

BANNER OF LIGHT.

VOL. XI.

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Literary Department.

LYONEL HARLINGTON.

Translated from the German of Holmrich Zschokke, by Cora Wilburn, expressly for the Banner of Light.

CHAPTER XLV.—CONTINUED.

Lyonel honored her grief and was silent until she became more calm. She seemed troubled at his continued silence, and bent her looks upon him, the better to observe his mood. She smiled in her loving innocence and said:

"Thank God! you are free again! Oh! how often, how much, how fervently have I prayed for you while you were languishing in prison! I could now die gladly, for now you are free!"

"Only half free, beloved soul!" he replied. "But I hope—"

"Yes, yes, hope, hope indeed! she cried." "I know all. If I only dared tell you all—if I only dared! Ah! the chain, here!"

"The chain?" queried Lyonel, as he took the massive article between his fingers, and saw attached to it a small cross of brilliants. The chain seemed a familiar object to him; he could scarcely doubt that it was the same he had once found in the Park at Lichtenstein and had returned to its illustrious owner.

"Who presented you with this costly ornament?" he asked.

"The Princess Gabriella placed it on my neck—"

"How? The Princess? She saw you? Where did she meet with you? I remember now—it is true—you have been to the palace? How did you obtain admission there?"

"I wished to implore the Duke's clemency for you. I did not rest until the Herr Von Goldtwig promised to obtain a hearing for me. But I could not approach the Ruler of the country in my peasant garb, so he had this much too fine a dress provided for me, and other things. And when I hesitated, he said he had received the money for that purpose from you—it was your wish and order. So I obeyed."

"Did you speak to the Duke?"

"I did not see him. But the amiable Princess promised that I should. Oh, then I will thank the Gracious Ruler, on my knees, for the benevolent compassion he has shown toward you."

"No, he does not deserve your thanks," said Lyonel. "Not the Duke but the laws have given me my liberty. He, it seems to me, I know not whether of his own accord or through the malice of others, entertains for me no friendly feelings, and is desirous of persecuting me."

"No! oh, no! Persecute you! No, he is not tyrant, neither have you ever offended him. I believe the words of the noble minded Princess. I fear nothing more for you. I know much—I know all; but I dare not say anything. She has forbidden me to speak. I gave her my word, and she gave me this chain to remind me of my promise."

"By what chance did you meet with this lady?"

"Chance? In God's Providence there is no chance! Her Von Goldtwig, day before yesterday, in the dusk of evening, took me to the palace in his splendid carriage. We were told that his Highness the Duke, was engaged in business, and I could not be admitted to his presence. But the Princess Gabriella would see me. I was trembling with fear, and bitterly disappointed—and thus was conducted into an illuminated department. The Princess sat upon a sofa. Beside her stood a distinguished looking gentleman. I was told afterwards, he was a Prince. By the window stood an old servant man. I tottered toward her, half unconscious. I fell at her feet, and endeavored to speak but could not. She spoke to me kindly, but I scarcely understood what she said. The gentleman raised me from the floor, and placed me in a chair. The attendant brought me a glass of water; I recovered myself, and saw with what favor and condescension, I poor creature, was regarded. I regained my courage, and began to speak to you, Mr. Harlington; to assure them of your innocence, and to entreat for your deliverance. Thereupon there were many questions asked and answers given, concerning my family, my place of abode, my avocation, and as to who and what you were in reality—and I know not what besides."

Lyonel listened attentively, and with emotion, yet not without surprise and indignation.

"If it were not you, Cecilia, who tell me this," he replied. "I never should have believed that a prince could descend to the trade of the Inquisition. It is unheard of, that a harmless girl like you should be submitted to such a questioning, and that a Princess should lend herself to the system of espionage! What do they want? What is their design in all this?—and, Cecilia, how did the Prince conduct himself? It was, in all probability, the hereditary Prince Louis."

The gentleman and the Princess were equally condescending and gracious, and treated me as if I were one of themselves. Oh, I wish you had been a wittier, dear sir, of the heartfelt sympathy with which the Princess heard me; how she spoke to me between smiles and tears! I almost believed she loved me, for sometimes she spoke in French to the Prince, and he replied so that I felt abashed and embarrassed, and could not deny that I understood what had been said. These illustrious persons did not despise me on account of my birth; they felt no aversion toward the step-child of an executed murderer!

Thus passed away an hour and a half. I still repeated my entreaty that the young Princess might seek to soften her father's heart, and gain your freedom. At last she said to me these loving words:

"Console yourself, my father is not so hard-hearted as you fear. The young American has caused a great excitement, and I am not acquainted with the reasons. The Duke cannot and will not disturb the course of justice by his word of authority. But as soon as the sentence is given, no matter whether against or for him, I will myself present you to my father. Then you can speak to him as fearless and as openly as you have to me. He is not hard-hearted."

When Lyonel had dressed and taken his light breakfast, he was informed that the carriage had arrived.

"So you remain behind, Arnold," he said, to his faithful follower. "See to our accounts; pack up; go to Cecilia's house; the young lady will, in all probability, accompany us to America. I expect the Duke will order me out of the country, and perhaps, will not permit me a long delay."

With these and other remarks that were often interrupted by Arnold Jackson, with questions, sage observations and remarks of his own, Lyonel hastened down stairs to the carriage, threw himself upon the seat, and was driven off to his awaiting and uncertain destiny.

After ride of an hour and a half, he was greeted by the sight of the fine castle of Marienfels (Mary's Cliff) that was built upon an elevated site in the midst of a large forest. The position informed him that this was the favorite resort of the Duke, who years before had superintended its erection. As they drew nearer, Lyonel was struck with the peculiar form of the building; it was familiar; he had looked upon the like before. Striving to recollect, he observed with astonishment that this princely abode, although upon a smaller scale, resembled in its every detail and particular the Presidential Mansion at Washington.

He did not long enjoy the contemplation. The carriage stopped. Court attendants came and opened the door, and conducted the expected visitor as soon as he had given his name, up the stairs, into the palace, and over the glistening marble floors of the passages into an antechamber. He had little time to look upon the masterly paintings and engravings that covered the walls. A folding door was thrown open, and he was told to enter. The door was then closed behind him.

He found himself in the presence of the reigning Duke, a man of noble figure, bearing the impress of energy and strength, with a face pleasantly florid, that was crowned with venerable white locks. He was dressed in a plain suit, with a sash thrown around his shoulder, a star glittering on his breast.

Lyonel advanced with a respectful inclination, and quite unembarrassed, awaited the Duke's pleasure. The face and figure was familiar also, but he could not recollect where he had met with him.

The conversation now turned into another channel, and Lyonel hoped to win her consent to the dearest aim of his life, the joining of her fate to his. He did not conceal her love, but she dared not utter the words he longed to hear.

A light knock at the door interrupted their interesting conversation. Arnold came in and announced:

"A messenger of the Duke's is without there, and desires to speak with you."

"Of the Duke's—so late?" cried Lyonel, in astonishment. "Let him enter."

"It was an attendant of the palace, who brought the Duke's command for Lyonel Harlington to appear at the castle of Marienfels at precisely ten o'clock the next morning, where His Highness would expect him."

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"I can only be glad of my freedom through you. If you remain in Europe, and I go to America, I remain bound; the chain by which I am held a captive extends across the sea to my home in the New World."

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all the humiliations I have endured and may yet have to suffer. If he abandons to me his high and mighty degree of exile or disgrace, I will reply as becomes a freeman!"

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"Be assured I am the same man, although the coat is changed. Let me hear! I like to listen to you here!"

"What I could have had the courage to say to the right reverend gentleman in the palace garden, but never to your highness!"

"Be assured I am the same man, although the coat is changed. Let me hear! I like to listen to you here!"

"Your gracious highness commands, I have most humbly to obey; but what shall I tell—"

"The truth! Give yourself to me as you are, so I shall love you all the better. Let us talk as we would in the garden. Confess, then, what do you miss here? What does your America possess that is superior?"

"Free air, most gracious Prince! Freedom in the halls of justice; behind closed doors the atmosphere is injurious to the legislative health. Freedom in the throne saloons; the subjects do not behold their ruler! Speak without reserve. What is there lacking here?"

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"The truth! There, also, for example, in your Slave States, the air is not so healthy, nor so free."

"It is as your highness says, but not everywhere. There is, in general, a natural mingling of the free air of life with the slight remains of an atmosphere of oppression, so that it can be inhaled with satisfaction. The inhabitants of America do not emigrate to Europe, but thousands upon thousands annually flee from here to our coasts, or to the less populated regions of other countries."

"Young man, I believe you mean well. I have not, at least in my own land, beheld as much misery as you have in your green Tuscaloosa wisdom."

"But the most powerful monarch cannot be omnipresent in his States; although he be the wisest and most benevolent, he can be deceived by his nearest surroundings."

"It cannot be denied. But your experience must acknowledge, also, that there is no lack of discontented beings in the world, even in your America. The idle rabble complain if they have not a superfluity of everything. Those who labor honestly, find honest bread enough. In my land there is indeed no want, God be thanked! and no one dies of hunger. And so it may be in other places; only look carefully around you."

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BANNER OF LIGHT.

[JUNE 24, 1862.]

hold were all sorrowfully assembled around the death-bed of that saint. When I was permitted to return, she lay in sweet repose. She awoke no more. I was an orphan."

The venerable prince with a saddened mein paced up and down the floor; then halted before the young stranger, again regarded him long and earnestly, without the utterance of a word. At length he resumed:

"But what did she tell you concerning the picture in the watch? Whose portrait is it? Speak openly."

"I most humbly crave your Highness's pardon; there is no portrait in the watch."

"How?—she never showed it to you? Try and collect your remembrances."

"I should search in vain in all the recesses of memory."

"And you carry that old-fashioned piece of workmanship so long without knowing—"

"For more than ten years, your Highness."

The Duke shook his head, took the watch from Lyonel's hand, and opening the case, at the pressure of his finger revealed a thin plate of gold, that, springing open, made visible a miniature concealed behind it.

