had everything their own way, in spite of the "facilities afforded him for the strictest scrutiny" of which Mr. Owen speaks. They had their own house, their own rooms, their own unchanged corner of the room, with that questionable partition behind it, and their own cabinet. In the phenomena through Miss Cook in London, extending over a period of two years, she was sometimes at her father's house, sometimes at Mr. Luxmore's, and sometimes at Mr. Crookes's. Mr. Luxmore was a gentleman of wealth, a justice of the peace, and a well-known investigator; and as most of the phenomena were at his house, the cabinet and the conditions were immediately under his own eyes and those of the highly intelligent parties present at the sittings; for Miss Cook had been placed above all mercenary temptations through the wise liberality of Mr. Charles Blackmore, and no admission fees were asked. At Mr. Crookes's house, the medium would come alone, with nothing but a little hand-bag, and stay there a week at a time, immediately under the eyes of Mrs. Crookes, and sharing with a member of the family her bed-room. The conditions were always such as to rule out the possibility of a confederate; and the question was narrowed down to this: Does Miss Cook herself personate the spirit?—This was at length definitely settled by the electrical tests of Messrs. Varley and Crookes, and by Mr. Crookes and others having repeated opportunities to see the two together, and satisfy themselves of their distinct personalities, of the objective reality of the spirit, and its instantaneous disappearance with that of the drapery in which it was clothed.

Up to this time Mr. Crookes has seen no reason to doubt the genuineness of the phenomena and the good faith of Miss Cook, now Mrs. Corner. Quite recently he has had new manifestations through her, confirming the old.

There will of course be the "loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind," at Mr. Owen's discomfiture from all those who would ignore and put down the great eternal facts of nature, developed in Spiritualism; but let those merry gentlemen take warning by the old proverb: "He laughs best who laughs last." Spiritualism stands unharmed, however often its phenomena may be counterfeited, and its teachings misunderstood.

The Spiritual Magazine.

Is the title of a new venture upon the sea of spiritualistic periodical literature. This time it is the Rev. Samuel Watson, author of the celebrated "Clock Series," who comes before the people in an editorial and proprietary capacity. We have received No. 1 of the first volume of this magazine—which is to be published monthly at Memphis, Tenn.—in the pages of which we find articles from Dr. G. B. Bloede, D. Winder and others, and a brave and fearless "Salutatory," in the course of which Mr. Watson says:

"In conducting this magazine, we shall not designedly say anything to offend even the 'weak brother,' unless a candid enunciation of what we believe to be truth shall give offence. We expect to give our views frankly upon all subjects upon which we write; claiming nothing that we do not concede to every other person. We regard all as having a perfect right to their opinions, and to express them without fear from any human organization or authority. We believe that ours is a position in which we can act with perfect freedom, with no church, sect, or party to be held responsible for our utterances."

We wish that the fullest measure of success may attend our Southern contemporary, and that the commendable boldness which led Bro. Watson to sever a connection with his church after nearly two-score years of labor within its fold—and which had given him the position of "a head-light in Methodism"—because his convictions of truth became broadened, will meet with a kindly recognition and endorsement by the free-thinkers of America.

Nelson Holmes and his Defence.

We are in receipt of a private letter from Mr. Nelson Holmes, in which he asks us to copy an interview had with him by the reporter of the Philadelphia Telegraph. On perusing the desultory dialogue, we concluded to wait for something more definite from Mr. Holmes. Nothing had been developed in that direction, however, previous to our paper going to press, except that a telegram in the Boston papers of Tuesday last announces the fact that Mr. Holmes is about to institute a suit against the Telegraph, and also the Inquirer, for slander.

We are perfectly willing, in justice, to Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, to give them a fair hearing in these columns; but we cannot do so in the absence of furnished evidence on their part.

As these media are soon to be in Boston, we understand, our citizens will have an opportunity of testing their powers. No one could desire more strongly than ourselves that their reputations may not suffer in consequence of the alleged *exposé*. We are ready and willing to publish a full statement, properly corroborated, from them at any time.

The publication of an interesting letter received from our valued correspondent, Giles B. Stebbins, is unavoidably deferred till our next issue.

The "Katie King" Controversy.

The following question was asked at the Banner of Light Public Free Circle, on the afternoon of Monday, Dec. 21st, and the subjoined answer was given, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, by a spirit purporting to be the Rev. Dr. Jesse B. Ferguson, who, it will be remembered, had, while in life, much experience in matters pertaining to sciences, as agent of the Davenport Brothers in Europe:

Ques.—Will the controlling intelligence please give an opinion of the recent "exposé" of the Holmeses, "so called?"

Ans.—"It would be well if all media could keep this prayer: 'Leave us not in temptation,' in active force. Let it be with them a perpetual prayer, a desire going out to the highest, holiest, best intelligences they know of. But this desire is often dormant, and so mediums are often left to be tempted by what are popularly termed 'evil spirits.'"

Jesus was led up into a mountain, so says the record, to be tempted of the devil. He prayed for strength from the angel-world, and lo, the devil left him, and angels, or good spirits, came and ministered unto him. So, when the devil said to Jesus, after showing him the various kingdoms of the world, "All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me," Jesus said, "Get thee behind me, Satan; I will have naught to do with thee," and then prayed that angels might come and sustain him; and it they did come. It would seem from various reports that the mediums in question had not only been left to be tempted, and were tempted, but yielded to temptation. I say it would seem, from what we hear, that such is the case; but, regardless of all seeming, your speaker knows, beyond doubt, that genuine spiritual materializations have been even through the mediumship of these persons who are now under the ban of fraud. I say I know it, and I do know it; but I know also that these same mediums are unfortunate in periodically losing the gift of mediumship, and it is as likely to occur when the demand is great for the manifestations as at any other time, and more so, because if pressed beyond a certain physical point they collapse, and spirits can do no more with them; and they are then, for the time being, no mediums for any manifestations, and their former spirit guides cannot even, at that time, come into magnetic or spiritual rapport with them, and know no more about them or their doings than they know about what is going on in the furthest planet of the family of this solar system.

Now, the phenological development of mediums should always be consulted with reference to their reliability. If mediums have Acquisitiveness, Approbativeness, Secretiveness and Cautiousness large, with Conscientiousness small, and Ideality perhaps in the ascendancy, we may be very sure that if they are tempted they will fall—if they do not lose their mediumistic gifts, they will seek to substitute them with deception, if possible. Now, I make this a scientific statement, which it would have been well if my friend Owen had taken into consideration at the outset; but it seems he did not. And now it becomes, I think, his duty to state to the Spiritualistic public how far, in his opinion, he has been deceived; whether or not all of the manifestations that he has witnessed in that quarter, or through these mediums, have been fraud, in his opinion, or not, when the deception began, and when it ended. It is not only a duty which he owes to the Spiritualists who hold him as authority in the premises, but it is a duty that he owes to himself, for he now occupies a very ambiguous position. "We do not know where he is," say intelligent Spiritualists; "we do not know whether to believe anything he has ever written heretofore, or not, as he repudiates what, a few days before, he had indorsed as genuine." Now it seems to me it is the duty of my friend Owen to state his position fairly and fully, and I think if he does, he will hardly admit that, in his opinion, all has been fraud that he has adjudged as spiritual manifestations through these mediums. If the spirits who have been in attendance upon these mediums during their condition of mediumship, were shut out from them when that condition ceased, of course they cannot be expected to know whether these mediums are practicing fraud, or what they have been doing during the interim. In my opinion, there is not one of the band that will pretend to know anything about it. They left them at a certain point. Physiological conditions obliged them to do so. They knew nothing about them at that time. If they deceived, it was the business of the scientific minds to detect the deception.

Announcement.

It has been decided to hold the Sixth Annual Camp Meeting of the Spiritualists and Liberals of Massachusetts, at the far-famed Silver Lake Grove, Plympton, commencing on the 23d day of July next, and continuing over three Sundays. The coming season there will be no monopoly in the culinary department of the grove, as heretofore, the managers of the Spiritual Camp Meetings there inform us.

The Message Department for the present week contains points of deep interest, which are worthy of the reader's attention. The *modus operandi* of materializations, the method by which substantial bodies are transported through the air, and through solid substances; "the difference between magnetic love and attraction," and other matters, are considered by the controlling intelligences; Theresa Garibaldi, daughter of Gen. Garibaldi, sends words of comfort to her parent; Don Ricardo Betancourt, of Castile, Old Spain, counsels his son, who is in America, to remain where he is for the present; Lydia Stevens, of New York City, advises her brother Joseph; Deacon Jonathan Frisbie bears his testimony in favor of the Spiritual Philosophy; Susie Walker (colored), of New Orleans, speaks to her relatives in Boston; Mary A. Thomas, born on Prince Edward's Island, brings knowledge of her continued existence to her brother and sisters in Boston; Rev. Matthew Candalle announces that he died at Rome on the morning of Oct. 6th; Nellie Wilton, of Alfred, Me., who passed on from St. Louis, Mo., offers consolatory words to her mother; Thomas Wilkins, of Boston, says to his friends with regard to spiritual things: "Ask, and ye shall receive"; and Mary Hill, of Manchester, N. H., sends to her mother a Christmas kiss.

Mr. Robert Cooper, of England, is, we understand, on his way to the United States. No man in England has made greater sacrifices in behalf of the beautiful religion of Spiritualism than this gentleman, and he will of course be cordially received by the Spiritualists of the United States. The London Spiritual Magazine informs us it was through the pecuniary assistance of Mr. Cooper, several years ago, that the Davenport Brothers were brought before large public audiences, both in Great Britain and on the Continent. The English Spiritual Lyceum was established by him, and the Spiritual Times was conducted at his sole charge. He has published a volume of his "Personal Experiences," and has also been the chief promoter of Spiritualism in the south of England.

Dr. Joseph Beals writes from Greenfield, in this State, under date of Dec. 6th, that Maud Lord's sances there of late were of a very interesting character. He gives in another column a brief description of what took place in presence of this noted medium.

The Boston "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists."

Field its regular service Sunday afternoon, Dec. 20th, at Beethoven Hall, and notwithstanding the blinding snow storm which reigned outside, a good audience assembled to listen to the closing lecture of her present engagement by Mrs. Nellie L. Palmer, of Portland. The subject of the lecture was: "Where shall we seek the Kingdom of Heaven?" and of the remarks made in connection with it, we give below a brief abstract:

This was a question which was asked by every man, woman and child, seeking future happiness. It is not the modern understanding that impels such a question, but one born of Christianity. Hence it is needful to go back to the ancients and see how they defined heaven—not as a condition or state, but as a locality. They believed the earth to be a level plain, and fixed heaven above the sky and hell below the earth. While the Christians held to this theory, the Sarcenes had discovered that the earth was round and revolved about the sun; and the subject was practically settled by Columbus and De Gama. The persecutions of the Florentine astronomer, Galileo, showed how Christianity accepted any truth outside its limits. Since we have learned that the earth is a small part of the universe, and that all within range of our vision is narrow, it leads us to seek the real condition of the kingdom of heaven.