Lyonel looked on in amazement; turned and regarded the article on all sides, as if he were in doubt that it was indeed his own, or whether it had not been changed for another. He curiously examined the picture that had been a secret to him so long. It represented a young and handsome man, of about his own age, clad in a hunter's suit of green, and in the features he seemed to trace a resemblance to himself. He deemed himself the sport of some strange illusion.

"Do you know this person?" asked the Duke, after a pause of some moments, during which his eyes had remained fixed and penetrating upon the countenance of Lyonel.

"It is that of an entire stranger, your gracious Highness."

"Not so much of a stranger, I believe; without doubt the portrait of your father."

"Of my father? I remember him but indistinctly. I was very young then; but Sir Francis, when he died, was older than the figure here. Sir Francis had not this freshness and fullness of face; but as much as I can recollect, his cheeks were sunken, and on them sharply defined and crimson beetles spots gleamed with a feverish intensity."

"But Sir Francis Harrington was not your father!" said the Duke, with low and pointed emphasis.

"How? Was not?" cried Lyonel, starting back, with indignantly flushed face, almost forgetting the dignity of the sovereign in whose presence he stood. "Your gracious Highness! Most gracious Highness—"

"Hush! hush! do not be angry!" said the Duke, as he unfolded a letter he had taken from the desk. "You will know this hand-writing?"

"This! My mother's hand; but—"

"Read!" said the gray-haired Prince, and with downcast eyes he withdrew a few paces.

Lyonel read. It was an old letter, dated, "Baltimore, the fifth of June, 1807." He read and turned deathly pale. The paper trembled in his hand. He strove to regain composure, and read anew. The characters swam confusedly before his eyes. His hands dropped to his side, and he gazed speechless and immovable upon the Duke.

"You know the secret!" the old Prince said with unvarying line in a drowsy tone, with tears in his eyes. He clasped the young man in his arms, and wept silently upon his breast, and then whispered: "My son, do not chide thy mother's memory; I was her first love; she, my first and only love upon this earth!"

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SUMMER EVENING WIND.

BY DANIEL PARKER.

Thou restless spirit-rover! ever wandering over sea and land,
I hear the whispering and frolicing with the leaves
and flowers of my garden;
Also with the children and school-girls, twisting your
fingers in their curls and ribbons.
I know you are after their fragrance to revive the sick
and desponding—

To bathe the brows of the sweaty laborers who have
borne the burdens of the day.

All day you have been roaming and dancing over the
rivers and mountains,

Or else upon the ocean, playing and skipping from
wave to wave.

From them you extracted magnetism, as here you ex-
tract perfume;

And now with both you go loaded to the lungs of the
weary husbandmen.

You have been bathing your wings in the sea-sprays,
showers and night dews,

And now you are a sweet, fragrant, and welcome guest
indoors and outdoors.

Such as languished and fainted in the sultry heats of
noon-day,

May now inspire new life, breath freer, cool off and
recuperate.

With every inhalation, the spirit of repose spreads ove-
us and lulls us to sleep.

Into and around all habitations you scatter freshness,
fragrance and rest.

At your coming the fever-heat of the hard toil of the
day subsides,

And harmony pervades and soothes the nervous and
vascular systems.

Familiarly you play with the grass, and with the leaves
of the woodlands.

Nimbly you skip and frolic through the vine-woven
hedges and trees,

Shaking the odorous pollen over the nuptial beds of
the flowers.

How soothing to the sick are thy soft breathings, and
gentle fannings.

Loaded with the entrancing magnetism of the breath
of angels.

How pleasing is the rustle of thy wings through the
lattice, doors and windows.

Making sweet, tiny music, to which the soul glides soft-
ly into dream-land.

Over the parched earth you scatter the needed renova-
tions and blessings,

Brought by the trade-winds from the waves of the re-
frigerant ocean.

All fast asleep you have rocked and kissed the little
birds and flowers,

And now you are fanning babes whilst the mothers
rock them into quiet sleep—

Whilst floral bells ring out their evening chimes and
you bear them to willing ears.

Now you are busy sweeping the harpsistrings of the ma-
gic forest,

To which the leaves dance and the tall tree-tops wave
in tune and harmony.

Then over the hills and down the valleys you move on
nimble wings,
Bearing the echoes of the plaintive love-notes of the
wakeful night-birds;
Raising wavelets and shakingilles over the frog-min-
strels of the rivershore;

Rippling the surface of the still water that mirrors the
moons and stars.

But for you, life would be listless and faint, and its
fountains stagnant.

The earth would fall into blight and syncope, and be-
come sickly and pestilent.

Tireless you wander over the continents and over the
islands and seas,

Collecting and distributing life-restoratives and har-
monies.

Into the lungs of the sick and well you carry your life-
giving impulses.

To the languishing and faint, no sound or greeting is
more welcome than yours.

You are a God-send—a God's Messenger—loaded with
life-sustenance.

With a pleasant look, a friendly shake and kind word
you greet us all.

Gently you part the locks and smooth the brow of the
grey old man;

Tenderly you raise the tidy and kiss the cheeks of the
sleeping babe;

Kindly you embrace, sustain, and recuperate us all for
a new day.

You reddens the cheek of beauty with the blush of
health and loveliness;

You mingle the atmospheres of lovers and make them
attractive and harmonious;

Mingle the night-voices, arrange and harmonize their
discords;

And then discourse them in Aeolian strains from every
twig and blade of grass.

From and to all climes you come and go, laden with
freshness and magnetism,

Always welcome, and never weary of giving and receiv-
ing.

ON THE OFFICE AND CONDITION

OF LITTLE CHILDREN IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

DEDICATED TO THE NUMEROUS READERS OF THE BANNER
WHOSE HEARTS' BEST TREASURES HAVE BEEN BORNE
BY THE DEATH ANGEL TO THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

"In heaven their angels do always behold the face
of my Father which is in heaven"—JESUS.

The morning's light rises over the earth and re-
veals beauty and perfection. We know that the
earth with its natural scenery exists. We know
that life is manifest, and we all silently assent to the
perfection and order of the universe. But there is a
sun of more glorious rising, whose light illuminates
the spiritual facts of creation, and whose radiance
reveals the law and order of the spiritual universe.

This is by no forced power, but by a natural law
of spirit—the law of life. What more beautiful
revelation of God's love can we have? When we
behold the mista of the earth float up the mountain,
and thence to the cloud-land, to be transformed into
pearly chariots, to be filled with sunshine-glory, our
round every child was an aura, or a thread, or a
life that connected it to earth, so that it was to
know where it was born, and to tell each one's pa-
rentage. It was as if forever floating through the
spirit-atmosphere, went upward the spirit forces of
the parents, and by natural laws found their life
around and in their little ones. This life is the re-
sult of affection, and if the child is loved but little,
then the spirit-laws have severed the child from this
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When we speak of attraction, we confine it to the
limitation of essences and forms. But spirit, hav-
ing no law of time and space, attracts life from all
distance, and receives it without limits of space.

The relation of every man to the spirit-world is,
therefore, a natural and certain thing, since the
very outflow of his own spirit produces the inevitable
bond to spirit and spirit-existences. No matter
how many years may have separated the spirit child
from its natural parents, no matter how many sea-
sons may have known it, grown more fair and walk-
ing in the celestial garden unfolded in grace, yet
still the bond of spirit has kept the connection,
and has placed its sign of recognition in each. No
law in the whole universe of God is more beautiful
than this, and none more sure in its operations.

But there are still more intimate connections be-
tween earth and the ascended spirit. Children are
born away beyond the limits of an impossible sea.

In the mansions of the Eternal Father's house
they dwell in the homes of real beings who care for
and nurture them. These are oftenest seen near
and dear relative. For the law of relationship is
one of God's means of connecting the spirit with the
earth. Some loved one gone before who has watched
the dawn of that little life and knew of its setting,
takes tenderly the new-born spirit.

The spirits of little children are always magne-
tized into unconsciousness before death.

They never are left to pass away and know the change.

Sweetly sleeping they are borne by the loved ones
heavenward, laid upon downy couches, fanned by
gentle breezes. Sometimes they sleep days, for their
spirits are tired with the unnatural pains of earth.

They awaken refreshed, and open their eyes on the
beautiful objects that childhood loves—the most
beautiful flowers, bright colors and sweetly singing
birds. And when the little one becomes accustomed
to its celestial life, and feels the exaltation of free-
dom from pain and weariness, then it is prepared to
visit often those who call for it by continued long-
ing. The wishes and longings of the hearts of earth
are the spirit-voices of earth. You speak your
desires when you long earnestly, for your spirit
speaks. With loving hands the ministering angels
bear these little children back to the homes of earth,
that they may feel the warmth of parental love, and
know the joy of earthly affection. If around the
earthly parents or friends there is a healthful spir-
itual atmosphere, they often remain days, and with
their little voices, send to the spirit-ear of the deso-
late mother, heavenly joy. It is the spirit that
must behold them, and without the aid of the exter-
nal vision the spirit recognizes them.

But even when not born thus, by their life they
keep still the link to earth. Is there anything im-
perfect in the Universe of God? If there is, it is not
seen in death, or the spirit's change from earth to
heaven. And now, as years roll on—as we count
years—the little forms expand, yea, grow. Mind
looks out of the brightening eye. Thought gleams
on the earnest brow. Instruction must be given.

Noble men and women call by love these little ones
together. There is no compulsion; only the call of
love; the unloving will not heed the call. Instruc-
tion to the spirit is natural and easy. To teach chil-
dren the properties of bodies, it is only necessary to
reveal to them by thought the images or representa-
tions of bodies. To teach them of duty, it is only
necessary to show them in symbols the loveliness
of the universe, then to describe the scenes in the attempt-
ing to weigh the soul of man, or represent his thought
on canvas in form and shape. Thus if I have failed
to present any distinct ideas to you, kind reader, it
is not because there are none, but because the things
of the spirit must be revealed to the spirit.

Were you to attempt to give to another a descrip-
tion of the life of childhood here on earth, how diffi-
cult you would find it. You would have to appeal to
what is known of childhood. And so must one who
would tell of the spirit-life of children. True and
beautiful and altogether lovely does it seem to me.

If it has pains, I have never beheld their effects. If
it has trials, I have never been able to trace them.

When the ethereal light of spirit dawns upon my
senses, I behold the facts and realities of spirit-

realms, but to describe the scenes is like attempting
to weigh the soul of man, or represent his thought
on canvas in form and shape. Thus if I have failed

to present any distinct ideas to you, kind reader, it
is not because there are none, but because the things

of the spirit must be revealed to the spirit.

The appeal made to us through every truth, is
to perfect, purify yourself, bring yourself into harmony
with the Divine nature.

Study this law of childhood, of its growth and the
influence you have upon it, and you will read God's
word. Oh parent and friend, become holy by be-
coming natural, that you may create beauty and ho-
liness. If you study the laws that unite you to the
little ones in heaven, you will read in them only this
command—fit yourselves to be teachers of angel
children. May the light of these truths dawn more
and more on the souls of each of us, until, in the ra-
diance of eternal day, we are able to represent in
ourselves the mediation of earth to heaven.

Coldwater, Mich., May 28, 1862.

A SINGULAR MISTAKE.—A short time since, by the
mistake of an apothecary, at Winchester, Illinois, a
quantity of antimonial wine (a powerful emetic) was
sold to the Methodists for communion. It was quart-
er meeting day when it was taken, and the effect was

most singular.

STOPPING DEAYED TEETH.—Take of quicksilver

ten grains; pure silver filings, five grains. The mer-
cury and silver will unite and form an amalgam, which

after being stuffed into the tooth, will in two hours

turn as hard as the tooth itself.

See H. C. Wright's Letter, Sunderland's Treatise

on Pathology, 162.

to feel for them. And why is this? Because there is
so much love and unselfish affection in the progressed

spirit-world that it must expend itself on objects.

Love is never satisfied in existence, merely—it must

have objects. Benevolence is never satisfied in feel-
ing—it must be.

The spiritual bodies of little children grow trans-
cendentally lovely. No human body can express the

beauty and grace of these little ones. No unloved

object harm them. No frightful diseases rend them.

They unfold as in Spring the rose-buds open to the

inducing profound attention to doctrines, to them—quite novel, but meanwhile, rational and consistent—pertaining a revolution as to the so-called Orthodox Theology.

Yours, respectfully,

MARCUS GUNN,

London, Canada West, May 19, 1862.

Itinerant Etchings of U. Clark.

Spiritists—The Better Time—Educational Reform—John M. Spear & Co.—The Kiantone Domain—Diggers Disappointed—Ideals of the Millennium—Pilgrims with Missions—The Harvest Fields Ripening.

Many Spiritualists, while in ease, prosperity, and the sunshine of the celestial gospel, seldom remember the labors and sacrifices of those who have gone forth as John the Baptists of the generation. I have often heard men complain of how much they used to pay for the support of Orthodoxy, and boast of the cheapness of our free Spiritualist gospel, while, perhaps, in the same breath they would lament the lack of lecturers and mediums in affording the people an opportunity to hear and see, and grumble at the want of zeal and means on the part of others to sustain public laborers. There is wealth enough among Spiritualists in more than a thousand places in the Northern States, to sustain public meetings every Sunday, and keep more than a thousand speakers free from embarrassment, without placing them in a position vulnerable to the charge of being either beggars or hirelings. The time is coming soon, when new ardor will appear among believers, and some system will be adopted more economical and efficient than the present itinerant course. The grand aim of Spiritualism is to unfold all souls, receptive to all inspirations adequate to life and duty; but the aid of lecturers and mediums, for a long time yet, will be needed to awaken interest and diffuse light among the uninitiated masses; and those who would enjoy the light they have already received cannot content themselves in ease and indifference while multitudes around them are left in darkness, unconscious of the beauties and glories of the opened heavens, and deaf to the glad anthems and messages of angel hosts.

I have found many noble public as well as private pioneers during my late itinerancy in Cattaraugus and Chautauque Counties. Dr. Carter, of Laona, Chautauque Co., was one of the earliest and most remarkable clairvoyant physicians. A man of fine natural abilities, amiable, social qualities, modest and unassuming, he was called out many years ago, and has been used by the invisibles as a medium for the examination and cure of hundreds of sufferers deemed beyond all hope. His capacity to examine disease and prescribe remedies, is seldom paralleled, whether the patient is present or absent. Dr. E. S. Brown, Sinclairville, the same county, has been another efficient worker, though Homeopath in profession, and not claiming any peculiar clairvoyance. Risking his reputation for the maintenance of his Spiritual convictions, he left no means untried for the furtherance and unfolding of truth, and has at last, outlined all re-

I am indebted to Dr. Brown, for a visit to the so-called John M. Spear Domain, in Kiantone, in the southern part of Chautauque Co. We rode down through Jamestown, and I was shown the site of the late educational institute of Dr. O. H. Wellington, now in Boston. The location was delightful, and so was the ideal of the Doctor, and it is hoped the ideal will one day become actualized, for nothing needs a more radical reform, than our present hot-house, mechanical system for prematurely forcing the intellects of the young.

Leaving Jamestown, we drove down south six or seven miles, through a rich country, until we came in sight of the consecrated vale of Kiantone. Turning a road on the right, after riding a few rods, we came in sight of the "Domain." No celestial city, with gorgeous domes, saluted our wondering eyes, but rather a few humble, one-story cottages, two or three in octagon style, sheltered beneath a magnificent grove, along the eastern bank of a pure stream, whose murmurings mingle with the melody of the celestial pioneers supposed to guide the footsteps of the first pilgrim who sought these secluded shadows. Arriving at the entrance of the Domain, instead of finding a gorgeous archway, we found a pair of very poor bars, and I tested my early training on a farm, by showing Dr. Brown how dexterous I was with rales, as probably prophetic of my becoming, if not an Uncle Abe candidate for the Presidency, at least a candidate for bar-keeping in the Kiantone kingdom. After a little dexterous riding, not over golden streets, but over mounds and gullies of fearful import to gouty invalids, we found ourselves fronting another pair of bars, near the grove dotted with said cottages. A smart, smiling, little boy hurried to the bars, and before we had fairly stopped, the bars were out, and the genial boy stood smiling us a hearty welcome. The lad proved to be none other than Master Newton, son of A. E. Newton, the pioneer editor, of Boston. His children are spending the summer here in care of two amiable, progressive women, one of whom came out and gave us greeting, with an invitation as cordial as though angel guests were anticipated.

John M. Spear and company had just left for their vineyard, in Patriot, Ind. A company of associated congenials were expected to spend the summer at Kiantone. As a rural summer retreat, the location is peculiarly attractive, though its charms may embrace nothing beyond the natural. Certain mineral and magnetic influences are said to pervade the atmosphere, favoring health and spiritual development, and in spite of the prejudices I may have entertained against all such claims, I confess the weakness of having experienced sensations of a peculiarly agreeable and exhilarating character. How much I was influenced by the associations clustering around the place, I am unable to aver.

The spiritual history of this domain is akin to the marvelous and romantic. For a generation or more, tradition said there were salt springs in the Kiantone Valley. John Chase, one of the landholders, conferred with mediums, and was directed to commence the work of subterranean perforation. Two drills were put into a rock, and water at last appeared from two holes. On testing the waters, they were pronounced mineral and medicinal, but the results anticipated were much larger than ever realized. John M. Spear was attracted to the spot, and subsequently gave directions for digging in another place. A cave of a hundred feet or so was opened, but some disappointment ensued, as in all cases where such enterprises are projected, leaving men to learn lessons not so readily learned otherwise. The failure was explained by the medium, but not so satisfactorily as some of the proprietors desired.

I do not claim to be evenough initiated into the details of the Kiantone movement to risk any elaborate comment; "suffice to say," I saw the mouth of the cave or "cavity," as it is called, and its dark, silent, yawning jaws must utter their own comments. No good can result from wholesale ridicule or denunciation against any class of individuals acting under what they regard the most sacred counsels and convictions. They had better fall entirely in the direct objects had in view, rather than pass along with the multitudes who never have any sacred convictions, but are constantly lost in selfish and mercenary aims. I assume no responsibility for Bro. Spear and company, nor for anybody else; they require no endorsement from me or others; yet Justice demands a word in their defense. Only a very few have understood their purposes, principles and movements, nor have they been obtuse in their efforts to enable the people to understand. Outlanders have regarded them as a set of monsters and fanatics, guilty of the most

revolting orgies, and even some called Spiritualists have joined in the wholesale slander. A few moments conversation with Bro. Spear, or any of his co-workers, will dispel all apprehensions of anything dangerous or alarming; and will bring to light principles and plans yet destined to wield a mighty influence toward the redemption of humanity, however impracticable many of us may regard all the movements hitherto projected. Something will yet grow out of the various efforts put forth for the fraternization of the race, whether any present organizations succeed or otherwise.

Hundreds of pilgrims, with various "missions," have visited Kiantone, yet none have entirely realized the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, because they lacked the internal elements, and none probably ever will realize that kingdom until they begin in their hearts. My ride with Dr. Brown, and our stay over night in the hospitable home of Stephen Gardner and family, will deepen the memory of my visit to the Kiantone settlement.

The prospects of Spiritualism are daily brightening in the region of Western New York and Northern Pennsylvania, and the constant call is for more laborers.

It is an encouraging sign to find the BANNER OF LIGHT, our leading journal, in every town I visit.