Christianity has persecuted and pursued any advance in science made by man simply because it interferes with natural religion, always considering that natural religion is outside of or beyond man. But if it be natural religion, it is confined by natural limits, and is the offspring of intellectual man. He who knows the most love, the most charity, the most mercy, the most justice, knows the most of religion. It grows up in the human heart not to stultify its talents, but to exalt, to widen, to enlarge them; it advances him in all directions, confines him to no one avenue. To it Wisdom opens her doors and Knowledge brings forth from her depths her brightest pearls. Hand in hand natural religion and intelligence walk up the highway of life, fostering with care every germ that bespeaks growth and the better gifts of humanity. To find the kingdom of heaven, then, we must find the residence of all these divine thoughts, attributes, deity principles. For man, to appreciate them, must comprehend them; hence they must be within his reach—in him—of him. The kingdom of heaven cannot be afar off. The mind can draw no line between it and itself. There can be no worse hell than an angular, morose, uncharitable, unloving disposition implies—no better heaven than a truthful, upright, just, earnest soul in all the ways of righteousness signifies.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis next Sunday.

Dr. Willis will deliver in Beethoven Hall, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 27th, one of the ablest lectures he has ever given, entitled, "The Power and Influence of Woman in the Realm of Ideas; or, Woman as Poet, Philosopher, Spiritual Teacher and Mother." This lecture is of great importance to every human being, and all who can should hear it.

Miss Lizzie Doten is expected to lecture the first Sunday in January.

Mr. Morse, Trance Medium.

One of the most prevalent forms of mediumship is that of the trance. The medium is put by the spirits into a kind of magnetic sleep, in which he remains in an unconscious state, though, in some instances, he is partly conscious. The best idea of the matter may be obtained from the study of an illustration, which is well supplied in the case of J. J. Morse. He is what is called an uneducated man; and, while occupying a humble position in life, he attended a séance at Mr. Cogswell's, and became the subject of spirit influence. He gradually became developed, till he could address public meetings with great facility. He has given upwards of sixty addresses in Liverpool, two of which have been published, the titles of which are, "What of the dead?" and "The Phenomena of Death." At Manchester recently he gave in the trance state an address on "Magnetic Force and Method of Human Progress." Mr. Morse is controlled in the trance by a band of philosophical and philanthropic spirits, and under their influence he is transformed into a profound thinker and speaks with the elegance and force of a person who has been well educated and trained to the public platform. Spirit-influence is highly educational, both morally and intellectually. Where family circles are formed there is usually a trance medium developed, through whom the spirit-friends of the family speak face to face. By this means death is qualified as the grave bridged over.—*Medium and Daybreak, London.*

So speaks our English contemporary of Mr. Morse, who (as is well known to our readers) is at present lecturing with the fullest measure of success in America. During December he speaks in Philadelphia, Pa. He will address the Spiritualists in Greenfield, Mass., on Sunday, Jan. 3d; will speak in Boston the remaining four Sundays of same month; in Cleveland, O., during March, and in New Haven, Conn., during May. For February he desires calls to lecture at points in Massachusetts. He would also be pleased to receive calls for week night lectures in and around Boston during January. In April he desires to speak in the West; he has as yet made no arrangements for June. As he returns to England about the beginning of July, applications for his services should be made early.

Thomas Gales Forster.

We are certain that our readers will one and all join in the pleasure which we feel when we announce that all signs seem to point to the return, at no distant day, of this veteran speaker to the field of labor in which he has, for so many years, accomplished the highest order of service. A private note from his esteemed wife, Mrs. Carrie A. Grimes Forster, dated at Chillicothe, O., informs us that herself and husband are temporarily halted at that place—which is a pronounced Orthodox neighborhood—for a rest in the course of their travels, and that Bro. F.'s health is much improved. One of the tribe of "howling dervishes" who make a livelihood by peripatetic panderings to the prejudices of churchmen, lately visited Chillicothe to "expose" Spiritualism, but the fraud of his "exhibition" was so transparent that even the theologians were disgusted, and an invitation signed by some of the most influential citizens of the place was presented to Bro. Forster, to give a view of the opposite side of the question. This desired lecture—the first public presentation of the claims of Modern Spiritualism ever attempted in the place—is to be delivered by him on the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 29th, and we predict for the Chillicotheans a mental treat, argumentative and eloquent in its delivery, and substantial as to its facts and their arrangement before the understanding.

Prof. Buchanan in Boston.

The return of Prof. Buchanan to Boston is expected about the close of the winter—the ill health of his family prevents an earlier coming. When he arrives we may expect such a course of lectures as has never been given heretofore, embodying the results of nearly forty years' researches of the most original character, and developing the entire philosophy of man. These researches anticipated by several years the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, and developed its rationale before its marvelous facts were made public. Those who wish to understand the physiological and anatomical foundations and fundamental scientific laws of Spiritualism, will find the explanation in the system of Dr. Buchanan, whose rank as a physiologist renders his exposition of such phenomena acceptable as the verdict of science.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes.

We are glad to welcome to the ranks of test mediums the lady whose name heads this article. Mrs. Byrnes has been favorably known as a lecturer since the early days of Modern Spiritualism—entering the field as a trance speaker at a very early age. Her Indian guide, "Seio," has won the esteem of the people wherever she has traveled, and his reliability stands unquestioned. Many other spirits communicate through Mrs. B., and the communications are always of a high order of intelligence. Whilst serving as a test and healing medium, she is still in the lecture field and open to engagements. Her location is 1652 Washington street, Boston, easily accessible from all points by horse cars.

To the Children:

S. S. Jones, the enterprising editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, says, concerning his "Little Bouquet" magazine for young readers:

"To the end of giving the Little Bouquet a world-wide circulation, we propose to send it to all subscribers hereafter, pre-paying the postage ourselves, for the nominal sum of *One Dollar* a year, with an extra number to any person who will secure a club of five subscribers."

Instruction in the Science of Healing.

Dr. Babbitt, author of the "Health Guide," etc., writes us that, by request, he will give private instruction in the theory and practice of Magnetic Healing and assist in the development of such persons as may wish to fit themselves for this profession. His address is 232 East Twenty-Third street, New York.

Don't Forget the Lyceum Fair

Which Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston is now carrying on at Rochester Hall, for the benefit of its rent fund. The school is a hard-working, good-educating institution, and deserves the pecuniary assistance of every lover of the young.

Gen. F. J. Lippitt.

We publish on our eighth page an explanatory letter from this gentleman—who, it will be remembered, wrote an extended sketch of his experiences at the Katie King séances in Philadelphia for the December Galaxy—in which he takes ground in favor of the Holmeses.

The Voices, by W. S. Barlow.

This book has been much enlarged, without any increase of price to the purchasers, and is worthy a place in every home where free thought finds residence.

The Neophogen College.

Read the announcements in another part of the present issue concerning this popular educational institution for both sexes, which is located at Gallatin, Tenn.

The Rev. E. F. Strickland, late Baptist minister, closes his two years' engagement in Stoughton on the last Sunday in this month, and will be happy to negotiate with any Spiritualist Society needing a speaker. He will consider as a subject: "The Ministry, and my Reasons for Renouncing it." Here is an opportunity, friends, to gain an inside view of the work which Spiritualism is accomplishing among the churches, and at the same time extend the right hand of fellowship to a brave soul who has outgrown the trammels of creed. Those who desire to hear Bro. Strickland can address him 16 Medford street, Chelsea, Mass.

We learn that 'Col. Olcott's Book on the Manifestations at the Eddy homestead is soon to be published in this country. It will be translated into German by the American Publishing Company, of Hartford, Ct., and printed in that language for circulation in the United States. It is also to be published at Leipzig, Germany, and in Russia.

The Summerland Messenger commenced its second volume with its December number, and is now enlarged to sixteen pages. As is well known, this paper is put forth by T. P. James, of Brattleboro', Vt., the renowned "Edwin Droad" medium. See card in another column.

D. Doubleday's card in another column tells of "a great curiosity," one of which we have received: We are sure the general public will on trial find at least much amusement from its use.

An interesting sketch of the remarks offered through the mediumship of Dr. H. B. Storer, at Rochester Hall, Sunday evening, Dec. 13th, in type for the present, will appear in our next issue.

A collection was taken in the Beethoven Hall Spiritualist meeting, last Sunday afternoon, for the benefit of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, of Boston, which amounted to \$16.

The dear old Banner of Light comes to us full of good things, as it ever is. Always true to Spiritualism, and never abusive.—*The Spiritualist at Work.*

Wanted, to complete our files, the following numbers of the Banner: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, of volume one; No. 22, of vol. three; Nos. 1, 2, 6, 7, 17, 21, 24, 25 and 26, of four.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Clara A. Field spoke in Music Hall, New Bedford, Sunday, Dec. 20th, afternoon and evening. She would like to make further engagements. Address 9 Alston street, Charlestown District, Boston.

Mr. M. E. Taylor, (formerly a Universalist clergyman), a speaker at large, has been lecturing in Ohio and other parts of the West of late, and is well spoken of by some of our correspondents. He contemplates visiting New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. Societies of liberalists desiring his services can call for him through the Banner, and he will respond.

E. Anne Hinman spent the month of November in Vermont and New Hampshire, lecturing at Bartonville and Springfield, Vt., and at Keene and Peterboro, N. H. The remaining Sundays of December she will speak in Westfield and Alford, Mass., starting the first of January on a missionary tour through Connecticut. All desiring her services, may address her at West Winsted, Conn., Box 323.

Mrs. Mary L. French will lecture in West Townsend, West Groton and Ashley, Mass., and New Ipswich and Nashua, N. H., during the winter.

Cephas B. Lynn is lecturing in Grow's Opera Hall, Chicago, during this month.

W. F. Jamieson is speaking in the Unitarian Church in Vineland, N. J., this month. Is engaged to address the Spiritualist Society of New Haven, Conn., the Sundays of January. Address Vineland, N. J., or care Banner of Light, Boston.

New Music.—We have received from F. W. Holmick, publisher, 278 W. 6th street, Cincinnati, O., "Let me dream of Home, sweet Home," song—words by John T. Rutledge, music by W. T. Porter.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

We wish all our patrons, and our friends and patrons, and all our enemies, A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS! May the first be always blessed with the "glorious old Banner," may the second be blessed by subscribing for it; and may the last lay off their selfish garments and come to us in the blessed garb of love and peace!

"We will have our advertisement inserted again when times get better." There are no words more familiar to the publishing fraternity than these, and none more illogical. As consistently might the sick man say, "I will take medicine when I get well," or the teamster observe, "I will put another horse in after I get up the hill." When times are dull, there is more necessity than ever for the manufacturer or merchant to make extra exertions to secure business. Instead of taking down his signs, he should make them more conspicuous—and we advise advertisements as signs, signs that do not wait to be sought by the purchaser, but that thrust themselves before his eyes wherever he goes. Therefore put your signs in the Banner of Light, and our word for it, you will double your business. Why, an enterprising Boston firm sometime since advertised their twenty-dollar sewing machine in these columns, and by-and-by they were gratifyingly surprised at receiving orders for it from Oregon, Melbourne, (Australia), New Zealand, and other remote regions. So, you see, it pays to advertise.