That the reader may form some idea of the field opening in this region, as an illustration of many other parts of our common vineyard, I give a brief of my lecturing engagements for May: Randolph, one night;

Ellington, three nights, two public test examinations; Charlotte Centre, Saturday night, Sunday morning and afternoon, one public test; Laona, two nights, one examination; Sinclairville, two nights, one public test; Columbus, Pa., Sunday morning and afternoon, one examination; Titusville, one night; Blooming Valley, do; Townville, do; Little Valley, do; Edaville, Sunday morning and afternoon, one test; Farmersville, three nights, two tests; Ashford, two nights; Smith's Mills, Sunday; Forestdale, two nights; Gowanda, three nights; North Collins, Sunday. In all these places the audiences were full or overflowing, and the interest to hear and understand increasing from the beginning to the end. Let those who fancy Spiritualism is dying out, go through the country where intelligence is on the increase, and they will find old churches dying out in almost every locality, and the newly unfolding gospel of celestial reform illuminating the minds, gladdening the hearts and regenerating the lives of multitudes just now for the first time assured that man is immortal and the heavens are opened with angel ministrations in behalf of humanity.

U. CLARK.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY JUNE 21, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.
Room No. 3, Up Stairs.
WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,
LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY. EDITOR.

Wanted—Men.

That is what is wanted now. Not professors merely—those men of chaff and straw with whom we have been long enough acquainted, but real, bona-fide, flesh-and-blood, every-day men, who are just as practical as they are philanthropic, whose ideality does not run and skip out of sight of their common sense, and who seem to have been sent into the world to stand up for the truth and probity are not such dreamy affairs, topics for a closet student to write pretty essays and discourse upon, but the sterling qualities which alone render life durable or worth possessing on any terms. We have none too many of this sort in the community, though we know as well that it is not so much for lack of the right instincts as in the want of proper development and favorable opportunities. Just when a particular style of manhood is in demand, it is discovered that the stock is short and that we must waste much precious time in getting up the exact article wanted.

It has so happened in history—or rather, it has been so ordered and ruled—that the men were to be had whenever an exigency of any sort summoned them. In the rude Spartan days, the world had, Spartan men—Spartan boys, also. When Rome was mistress of the world, she could boast of a race of men full worthy of her proud possessions. England had her sturdy heroes in her days of need, rough men though they were, and little tender of the finer sentiments that spring from a higher civilization. We found them in the days of the Revolution ourselves—men who were raised up especially to do the work they did so well and thoroughly, such as were fitted exactly to their own time, and would have answered well in no other. And now we want the right men for these times of ours. Capable warriors, heroes even, we have produced in abundance; the rough and bloody work must be performed first, we well know; but the day is close at hand when a still different class of men will be in demand. Are they all ready for the high duties to which they will be called? Have they been duly preparing themselves? Do we even know as yet who they are, what are their antecedents, or their qualifications?

The great want now will be, for persons possessed of large wisdom, superior judgment, the qualities of moderation and energy happily harmonized, of comprehensive sympathies, tender though firm and resolute, open even to the higher inspirations, self-poised ready for emergencies, complete masters of themselves, and, withal, fully abreast with all the nobler and diviner impulses of this unparalleled age and time. We are aware that we have laid down a schedule of qualities that may look to a great many persons as utterly impossible to combine in any one character; but the popular want will have been very much satisfied if anything like an approximation to this combination may be practically secured. It will be much, if we can discover men whose tendencies are that way. But above all, let our new leaders be as brilliant at certain points and in respect of a few qualities as they may, it will be most necessary that they present as harmonious a balance of them all as possible. The new man is to be more a harmonious man than heretofore. The world—or, at least, our portion of it—is not to bring forth mere monstrosities in intellect and dwarfs in morals and sentiments—not yet wonders of will and starvelings in reflection, Titans in execution and pygmies in affection—but rather a whole race whose uniform standard and mark shall be this, that a complete development of all the various elements of character, the lower duly subordinated to the control and guidance of the higher, is to be aimed at from the beginning to the end of our lives. We need balanced and harmonious men, whose work it will be to set the world right, and not mere points of wonder and public admiration.

Quiet heroes are scarce, and long have been. Even if one does worthy things in these times, he or his friends seem to feel the obligation to bruit it abroad, and make all the social capital possible out of it. They thus confess the mortifying fact, that honorable and handsome deeds are the clear exception to the common rule, and that cheapness and meanness are more naturally to be expected. What else is to be inferred from this never-failing brag and boast, when a man has simply forgotten himself and let inspiring forces work wonderfully through him? We seem to have

had quite enough of all this; as the slang phrase goes, it is pretty much "played out." It is no sentimental dream on our part that the age of brass is nearly come to its end, out of pure shame over its own achievements; but we do believe that a new age is ready to be introduced, containing its wealth of beautiful natures—both male and female—and that in due time it will crowd the other, and the baser, to the wall, and may all good angels aid in speeding so desirable work.

The last mode of hastening on that age, however, is for each one of us to begin with the work of conscientious self-development forthwith. It requires no assemblies or conventions, no creeds or formulas, no resolutions or professions, to set it on foot; it must begin at home, in quiet and silence, after careful reflection and the slow formation of the resolution. Like seeds dropped in the soil previously prepared, for them, these silently performed duties will soon sprout, shoot up, and blossom profusely. And thus we shall at length have the men we need so much—those to whom are to be entrusted the keeping of the safety of future generations. Nature keeps her darling carefully concealed till the moment they are wanted; and we doubt not that many a man of large and noble promise now lies unknown and unseen, whose development has thus purposely been going on in silence and solitude.

Sympathy and Fault-finding.

It is easy to find fault and condemn, and the most we follow it from the mere habit of the thing. Who can say, on his conscience, that he is capable of looking into all the motives and springs of another's heart, that he knows that other's full history from the start, that he can justly weigh, and judge, and discriminate, and balance? Not one man who lives—not one. Yet what a multitude of judges have we in our midst? Whose fame is not freely passed on every day? Whose reputation is not assailed, blackballed, picked in pieces, by persons, too, who scarcely know more of him than his name, residence and occupation! It is slandering—fault-finding—condemning, all the while. No charitable constructions put upon conduct not yet understood—no suspension of judgement until more facts are known—no thought of the assuming judge being himself vulnerable—but merciless, reckless, inconsiderate, ignorant, heart-destroying criticism; and criticism to be a source of much happiness to you and benefit to mankind. There are bright spirits hovering near you for the special purpose of developing your spiritual capacity; but the inferior growth with you must be gradual. You are susceptible to spiritual impressions. Be guided by those unseen powers that quicken your being. Listen to the still voice of justice in all your relations to mankind. Study the magnitude of your ability in serving the good angels that are interceding for you. Endeavor to make conditions, so that your mind may be free from external cares, and harmonious. Then, by sitting with a few congenial persons, you will realize that you do possess hitherto unknown to yourself. Pursue your daily walks as usual, and consider that every good act of yours makes its impress upon your spirit existence. Then you will receive the benefits of your earth life. I am not permitted to die so young.

Now suppose sympathy were tried instead? Suppose people checked themselves when about to use malicious language to others, and made an effort to think well of the objects of their inveigles? Suppose fault-finders went so far as to consider that others can just as readily find fault with them, and that they have no special warrant for scolding about others, either, and that they would be less and less disposed to indulge in this folly, the more they exercised indulgence and charity? What a revolution we should have in the social state forthwith!

But there is another view still; none of us can possibly know of the trials, temptations, inherited weaknesses, or peculiar temperaments of others, and therefore have no right to judge or condemn. We have fallen in with some excellent remarks on this point, in an exchange. Says our contemporary:

"Of how much of our indignation against even a deliberate wrong would we be disarmed, if we could know for ourselves a tithe of all the sorrow and trouble, and disappointment the poor, trying heart had suffered. What efforts are made in youth to stand up against the pressure of the world, and how, when failing, from inexperience, or an over-confiding nature, want of tact, it bravely rose up and tried again; and when hard necessity came and drove it to the wall, how it looked around for help, and waited, still striving to stand upright, and fell while striving; and even when fallen, how it yearned for one more chance to rise and be a man, how loth at last to give up all for lost! Could we but see a thousandth part of these struggles, as they rend our brother's bosom, and almost break his heart, how should it disarm us of our vindictiveness, and incline us, even, to run to him, and raise him up, and stand by him, and with god-like forgiveness bid him, 'Try, try again!'"

Straws.

An eccentric gentleman of our acquaintance used to say, "Consistency is an art—not a virtue." We think it is both, and more of a virtue than an art. An Orthodox friend, from our native town, called upon us a few days since, and on leaving, said that he heartily wished us success in our enterprise, though he hated Spiritualism, because he considered it a damnable delusion. We felt grateful for his good wishes to us, personally, yet could not but note the inconsistency of wishing us success in an effort that is dependent upon the success of a cause that he deems a fatal delusion, and every effort to advance which, must, if his views are correct, sink us deeper and deeper in the guilt that can be expiated neither in this world nor the next.

Now there is a reason for such gross inconsistency, and it is to be found in the fact that men—we may as well say the mass of men—adopt views and opinions which they believe are to affect their eternal welfare, without investigation, or even serious thought, and condemn their fellow-men on equally slight grounds.

They fail to heed the injunction of the apostle, to "prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good." Hero we are spending ourselves to advance a cause that no sensible man or woman has fairly and thoroughly investigated, without becoming convinced that it is founded in truth; that it is making plain to the most common understanding what is otherwise dark and incomprehensible in the Scriptures, literally making the crooked ways straight; converting, demonstrating to men ait in the darkness of absolute unbelief in anything like religion, the fact of their eternal existence; in fact, proving itself the best possible adjunct to, and part and parcel of, Christianity, and yet its professors, par excellence, denounce us as friends and allies of Satan, and the fact of spirit intercourse, upon which their system is altogether founded, as the greatest and most damnable delusion ever palmed off upon credulous man. And yet, within the last ten years, Spiritualism has demonstrated the fact of their immortal existence to a large number of men than a heretofore priesthood has been able to do in ten hundred years.

A Judgment-of-Course.

It is not always necessary to pass a judgment on others. Why should it be? Who has commissioned you, sir—or you, madam—or you, miss—to tell right of what this is and that one amounts to, and of how much or little real merit they are? Many think it is the evidence of superior qualities to be always ready with an opinion of another. We call it nothing less than the tendency to scandal. The more one gossips, the hastier he judges and decides; and the more impulsive his judgment, the more superficial, unjust, and thoroughly worthless it is. What is the pressing need of giving judgment on everybody one meets? Why not let some men and things pass?

How much would the talker lose by it, or the object of his criticism be affected? More than this, what a saving of resources would it not prove to the one who should thus resolve to abstain!

Farming Corporation.

A corporation has just been formed in this State entitled "The New England Agricultural Company." For particulars, see articles of agreement, location, etc., on our third page. The capital stock of said company is to be nine thousand six hundred dollars, divided into thirty-two shares of three hundred dollars each. Here is an excellent chance offered to persons of limited means to establish a permanent home in the Great West. Those interested in such a movement will gain all the information they desire by writing to Dr. A. B. Child, the treasurer, Boston, Mass.

Something worth Knowing.

Some time since I addressed a letter to a medium in Boston who claims to be able to receive and transmit from the spirit-world practical information in regard to the present condition and future prospects of the applicant. As the answer, although very definite as to events and the time of their occurrence, was not satisfactory to my mind, I enclosed it in an envelop, together with a letter to my father, uncle and other spirit guides, desiring their opinion of its truthfulness. I sealed up the envelop and contents, in the presence of friends, putting my own stamp upon the sealing-wax, and so tying it with ribbon that every skeptic who has seen it admits that it has never been opened, and then sent it to Dr. L. L. Farnsworth, of 15 Beach street, Boston. In a short time I received the following answer, which, as I contain good general advice to all investigators, I think will be of interest to the public.

"*MY DEAR CHILD:* We have all given your matter due consideration and investigation, and find that the communication you allude to does not come from a high source. The medium that it was given through is free from censure, but the spirit that controlled him exaggerated upon all the points in question. Your good judgment could not accept it as being reliable. Let this, my dear child, serve as an example for you, that in all spiritual communications, never to act upon any dictation that comes from a spiritual source, unless your reason coincides with it. The object of spirit-communication is not to destroy your individuality, but to quicken your perceptions of duty, and unfold your intellectual powers, so that you may receive a brighter illumination from the divinity, and respond to the demands that God requires of you. Your world has long acted upon a wrong basis in relation to the true religion. He who will be well pleased to be im pregnated into the beings of earth, You possess latent spiritual powers, which, if unfolded, would be a source of much happiness to you and benefit to mankind. There are bright spirits hovering near you for the special purpose of developing your spiritual capacity; but the inferior growth with you must be gradual. You are susceptible to spiritual impressions. Be guided by those unseen powers that quicken your being. Listen to the still voice of justice in all your relations to mankind. Study the magnitude of your ability in serving the good angels that are interceding for you. Endeavor to make conditions, so that your mind may be free from external cares, and harmonious. Then, by sitting with a few congenial persons, you will realize that you do possess hitherto unknown to yourself. Pursue your daily walks as usual, and consider that every good act of yours makes its impress upon your spirit existence. Then you will receive the benefits of your earth life. I am not permitted to die so young.

I do not copy the remainder of the communication, as it was of a private character, including, however, mention of the names of my father, uncle and other spirit friends. Yours sincerely, W. H. PASSMORE.

Providence, R. I., June 6, 1862.

Lecturers.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith is expected to speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, afternoon and evening.

Miss Lizzie Doten will address the Spiritualists of Charlestown next Sunday.

Frank L. Wadsworth will speak in Marblehead the last two Sundays in June.

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the *Banner* we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Comart, while in a condition called the trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given are held in the *Banner* Office, No. 135 Madison Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs,) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Thursday, May 22.—Invocation: Questions and answers; Mary Ellen Allen, to her mother, in Augusta, Maine; Charles Gooch (killed in the Pittsburg battle), to his wife; William Herber, Clinton, (died from wounds received in the Pittsburg battle) to Joshua T. Taylor, in Fredericktown, Pa.

Abner Kneeland.

If the friends have any questions to offer, we are now ready to answer them. Perhaps it may be well for me, as an individual, to state who I am, before essaying to answer such questions as you may see fit to propose. When it was my fortune, or, rather, misfortune, to live in the form, I was cast out of the society of religious people, because I was infidel to all the forms of established religion, and it may be that my influence upon the minds of the young and inexperienced, was thought to be a bad one; so I was literally banished from what is termed Christian society. I am Abner Kneeland. Now if you have any questions to present to that personage, do so, for I am ready to answer them.

Quia.—I would like to know if the spirit's belief is changed in regard to the existence of a God?

Ans.—Yes, it is; for I am able to see things here which I did not before see. While living upon earth, all seemed to fail to reach my internal being. Thus I doubted, or wholly disbelieved, the existence of a God. This is not so now. I believe there is a God.

Q.—Is God a personal God, and why have you changed your mind?

A.—My reasons are these: As I was ushered into the spirit-world, I found myself still a conscious and intelligent being. I perceived I was an infinite soul—a something which seemed to mirror and reflect everything belonging to the two worlds, material and spiritual. I said to myself, if I am so vast in myself as to have no beginning or ending, and am a creature of eternity, what, then, is eternity? I commenced at once to search after God, and in a legitimate way. Instead of walking through temples made by earthly hands, I wandered through the vast halls of Deity. I consulted those limbs of Deity which were around me. My sphere was unlimited, and my spirit free to grasp all knowledge I might desire. I learned something of God, because of my close and intimate relation with him. Man, or the spirit of man, when he casts off the body, perceives at once his alliance to God. Everything is unfolded to him which was before full of mystery and doubt. Thus I came to believe in the existence of a God, simply because I was forced to by the force of surrounding conditions. Everything about me told me there was a Supreme Being governing me, governing you, and all creation. I found, upon commencing life in the spirit-world, that there was no clashing of creeds, no religious bigotry or despotism, no striving for a heaven of gold and silver, as in the material world, but all was simple, plain, grand and glorious, telling us of God, and enforcing the belief in his existence upon us.

Q.—Do you believe in a Personal God?

A.—As far as God is related to the objective world I do believe in a Personal God. You are each one of you Personal Gods. But standing apart from the objective or material world, I believe in a God-principle that governs all things. While you live in the objective world, or in the body, you cannot see or fully realize this truth.

Q.—Is it proper to look upon God as having a material body?

A.—Yes, it is. Your soul has a material form. That part of your existence which is immortal, which never can die, which is God, has a form. Therefore we may say that God has a material body. Many suppose that the soul, or internal part of man, is capable of being contaminated by sin. This is not so; you may injure the spirit through the external, or body, but your internal life cannot be affected by the sins of time, or of the objective or outer world. But you can effect the spirit through the physical, consequently you must suffer more or less while on earth, for injuries received through the external, or body. So do whatsoever you may here, you may rest assured that the soul which was given to you pure and free will ever remain so.

Q.—Explain, if you please, the connection between soul and spirit?

A.—Soul, spirit, and body are but terms used to convey to your minds certain ideas. It matters not what name you apply to the ideas thus designated. As far as the simple name is concerned, the words table, chair or desk might as well be used. But man is a three-fold being. He has what you may call a soul, a spirit, and a body. The soul is God, and the spirit may be defined as the inside covering of the soul, and the body the outside covering. Now you are of God, of spirit, and of the world natural, consequently you are affected in body by conditions natural. When you cast off this body, you cast off natural conditions. You may sin against the spiritual and the bodily, but the internal is subject only to divine law, and as there never was a divine law transgressed, there can be no sin in the soul-world. So, then, in soul principle you suffer not, you are not affected by earthly sin.

Q.—Will there ever be a time when the soul will throw off the spiritual covering?

A.—Most certainly yes. You have been told that you are of God. The soul must at some time merge itself in Deity. You talk about retaining your own identity when the soul casts off its spiritual covering, but this is not so. You may do this when in spirit, but when the soul alone remains, it will be so blended and interwoven with that of Deity, as to render all traces of its own identity imperceptible.

Q.—Will the spirit have a tangible form?

A.—As tangible to earth life as your spirit form is to earth life.

Q.—Have you a knowledge of this spirit death, or is it a theory?

A.—It is a theory, for knowledge is a child of experience. I have never passed through what I may see fit to call the second death, else I could speak

from my own actual observation and experience in regard to this matter.

Q.—Does this theory amount, in reality, to annihilation?

A.—Oh, no, certainly not. If it did, you could not be immortal.

Q.—Do the inhabitants of soul world ever return to earth in person?

A.—They do not. They often telegraph, but they come not in person.

Q.—You say that your spirit is eternal, then was there an individual existence from eternity?

A.—No, I think not.

Q.—Will there be one through eternity?

A.—I think not; others differ from me.

Q.—If there is no absolute annihilation, is there not destruction of identity?

A.—Destruction of identity? Do you recognize earthly friends? According to your earthly conditions, you are enabled to. Do you suppose God does not recognize you? I believe when the soul of man has ascended to the highest mountain peaks of wisdom, he then becomes infinite, so closely allied to Deity one can see no difference. He is lost in Deity. This is my belief. When we receive messages from the highest spheres of celestial life, we find there is scarce any difference in them; no one answer seems to conflict with or to be at variance with another. From this I judge there is but one mind controlling and governing all, thereby insuring harmony of thought as well as of action among the inhabitants of the celestial spheres.

Q.—Are they not capable of progressing in knowledge in the celestial spheres?

A.—It may be so. The inhabitants of the soul world or celestial world all understand alike, see alike, believe alike. And this by judgments or comparisons of the kind before mentioned, that I am led to believe in the non-identity of the soul of men, and of the perfect union of soul and deity, just as you do form your ideas of different nations, from certain facts related or recorded of them.

Q.—Have souls a new creation after death?

A.—As far as the body is concerned there is a new creation.

Q.—What is the condition of the soul before entering the body?

A.—I cannot say, having been conscious only since the beginning of the soul in the body, therefore from that point of time I can answer only.

Q.—Have you suffered in the spirit state for having been so misled while upon earth?

A.—No, I have not. I was honest in my belief here, therefore I committed no sin.