Rev. Dr. Miner, of Boston, (Universalist) whose health forced him to resign his pastorate, has had his pay raised to \$6,000 per annum. Now he feels better, and thinks with a few vacations he may perform the duties. Another man would put him through smoothly, says the Merrimack Journal.

"Where do you expect to go to when you die?" asked the parson of a sick man. "If I don't get better, I shan't go anywhere," said the man; "I can't take one step to save my life."

The sensational article in the Philadelphia Inquirer, and copied into two Boston papers, is a very poor specimen of literary composition, and its status is of the poisonous stamp. It proves very little either way.

Digby thinks the "Diet of Worms" must have been exceedingly poor grub.

The following letters were written over the ten commandments in a Welsh church, and remained there a whole century before they were interpreted. By the use of a vowel they form a two-line verse. This puzzle, Digby says, beats the "devil!"

PSYVYRPRGTMN
VRIKTHSPRGTSTN

The American Republic still lives, but the New York Republic newspaper has gone under, taking to the grave \$150,000. "It is no joke to start a newspaper in these days, and generally the business ends in starting the starter, by starting overboard his capital. A fool and his money, you know, part as easily as if they were man and wife."

As for the moral support which the United States can give to "God and the Christian religion," the Independent of the Parisian suspect in the reign of terror, who cried out to a republican soldier, "Live the republic!" The Independent of the Parisian suspect in the reign of terror, who cried out to a republican soldier, "Live the republic!"

The American Tract Society denounce as a fraud L. S. Stens, appealing as an agent of that Society from Des Moines, Iowa, for aid for the Nebraska sufferers. This does not prove, does it, that the American Tract Society is a fraud? Will the wise Katie King solutions of the Philadelphia press solve this intricate question?

"Jack-in-the-Pulpit" says that if "paralogismmatic pieces of paper tinted with the hydrated sesquioxide of chromium" are really nothing, after all, but "oblong, squarish bits of yellow paper," he shall feel better about it.

John, the Christmas Present for "Yashiti" was duly received and forwarded. Thanks.

The loss of the Pacific Mail Steamship "Japan" by fire is an unfortunate affair. It is supposed that many lives were lost. The ship was burned, Dec. 17th, sixty miles out from Yokohama, Japan, bound for San Francisco.

Boston is talking about tapping Sudbury River, to enable it to have a larger supply of fresh water. They tap the Merrimack, on the line of the old Middlesex Canal. This could be done at far less cost to tax-payers. But as everything now-a-days is done through "rings," we suppose extra water will be brought to the city in a "round-about" way.

THE FAIR AT BOSTON'S BOWEN closed on Saturday evening last. It was started at short notice, was in every sense of the word an impromptu affair, has been in operation only a week, during all of which time Miss Jennie Collins has been confined to her bed; yet it has been a success, and more than a success, as the receipts arising from sales and donations far exceeded the expectations of the Committee having the matter in charge, and will not be much if any less than \$500, a sum that will enable Miss Collins to feed a great many hungry, friendless and homeless girls—that being the object of the Fair. It is the intention of the Committee having the Fair in charge to open it again some weeks hence, as they still have on hand a sufficient stock of salable goods to justify them in so doing.

The new dam at Haydenville, Mass., gave way recently, doing much damage. The dam disasters in that locality go far to prove that fate rules.

Wait Whitman has his "card" in the New York Daily Graphic. Wait "seems" to think that Spiritualism is "altogether a poor, cheap, crude humbug." There's argument for you.

Two men, named William Mosher and Joseph Douglas, were shot and killed at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., on the evening of Dec. 13th, while trying to commit a burglary at the residence of ex-Judge Von Brandt. Douglas, before dying, declared that Mosher knew all the facts concerning the celebrated abduction of Charlie Ross from Philadelphia.

The Bible is the literature of a people, extending over two thousand years, in sixty-nine books, composed of laws, history and poetry. It is the foundation of the fundamental law of the land the dearest book of Ecclesiastes or the Song of Solomon's amorous musings.—*Rev. C. Carpenter.*

King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, was formally welcomed to this country on December 18th, by the Congress of the United States, and a largely attended reception was given by the President Grant in his library. In the evening of the same day—the invited guests including the members of the Supreme Court, members of the Cabinet, all the foreign Ministers in full court dress, the members of both Houses of Congress, officers of the army and navy in uniform, and many ladies.

Dr. George B. Loring, of Massachusetts, is out with a strong address in favor of Woman Suffrage.

Beethoven Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Admission 10 cents, and 10 extra for reserved seat. "The Music Hall Society of Spiritualists" meet in the new and elegant BEETHOVEN HALL, 413 Washington, near Boylston street, Boston, regularly every Sunday afternoon, at 2 1/2 o'clock. Lectures by talented speakers.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis will lecture Dec. 27th; J. J. Morse, Esq., (of London), Jan. 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st. Among other able speakers selected are: S. G. Dodge, Esq., (of Memphis, Tenn.), N. Frank White, Miss Lizzie Doten, and Thomas Gales Forster. A quartette of accomplished vocalists will add interest to the services. The small sum of ten cents admission will not pay half the expenses, therefore in order to raise more funds to help sustain the meetings, the following prices will be charged for season tickets, securing reserved seats: \$5 and \$2 for the lower floor, according to location, and \$3 for the front row around the balcony. These moderate rates come within the means of a great many Spiritualists who no doubt desire the continuance of these meetings, and whose help would ensure so desirable an object.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Manager,
9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

"The Proof Palpable of Immortality."

Those who desire a real gem of Spiritualist literature, which aims to give a condensed history of the Materialization Phenomena as far as known, and also, to present the philosophy of the subject, in its bearings upon theology, religion and morals, should at once purchase Mr. Epes Sargent's new book bearing the above title, which is now ready for issue. It is a handsome volume of some 240 pages. Price, in paper covers, 75 cents; neatly bound in cloth, \$1.00. It will be sent by mail by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, at these prices. Every Spiritualist who desires a convenient answer to the cavils of opponents will find it here amply supplied.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

BRITISH JOURNAL of Spiritual Science, Literature, Art and Inspiration, published in New York. Price 50 cents.
SUMMERLAND MESSENGER. A Monthly Journal of Art, Literature and Science, for the Progressive Lyceum and Family Fireside. T. P. James (Dickens's Medium), Editor. Monthly. Price 10 cents.
THE LONDON LECTURER. A Monthly Journal of Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.
HUMAN NATURE. A Monthly Journal of Psychological Science, London, Eng. Weekly. Price 8 cents.
THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents.
THE LYCEUM. Published monthly by P. H. Bateson, Toledo, O., and directed for the progress of the Progressive Lyceums. Price 7 cents per copy; 75 cents a year.
THE CURRICULE. Price 5 cents.
THE HEALTHY JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 10 cents.
THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL AND ILLUSTRATED LIFE. Price 50 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agency type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.
SPECIAL NOTICES. Forty cents per line, minimum, one insertion.
BUSINESS CARDS. Thirty cents per line, Agency, each insertion.
Payments in all cases in advance.

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

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT! Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, No. 102 West Broadway street. Magnetic treatments given. Dissolving dandruff, lock of hair, \$1.00. Give age and sex. Remedies sent by mail.

Specific for Epilepsy.
This celebrated Medium is the instrument or organism used by the invisibles for the benefit of humanity. Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art. The placing of her name before the public is by the request of her Controlling Band. They now, through her organism, treat all diseases, and cure in every instance where the vital organs necessary to continue life are not destroyed.

Mrs. Morrison is an unconscious TRANCE MEDIUM, CLAIRVOYANT AND CLAIRAUDIENT. From the very beginning, hers is marked as the most remarkable career of success that has seldom if ever fallen to the lot of any person. No disease seems too insidious to remove, nor patient too far gone to be restored.

Mrs. MORRISON, after being entranced, the lock of hair is submitted to her control. The diagnosis is given through her lips by the Band, and taken down by her secretary. The original manuscript is sent to the Correspondent.

When Medicines are ordered, the case is submitted to Mrs. Morrison's Medical Band, who give a prescription suited to the case. Her Medical Band use vegetable remedies, (which they magnetize,) combined with a scientific application of the magnetic healing power.

Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, Boston, Mass., Lock Box 2937.

DR. FRED L. H. WILLIS will be at Dea. Sargent's, 39 Clark Avenue, Chelsea, every Tuesday and Wednesday, and at the Sherman House, Court Square, Boston, every Thursday and Friday, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M., until further notice. Call and convince yourselves of Dr. Willis's ability to cure the worst forms of chronic disease humanity is afflicted with. Dr. Willis may be addressed for the winter either care of Banner of Light or 39 Clark Avenue, Chelsea, Mass. D. 12-14

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. Flint, 39 West 24th street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. D. 12-14

HENRY SLADE, Clairvoyant, No. 25 E. 21st street, New York. O. 17

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, Healing and Developing Medium, office No. 200 Joralemon st., cor. Court st., opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. From 10 to 4. 4w* D. 5

Angels and Spirits Minister Under Us. DR. BRIGGS'S MAGNETIC WONDER is a certain, agreeable local cure for the legion of diseases appertaining to the generative functions, such as Uterine Diseases, Leucorrhoea, Ulcerations, &c. Also, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Sores, and Cutaneous Diseases. These Powders have been perfected by a Band of Spirit Chemists, and are magnetized by them through an eminent Medical Clairvoyant.

Sent by mail on receipt of price, \$1 per box, or \$5 for six boxes.

Address all communications to Dr. J. E. Briggs & Co., Box 82, Station D, New York. D. 19-17

CHARLES H. FOSTER, No. 12 West 24th street, New York. W. O. 3

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth av., New York. Terms, \$5 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. O. 3

Public Reception Room for Spiritualists.—The Publishers of the Banner of Light have fitted up a suitable room in their Establishment EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where they can meet friends, write letters, etc., etc. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make this their Headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN.—Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike, whose office is located at the PAVILION, No. 57 TREMONT STREET, (ROOM C.) BOSTON, is cordially recommended to the Public as one of the most competent practitioners in the State. He compounds his own medicines, is a mesmerizer, skillfully applies the electro-magnetic battery when required, administers medicines with his own hands, has had great experience as a physician, and been very successful in his practice. He gives close attention to nervous complaints.

BUSINESS CARDS.

PLEASE DON'T FORGET.
Whatever else escapes your mind,
What we here say "please don't forget,"
Whatever way the mind's inclined,
Keep cool—and do not send or fret.
If those around you faithfully prove,
At every breath their word should break,
If you are right, straight onward move,
Whatever else they please to take.
If you have BOYS, and they need "CLOTHES,"
Coat, Pants, vest, Hat and Shoes complete,
Please "step" them all at GEORGE PENN'S,
Corner of Beach and Washington street.

ERIE PA. BOOK DEPOT.
OLIVER S. FORD, the veteran bookseller and publisher, keeps on hand at his store, 603 French street, Erie, Pa., nearly all of the most popular Spiritualist Books of the day, for sale at wholesale and retail. Also, the "Banner of Light" and "The Spiritualist" and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

VERMONT BOOK DEPOT.
J. G. DAINES, 103 N. Main st., Vt., kept for sale Spiritual, Reform and Miscellaneous Books, published by Colby & Rich.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT.
A. J. DAVIS & Co., Booksellers and Publishers of standard Books and Periodicals on Harmonical Philosophy, Spiritualism, Free Religion, and General Reform, No. 24 East Fourth street, New York. W. O. 11

HARTFORD, CONN., BOOK DEPOT.
A. ROSE, 55 Trumbull street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly on hand the usual variety of Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, BOOK DEPOT.
LEWIS HAZAAR, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O., All the Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT.
D. M. DEWEY, Bookseller, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keeps constantly on hand the usual variety of Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Give him a call.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.

HENRY T. CHILL, M. D., 84 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and will act as agent for Colby & Rich's Publications, Spiritual and Liberal Books on sale above; also by DR. J. H. RHODES, 59 Spring Garden street, who will sell the books and papers at Colby and at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, at all the Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BOOK DEPOT.
At No. 319 Kearney street (upstairs) may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Works. Also, Eastern prices, also Adams & Co.'s Golden Pans, Planchettes, Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, Orion's Anti-Tubercle Preparations, Moore's Nutritive Compound, etc., etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HEIMANN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT.
RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookseller, No. 102 Seventh street, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT.
And Agency for the BANNER OF LIGHT, W. H. TERRY, No. 80 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia. Please call on the works on Spiritualism, LIBERAL AND REFORM WORKS, published by Colby & Rich, Boston, U. S., may at all times be found there.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT.
H. L. KEMPER, 620 North 3rd street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Booksellers No. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON. KEEP A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF Spiritual, Progressive, Reform, AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

TERMS CASH.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or part cash. When the money is not in full, the balance must be paid C. O. D.

32—Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by the full amount of each order. Any Book published in England or America, not out of print, will be sent by mail or express.

32—Catalogues of Books Published and For Sale by Colby & Rich, Boston, U. S., may be had of Samuel R. Wells, on Pneumology, Physiology, Hygiene, Home Improvement, &c., sent free.

W. D. CORKRAN, Editors. J. M. WALTON, J. W. HUEY.

THE COLLEGE PEN, GALLATIN, TENN.

DEVOTED TO Literature, Art, Science, Agriculture and Education. Financial Status of the Age. 100 years ago! 100 years hence! "The future looks bright in the golden light of the things to be." The Latest News from the Moon! Its Inhabitations! Astonishing Discoveries! Recent Interesting Discoveries! The Race of Human Beings the World had

THE COLLEGE PEN, THE ORGAN OF NEOPHOGEN.

A monthly Journal of 64 pages. The ne plus ultra of the South. The mediator of the 19th century. A medium through which the latest and future developments of science will be transmitted to the world. A worthy COMPANION for teachers, students, farmers, everybody. The volume will contain 768 pages. Contributions by the most distinguished scientific writers. The page given to answering questions from subscribers. It would be a valuable addition to the entertainments of any family circle. A medium through which the latest and future developments of science will be transmitted to the world. A worthy COMPANION for teachers, students, farmers, everybody. The volume will contain 768 pages. Contributions by the most distinguished scientific writers. The page given to answering questions from subscribers. It would be a valuable addition to the entertainments of any family circle. A medium through which the latest and future developments of science will be transmitted to the world. 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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light is written by a Spirit, whose name it bears through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.
While in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the character of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with the laws of reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive to be true.

The Banner of Light Free Circle Meetings.

Are held at No. 3 Montague Place, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon, from 2 to 4 o'clock. The day and time of the meetings will be changed, however, in case of absence of the medium. The meetings are held in a hall, where the medium will be seated, and the audience will be seated in front of him. The medium will be seated in a hall, where the medium will be seated, and the audience will be seated in front of him. The medium will be seated in a hall, where the medium will be seated, and the audience will be seated in front of him.

Special Notice.
As many persons understand the nature of the work of the Banner of Light, and the importance of the medium, we have decided to hold a series of meetings in the city of Boston, where the medium will be seated, and the audience will be seated in front of him. The medium will be seated in a hall, where the medium will be seated, and the audience will be seated in front of him.

Invocation.
Thou Mighty Spirit, who forgettest neither the soul nor the flower, but give to each and to all their proper share of loveliness and power, and write with thine own pen of immortality upon all; thou Gracious, Loving Spirit, we come to thee, praising and praying, this hour, asking for the fullness of thy strength to rest upon our weakness, baptizing us anew for the battle of life, and giving unto us those elements that we need to work out our salvation. And we praise thee for as much of thy light and thy love as has entered into our being, for that of thyself which we can understand and for that which we cannot understand; for the darkness which clothes us in sorrow, for the brightness that lifts us beyond sorrow—for all, oh Mighty Spirit, we praise thee. We join our song with the angels that have been, that are, and that are yet to come, in thanking thee for the light and life and glory that is this day flooding the land, entering the hearts of thy children, taking away the fear of death, and lifting them lightly over the billows of life and transmuting them safely into the kingdom of heaven. So, Mighty Spirit, accept our prayers and our praises, for thou art great, and we are small; thou art strong and we are weak; thou art wise and we are ignorant; thou hast the all of goodness, and thou canst bestow upon us if thou wilt. Amen.

Questions and Answers.
CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to consider them.

Q.—The following is one version given of how the force is obtained to raise the piano, through the mediumship of Mrs. Youngs, the physical medium. The magnetic power emanating from the medium's body forms the copper, and the spiritual magnetism of the invisible produces the zinc, the atmosphere being the solution forming the battery, which, when applied to the instrument, or other articles to be moved, removes the pressure, and, for the time, overcomes the law of gravitation, and the object is raised in a degree, according to the quantity of air displaced in the effort. Is this theory correct? Will the audience please fully elucidate this subject?

Ans.—Yes, in the main, it is correct. I might elaborate the subject, if it were necessary, but it is not. Your correspondent has unwittingly nearly covered the ground.

Q.—By what power do the invisibles take persons through the air, and bring them into a closed room where a circle is sitting for manifestations of their spirit-friends?

A.—Well, should I tell you it was done by the exercise of will-power? I should tell you the truth, but this will act upon forces in Nature, changing them, harnessing them, and driving them as a skilful teamster would his team.

Q.—Do the invisibles follow such bodies through the air and help sustain them?

A.—Not always; but they are always in spiritual connection with them; but at the first experiment they generally follow them.

Q.—Will you explain the difference between magnetic attraction and love? Magnetic attraction, for the time, seems to possess all the attributes of love, but is not permanent. How and why is this?

A.—Love, under all circumstances, is a thing dependent upon circumstances, and changes according as they change. The thing to be loved must possess the requisites of love, at least, to the comprehension of the one that loves; but if a change comes over the one that loves, or the one that is loved, in this respect, then love dies or changes its condition. You talk of the eternity of love! Well, as an element, a power, it is eternal, but its manifestations are as changeable as the wind.

Q.—[From the audience.] Does the soul permeate the whole of the physical body, or only a part of it?

A.—I make a distinction between the soul and the spirit. Spirit I call attenuated, sublimated matter; the soul I call the subtle power that acts upon this matter, plays between the finer and coarser particles, keeps them in motion, and produces all the manifestations of life. This subtle engineer has a residence in the nervous forces of the body, and yet acts through the body entire.

Q.—A former question referred to the difference between magnetic attraction and love. I would like to inquire if there is a difference?

A.—Love, as applied to human intelligence, differs certainly from magnetic attraction. Magnetic attraction is simply that power that exists in atoms, holding them in their proper places; love, that is a specialty to the human spirit, mind, soul, or intelligence, is quite another thing; it uses this magnetic attraction as its servant, but it is not the magnetic attraction, by any manner of means.

Theresa Garibaldi.
Signor, I am Theresa, daughter of Gen. Joseph

Garibaldi. I would send swift message to him to assure him that I live in the land of souls, and that my home in that land is more beautiful than any the earth can boast of. Our island nest was fair and lovely, and its counterpart I have in the land of souls, but I have more than that; I have a home on the mountains, to which I will welcome his spirit when he shall have passed through the night of death, and shall join me in the morning. He questions, Signor, concerning the hereafter. I would inform him of that hereafter; that, so sure as he lives in this life, so sure he will live after death, and join me and others who are waiting in the land of souls. Will he sit when the day is in shadows, and his own spirit is quiet, I will come to him; he shall see me and know that I am there, and I will forever remove from his mind the doubts that now cluster around him, sometimes bringing unhappiness. Signor, he will thank you, I know, for aiding his daughter in speaking to him from the Land of Souls.

Don Ricardo Betancote.
Signor, I am Don Ricardo Betancote; I am from Castile, Old Spain; I speak your language well; I learn it in London, where I lived twelve years. I come here because I would reach my son, who is in America. I would say to him "José, remain where you are; remain at least for the present, for there are conditions making it dangerous for you to return; remain where you are. I, your father, warn you. If you heed the warning, you do well; if you fail to, you do ill."

Lydia Stevens.
My name was Lydia Stevens; I lived in New York City; I was born here in Boston; I have been dead a few days more than two months; I come back to reach my brother, if I can; he is in California; I have been in the habit of receiving money from him to aid me in living. There will be much done to influence him to continue these donations, but I would advise him to stop them; there is no need; they who would receive them do not need them; he and his family need them more; I would counsel him to keep them for himself and his children. Lydia Stevens, to her brother Joseph.

Deacon Jonathan Frisbie.
When I was here—which was twenty-three years ago—they called me Deacon Jonathan Frisbie. I thought at that time that I knew something about the other world from the Bible and those who explained the Bible, but on entering that world I found it was nothing like what I had been told, and so I pronounced the Christian religion a miserable failure, but, as I progressed in the world of mind, I learned differently; I learned that it was not a failure; that bigotry had only failed to understand it; that the Christian religion was all well enough, but that the bigots who had it in hand had warped it and crowded it into such a small space that it was not worthy of the high name it bore. But I am glad to know that Spiritualism is spiritualizing some of these bigots, and so the *ism* has entered the churches, and is demolishing the idols, and putting new life into things generally. And so, to my children and descendants who remain on earth, I would say: "Have a care—have a care how you talk against this Angel of the Lord—this Spiritualism; have a care how you talk against it; it will rise up in judgment and condemn you some day, if you do. Now, I have warned you; look to it that you be not like those of old that you are so loud to condemn, who crucified the truth because they could not understand it." Good afternoon, sir.

Susie Walker.
How do, massa? My name is Susie Walker. In good times I belong to Massa David W. Walker, of New Orleans, but when he died I belong to myself. I got a half-brother and sister here in Massachusetts, in Boston; I want them to know that I can come, that I be happy, that I have a fine home; I have a kind master and friend and teacher to lead me up the way of life, and to by-and-by open the gates of the Golden City to me, and show me the King of Kings, and the glory of the Lord God. So I am happy; I want them to know it. Massa Parker says: "Susie, go back and tell your own story; the Lord God through his angels will watch over it and see that it takes root and bears fruit."