A.—Did you seek to be enlightened while upon earth?

A.—I think I did. But in all the forms of religion presented to me while upon earth, I saw nothing to convince me of the existence of God.

Q.—Do you think differently of them now?

A.—No, I do not; there is much about the religion of earth that is still dark to me.

Q.—Was the soul in existence previous to its connection with the body?

A.—Yes, we are told the soul is connected with the body, when the body is endowed with conscious or independent life. Then the soul first takes up its abode in the body.

Q.—Then I supposed you would have cognizance of its first commencement or existence.

A.—The soul or souls of all others is just as incomprehensible to us, as in our own. We as spirits are tangible beings; as souls are not tangible, material, or in any way allied to material conditions.

The soul of a criminal is just as pure as that of an infant. Take for example the case of a man who commits murder. Does not his crime originate from the soul, or mind? Then it originates in God; then it is no crime at all. No, I do not believe that the soul commits crime.

Q.—Where does the spirit commence its existence?

A.—We believe it commences with the human body. The spirit may be called a wall, enclosing or surrounding the soul. It may be called an electric body in which the soul lives, and upon which the soul is said to act.

Q.—Is the spirit a production of the material body?

A.—We are told that it is composed of the elements of the atmosphere in which we live. The positive and negative forces of nature—the north and south of nature—which, when combined, work great wonders. We are told this, and I, as one, believe it.

I have a daughter in earth-life who often desires that I may come and commune with her. Say that I am often with her, often impress her, aid and counsel her, and could I find the way and means, I should like to commune with her privately.

May 20.

Obstacles to Spirit-Control.

Quia.—Why is it that our spirit-friends cannot always communicate with us?

A.—There are many reasons. Sometimes the atmosphere is against them; sometimes they cannot find a form or medium which is well adapted to their use. Sometimes a lack of power upon the part of those to whom they would come, prevents their return. Sometimes the law controlling spirit-control is against them, and then you might as well attempt to come into the spirit-world with your physical form, as for us to attempt communication with mortals under those conditions. May 20.

Caroline J. Spencer.

I have been told that you send letters for us to our friends. [Yes; we do.] My name was Caroline J. Spencer. I was born in Oswego, New York, and died in New York city, two years ago. I was near twenty years of age, at the time of my death. I was a lace-worker, and worked last for Robinson, on Broadway. [Can you tell the number of his store?] No; I've not got it in memory. I may say I was a dressmaker, for I learned the trade and went to New York for the purpose of getting a living for myself and mother and sister, by dressmaking.

My father was a spirit some six years before I became one. He died of ship fever, on the passage from New York to Calcutta. Before my father's death, we were well situated, but, after that, my mother was obliged to do much with her needle, in order to procure a living for herself and children. And then when I grew old enough to assist her, I was pleased at the thought of being able to lighten my mother's burden, in doing something for our common support. But hard work, confinement, and all that conspire in a city like New York, to break the health of a young girl not over strong, by nature, at last induced sickness.

I suppose I died of fever, which was the result of

over-working, but I know not. I left this world in an unconscious state. My sister I hope to reach. Her name is Charlotte. I may be able to do even more than I did for her while here, if I can only approach her. I was told that by coming here, I could send message to her. [You can; we shall print your letter in our paper, and it will probably reach her.] I wish you to do it, but I do not care to come among strangers, but wish her to meet me alone.

[Is your mother upon earth?] My mother, I should have said, is with me. My sister is in Oswego, an orphan and doubly orphaned, because she is without brother, sister, father or mother; but she's not without God. She sometimes thinks she is, but oh, if I tell her anything, I can tell her God is with her always. Good day. May 20.

Captain Alfred Patten.

Good-day, sir. [Good-day.] I'm not used to this way of talking, but I suppose if I make any mistakes you'll overlook them if they're not great ones. [Certainly.] May I ask you a few questions? [You may.] In the first place, I want to know what year it is? [1862.] What month? [May, twentieth.] Well, according to that, I've been away from you sixteen years, and a little over five months. It do n't seem so long. You're sure this is 1862? [Yes, I am right.] Well, you don't seem to be right, but I'll take it for granted you are so.

I was master of the barque Dudley, and a native of Bowdoinham, Maine. I accidentally fell overboard and was drowned in the Mississippi River, below New Orleans. Now, sir, if I can get a chance to speak with any of my relatives and friends, at present living, I'll be happy to do so. [haven't you been with them since you left earth?] No. [That seems strange.] Well, for some cause unknown to me, I've not been able to know of anything that's going on here. So when I got the opportunity to return to earth for a short time, it seemed to me as if I had not been gone away more than two years, instead of sixteen.

I've heard a great deal said about people coming back, since I took up my abode in the spirit-land, but have never been permitted to come until to-day. Do you remember the names of any of your townsmen or acquaintances? Yes, there's Stevens, Sargent, Bowen, Clark, and Adams. I suppose I could scratch up a host of them, if I only took time for it. [Can you give their Christian names?] There might be danger of my getting them mixed up if I attempted to do so.

I've been occupying myself most of the time since I came to the spirit-land, in studying myself. I always had quite a reverence for God and self, and thought I was a pretty wonderful piece of machinery while upon earth, but I never knew half of the beauties of that machine until I came to look into my own soul. [What did you see?] I saw everything that was to be seen, that is—everything to be seen in the objective world. I found that I was not only a miniature of everything existing, but was still possessed of a body. [Did n't you have a body just like the one you left?] Yes, but that body seemed so new and light that I scarce felt its weight.

The barque I was master of belonged to Bowdoinham. Now can you point out the most direct way for me to half my friends? [Will you give their names?] I'd like to speak with any and all who knew me. [Why don't you speak spiritually to them?] Spiritually? I'm afraid they would n't understand me. [Have you ever tried to communicate with them?] No. You may say I, Captain Alfred Patten, of Bowdoinham, Maine, desire to speak with all of my friends. [Are you sure you were drowned in 1862? Wasn't it 1856?] I never saw '66 in my own body. Will you throw out my signal to my friends? [Yes, we'll print your message, and they'll probably help you to reach them privately.] Well, I shall be very grateful to all who can help me, and if I can get the privilege of speaking to my friends, I shall be glad to do it. May 20.

THE GUARDIAN.

Mr. Editor.—The following poetical message was addressed, not long since, to Francis M. Edmunds, a young man of seventeen, a resident of one of the towns of New Hampshire. He, together with his excellent parents, is a firm believer in our glorious philosophy, and all are doing what they can for the spread of its great teachings. The Indian spirit, whose name is appended below, purports to be the "guardian genius" of the young man, and was once one of the forest wanderers of the granite hills. Should you deem this worthy of a place in the "Message Department," I would be pleased to have you insert it.

JOSEPH D. STILES.

To Frank.

Dear Brave: from those bright hunting fields beyond death's surging sea,

I come with never-fading flowers and gems of thought for thee,

Each one of which is brilliant with the love of Sunny Eye—

A love that will forever live when all things else shall die.

How sweet to know, when earthly loves in power and lustre pale,

There is a Love which shines beyond, that will not ever fail;

That friendship's flame will never burn with false and flick'ring light.

To bear resplendently by day, then fade away at night.

Oh, no, young Brave! the friendships formed in that resplendent land,

Bear on their beauteous brows the stamp of God's Eternal Hand;

They are not like those made on earth which only last a day.

Then, like the dews at early morn, as quickly pass away.

Ah! many, my dear mortal friend, are the celestial eyes,

Which gaze in holy love on thee from yonder starry skies,

Eyes which can penetrate thy heart—its innermost cell and nook,

And truly read its every thought, like an open book.

You cannot fully realize how faithful, firm and true!

Are those bright Messengers of Love who daily visit you;

Who come with healing on their wings—with heavenly words and kind,

To prove that though in body dead, they are not so in mind.

How sweet must be the thought to thee, where'er thy feet may tread,

The souls of dear departed saints are hovering o'er thy head;

Sent as Ambassadors from Him thy earth-tossed bark to guide,

In

comes on the wings of angel messengers to tell you your loved ones, departed, are not dead, nor unmindful of their earthly ties; which awakens anew your faith in immortality, and robes death of its terror; which reveals the truth, and confirms the sacredness of religion; which, in all its teachings, and all its aspirations, points only to the highest goal; which has enshrouded the past in glory, fills the present with hope, and points to a future of yet more successful endeavor.

We mean the secret whispers which speak to the heart of a higher life—the efforts of genius, those out-gushing springs in the desert of humanity, and living embodiments of angel-thoughts. We mean the inspirations of Science, when, after years of study, a sudden flash enlightens all the depths of mind. Spiritualism is at work when the soul, bound down beneath the burdens of earth, finds consolation in religion; when, bruised and torn, the fainting pilgrim of life throws himself at the feet of Jesus, and hears those words of ineffable compassion—“Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.” We mean that sacred ministration which is not too high to stoop from the highest heavens, and bear witness in unnumbered acts and utterances of charity to the undying love which belongs to God and his holy angels. We mean those qualities of goodness, honor, integrity of purpose, fidelity and truth, which inhere in every noble child of earth.

We do not merely require you to say in words that you believe in Spiritualism. You may think that you hold communion with departed friends, and yet as destitute of true Spiritualism, and as ignorant of its real meaning, as though you had never heard its name. That which is highest, truest and best, that only is Spiritualism, and nothing else holds any relation to it. Whether new or old, its facts are all glorious, and it includes the highest realms of truth to men under whatever name they have been promulgated. It proclaims God as the Father of Humanity, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, the soul as His image divine, immortal, which is placed in the human form that it may attain to an individuality of external consciousness, and go on and on through the ages of eternity, reaching after higher truths, and achieving new conquests over error and imperfection. To this it adds the great fact of communion with departed friends, and the theory of unseen angel visitors, speaking sometimes audibly to the material sense, sometimes to the consciousness of the soul, but ever hovering near, guiding the steps of mortals, and inspiring poets, sages and statesmen with their happiest conceptions. It teaches that angels and human beings are allied by common sympathies, and fitted for mutual intercourse; it declares that all men are immortal, that the soul in its essence is pure and unstained by earthly sin, and, when it shall have outgrown the weaknesses of mortality, is destined to an eternal progression in happiness and virtue. It says that all souls are alike dear to God, and that every heart is as near to His life as are the pulsations of His own infinite being; hence that there are really no distinctions of high or low among His human creatures, save such as are external and temporary, and due merely to circumstances of birth and education, and the conditions of earthly life. Therefore, it tells you no man should condemn his brother, but should deal with him in the spirit of charity and forbearance, which is the only true justice. It paints no revolting or terrific pictures of futurity and the character of God; but, in all its features and presentations, will be the most fascinating scrutiny of the sceptic, while it satisfies the most ardent longings of the devotee.