Invocation.
Oh thou who giveth the ill its whiteness and the rose its blush, and maketh even the field daisy to sing its own psalm of praise, which is that of freedom and love, we pray thee that thy sons and thy daughters of holier growth and heritage may learn even of the lilies of the field how to praise thee aright, how to live aright, how to read the psalm of life aright, how to come nearer, deed by deed, to thee. Our Father and our Mother God, in looking over thy grand volume of Nature we find that thou hast written there lessons for eternity. We need not ask thee to teach us, to lead us, for there thou art perpetually teaching us, and through that divine volume art leading us nearer and still nearer to thee. There are some whose eyes are blinded that they cannot see, whose ears are deaf that they cannot hear, whose senses are dull that they cannot perceive thy blessings that are everywhere about them. Oh, for these we pray, and we ask that wherever they may be, whether struggling with the sorrows of a mortal life, or with those that are sometimes keener than those of mortality, of spirit-life, may they speedily find rest and peace in a knowledge of the glorious light that, like morning, is destined to fold in its glowing arms the darkness of the night and kiss it into song. And unto thee, oh Life that was and is and ever shall be, be the sweetest songs of thy children, now and forevermore. Amen.

Questions and Answers.
Q.—[From a correspondent.] Allan Kardec says that articles of clothing, ornaments, flowers, &c., can be and are materialized by spirits, but that such materializations have only a temporary existence, that to materialize them permanently would be contrary to order. On the other hand, the spirit Katie King, at a séance in London, with Prof. Crookes and others, cut a piece from her tunic, and that piece of cloth still remains materialized. Which of these statements is correct? Please enlighten us.

Ans.—Both; because both have but a temporary existence. Those materializations that take place in these days, that soon fade before the eyes of the gazer, belong to the same family that these

materializations do—[pointing to the flowers on the table] fresh and fragrant from Nature's hand, each having its own special degree of formal life prescribed to it. A form to be held in objective existence must have a certain specific hold upon the planet upon which it has been born, from which it draws its objective life. Now, the length of time that it shall remain an objective thing depends entirely upon the strength or force or power of attraction that exists between itself and the earth. It is one of the phases of the law of gravitation. Leaves fall in obedience to the law of gravitation; forms dissolve in obedience to the same law, but if a certain specific harmonical relation is kept up between the planet and the objective thing—the flower or grain of sand, or whatever it may be—the human body, or the robe that decks the human body—while a proper amount of harmony is preserved, I say, between itself and the earth, it will remain an objective reality; but when that harmony begins to diminish, then the thing begins to fade—old age comes on, rottenness ensues, and the thing becomes soon no longer an objective reality. These extemporized materializations are not intended to be of lasting permanence here in the mortal life, and for this reason: it would take too much of the precious material of which they are made to induce such a condition; not that it cannot be done, but that it would not be wise to do it.

Q.—Does Mr. Parker believe that "love, under all circumstances, is dependent upon circumstances"? Does the soul possess no attributes that are unchangeable? Must love be always and forever inconstant?

A.—Love is an inherent property of the soul, therefore eternal, but the manifestations thereof are dependent upon changing conditions, therefore the manifestations of love are changeable, must of necessity be so, but there are some souls who put out toward matter strong fibres of love, such an intense and perfect action of love, as to draw those conditions of matter for an almost if not an infinite degree of time or eternity. I should properly say, toward itself—forming for itself a centre life, a kingdom of heaven; and there are some other souls who put out these love fibres so feebly, and grasp at those loved so weakly, that they are soon lost in confusion—death ensues, and the angel retires to its native heaven, and waits there for some better opportunity to express itself. Love, understand me to say, I believe is an inherent element of the soul, indestructible, and so far as itself is concerned, unchangeable, but in its manifestations changing perpetually, taking on an infinite variety of forms, from that expressed toward the flower to that expressed toward the better flower—humanity.

Mary A. Thomas.
My name, sir, was Mary A. Thomas. I was born on Prince Edward's Island. I died in Boston. I have a brother and two sisters. I would like to reach. I don't know whether or no they have any knowledge of the return of the dead, but I do know that I have an intense desire to reveal to them some of the experiences of my life since I left the body. Being a member of a Christian church, I had expected to realize what, of course, according to nature and law I did not meet with in the spirit-world; but I have been made far more happy than the realization of such a belief could have made me.

When I was told by my mother that there were different societies in the spirit-world, different places of worship, different places where spirits resorted for pleasure and for instruction, I thought I must be in some half-way existence, and had not yet reached the realm of the dead; but I soon learned the truth, and I soon learned that the dead could return, communicating with those they had left here, and could in many ways bless them, and curse them, also. My brother was at one time, shortly after my death, about to go into a locality that was full of disease. If he had gone there it would have been disastrous to him bodily, and every way against his happiness. I came to him in a dream and succeeded in warning him against making the journey, and so saved him. An uncle of mine, who was desirous of bringing one of his sons into the spirit-world, at whatever cost, used this same power to influence that son to take up the threads that had been laid down, cast off by my brother, and go on the journey and perform the mission, which he did, at the expense of his life and the happiness of his friends. So then, this return, like fire or water, can be made either a servant of good or evil. So have a care how you deal with it. But to my sister Lucy: do not fear death any longer, for, I tell you, when your time comes to go you will be ready to go, and glad to go. So pursue your duties in life with faithfulness, and enjoy all you can, for life was given for you to enjoy, and in thinking of the dead think of them no longer as dead, but living, and rejoice that God has no sealed volume from his children, but that all his works are open and free for inspection; all, all, from the highest to the lowest. Good day, sir.

Rev. Matthew Candalle.
I am here upon a sad mission, on one hand, and a glorious one on the other. It will bring sadness to my friends to know that I have laid down my body in death, but the recollection of it is glorious to me, for it holds the knowledge that I live, and that because I live they will live also, and at some day I shall meet them and welcome them where physical sickness, at least, and the sorrows incident to a physical body, are known no more. I have to announce to my friends that I died in Rome, this morning, and that to die is to live; to lay down the body in death is to be resurrected in eternal life, and to be ushered into a condition where the soul has larger freedom, where the book of life is opened wider, and the facilities of the human soul are greater for examining that book and making its precious lessons their own. I would not that my friends here in America should mourn for me. I would not that they should turn their eyes to the grave—turn them inwardly, and get a spiritual sight, if possible, of the things of the kingdom. Jesus said, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." Turn there, and commune with the King of Kings, which will bring you peace, and a resolution to live, even though bodies are laid off in death. I am satisfied with the gift as I find it. I rejoice in the freedom of God's glorious heaven, and I ask that my friends who remain shall question of that heaven—become acquainted with it, since it is in the order of things that they who do shall lay down the body in death and arise resurrected in life. Rev. Matthew Candalle, to his friends in America. [Where did you reside?] In New York, most of the time. That is a matter of no importance, however; my home was the world and the church. Oct. 6.

Nellie Wilton.

How do you do, mister? My name is Nellie Wilton. I was eight years old. I was born in Alfred, State of Maine. I died in St. Louis, My mother would be glad to hear from me, and so I come here to send her a letter, to tell her that I live with Aunt Olive, and we have a beautiful place. George is with Aunt Olive, too, and old Zeb. Old Zeb's in the garden, just as mother said he used to be when she was a little girl. He's happy with the flowers, and when I told him I was coming here to send a letter to my mother, he said, "Tell her, if I could I'd send her a flower—a heavenly flower; but as I can't she must take the will for the deed, and wait till she gets here, and I'll call her a hand-some bouquet." Tell mother I don't cry any, now, only when I think of her, and she's thinking of me; then I feel bad. Every other time I feel happy, for I can run here—my hip's just as good as anybody's. I can run and jump and dance! All the children have the nicest time here, and I don't believe I'll ever be sick any more. But when mother comes she'll be disappointed, because she won't see God, for I have n't. She won't see Jesus—not as she expects to. I've seen him, but he's like all the other teachers, only he's kinder, and softer, and plays with us more, that's all. Now, mother, if you won't cry any more, I'll send you lots of letters, if I can, and tell you how I am getting along, and how good Aunt Olive is to me. She gives me everything I want, and takes me to see all the beautiful things everywhere, and old Zeb, he's always kind. I've got a dog, little Tib. He's the queerest little fellow, mother, you ever saw, is little Tib. Zeb's named him. I don't know why he gave him that name, but you'll see him, when you come, if it is n't for hundreds of years, for he's going to live, Zeb says he is, and he knows. Good by.

Thomas Wilkins.
I have friends and relatives in Boston I would be glad to reach and enlighten, if I could. My name was Thomas Wilkins. I was sixty-eight years old at the time of my death, which took place sixteen years ago. I don't know what way to proceed to help my friends out of their present darkness, but I will hint just this much: "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Good-day.

Mary Hill.
My name was Mary Hill. I was thirteen years old, and lived in Manchester, N. H. My father died when I was very small, and my mother worked to take care of herself and me, and now she's alone, and is mourning because I've gone. She's very sad, and she says the world is all dark to her. I thought if I could only come back this way, and send her a Christmas present of a kiss, it would be worth all the world to her. Poor mother, she's so sad! I died of meningitis. I was n't sick only a few days, and I just want to send a kiss—a Christmas kiss—to my darling mother, Mrs. Mary Louise Hill, of Manchester. I want her to be happy, just as happy as she can, and take all the sunshine there is here, and when she gets ready to come where I am I shall be so happy to meet her. I shall meet her, and we shall all live together and be so—so happy! Good day, Mr. Wilson.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.
Thursday, Oct. 6.—Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, Scotland; Alfred Payson Williams; Mary Ellen Mayhew, of Georgetown, D. C.; Abigail Furber, of New Market, N. H.

Monday, Oct. 12.—Jane Perkins, of Dover, N. H.; Geo. W. Kemp; Samuel Abbott, of Portsmouth, R. I.; John Hill, to his brother David; Timothy Farrell, of Cowes, Kilbeg, Ireland, to his wife Ellen.

Tuesday, Oct. 13.—Katie Gray, of Savannah, Ga., to her mother Arthur W. Conway, to his father in New York City; David McKelvey, of Glasgow, Scotland, to his mother; Conway.

Thursday, Oct. 15.—Jessie Potter, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., to her mother, Mrs. Edw. Potter, of New Bedford, Mass.; Gardner Brewer, of Boston; Jerry DeVin.

Monday, Oct. 19.—Oliver H. Swain, of Lynn; John W. Edmunds; Hilda; Jane Richards, of Boston.

Tuesday, Oct. 20.—Daniel Lloyd, to his sons William, Quincy and John; to his daughter, Rebecca; to his mother, Hannah; to his children, in her children.

Thursday, Oct. 22.—Coleridge Welby, of Manchester, Eng., to John Hinkley; Charles Clevering, of New York City; David McKelvey, of Glasgow, Scotland, to his mother; Conway.

Monday, Oct. 26.—Reuben Patterson, of Peterboro', N. H.; Adela Wilton, to her father in New York City; to her mother, Mrs. Mary Louise Hill, of Manchester.

Tuesday, Oct. 27.—Alfred Payson Williams, of Georgetown, D. C.; to his mother, Mary Ellen Mayhew, of New Market, N. H.

Thursday, Oct. 29.—Red Wing; Jennie Johnson, to her parents; Duncan Warner, to his brother.

Monday, Oct. 30.—John Ransley, of the 23d N. Y., to Eben Dymally, of Pittsfield; Jane Wallace.

Tuesday, Nov. 3.—Rachel Tibbitts, of Boston; Aunt Edith, to a family; Mary Edith, of New Bedford, Mass., to her mother; Timothy Riley.

Thursday, Nov. 5.—Margaret Gorham, of Boston; Zed Anderson, of New Bedford; Jennie Taylor, of New Bedford, Mass.; to her father, John Taylor, of New Bedford, Mass.; to her mother, Alice Frazier, to her mother.

Monday, Nov. 9.—Adelaide King, of Philadelphia, Pa.; to her mother, Mrs. Mary Louise Hill, of Manchester.

Tuesday, Nov. 10.—Minnie Elliot, of Bath, Me., to her grandmother; Charlotte Gowing, of Northfield, Vt.; to her mother.

Thursday, Nov. 12.—John Calender, of Boston; Nancy I. Smith, of Boston, to her children; Hannah Pott, a Quaker lady, of Philadelphia; James K. Hill, from Gold Hill, California.

Monday, Nov. 16.—Ann Murray, to her brothers; Albert B. Butler, of New York; Henry Denny, of New York, to his father; Aunt Phillips Perkins.

Tuesday, Nov. 17.—Edward Payson Hamilton, of Bridgeport, Conn.; to his mother, Mrs. Mary Louise Hill, of Manchester.

Thursday, Nov. 19.—Mary L. Woods, of Auburn, N. Y.; John Hamilton Watkins, of Galveston, Tex.; to his father; to his mother, Mrs. Mary Louise Hill, of Manchester.

Monday, Nov. 23.—Thomas Crozier; Charlotte Carson, of Indianapolis, Ind., to her mother; Ezekiel Adams; Paul J. Hill, of New York City, to his mother; to his father.

Tuesday, Nov. 24.—Alice Johnson, of Boston, to her mother; Arthur Andrews, of Portland, N. Y.; Joseph Hill, to his father; Daniel Wendell, of New York; Katie Gidding, of New York; Clara; to her mother, Mrs. Mary Louise Hill, of Manchester.

Thursday, Dec. 2.—Nellie Williams, of Boston; Nancy Hennessey, of Framingham; Willie Delano, of Framingham; to her mother, Mrs. Mary Louise Hill, of Manchester.

Monday, Dec. 7.—Estella Vance, of Richmond, Va.; to her mother, Mrs. Mary Louise Hill, of Manchester.

Tuesday, Dec. 8.—Daniel N. Haskell; Lulu Castro, of Boston; Benjamin Nathan; Andrew Robinson, to his brother.

Thursday, Dec. 10.—James Barrows, of Taunton, Mass.; James Johnson, of Boston; Susie Hyde, of Melford, Mass.; Ellen Carnes, of Boston, to her brother; Joseph Barrows.

Monday, Dec. 14.—Alfred Stiles, of Windsor, Conn.; Ella Stinson, of East Boston; Ruth Perkins, of Salmon Falls, Conway.

Tuesday, Dec. 15.—Eliza Dunbar, of Boston; George W. Watkins, of East Cambridge; Mary Giffin, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to her parents.

Thursday, Dec. 17.—James Cobley Cartwright, of London, Eng., to his mother, Mrs. Mary Louise Hill, of Manchester.

Monday, Dec. 21.—James Cobley Cartwright, of London, Eng., to his mother, Mrs. Mary Louise Hill, of Manchester.

Thursday, Dec. 25.—James Cobley Cartwright, of London, Eng., to his mother, Mrs. Mary Louise Hill, of Manchester.

Monday, Dec. 29.—James Cobley Cartwright, of London, Eng., to his mother, Mrs. Mary Louise Hill, of Manchester.

Thursday, Dec. 31.—James Cobley Cartwright, of London, Eng., to his mother, Mrs. Mary Louise Hill, of Manchester.

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[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

Spirit Communications.

Through Mrs. J. T. Burton, writing medium, corner of Broadway and Fifty-second street, New York, Dec. 1st, 1874.

I come from the heights where the scenes of eternity stretch out far to my gaze. The beauties are real—no sham front or rear—and heaven is fair. The light is so true that a child's golden curl at the distance of billions of miles can be traced, every thread, and a thought from a friend through the same distant end makes perfect vibrations understood to one's ear. No echoes offend, no false sounds, no alarms, but as far as the soul of infinity reaches is order and law. I am free as a bird on its wing in the Alps, and have for my nest a home real, and good and sweet appetites which I use without harm. I have a mate fair as dawn, with the flush of divinity chasing her cheek, and we read from the record of purified lives how to teach our friends left behind. We work thus together till we coerce the minds of brothers and sisters or friends or a stranger to do good—to lift human kind; and our lives are as sweet as twin apples hung on one twig. When the time comes to tell of the secrets of life hidden now from man's view, the stars and the moon and the sun will be called to lend influence then.

My DEAREST FATHER—I cannot go to the end nor to the middle of space, and if I did I should not find God in any more tangible shape than I have him. It—God—is so identical with my surroundings, that when I put my finger upon a flower I behold him; if I look at the immeasurable vistas of time, I behold his finger-mark. In the sky, where worlds are flecked in its depths, I but look upon himself represented in infallible power, strength and beauty. When my heart pulsates to its best intentions, and my face is glad with my own goodness, I cry, "It is thee; thou art within me." The angels making their transit to the highest spheres, regard him as omnipresent, and expect to find not any nearer approximation to a personal God, but a more complete fulfillment of the promises of perfection in men—spirits which create diviner surroundings.

Archangels are those who have passed all purgations and penances, and have climbed by the virtues of their lives into the supremest and sublimest heights of inner life, and are ordained to great orders of usefulness which they project through lesser angels or spirits. They seldom leave their realms or descend. In our sphere we are liars after the manner of our dispositions and tastes, recognizing the glory of being no longer in bondage to the flesh, and perfecting our highest intentions. I have often told you that to attend you was one of my most pleasant acts, and when I can make myself somewhat inappreciable through this pen, I am indeed a happy, happy child. You are so good to me, you have never denied me a hearing. I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge this privilege. I know spirits who are not happy simply from disappointment at not being encouraged by their friends to manifest. When will the people generally and generously open their hearts to their friends, and let the golden flood of comfort radiate both sides?

When Jesus taught the people, they obeyed his instructions mechanically in many instances, and realized no good, which have ever since been called miracles. If a medium of to-day tells one, through the power of a spirit, what to do to obtain the proper conditions for mediumship, attention is seldom paid to the advice, and hence so few true mediums. If I were a preacher belonging to Orthodox schools, I should skip the prologue and get at *finale* quickly. As it is, I shall try to tickle the ear of at least one hell-fire instructor until he be made to think that *he himself* was one of the black sheep inevitably proscribed to that detestable spot.

Good by, darling papa. Your own dear M***.

Quarterly Meeting.
The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists will hold their Tenth Quarterly Meeting at the Queen Hall, 617 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., on the 8th, 9th and 10th of January, 1875.

The Convention will be called to order at 10 A. M., on Friday the 8th, and continue its sessions over Sunday the 10th. All are invited to come. Every effort will be made to entertain all that come.

W. V. Wilson, Sec'y. O. J. Howard, M. D., Pres. Lombard St., Dec. 1st,

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Dec. 5-4-74

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SEPTEMBER:
Kindergartens.
OCTOBER:
The Building of a Brain.
BY DR. E. H. CLARK.
And a Chapter,
Cause and Cure of Headache.

NOVEMBER:
Evanescence of Evil.
BY HERBERT SPENCER.
Nervousness.
BY J. R. BUCHANAN.

DECEMBER:
Kings and Slaves of Business.
BY JAMES PAITON.
Stair-Climbing and Girls' Health.
Diet and Constipation.

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Banner of Light.

Letter from H. T. Child, M. D.

THE MATERIALIZATION EXPOSE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Every day since Mr. Owen's letter, evidence of the most damaging character has been accumulating, and now I present the readers of your paper with a plain account of the matter as far as it has reached me. The direct evidence of deception, referred to in Mr. Owen's letter, was the appearance of an alleged Katie, put forward as the same we had seen last summer, but whom we agreed was a false impersonation. She came out on the second day of December. On Thursday, the 3d, a gentleman called upon me, and after exacting a promise not to divulge anything at present, he showed me various articles which I knew had been given to Katie King last summer. He said he had been pursuing the matter for some time, and had obtained the evidence, and desired to show it to Mr. Owen. We arranged for a meeting the next day as soon as we saw the articles. The evidence appeared strong that deception had been perpetrated, and immediately we wrote the cards which have appeared, and set about getting such evidence as would remove all doubt from the public mind in regard to this matter.

Our informant, who is a well known Spiritualist, and a frequent attendant at the seances, told us that the individual who had represented Katie King stated to him that Mr. and Mrs. Holmes found her in very distressing circumstances, and made her an offer of five dollars per night to represent Katie King. In her distress, and not realizing the turpitude of such a procedure, she yielded to them. Mr. Holmes arranged the cabinet in such a manner that, while it would appear honest and fair to all investigators, he could remove one of the boards, which were of black walnut, and substitute another in which there was a secret trap door. By this means he was enabled to move the offer which he did frequently to myself, Mr. Owen and others, that we might examine the partition at any time, bring any one with us, and take off the battens. We did this on several occasions, and invariably found it all right. Mr. Holmes said it was necessary for himself and his wife to sit in the cabinet for some time before a seance "to magnetize it." This afforded an opportunity to remove the sound board and replace it with the other.

As there was considerable suspicion in regard to this partition, it became necessary to do something more; it was therefore proposed that the partition should be examined immediately after a seance. On an occasion when we had a small circle this was to be done, and Mrs. Holmes—who is doubtless a medium for physical manifestations, and who was in the habit of having dark circles prior to those in which we looked for materializations—suggested that we should have a short one at this time. The light being out in the hall, there was no difficulty in introducing Katie through the room door and into the cabinet during the dark circle. The manifestations on that occasion were very satisfactory; she went through all her performances, and at the close, John King, whom we now know to be a mask made to speak by Mr. Holmes, came to the aperture and said, "We are trying to materialize a spirit, but can't succeed. Perhaps if you put out the light for a few minutes we may be able to." This was done, and Katie had an opportunity to pass out into the hall. We were then invited to examine the partition, which was entirely unobscured by those present, and ten of us, all who attended, signed a paper stating that it was all right.