This we affirm to be a faithful delineation of Spiritualism. No Spiritualist can contradict us; for all Spiritualists profess to believe what we have laid down as the articles of their faith, though they may not succeed in illustrating it in their practice—and it is what all human beings, in every age and country, at the highest point of civilization, and in their hours of loftiest meditation, would approve and long for.

Spiritualism presents to humanity its highest possible standard of attainment; in faith and in practice, and that which we have given is its only true definition. Reject all others as counterfeits or forgeries. Turn from those who seek to palm off strange and mystical theories—the product of their own perverted fancies and impure desires—as the true inspirations from on high. Believe only that which is genuine and perfect—that and nothing else.

Spiritualists! it is for yourselves to decide how much, or how little, you possess of the gifts we have spoken of, and how far you have availed yourselves of the privileges you claim in right of your denomination. In part, no doubt, you have attained and enjoy them; but, remember, every step you take outside the strict path of truth and justice, though you boast never so loudly of angel communion, will lead you further away from genuine spiritual faith, and brand you with deeper reproach than attaches to the crimes of others, who know not the light which you acknowledge.

And you, who do not yet profess the name, receive not any doctrine which does not wear the holiest aspect and breathe the atmosphere of heaven around your souls. Better to possess unconsciously “the light that lighteth every man,” than embrace darkness and corruption in the name of truth; better to cherish in ignorant simplicity your unperverted affections, than sacrifice all that is pure and holy in your being on the altar of a false divinity, and at the bidding of designing priests.

Cherish, in Spiritualism, only what is noble, lofty and divine, and it will bring you all that your souls desire; when angel music shall salute you at the midnight hour and waft to your enraptured spirits the soothing messages of the loved ones that will visit you from the eternal shore.

Written for the Banner of Light.

EVERYTHING IS RIGHT.

BY LEANDER SCOTT.

Truth is Law! it is everywhere,
In beauty and in blight—
From Heaven's distant golden glare,
Down through the depth of night.
There is no thought it does not fill,
'Tis God's own word, his way, his will.

The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
The foolish and the wise,
The wicked and the righteous know
And claim this precious prize,

With truth's unfading garlands decked,
The beatific cause reflect.

To erring childhood, infancy,
Old age, manhood, the same,
In purity and infamy,
In pity and in blame;

There is no life it does not bring—
Truth is nature's signet ring.

In the crude strata of the earth,
Truth is as full and free
As in the regions of its birth;

And we shall sometime see,
As we cannot with the mortal sight,

The truth that everything in right.
Cheyenne, N. Y., 1862.

A Child's Book.

Scripture Illustrated by Moral and Religious Stories for Little Children. By Mrs. L. M. Willis. Mrs. Willis's pen has frequently added attractions to our columns, and she is well known to the little ones. This volume of 64 pages, contains twelve stories and poems, alternately, and is a beautiful little gift book for the young. It is especially adapted for the use of Spiritual and Liberal Sunday Schools. Postage 10 cents. Price 10 cents.

I have heard a woman of the world say: "the state of widowhood is inconvenient: for one must assume all the modesty of a young girl, without being able to feign her ignorance."—Anne.

LIST OF IMPOSTERS.

Parties noticed under this head are requested to call attention to the *Banner*. Lecturers will be careful to give us notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that our history may be kept as correct as possible.

WALTER GRANIER speaks in Geneva, O., June 20; speaks at Falls of Ohio, the vicinity of Cincinnati, on Saturday, Oct. 1; in Quincy, first four Sundays in Nov.; in Taunton, four Sundays in Dec. Friends in Ohio and New York wishing lectures must apply soon. He will receive subscriptions for the *Banner* of Light.

R. PHILIP LARLAND will lecture in Jackson, Mich., June 22; Wayland, Allegan co., Mich., June 26 and 29; Gratiot, Kent co., Mich., July 4, 5 and 6; Maple Rapids, Mich., July 18; Lyons, Mich., Sept. 7 and 14; Alpine, Kent co., Mich., July 26 and 27. Friends desiring lectures on Geology or General Reform, in the West, should write soon; arrangements are being made for the winter. Address, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. MILLER will answer calls to lecture on the Principles of General Reform, anywhere in Pennsylvania. Price 10 cents. Also, attend lectures at General Johnson Place, No. 17 Bennett street, Boston. Hours from 9 to 12, and from 1 to 6 p.m. Sundays excepted.

Terms for Examinations \$1 each.

S. GROVER, Trance, Speaking and Healing Medium at Room No. 17 Bennett street, General Johnson Place, Boston, 158 Washington Street, Boston. Hours from 9 to 12, and from 1 to 6 p.m. Sundays excepted.

Terms for Examinations \$1 each.

S. GROVER will also visit the sick at their homes, if requested, and attend funerals. Residence, No. 3 Emerson street, Somerville. 6m.

JAN. 11

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, MAGNETIC AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, NO. 293 Washington, corner Bedford Street.

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS, Communications, &c. Medical Examinations may be had from a lock of hair. Nature's remedies furnished. Patrons will receive a scientific and reliable statement of their case.

THE HEALING POWER.

Mrs. LATHAM is highly receptive of the “HEALING POWER,” the value of which, as a remedial agent, cannot be too highly estimated, as, under its influence, an improvement in recovery of health is sure. The healing and soothing effect of Mrs. L. is enabled to produce the disease in body, or distressed in mind.

ly May 21

TERMS FOR EXAMINATIONS \$1 each.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle, forever!"

BROTHER MORTAL, BE NOT WEARY.

Brother mortal, be not weary,
Though thy way seem often dreary,
Knowest thou not we're often near thee?
Then let faith's helm always steer thee
Toward the "better land."

Oft in darkness dost thou wander?
Oft perplexed dost sit and ponder,
Till hope's star that beameth yonder,
While thine earnest gaze grows fonder,
Goeth out in night?

Thinkst thou we always glide
Smoothly on the other side?
Far from that—we often ride
On the restless, heaving tide
Of uncertainty.

Ere we murmur let us pause
And search into Nature's laws;
Then through all life's cheats and flaws,
We shall see the great First Cause
Working ever right!—[Aroma Knox.]

Immortality wrecks more fortunes than adversity;
bad habits make more bankrupts than bad trade; and
vice supplies the greedy grave with more victims than
war.

PURE LOVE.

O sacred Love, how mighty is thy power!
When centered even in so frail a flower:
An emanation from the Fount Divine,
Garnered and cherished in a mortal shrine.
O, were there more of love that's pure and free!
Fraternal love that knows no jealousy,
Like that which God on mortal man bestows,
That comes in zephyrs and each breeze that blows,
Descends to earth in gentle showers of rain,
In dew and sunshine over hill and plain,
As blossoms turn to kiss the morning light,
As stars look down upon the earth at night,
As myriad streams toward the ocean run,
And vapors rise attracted by the sun,
As lace that are not forced by servile bonds,
As like to like in nature corresponds,
As atoms, planets, by one law unite,
And nature knows no arbitrary right,
As parents love, as brothers, sisters feel
A tie, that binds as magnet binds the steel,
O, how much envy, bitterness and woe,
Would fill the dismal haunts of men below!

[E. A. Hubbard.

Youth and the lark have their song for the morning,
while age and the nightingale have theirs for the evening.

BE TRUE.

Thou must be true to thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach:
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul would reach.
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts,
Shall the world's famine feed:
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed:
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

Live down calumny; the best reply to slanderous
reports is a good life.

HUMAN UNITY.

Lecture by Rev. J. S. Loveland, at Lyceum Hall,
Boston, Sunday Afternoon, June 8, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

"God hath made of one blood (or life) all nations." "We
are his offspring."

In affirming and demonstrating the fact of the absolute oneness of humanity, it is not necessary to enter the many field of ethnological discussion and seek to determine whether the various races of men sprang from one or one hundred primary pairs. Nor does it matter whether men originated from the baboon, or had a distinct origin from the great ocean of life. For, in all the great kingdoms of existence, we find one uniform law, and that is: no two of them can congregate together and produce a hybrid. They are separated by what Swedenborg calls a discrete degree. The vegetable, mineral and animal kingdoms are subordinate to this great necessity. Equally potent is it, also, in the great divisions of these kingdoms. The fish and the reptile, the reptile and the bird, the bird and the animal, the animal and the human are thus dissociated. No sexual blending can produce a hybrid. Nay, perfectly distinct species are thus held inexorably apart. The cat and the dog, the ox and the horse are examples. Hence, the question as to the particular mode in which the various races of existence were born from the vast fountain of Eternal Life, is comparatively unimportant. For, if we find that each distinct form of life in the scale, possessed certain distinct potentialities and peculiarities, which forever inhibit its intermingling the stream of its life in hybridization, then, if we shall find any diversities of appearance which nevertheless do thus mingle, we shall be certain they belong to one species—are varieties of that species. The skin may be light or dark; the facial angle above or below a certain number of degrees; the face may be bearded, or smooth; the hair straight, or wavy; yet, if the essentialities of life are found to be the same, as to the higher and distinctive characteristics of the race; if there be the utter inability to hybridize with the subordinate animal races, even with the chimpanzee and orang-outang, and, if perfect hybridization is possible between these human varieties, then have we all the evidence possible in this direction in favor of the proper unity of the human race. Science is compelled to furnish us this evidence. The lowest types of man are entirely prohibited, by nature, from mingling with the highest types of animal existence; but no such division exists between men.

Nor is it necessary, in this argument, to show that all varieties of the human type possess innately the same degree of inherent intellectual power. Some of them may be forever inferior. But it may be found that they excel in some other department of our common nature. It is the crowning glory of Nature that she unfolds endless diversity in unbroken unity. No two spears of grass, or two leaves on the countless forests, are exactly alike. No two persons have ever been formed in all respects precisely the same. Yet leaves from trees of the same kind, and men of all nations, are the same in all that constitutes essential life. So in the same nation, tribe, family, even, how great the difference in all that pertains to growth or culture. Nevertheless, we see how this difference is to constitute no small portion of the boundless joy of eternity. "Star from star differeth in glory," and the glory would be dimmed if that grand system of differences were not the inherent order of the Universe. If true as to individuals, why not as to races and types? Why not the Caucasian have more intellect, and the African more gentleness; and other races more of something else?

The races are complements of each other; and there is no whole humanity without them all. The incidental differences are Nature's lines of beauty—they are the colorings of the Great Artist in the production of a perfect picture. Musical sounds are the same, whether Pan, Orpheus, Paganini or Jenny Lind produce them. The quality of the tone of those sounds is immensely variant, as made by different instruments and voices, but the gamut includes them all in its absolute unity, and the bird-tones of the piano and the deep sub-bas of the organ are both there. The races, in their characteristics, are the various toned sounds which make up the great song of Eternal Life.

But, passing from these preliminary thoughts, let us survey the course of human thought in its historical evolution, and see what has been the logical result always attained by the universal reason; for, beyond all doubt, the real nature of humanity will affirm itself in the outworking of its highest thought.

The first thing which strikes us, is the absolute inability of the human reason to affirm perfect individuality of anything less than the entire wholeness of the universe. As to his own individuality, the case is too plain to man to cause moment's pause. He has derived his personal existence directly from his parents. He stands in such multitudinous relationships of dependence, fraternity and otherwise with his fellows, that he is compelled to feel himself only a part of the whole. If we go down to the mineral, and select the most perfect specimen possible—the diamond or crystal—we are still at fault, for at once we are thrown upon the law and force of crystallization, as not only existing in the distant past, but as being the living potency which now holds the atoms of the crystal in aggregated unity, and also exists through the unmeasured vastnesses of space.

Reason finds all that has been termed individuality to be conditioned, limited, related, and, hence, possessing no wholeness of itself, for its limitations are Nature's demonstrations that it is only a part. Individualization is only a process of abstraction by which a component of the great concrete unity is more fully seen. The superficial intellect forever amuses itself with glittering abstractions, while the pure reason revels in the universality of unity. The ceaseless tendency of the reason toward unity has forced the intellect of all tribes and ages to evolve a comprehensive system of thought. All the religions and philosophies of the ages have been the spawn of this tendency.

All philosophies and all religions are resolvable into two theories, the creative and the progressive. And, notwithstanding the seemingly utter repugnance of the two theories, the acute thinker is at no loss to determine that the ultimate postulate of the two is precisely the same, both being compelled to admit that the absolute potentiality, or life of the universe, is unbeginning, uncaused. The creative theory assumes this potentiality to have existed in a proper personality, who, in time and space, eliminated the world of matter and form from himself, while the progressive or pantheistic theory affirms the coordinate eternity of matter and power. And the strictly pantheistic view recognizes this power as an incomprehensible universe of spiritual life, the organic motions of which give existence and support to all forms of individual life. The atheistic phase of pantheism is more vague and uncertain in its expression. The careful thinker has not failed to see that these rival schools are compelled to agree also in many of the leading positions of their theories.

The advocate of the creative plan is obliged to concede that the divine method has been orderly and serial from lower to higher and still higher conditions, while, on the other hand, the progressionist is forced to admit essential creation, so far as forms of life are concerned. The supernaturalist sees everywhere innate forces, working with absolute exactness, and apparently inhering in the very constitutions of things; while the progressive cannot deny that the co-acting unity of these forces does point to one grand unification of essence, in the substratum of those forces. These conflicting unions, in what is most essential to each, show us that both, being the product of human affection and thought, starting from different standpoints of culture and race differences, and yet reaching the same ultimate conclusion, are fingers on the dial of history, pointing to the idea of unity as the basic one in the consciousness of man. Though they are apparently hopelessly divergent, we find them leading to the same goal. One (the pantheistic) having its home more specially in the transcendental realm of spiritualistic idealism, where the consciousness of absorption into divine humanity is so overmastering that human affection becomes universalized; and the other (the creative) being more exclusively found in the barren realm of mere syllabic reasoning, inspired by the egoistic selfism of childish affection, to show us that they are the two members of the equation, joined by the sign plus, and equalizing the grand sum of human oneness. If from these highest culminations of human thought and love, we descend to the particulars of aspiration, love, sensuous and spiritual, abstraction, comparison and ratiocination, we shall still find the same identity of essential unity and the same incidental variations in mode of expression.

But there is one more line of argument, and then our chain will be complete. Man's needs are not the incidents of his existence, but they are the absolutely perfect exponents of his intrinsic nature. If, then, man constitutes a unity, his necessities will be in germ the same, and will similarly express themselves. And, in the primary, organic expression, we shall see unity on the very surface. Thus it has ever been. Man has never been found living as an individual, but as a society—an "E Pluribus Unum."

Families, tribes, nations constitute the serial order of the expression thus far. Events are rapidly working out the argument further, and the fraternity of nations will soon be the world's *U.S.A.* We sternly represent the idea of the intervention of other nations in our present strife. In the passion of the hour, we forget that the unfeigned instinct of man has already so intertwined his interest that one nation cannot suffer alone. Other nations have a moral—a humanitarian right to interfere; and, thank heaven, the time is not far distant when no people will be allowed to murder and pollute another. The principle now applied to individual men, will then be seen as equally applying to nations.

Thus we see in this threefold form of expression, humanity proclaims its unity. In its organic physiology it demonstrates unity of basic elements and structural organization; in the resistless attractions which are the basis and cement of society—the life of nationalities, it is more fully confirmed; while in the grand working of the reason and intellect, we have all the demonstration that the nature of the case allows. Indeed, the idea is expressed with crudeness until the spiritual nature, "the inner man," is "quickened to newness of life." Universal principles can only be seen and felt in this stage of human growth.

Having laid our broad foundation, in the argument thus far, we will close by stating a few deductions from our premises—those naturally flowing therefrom.

1. Equality is the law and fact of human existence. And we have only to apply a previously mentioned principle, to clear this simple proposition of all the fog. Ignorant selfishness has raised to obscure it. The incident of man has reference to the essentials, not the sameness. The conditions of birth—the opportunities of culture, and ten thousand other similar things, may be, are, entirely unequal, but the position is untouched, for it affirms only equality of the essential nature; that the basic elements are the same, in essence, in all. All men are, therefore, brothers. There is no man, no woman, so lost to all sense of the great no-

Notes of Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

From Afton we traversed as bleak and hilly a section as we care to pass again, on our way to Chenango Valley. Stopped in East Norwich for two small meetings. In the village found a scattering "few" who take no interest in getting up public meetings because "it will not pay," and the ladies will not attend, on account of being unpopular." We made no attempt to lift the ladies of this beautiful village out from their pit of unpopularity, so they could attend Spiritual meetings. I hope time will prove conclusively to them that their salvation depends entirely upon their own efforts and their own purity of character, and not upon "public opinion" or "popular" feeling.

Next we lectured in Morris, Otsego County, one Sabbath, three lectures, all well attended by a very intelligent class of persons. This is one of the smartest villages of its size in this State. It is said to receive more literature, daily, weekly and monthly, at its Post Office, than any place of an equal number of inhabitants in the Empire State. We were highly gratified with our pleasant visit there, and feel certain that our future visits will be no less productive of good to all than our first. The friends are in union with the Universalists, so far as holding meetings are concerned. Being of about equal numbers, and feeling thus friendly, they work together for the upbuilding of a liberal religion. Our genial friend, Mr. G. Weedon, (who was educated for the Quaker ministry,) resides here. He is a good inspirational speaker, and our friends would do well to secure his services in his vicinity, or elsewhere, if they can. We need him in the field; his whole time and energies should be employed in diffusing truth's sunlight over the world.

Our next stop was in Madison County, at Hubbard's Corners, where we found scarcely a Spiritualist only among the first class of ladies, and almost all of that class are believers in our Spiritual Philosophy. We lectured but twice (Sabbath) here, to comfortable audiences, though the weather was quite unpleasant, and notwithstanding the M. E. clergyman would not read our notice in his meeting. He said, "Not out of disrespect to the gentleman who gave it to him, but he had made up his mind to take care of himself, and let Spiritualists take care of themselves."

He had been trying for nearly three weeks to get converts in his revival meetings at Poolville, a few miles below, without much success. His refusal caused Poolville friends, who had never had a spiritual meeting, to congregate at their Presbyterian Church, for three lectures, where we had crowded houses; and a lecture by Mrs. M. on the Philosophy of Revivals, tended to wind up his revival which adjourned without a single "new" convert.

We made an opening here we shall be glad to widen and deepen in the future.

People are very liberal here, and only needed to know what our claims were to accept and adopt them. Until our visit, there was but one Spiritualist in Poolville—a lady, who gladly welcomed our "timely appearance," and kindly cared for our needs while there. Several good circles in which good demonstration were given of spirit-presence, and a number of clairvoyant examinations by Mrs. M., seemed to give the earnest inquirers what they had long waited and hungered for.

At Earville, had two public meetings and a few circles, &c., to good acceptance.

The Baptist society are divided in regard to using their church for spiritual meetings. We lectured in their church one night, and were crowded out by a "sham singing school;" the next time, under protest of our opposers that it was previously engaged for the sing, which came to our lecture without even going to the church. Thus moves the religious world. Ever for truth.

H. M. M.

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