On the return of the mediums to this city, in October, Mr. Holmes was sick. I went with them to see several houses. I remarked to them that if they took a house in which the cabinet must be placed against a door or window, I would have nothing further to do with them. We found several with blank walls that would have answered well, but they found some excuse for not taking them. The house they took has a window in the corner where the cabinet is placed—a new cabinet which they have. They proposed to place this out from the window at least eighteen inches, and the same distance from the wall. They sat it out from the window that distance, but against the party-wall. They closed the window shutter and also boarded it up on the inside, but instead of leaving the space open between the cabinet and the window, they closed it with a door, which they said was necessary to exclude the light. This door was always closed, and the table on which the instrument was placed was pushed up against it. From the first we protested against this, urging them to take away that door and put castors on the cabinet, so that it might be removed to any part of the room, and so that persons might see all around it. This they promised many times to do, but failed to do it.

The same Katie that had appeared last summer came for about three weeks; she showed her cross and other presents, and all seemed to be right. A gentleman discovered that the sash had been taken out of the window, so that there was a considerable space between the outside shutters and the boards inside. Some curious person went so far as to push his knife into that window board, and Katie says she was in greater danger than she was willing to be placed in again. She has shown a cut that was made in her dress that night to our informant. She says there was a board in that window that could be easily removed by taking out a screw, the others being blind, and on the inside of that board there were small buttons by which she could fasten herself in. One of the boards of the cabinet was hung upon a pivot, and screwed at the bottom. We were therefore compelled to say that the supposed materializations of the Holmeses are tricks.

I am asked by some who do not understand what the religion and philosophy of Spiritualism is, what are you going to do now? Of course you will give up Spiritualism. To such I reply, as does the student of Christianity, when asked what he will do when he comes to the dark chapter of Judas and his betrayal of his Master: While I mourn over the weakness of humanity, I find in this an evidence of the truth and beauty of Spiritualism. Every good system is liable to be counterfeited, and the better the system the more the danger. The grand spirit of Spiritualism, which has brought light and immortality to life, to millions of earth's children, more absolutely and effectually than any other system of religion which the world has had, and which has given unmistakable evidence that a man never dies, moves on more grandly and beautifully than ever before. The barnacles which have clung to her side are dead, forever dead, and in the agitation of the wave of time they will fall off from her side and sink to the bottom of the ocean, while true Spiritualism—the religion and philosophy of life here and hereafter, which runs through all other religions, and is the basis on which they are built—will continue to demand and receive the attention of the thinking minds of the world.

As a medium I would say to my brother and sister mediums all over the world, "Be of good cheer." In twenty-five years of advocacy of Spiritualism, this is the first time I have ever had to expose a so-called medium. I pity those who, having "sown to the wind, are reaping the whirlwind." Truth alone is the mighty bulwark of nations and of men—the basis on which Spiritualism is built—and this eternal rock will never be shaken. The waves of turmoil and confusion may beat about it, but they will only remove the weeds of error and falsehood which may have clung to it, and which alone can die.

634 Race street, Philadelphia, Dec. 19th, 1874.

The Independent, referring to the recent resignation of Rev. H. M. Parsons of the Union Church on Columbus avenue, says: "The custom of making the minister responsible for the financial prosperity of the church is becoming awfully prevalent. Some of the things that are openly said on this subject by the financial authorities of the congregation are simply blasphemous. It is enough to make one despair of Christianity to witness the utterly mercenary methods by which a good many of our churches are managed." Comment is unnecessary.

To Hon. Robert Dale Owen.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Dec. 22d, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR—I have just seen your letter in yesterday's New York Tribune. The same moral courage that prompted you and Dr. Child to avow an unpopular belief has made you publicly retract, regardless of personal consequences, your assurances as to the genuineness of the Katie King manifestations the instant you had cause to suspect they were produced by fraud.

But as for myself, the statement in the Philadelphia Press of the 19th inst., (the only one I have seen worthy of notice,) though evidently written in good faith, has not entirely convinced me of the spuriousness of the materializations we witnessed last spring and summer. It certainly shows how some of the facts witnessed may have been the result of deception; but it leaves a considerable residuum of them irreconcilable, in my judgment, with the theory of imposture. Some of them I will briefly mention, after first noticing one or two assertions in the statement itself.

One is, that while Mrs. White, the alleged Katie, was boarding with Mrs. Holmes, after the materialization sittings were over, she was in the habit of secretly leaving the house, and then ringing the front door bell; and that to avert Dr. Child's suspicions as to her identity with Katie King, she was repeatedly requested by Mr. and Mrs. Holmes to go down and let her in, which she did; on which occasions she impatiently complained that Mrs. Holmes had no right to lock her out, and that Dr. Child's suspicions were quite unjustified by this.

This seems to me incredible. If Mrs. White really was Katie King, the last thing the mediums would have thought of doing to avert Dr. Child's suspicions would have been to bring her face to face; for it is not pretended that either Mrs. White or Katie King ever wore a mask. Their first meeting, instead of being Dr. Child's suspicions, must have exposed the fraud.

Again, just before the sitting for faces began, the bed-room adjoining was usually searched by several of us, the search continuing from five to ten minutes. We naturally looked into the closet and under the bed; we never, it is true, looked under the bed clothes, for the appearance of the bed never suggested the possibility of even a cat being concealed in it; but the Press statement asserts that, on some of these occasions at least, Mrs. White, a grown woman, actually constituted the stuffing of the bolster, which itself was lying under the pillows! Such an assertion I am not credulous enough to believe without the most positive proof.

Now as to some of the facts witnessed, which appear to me entirely inconsistent with the fraud theory.

1. Always narrowly watched. Katie King's face, whenever it appeared, and more continuously than Dr. Child could have done, who was incessantly occupied in talking to her, and in members of the circle, and in taking notes, and I repeatedly saw the whites of her eyes, after her appearance had been unusually prolonged, say (as the common expression is) downward, looking yellowish and viscid, and as if about to roll down her cheeks. The face would then be suddenly withdrawn, reappearing after a few seconds with the eyes perfectly natural again. This was no work of my imagination, for the idea of such a thing had not entered my head. If Katie King was a living person, how will this appearance be explained?

2. Undoubtedly, all the other faces were more or less rigid in appearance, and it is stated that they were all rubber masks; but the eyes did not exhibit this rigidity; they appeared perfectly natural, moving freely in every direction. If it be said that it was always the eyes of the so-called Katie, or of Mr. Holmes, that were seen through the masks, how was it that, while the eyes of both these persons are gray, and those of John King were intensely black, and those of Mary Noble a most decided blue?

3. Two or three pairs of lovely, natural looking hands, some of them apparently of very young children, were often thrust entirely out of the aperture, sometimes when Katie stretched out both arms, and always when several oranges were offered to her. Two or three times I stood close against the window, when Katie reached out her hand to take oranges from me and from others. These hands would suddenly reach forth and clutch the oranges, and then as suddenly be withdrawn. The hands were but a few inches from my face, and my view of them was downward and lateral; yet I saw only the hands and a part of the wrists, which were attached to nothing visible.

4. At every sitting some three out of every four of the faces seen were recognized by near relatives or friends present. The lady who screamed, calling out "Joseph!" and partly fainted at the sight of one of them, told me afterwards that it was her husband, who had died nine years before, and that it was the unexpectedness of his appearance that had caused her the shock.

Among various persons who assured me of their recognition of departed friends I will mention only Mrs. Dr. Noble, of Germantown, who always brought a bouquet to her lovely daughter Mary—and Mr. Watford, whose brother's face, he assured me, was unmistakable. One evening he brought a photograph of his brother, taken in his uniform during the war. We compared it with the face at the window, and I had agreed with him that the likeness between the two was perfect. The expression was a peculiar one.

And now as to the consistency of the fraud theory with some of the facts witnessed by yourself in June and July last, as recorded in your article in the January Atlantic.

1. On the 10th of June you landed up to Katie a sheet of paper and a pencil. She said that an English friend wished to write to you. Presently you saw at the aperture "a luminous, detached hand, shaded off at the wrist," which had wrote, under your eyes, on the paper, for three or four minutes, covering the page. The sheet then, without any visible agency, turned over in the air; and when the hand had written over half of this page also, it passed it toward you. It was signed "Fred. W. Robertson," and the signature was afterwards found to be a facsimile of Mr. Robertson's, as given in Brooke's biography of him.

[As this paper is shown to press, a slip from the Boston Globe is given me, purporting to be Mrs. White's explanation as to how this was done; but whether authentic or not I have no means of knowing.]

2. On the 3d of July Katie cut out for you a piece of her dress and asked her veil, in full view of Dr. P. and Mrs. B. who both declare that the hole left in the dress was not less than five or six inches long, whereas the piece cut out was less than two inches long, and that the hole made in the veil was at least three or four inches in diameter, whereas the piece cut from it was only one inch and a quarter in diameter; and moreover, that after a few seconds both openings disappeared and the garments were whole again.

3. At the sittings of last spring and summer, at No. 50 North Ninth street, the supposed confederate could not possibly have entered the room from the door and passed into the cabinet during the dark sitting; because then, invariably, the gas was relit after the dark sitting was over, and the cabinet was thoroughly examined, as well as the bed-room adjoining, just before the sitting for faces began. It is admitted on all hands that then there was no entrance into the cabinet but by the doorway between the bed-room and the parlor. This doorway was walled up by a double partition of wood, secured by a great number of nails and screws. It is certainly conceivable that by some secret contrivance which had escaped the suspicious scrutiny of hundreds of visitors, a part of this partition may have been made removable at will.

Assuming this to be so, it will not explain the appearance of Katie in the cabinet, at the sitting of July 14th for Mr. Dr. and his four friends; for into this bed-room there were only two possible entrances, one by the door opening on the entry or landing, and the other by the window. Before the sitting Mr. Dr. examined the house, inspected the bed-room most critically, saw the outside window shutters effectually

barred, saw its door locked, and placed a bit of adhesive plaster over the key-hole, then sat down in the entry, so that no one could go up or down stairs without passing him. The door opening from the parlor on the passage where he sat remained open during the whole sitting.

Under these "strictly test conditions," as you correctly term them, the sitting was "triumphantly successful," Katie coming out in full form five or six times. But under these conditions, how did she get into the bed-room in order to pass into the cabinet?

4. At this same sitting, as also on the 12th of June, Katie's mode of re-entrance was peculiar. "The form came into view first as a dwarfed or condensed Katie, not over eighteen inches high; then the figure appeared to be elongated, almost as a pocket telescope is drawn to its full length." Now as to how this mode of re-entrance was effected, the Press statement offers no explanation whatever.

Every one of these facts, unexplained, seems to me irreconcilable with the theory that the Katie King of last spring and summer was a living confederate. There are one or two minor circumstances that tend to strengthen this doubt. In my article in the December Galaxy, stating a passage in a letter to me from Mrs. P., dated June 5th, Katie appeared several times in full form; that "once she brought to the opening two little babies in her arms, and many times came with one. They were lovely looking children." It seems highly improbable that, if she were a confederate, she would have ventured in such a manner, and without any necessity, to increase the risk of detection, already very great in a small room, with an audience of which skeptics, more or less in number, always formed a part.

Again: In September last, three months after my Galaxy article was written, I read (in the Banner of Light, I think) extracts from the diary of Florence Cook, then first published in this country, describing the behavior and language of the London Katie King, some three years ago, when the medium first saw her. She evidently had that peculiar vein of quiet playfulness which characterized our Philadelphia Katie. There was, too, the same frequent repetition of the epithet "stupid," and of the answer "Of course I will," to any request made. Another singular point of resemblance is in the habit of putting out her chin after saying anything, which, as you truly observe in your article in the January Atlantic, was a marked peculiarity of our Philadelphia Katie. That it was, also, of the London Katie, is testified to by Mr. Luxmoore in his description, cited in the same article, of an interview with the London Katie, in London, through these very mediums, as to which he stated, "I should think it impossible for any one who has had the privilege of attending Miss Cook's seances to have a single doubt of its being the same face we see there."

As to the charge against Mr. Holmes of forgery, communicated to you by a third person in England, let me observe, in the first place, that even if it were proved, it would not conclusively establish any fraud in these materializations; this class of spirit manifestations, as you are well aware, not being dependent upon moral, but upon physical conditions only. And secondly, that Mr. Holmes, as you state, positively denying the charge, it would be palpably unjust to allow it to operate in his prejudice, especially on testimony on its face at second hand, or what the law calls "hearsay."

Nevertheless, in spite of the difficulties I have been suggesting, when you have actually seen the alleged confederate, and identified her as the Katie King of last summer, this must of course put an end to all further doubt. But in that case, Dr. Child, considering the nature of his connection with these manifestations from the beginning, would grossly neglect his duty to the community if he should not immediately come forward as a criminal prosecutor against Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, a prosecution which ought to result in their being punished to the utmost extent of the law for nothing short of some severe examples will put a stop to this most wicked and detestable of all kinds of swindling and imposture.

Yours with great regard,
FRANCIS J. LIPPITT.

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Beethoven Hall.—The Music Hall Society of Spiritualists has secured the above named hall at 415 Washington street, near the corner of Boylston street, for its eighth annual course of lectures on the Spiritual World, commencing on Friday evening, Jan. 2d, at 7 o'clock, and continuing every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, until Jan. 24th. Other able speakers selected are as follows: S. G. Dodge, Esq., (of Memphis, Tenn.); N. Frank White, Miss Lizzie Doten, and Thomas J. Foster. Singing by the Glee Club. Tickets securing reserved seats for the season can be procured at the graduated price of 45 and 60 cents, according to location in the hall, and \$2 in the front row around the balcony, on application to Mr. Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman and Treasurer, at the Banner of Light office, 9 Montgomery street, where a plan of the hall can be seen, or at the hall on Sunday.

John A. Andrew Hall.—Free Meetings.—Lecture by Mrs. S. A. Floyd, at 24 and 75 p. m. The audience privileged to ask any proper questions on spiritualism. Excellent quartet singing. Public invited.

Rochester Hall.—The Children's Progressively Lyceum No. 1, which formerly met in John A. Andrew Hall, will hold its sessions at this place every Sunday, at 10 o'clock. Geo. H. Lincoln, Sec'y.

The Boston Spiritualist Union will resume meetings at 101 North Washington street, on Friday evening, Jan. 2d, and continue them every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The only card of invitation is H. S. Williams, President.

The Ladies' Aid Society will until further notice hold its meetings at Rochester Hall, on Tuesday afternoon and evening, at 7 and 7 1/2 o'clock. C. Haywood, President; Mrs. Ella M. Meade, Secretary.

Spiritual Meetings at Lurline Hall, 3 Winter street, at 8 and 7 1/2 p. m. Good mediums and speakers will be present.

Mediums' Meeting at Tompkins' Hall, 280 Washington street, at 10 1/2 a. m., each Sunday. All mediums cordially invited.

Harmony Hall.—Public Free Circles.—Public Free Circles are held in this hall every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. All are invited to attend. Lectures every Sunday at 3 and 7 1/2 p. m.

Boston.—Rochester Hall.—Children's Progressively Lyceum No. 1 met at this place Sunday morning, Dec. 20th, on which occasion the following order of literary exercises was carried out: Reading by Alonzo Danforth, (Conductor), "The Object of the Lyceum;" Song, Cora Hastings; Dramatization, Isabel Edison; Bertha Kemp; Katie Horsford; George Conroy; Rudolph Berleson; Gracie Barrows; Carlotta Williamson; Readings, Mrs. Mattie Wilson, Miss Frank Wheeler, Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Horace George; Remarks, Mrs. Willis of Cambridge; Piano Solo, Miss Carlotta Williamson; Piano Duets, Misses Williamson and Rich; Remarks by Assistant Conductor Hatch in relation to the Fair. W. A. Williams, Corresponding Secretary.

John A. Andrew Hall.—Good lectures by Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd, and choice music by a select choir, are furnished "without money and without price" on each Sabbath afternoon and evening at this place, and the interest, judging by the audiences, is unabated. The regular seances in this free course were well patronized Sunday, Dec. 20th, in spite of the storm.

Harmony Hall.—A correspondent writes: "Frank T. Ripley, trance test medium, gave the second seance at this hall to a large audience Sunday, Dec. 20th, and many proofs of spirit identity were given through himself and Mrs. Stanwood, which were thankfully received. Next Sunday will be a test seance, and sealed letters will be answered at 11 a. m. Sunday morning is the last circle but two to be held for the present in the city by Mr. Ripley."

"Notwithstanding the storm, a good sized audience greeted Moses Hull at this place on the afternoon and evening of the same day. His subject was a review of the recent Religious Amendment Convention. His text in the afternoon was—'Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with them which frameth mischief by law?'"

In the evening it was, "Up! make us Gods which shall go before us." He not only reviewed the general work of the movement to make a religious creed of our National Charter, but the general animus of the Convention. He took up the speeches that were made, *verbatim*, and canvassed the various positions taken, showing that they were all without logic, and that logic was "must gain by law what we cannot gain by argument." He also quoted from the speeches

made at that Convention, that "no man had a right to be an atheist, or an infidel, therefore atheists and infidels had no rights."

He argued that our present "irreligious" Constitution takes no right from a Christian, while the effect of the proposed amendment would not be to forward Christianity in the least, but on the contrary, it would be to turn out of office and disfranchise thousands of honest unbelievers, and put into power hypocrites who would take an oath to support any kind of a Constitution, for the sake of getting their hands into the public Treasury.

Mr. Hull will speak at this place at 3 and 7:30 p. m. next Sunday.

New Publications.

THE GODS, AND OTHER LECTURES, BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.—In this finely gotten-up volume, fearless views and expression in clear and forcible diction. Starting out with the proposition: "Give me the storm and tempest of thought and action, rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith," the Colonel proceeds to offer his opinions concerning "The Gods," "Humboldt," "Thomas Paine," "Individuality," and "Heretics and Heresies." The concluding paragraph of his discourse on "The Gods" affords a good insight into the scope of the author's ideas concerning the issues of to-day:

"We are laying the foundations of the grand temple of the future—not the temple of all the gods, but of all the people—wherein, with appropriate rites, will be celebrated the religion of humanity. We are doing what little we can to show that the day when society shall cease producing millionaires and mendicants—gorged indolence and famished industry—truth in rags, and superstition in splendour, is not far distant. When the day when the useful shall be the honorable; when the true shall be the beautiful, and when Emerson, thrown upon the world's brain, shall be the King of Kings and God of Gods."

We are in receipt of a copy of the first volume of an entire new and complete edition of the works of Mrs. Emma D. E. Southworth, which T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 300 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., have placed before the public. The number in question is entitled, "MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR, THE MISSING BUDE." The book (of some 700 pp.) is illustrated with two full page steel plates, executed in the finest style of the art, by the celebrated engravers, Whitechurch and Graham, one being a portrait of the author of the work, Mrs. Southworth, with a copy of her autograph under it; the other, a view of "Prospect Cottage," the home of Mrs. Southworth, on the Heights of the Potomac, with its surroundings. Mrs. Southworth is a writer of remarkable genius and originality, manifesting wonderful power in the vivid depicting of character, and in her glowing descriptions of scenery. The present edition is tastefully prepared, and will no doubt make many friends.

DICK & FITZGERALD, New York City, have published, and LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, offer for sale, two collections which are eminently suited for school exhibitions, etc., etc., copies of which we have received. The books are entitled, "ALL KINDS OF DISASTERS," by H. F. Motte, Melville, author of "COMIC DIAMONDS," and "BEECHER'S RECITATIONS AND READINGS," by A. C. Beecher.

ESTES & LAURET, 48 Washington street, Boston, have printed a holiday book entitled "CHIMES FOR CHILDHOOD," which is illustrated by twenty engravings, by Herbert Foster, Milford, and other eminent artists. The book is a compilation of poetic gems, and is truly worth the reading.

HONEST JOHN VANE—by J. W. DeForest—which during its magazine publication made so decided a stir in circles political and social, has been issued in book form in a strikingly unique style by RICHMOND & PATTER, New Haven, Conn., and will doubtless find another army of readers.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES, containing all the original rhymes of Mother Goose, besides many others of a similar character, examined by Mrs. Partington, with full directions for costumes, and acting some of the principal pieces, and a choice selection of music especially adapted to the rhymes.—Edited by Uncle Willis, author of "Songs for Our Darlings." Published by S. W. Tilton & Co., Boston.

Two Days' Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Central New York will hold a two days' meeting in Music Hall, West Buffalo, on Saturday and Sunday, January 2d and 3d, 1875, to commence at 10 o'clock p. m. Dr. H. P. Fairfield, of Lynn, Mass., and others, are engaged to speak. Mrs. S. A. N. Kimball, of Sackett Harbor, N. Y., will be present, and give tests in public. Friends will entertain all they can. Board at the hotels at 10 p. m. A cordial invitation is given to all to come and take part in our meeting. Dr. E. F. BEALS, West Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 7, 1874.

Not ee.

The Northern Wisconsin Conference of Spiritualists will hold their Seventh Quarterly Conference in the city of Ripon, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 8th, 9th and 10th, 1875. H. E. Eccles is engaged as speaker. Other speakers and mediums will be present. A cordial invitation is extended to all the friends of the cause.

A Beautiful Holiday Present.

Lays from the Pacific Slope!

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Femme Heroic

AND

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POEMS.

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San Francisco, Cal.

Who, as the first bright sunbeams fell
On the soft radiance of a mother's breast,
Whispered me, of a land of rest,
"Twas little Bode."

Who pledge the love that shall not die,
While the long years pass us by,
And say "Good night!" with many a sigh,
Sweet Bode and I!

The author of this volume seeks to draw inspiration from the noblest sources—the holy and purifying influences of home, and in this he has been abundantly successful, presenting, as he does, a succession of finished work-pictures, instinct with life's most sacred lessons.

HOME, the longest poem, is, as its name indicates, a tracing of human life in this sphere, and also (by the use of awakened spirit-sight) a portraiture of "our Home in Heaven."

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THE VOICE OF PRAYER enforces the idea that our prayers must accord with immutable laws, else we pay for effect with kindred new laws, or the allures of perversion, yet we trust will illumine the pathway of many a doubting, hesitating soul, to the glorious freedom of religious liberty. It is a least a reason and philosophy to every enlightened mind. Starting in its originality and purpose, it is destined to make deeper inroads among sectarian bias than any work that has hitherto appeared.

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